

tion. The writer, who knew MOKE-TA-VA-TA intimately and well for years, once told the story of his life and services, of his magnanimity, generosity, integrity, and courage, to the celebrated historian, Mr. MOTLEY, and challenged him to refer to his equal in any age or history; he could not do it. MOKE-TA-VA-TA is without a peer, the true hero, the true man; he sleeps by the side of his ever faithful and devoted wife, VO-ISH-TA, in his bloody shroud, on the crimson banks of the Wichata.

"And thou wert slain. Whoever dared to trace
His name upon the order for thy death
Will wear the sting until his latest breath,
And bind the curse of Cain upon his face."

Betrayed, assassinated, and mutilated by our troops, in a massacre of unparalleled atrocity and treachery, applauded by the commanding generals of the army as a glorious victory.

"MOKE-TA-VA-TA, thy wrongs shall be redressed,
Thy viewless form fills all the vernal air;
Nor earth's fair bosom, nor the spring more fair,
Can stay the footsteps of a race oppressed.

Their name is legion, and from mountain slope
And distant plain their fearless forms appear,
All conquering and all potent, without fear
They come with our proud nation now to cope.

And if the rivers shall run red with blood,
And if the plain be strewn with mangled forms,
And cities burned amid the battles' storms,
Ours is the blame—not thine, thou great and good.

Thy name shall live a watchword for all time—
A herald and a beacon-light to all
On whom the tyrant and the despot fall,
Making thy death a heritage sublime.

If of this noble line thou wert the last,
And stood on the extremest ocean verge,
Thy eloquence would all thy people urge,
And in one deadly conflict they would cast

Their gauntlet in our shameful, flaming face,
And then, without a thought of praise or blame,
Would perish to avenge thy noble name,
And prove that thou wert of a kingly race.

A sound of war is on the western wind;
The sun, with fiery flame, sweeps down the sky;
Athwart his breast the crimson shadows fly,
Of fearless forms no fetters e'er can bind.

Down through the golden gateway they have
The mighty scions of a nation come
In sweeping circles from their shining home,
With weapons from the battle-plains of Gou.

DISBANDING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

BY JOHN K. WILDMAN.

AFTER the consummation of that act in the progress of liberty which banished political restrictions on account of color, there seemed to be nothing left for the anti-slavery societies to do but disband. This became a willing service, grateful to every member. They had witnessed the fulfillment of the pledge made to the colored people of the nation, and saw that the grand purpose of the anti-slavery movement was thereby accomplished. All that was essen-

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tial in the aim and scope of the constitutions of their societies had become absorbed in that of the United States. It was therefore fitting that they should meet together and exchange congratulations and farewells.

The final meeting of the national society was followed by that of its auxiliary of Pennsylvania, which occurred on the 5th of May, just a third of a century from the date of its organization. Rare indeed was the

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interest on this occasion, which was enjoyed by the fraternal multitude with a zest and enthusiasm peculiar to such an unwonted event. The circumstances could not fail to kindle among many of those present, if not all, a glow of mingled emotions, an alliance of gratulation and regret. They could rejoice with profound fervor over the brilliant fact that almost dazzles the imagination, grandly conspicuous on the latest page of our history; but their joy becomes tinged and tempered with sadness as they remember that it is the last time that the society will summon them together, seeming equivalent to the dissolution of cherished memories and associations. To some among that small number still living, who actively participated at the inception of the movement, the events of to-day must give rise to feelings of serene satisfaction. To live to see successive triumphs of justice and freedom, and to witness at last the crowning stroke that grafted their paramount objects into the supreme law of the land, is a privilege that must awaken irresistibly the deepest gratitude and gladness. But this experience was not realized by all the early coworkers in the reform.

WHITTIER, who was present at the formation of the society, in his letter, read at the meeting, wrote thus concerning the reunion: "So many of the founders of this society have fallen by our side contending for the unpopular truths of freedom, without the priceless privilege which we enjoy of beholding with our living eyes what they only saw with those of faith, that this reunion for the last time can not but bring with it some-

thing of regret and mournful recollections to temper the joy of victory. Let us, however, believe that these dear and true ones are yet with us in the eternal fellowship of the spirit,

'Our brethren of all worlds, for, soul with soul
Communes in this vast business, and not one
Gazes down idly.'

