

FIFTH

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

BOSTON FEMALE

ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

God setteth the solitary in families ; he bringeth out those that are BOUND
WITH CHAINS.—*Psalm lxviii. 6.*

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be re-
moved, but abideth forever.—*Psalm cxxv. 1.*

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W. Phillips

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R E P O R T .

In presenting the fifth Annual Report of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, we feel that the language of holy David may be adopted with peculiar propriety :—If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may we say ; if it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us ;—then the waters had overwhelmed us ; the stream had gone over our souls. But, blessed be the Lord who hath not given us a prey to their teeth ; for *our* help is in the Lord who made heaven and earth. We rejoice in this name—it has been our confidence and hope, amid all the scenes through which we have been led during the past year.

We have been called very recently, to lament the death of the amiable wife of our highly esteemed friend, Rev. A. A. Phelps. She was one of the *twelve* who first met to ask direction of

heaven in relation to our duty to the perishing slave, and was the first President of our Society. But consumption seized her, and she was permitted to fill the office only a few months. Though unable to attend our meetings, and aid by her judicious counsel our deliberations, she was no less with us in heart, eagerly inquiring after our success, and we doubt not, breathing earnest supplications for us, at the footstool of mercy. Hers was the death of the righteous. Softly were the pins of this tabernacle taken out, and she permitted to drink of that fulness of joy, in reserve for the faithful. We cannot better describe the closing scene than by giving a few extracts from memoranda taken by her husband, and handed us a few weeks after her decease.* They show the blessedness of a hope in the Redeemer, in that hour which rends the flesh and spirit apart, and the consolation derived from a quiet resignation of soul to the divine will. Her name is cherished by us as one who deeply sympathised in the sorrows of the wretched and oppressed. Let us endeavor to imitate her, who through faith and patience is, we doubt not, possessed of the rewards of victory.

*See Appendix.

We should do violence to our feelings, did we forbear to mention, in this connection, the sorrow of one, who, though not a member of our particular Society, yet from her identification with the cause of mercy, has received our hearts' deepest sympathy. We refer to the wife of the departed Lovejoy. Yes, we have been called to look into the grave with one who has been widowed, and the son of her bosom made an orphan, by the hand of violence. Hers is no common sorrow. Deeply were our hearts stirred within us, as we read the lines written in blood, that the Priests of slavery had lain upon their altar that champion of free discussion, the fearless Lovejoy. Alas ! for the blindness of those, who, with hands red all over with the blood of their victims, reiterate the cry, '*The North has nothing to do with slavery*'! A letter of sympathy was forwarded to her, expressive of our affliction in her grief, and our earnest desire that the God of the disconsolate might be her refuge and support.*

The Constitution of our Society provides, that the funds of the Society shall be appropriated, not only to the dissemination of *truth* on the subject of slavery, but also for the improvement of

* See Appendix.

the moral and intellectual character of the colored population. In accordance with this last provision, we have contributed 50 dollars during the past year for the support of the Samaritan Asylum for indigent colored children. This Asylum was established in view of the wants of colored orphans, who have no shelter but the public poor-house. It has hitherto been supported by annual subscriptions and donations, from charitable societies and individuals of all denominations and parties. It is greatly in need of permanent assistance, and recommends itself to all who wish to bless the widow and orphan, with the abundance of which God hath made them stewards. Need it be added, this institution is one of the most economical ways of doing good. It is a preventive of crime. By taking these children from the abodes of sin, and bringing them under the healthful influence of virtue and religion, they are snatched from those paths which lead to the chambers of death, fitted for usefulness here, and for eternal blessedness in a world of glory. We are persuaded, that that portion of the funds of the Society appropriated annually to the moral and intellectual improvement of the colored population, could not be more judiciously applied, than by being placed in the treasury of this Society.

At the commencement of the year, the Society subscribed for fifty copies of the Liberator, to be distributed in various towns in the State. From many of these, we have had most cheering accounts of the good effect produced by this effort. Societies have been formed and an interest excited, where before but little had been thought or felt on the subject. Its soul-stirring truths and affecting appeals to the hearts and consciences of its readers, cannot fail to silence the cavils of the sceptical, and bring into action all the nobler feelings of the soul.

