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Hester Jeffrey Eulogy of Susan B. Anthony

We, the colored people of Rochester, join the world in mourning the loss of our true friend, Susan B. Anthony. Yes, a true friend of our race. Years ago, when it meant a great deal to be a friend to the poor, downtrodden race, Susan B. Anthony stood side by side with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Lucy Stone, Abby Kelly Forster, Frederick Douglass and others, fighting our battles and espousing the cause of an enslaved people.

Well do we remember the 12<sup>th</sup> of December last, at the centennial of the birthday of William Lloyd Garrison at the Zion Church, when she stood in the pulpit and told us of the struggles of William Lloyd Garrison and the great trials of the noble women and men who were engaged in the anti-slavery movement. Then she spoke of her life's work, the suffrage movement, told us how for more than sixty years she had given our race every thought of her life. She bade us to look forward to better and brighter days that would surely come to us as a race, and as we looked up into her sweet face and listened to her words it seemed like a benediction.

Little did we think it would be her last address to us as a race, and with her dear sister Mary, we sympathized in her great loss. The colored churches of this city, the National and State Federation of Colored Women, the federated clubs or the association; the little Girls of Busy Bee, who at their last meeting stated they would send with their offering of flowers money for Oregon, all extend to you their tender sympathy; your loss is our great loss.

The members of the Susan B. Anthony Club of this city bow their heads in sorry for the loss of their great leader. She was our friend for many years – our champion. Sleep on, dear heart, in peace, for we who have looked into thy face; we who have heard thy voice: we who have known something of thy great life work – we pledge ourselves to devote our time and energies to the work thou hast left us to do.