Other letters that were read, received from CHARLES SUMNER, JOHN C. FREMONT, GEORGE W. JULIAN, ROBERT COLLYER, WILLIAM D. KELLEY, and JOHN W. FORNEY, contributed their measure of interest.

It was an interesting and remarkable fact that the initial meetings of the three principal anti-slavery societies of this country—the New-England, the American, and the Pennsylvania—were all represented at this commemorative meeting of the latter. Of those twelve men who participated in the formation of the New-England Society, in January, 1832, which was parent of all the others, but one person was present. This was BENJAMIN C. BACON, who also attended at the organization of the Pennsylvania Society. A paper of marked interest prepared by him, detailing his personal reminiscences of thirty-eight years ago, was read on this occasion. Three persons were present who assisted in organizing the American Society, namely, LUCRETIA MOTT, ROBERT PURVIS, and Dr. BARTHOLOMEW FUSSELL. The last two signed the "Declaration of Sentiments" issued by the association; but the light of to-day concerning the immunities of women had not dawned even upon the liberal minds of that period, and a woman's signature to the document would have been an unusual toleration. It was not due to the absence of sympathy

or willingness that LUCRETIA MOTT did not append her name. ROBERT PURVIS, who has been president of the society since the death of JAMES MOTT, presided over this meeting to disband. Those who were present that went to Harrisburg in January, 1837, to take part in the organization of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, were CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, EDWARD M. DAVIS, BENJAMIN C. BACON, WILLIAM B. THOMAS, ELIJAH F. PENNYPACKER, JOHN P. BOWERS, and ELI DILLIN. WILLIAM B. THOMAS was one of the secretaries of that meeting. The only colored man among the number was JOHN P. BOWERS, who narrated incidents of the trip showing the prejudice against color then existing, and which manifested itself in supercilious and violent ways.

The name of another may here be mentioned, one who has done faithful and courageous service in behalf of the slave, now an old man tottering beyond the eightieth mile-stone of life—JOHN NEEDLES, of Baltimore, who left his home to attend this final meeting. It seemed like a dream to hear him relate that he purchased the type for BENJAMIN LUNDY'S *Genius of Universal Emancipation* some time before GARRISON appeared upon the scene as its joint editor.

Two objects of peculiar and remarkable interest, one of them of rare value, were exhibited to the audience. These were well calculated to quicken into fresh life recollections of thrilling emotions, one of stirring delight and the other of woe. One of these, in the possession of EDWARD M. DAVIS, was the "original" of the original *Proclamation of Emancipation*, in the handwriting

of JOHN C. FREMONT. How vivid seems the memory of the day when the light of that heroic act broke upon the nation! ROBERT PURVIS declared that FREMONT was the original emancipator. The other object alluded to, which is now in the possession of WILLIAM STILL, was an old walnut chest, large, heavy, and rude, in which a slave girl escaped from bondage. Who could look upon such an uncouth and perilous "liberator" as this without a shudder and a pang? How it suggested the horrors of slavery, the precious value of liberty, and the hazards that were voluntarily risked to flee from one to gain the other!

Kindred reflections were elicited by the paper read by WILLIAM STILL, which possessed a painful interest. It was the story of HENRY BOX BROWN, and a number of others who contrived to escape from the hated thralldom, cheerfully accepting the severest hardships and bidding defiance to death itself. The mournful tales thus unfolded were like the thrilling fantasies of romance, but more harrowing because of their reality.

On this occasion the speakers were numerous. The fertility of resource was adequate for a rich abundance and variety of eloquence. There was wide scope and multiform experiences from which to gather materials, and to the audience it was an opportunity of entertainment and instruction. Prominent among those who spoke was CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, who has devoted a life to the work for which the society has existed, and whose earnest and powerful advocacy of the great truths of freedom and right, amid all the vicissi-

tudes of the struggle, bravely contributing to present entertainment, countering its worst features of obloquy, insult, and violence, has placed his among the names of those cherished ones upon whom we bestow our highest encomiums. He has been faithful from beginning to end, and has labored with a zeal and perseverance worthy of a cause so grand. This may likewise be said of others who spoke at the meeting, as well as of many more whose voices in public never were heard, but who gave the movement their best support and dutiful help.