In October last, a committee was appointed to invite Sarah M. and Angelina E. Grimke to lecture before the Society. The committee reported at a subsequent meeting, that these ladies had consented to address the Society, and that they had engaged the Odeon for that purpose, at 20 dollars per evening. By giving the public an opportunity of hearing these devoted sisters plead the cause of the oppressed, we cherished the hope that the good seed sown by them would spring up and bring forth fruit, and we trust we have not been disappointed.

The spacious and commodious edifice, from the loftiest gallery to the pit,* was crowded with in-

* Once a Theatre; now a place of religious worship.

tensely interested auditors. Never could there be a more sublime spectacle than was presented in this assembly. It seemed to us *impossible* for any heart that heard the burning words which fell from their lips, to remain unmoved. To behold individuals who had been nurtured in the lap of slavery, feasted upon its bitter fruits, and attended only by those who had been reduced to the level of brutes to pamper their appetites,—to behold such stand forth before assembled thousands, with lifted hands and streaming eyes, beseeching mercy and commiseration for these same defenceless ones, was indeed a sight at which angels might rejoice. They spoke of that which they had seen, that which they had looked upon, that which they had handled, of slavery's bitterness—of broken hearts, of sorrows which none may conceive save those that feel them—of tender babes torn from agonizing mothers—of fond wives from affectionate husbands, and the severing of all those ties that the Father of love has implanted in the breast of every human being. The Statesman, the Politician, the Minister of religion, the zealous advocate for the defenceless, as well as the cold and calculating Theorist, all had their portion, their word of reproof, of warning or encouragement. No individual can form any just con-

ception of the scene presented on those occasions without having been a listener to their words of truth and matchless eloquence. At the next quarterly meeting of the Society, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

1st. Resolved, That the course pursued, during the last year, by Sarah M. and Angelina E. Grimke, meets with our entire and cordial approbation, and that in view of the erroneous opinions and popular prejudices that obtain, in reference to the sphere and duties of women, we feel grateful that God has so signally sustained and blessed their efforts; thereby affording strength and encouragement to all women throughout the world, who may feel called to advocate publicly any cause of humanity.

2d. Resolved, That the members of this Society respectfully and earnestly request Sarah M. Grimke to renew her labors in Massachusetts as early as may suit her convenience, pledging themselves to sustain and aid her by every means in their power.

In January 3d, at a Board meeting of the Society, it was voted that a petition be circulated, praying for the rescinding of the vote of Mr. Patton in Congress, for the petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia to be laid upon the table. That petition was signed by a considerable number of individuals, and sent to Congress in January last. Alas ! for our country, that it has produced a man, whose soul is proof against the tears and groans of thousands of torn and lacerated bosoms; bosoms bereft of every joy, and cherishing no hope save that presented by the cold grave, where ‘the servant is free from his master.’ What spectacle of human na-

ture can be more lamentable, than of one calling himself man, refusing to listen to the prayer of wretchedness the most abject, of grief the most unutterable, and sorrow that admits not of a parallel?

At the Quarterly Meeting in April, four delegates were appointed to attend the Convention of American women, to be held in the city of Philadelphia in the ensuing month. One of the members of the society, Mrs. D. L. Child, was appointed to write an Address to colored Americans, it having been suggested by the Philadelphia society that such an Address would be suitable to be brought before the Convention. Another document was also prepared by her to Northern Legislators, both of which were accepted by the Convention, and published by them for circulation. The society were deeply interested in this Convention, anticipating much good from such a gathering of warm hearts from various portions of our land. The delegates were assured of the prayers and sympathies of those whom they represented, and we need not now say, our heads were covered in the day of battle, and our souls supported in that scene of misrule and commotion. In one of the first Reports of the society, our language was as follows: 'This holy cause may cost treas-

ure, it may cost the lives of some who are standing in the front of this conflict; but, be that as it may, the treasure is *ready*, the *life is ready.*⁷ Your delegates did not know but that was the hour when this sacrifice would be required. They, however, did not shrink from duty in this time of trial, but having obtained help of God were enabled to perform the work assigned them, as the following account of their labors will testify.

