

ond, the snapping of many chains, that betokened results even greater. How great is the power of emancipation over black and white alike, is shown by the fact that in an old slave State—North Carolina—the lower house of its Legislature adjourned in respect to his memory, when they would not adjourn for Washington's Birthday—Feb. 22nd—nor honor the memory of the Rebel General, Robert E. Lee, on the 19th of January. When they adjourned in honor of Frederick Douglass they passed resolutions of respect to his memory. Fred. Douglass was a regularly enrolled member of the National Women's Suffrage Association, and the very day he died he had been attending—in apparent health—a meeting of the Women's Council, in Washington, D. C. He was to have delivered a lecture that evening at the Hillsdale African Church, near his home, and while waiting for the carriage, was relating pleasantly to his wife the incidents of the day. Just as it arrived, he dropped senseless to the floor, and instantly expired. His age was seventy-eight years.

In the days preceding the abolition of slavery in the United States, his commanding form was not unfamiliar, in the old Quaker meeting-house, in Waterloo Township, N. Y., used in those days by a Society known as the Friends of Human Progress, whose platform was held free to all speakers who were laboring in any cause for the elevation of the human race. Many were the warm discussions and lively speeches that rang through the old church in those times of struggle, that tried men's souls; and many were the gifted speakers—both men and women—that came from various States of the Union, glad to avail themselves of the Free Platform, as the doors of many churches and public halls were closed to them. Not the least nor lesser of these was Frederick Douglass, whose true nobility shone in every outline of his distinguished form and feature, and dropped like jewels from his lips when-

ever he opened them to pour forth the eloquence of his heaven-inspired spirit for the good of his race and of mankind. On one occasion, some one who came in after he had finished, being disappointed at not hearing him, requested that he speak again. He replied: "I am not a fiddle to be picked up and played upon at any man's will."

Lucy Coleman, of Rochester, then an earnest worker in the cause of anti-slavery, was present with her two grown-up daughters, and as an influence against prejudice of color, she had them escort Frederick into the church, and seat themselves one on either side of him. This aroused the latent wrath of a certain man from Massachusetts, who took especial care in his remarks to inform that he would consider it a disgrace for a daughter of his to sit beside a "Pumpkin, milk and 'lasses colored nigger." Such remarks as this never disturbed Frederick's good humor. He could smile above it as serenely as a powerful sunbeam smiles above a thunder cloud. In one of his speeches he described the many ways in which the black people imitate the white race, and closed with the facetious remark: "And the white ladies meet us half-way by frizzing their hair." The effect of this speech was electrical, as there were some frizzed heads present, even among the lady speakers. But the old meeting-house now lies in ashes and dust, and from that majestic form then speaking there, the spirit has departed; but the spirit of the old house still lives in the hearts of the people, as the wandering tear doth testify, that falls in memory of its first prosperous Society—the Friends—and the spirit of Douglass will live on and on in memory, in the grateful hearts of Canada, England and America, where he was well known, and found many earnest helpers in his beneficent labors, and where his name will be honored as never was a slave, made Nature's free-man, honored before.

JULIA M. DUTTON.

Waterloo, N. Y., March 9, 1895.