Mr. BURLEIGH'S evening speech was a masterpiece of glowing eloquence. It comprehended a concise statement of the conflict between freedom and slavery through its successive phases, and gave a philosophic analysis of the movement from the beginning down to the time when the great wrong which overshadowed the land received its death-blow. Others spoke with force and impressiveness, and among the number were LUCRETIA MOTT, ROBERT PURVIS, AARON M. POWELL, FRANCES E. W. HARPER, EDWARD M. DAVIS, and MARY GREW, representing an honored and unbroken record of anti-slavery service. All of these, except AARON M. POWELL and Mrs. HARPER, have long been associated in the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, coöperating as members of its executive committee.

Of the various speeches it may be said, glancing at them with a general view, that they teemed with an affluence of personal recollections. There were admonitions in regard to the work yet before us, the duties that belong to the hour; but chiefly thought turned to the past, which became

furnishing a rich store of treasured events. The incidents related were manifold, and suggestive of the table of contents of an important unwritten history. There was a luxuriant offering of reminiscences, either serious or diverting, which portrayed the temper and aspects of the tragic period, and reviving a long list of gloomy and harassing experiences. The revered names of many of those who have passed away were mentioned with kindly remembrance, whose labors in the good cause were given at times of urgent need. Some of these did not live to witness the red tide of rebellion sweep over the land, while others lived just long enough to behold the breaking of that better day which heralded the birth of a regenerated nation. The retrospect was a solemn one. It placed in glaring relief the great change that has been wrought with such marvelous quickness, and the contrast between the old and new redoubled the joy and gratitude felt to-day.

The admirable series of resolutions that were presented in the beginning were not finally acted upon until a late hour at night. These were prepared and read by MARY GREW. Let the impressive words from her lips at the parting moment, the last that were uttered before the society disbanded, find a record here:

"The vote with which we shall respond to these resolutions will be as the farewell spoken by travelers who have journeyed together over one pathway from sunrise to evening, sharing its difficulties and dangers, and parting at its goal. Friends, our work is done, and there remains

for us only to look into one another's faces for the last time as members of an anti-slavery society, to clasp hands once more in mutual congratulation and benediction, and to render up to God the trust received from him, and go our ways to other work."

Its mission fulfilled, the society has passed into history. Those who were its members are admonished that the work is not yet complete. Among the letters read at the meeting was one from CHARLES SUMNER,

in which these words occur: "But all is not yet done. The country must be lifted in deed and life to the level of the great truth it has now adopted as the supreme law of the land. In this cause it is an honor and a delight to labor, and I assure you that I shall persevere to the end."

Emulating this noble example, and inspired by a kindred purpose, let each aid in what remains to be accomplished.

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THE RADICAL CLUB, BOSTON.

THE April meeting of the Club was held at Dr. BARTOL's, and a pouring rain seemed not to diminish the customary good attendance.

The essay, by Mrs. EDNAH D. CHENEY, was on the development and organization of religious ideas.

Referring to the beginnings of things in the material world, she spoke of the germ and the cell, the foundation of all vegetable growth and the commencement of all animal life. Whence, she asked, comes this germ power—this life, enabling the new structure to appropriate to itself whatever around is fitted to its inward nature? The materialist can not answer this question. He has to stop short in the chain of cause and effect, and refer this power to a source which he may name but can not understand. The spiritual thinker answers that it is the power of the divinity within us. It is the consciousness of this inheritance of

divinity which gives us our innate faith in immortality. The idea of a divine heritage is expressed in all the mythologies, and, however false in fact, is true as a symbol. Thus the typical man is the direct child of God. In all genuine organizations, whether of church, state, or community, there must be a central root running down to the divine source, and there must also be a circumference, limited by circumstances, and absolutely requiring from time to time to be broken up to give place to new life. And it is not in the centre but in the circumference that creeds and nations differ so widely. In the deepest spiritual communion, Jew and Greek, Christian and Mohammedan, alike draw near to the divine centre, and meet there. Every human soul has access to God, and affinity with him. It is individual peculiarities which make sects differ so widely.