The Convention commenced its meetings on Tuesday, May 15, in the committee-room of the Pennsylvania Hall. The meeting was opened by reading the scriptures and prayer by the President of our society, she being nominated to the Chair. After the transaction of some preliminary business, an adjournment was proposed and accepted, in consequence of the inconvenience of the room, it not being large enough to contain the delegates, the saloon of the building in which they had hoped to assemble, being occupied by the Pennsylvania Society. Wednesday, the 16th, the Convention met in Temperance Hall. Much important business was transacted this day, as may be seen by the minutes that have been published. At 3 o'clock, a motion was made to adjourn, to meet at 10 o'clock on Thursday, in the

Pennsylvania Hall, which motion was seconded and carried. In the evening of Wednesday, a meeting was held in the Pennsylvania Hall, at which M. W. Chapman, Angelina E. G. Weld, Abby Kelly, Esther Moore, and Lucretia Mott, took part as speakers. At this meeting, a mob of several thousands collected round the Hall and caused much excitement, by breaking the windows, and otherwise injuring the building. But the speakers went quietly on, heeding not the clamor of these supporters of the foul system of slavery, who would fain have silenced those who stood forth to plead the cause of the forsaken. The meeting adjourned at quarter before 10, and the audience, which was not less than three thousand, passed out of the house amid the execrations of a host who had vainly attempted to put them to silence by stones and other missiles. But they did not thus appreciate the blessing of liberty. It was too valuable to be sacrificed at such a time and on such an occasion.

Thursday at 10 o'clock, the Convention met according to adjournment. At this early hour, a considerable number of individuals had assembled around the building, 'to break up the meeting,' as they said.

During the morning session, which continued till one o'clock, a constant noise and tumult was

heard without, but all was peace within. We commended ourselves to our Father in prayer, and felt that the name of the Lord was a strong tower, into which we could run and be safe. At 1 o'clock, the Convention adjourned to meet at 4, P. M. The business committee, consisting of 20, held a meeting during the intermission, to make preparation for the next session. Near the close of the meeting of the committee, one of their number was called out and a note handed her, written her by her brother, beseeching her, if she valued *her life*, not to attempt to attend the afternoon session, as he felt confident, from what he had seen of the excitement in the city, that the mob which had surrounded the Hall during the morning, were prepared to do all possible violence, if a meeting was held in the afternoon ; and added, that placards had been posted in various parts of the city, calling upon all *good citizens* to do their utmost, to put down the incendiaries and fanatics. She immediately answered his note by thanking him for his interest in her welfare, but at the same time assured him, that the principles which she and her friends advocated were too valuable to be thus surrendered ; and added, that if victims to these holy principles were required, our blood might as well flow as that of others.

At this information, the question went from heart to heart, Am I prepared to die for the bleeding slave,—for the cause of my master? It was a solemn moment,—every heart felt it; not a word was said,—every knee was simultaneously bowed, and the *effectual, fervent prayer* went up, that God might be glorified, and we enabled to stand firm to the principles of Liberty and Truth. There we dedicated ourselves afresh to God and this holy cause, and as the voice ceased, of one who led in prayer, we felt that we were strengthened, and went forth firmly resolved to do the work assigned us, and leave the event with him. We returned to the Hall, found it surrounded by a vast concourse of people, apparently from every grade of society. We pressed our way through the crowd, amid the hisses and imprecations of many whom we had but a few moments before been pleading with God to pity and forgive. We looked upon them with compassion, as immortal beings, destined to the judgment with ourselves, and soon to receive the reward of their deeds.

The afternoon session was opened and the business went on rapidly, though at times it was almost impossible to hear the voices of the speakers, in consequence of the deafening cries

of the multitude without. At the close, a motion was made to adjourn, to meet at Temperance Hall at 9 o'clock on the following day, which was seconded and carried. In pressing through the crowd, after leaving the Hall, we were assailed with *Stones, Mud, Potatoes, Onions*, and whatever first came to hand to these defenders of the Constitution. The business committee held a meeting immediately, in order to prepare for the ensuing day. We accordingly repaired to the house of a friend, not far distant from the Hall. Before the business of the Convention was taken up, several members led in fervent prayer, that God would strengthen us for the trials *yet to come*, and give us grace to stand in the evil hour. Just before 9 o'clock, a messenger came and informed the members present that the Hall had been set on fire, and would soon be burned to the ground. All said, *it is well*—it shall work together for good to the slave. Soon after, another came, begging us to adjourn, as the mob were every moment expected to attack the house in which we were assembled—the resident (Mr. Wood) being well known as an abolitionist. We, however, felt that we could not adjourn till the business was completed, unless the mob entered the room where we were

sitting. After the business was closed, we adjourned, to meet at 8 o'clock the next morning. We bade each other farewell, not knowing that we should meet again, till we saw each other in the world of spirits. We gazed upon one another, not in fear and trembling, but in quietness of spirit, rejoicing in being counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of our Savior, trusting that he would accept the sacrifice, were we willing to lay down our lives for our brethren and sisters in bonds. As we passed through the street, we saw the fragments of our late beautiful Hall, mingling with the clouds of heaven, and we could not forbear applying the appropriate words of the prophet of tears: ‘Our holy and beautiful house, where we praised Thee, is burned up *with fire*, and our pleasant things are laid waste.’ But we did not forget to add, ‘The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice; the wrath of man shall praise him.’

Friday, the 18th, finding the Hall, to which we had adjourned, closed, and being privately advised that a school-room was open for our reception, the members of the Convention were soon assembled in that place. The solemn and quiet greetings of that morning, evinced the clear conception possessed by all, of the perilous cir-

cumstances under which we were again gathered. The expression of satisfaction, which brightened every countenance, told how highly was the privilege appreciated of being partakers of that peril.

The mingled anxiety and calmness, which also rested on those countenances, most expressively betokened the solicitude felt to *do right*; and the faith, that, in so doing, they should be sustained by an invisible arm. Seldom is it given to dependent beings, to prove more truly the promise, ‘Thou shalt keep in perfect peace, the hearts that are stayed on thee.’

The Convention was opened by reading the scriptures and prayer. Mrs. Lucretia Mott addressed the Convention, recurring to the scenes of the past night, and expressing her earnest desire that all the proceedings of this day might be characterized by a deep solemnity and simple confidence in God. She spoke of the feelings she had possessed during the riot in Philadelphia, three years previous, when a cruel attack was made upon the colored people of that place, and said that in that season of trial, she was enabled to feel the full and earnest desire that the suffering might fall *on herself*, if thus those defenceless ones might be spared; and that now, in this

season of trial, she had experienced a return of those emotions ; and it was with humility she would say, only let the suffering fall on us, and she would receive her portion with thanksgiving.

Soon after the business of the morning was introduced, a message from some of our friends was received, stating that the violent spirit which ruled the night was still abroad ; that the excited multitude had knowledge that the women's Convention were holding a session, though they were ignorant of its location ; and that their determination to find the place and break up the meeting was clamorously expressed. The President immediately communicated the intelligence received from without, exhibited the situation in which we were placed, and requested each one present to decide whether they would remain in the building. She expressed her own earnest desire, that the business of the Convention might proceed, and called for the opinion of others ; at the same time recommending withdrawal to any, who, though strong in heart, yet felt themselves not *physically* nerved to meet a repetition of the scenes of the past night. None were observed to leave the Hall ; but each one, doubtless, felt it to be a rare occasion for self-scrutiny—and many felt more forcibly than ever before, what

it was to ‘remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.’ Most blessed was it thus to make our humble appeal to the Searcher of hearts, and it is not arrogance meekly to declare the joy and peace which was shed abroad among us, in that hour. In that *upper room* were those who leaned on Jesus, and felt it to be *his voice that bade them stay*, and at that time and in that manner, maintain the cause of his oppressed children.

If the resolution to remain together under circumstances so threatening, were deemed temerity, an explanation might thus be rendered.—That the mob did not pursue us from the Temperance Hall, proved that they had lost our track, and of course it must be uncertain how long they would be in regaining it. Very possibly we might have time quietly and orderly to hasten the business of the Convention to a close, and thus save the loss that would be occasioned by suddenly breaking up, and leaving all documents and business so incomplete, that no record could be preserved of the proceedings, nor any direct influence go forth from the Convention. It was morally certain that if we disbanded at that juncture, it would be impossible to re-assemble within the time that the delegates from other

places could remain in the city. One cheering fact could not be disregarded. Amid the violence and tumult which filled that city, we had been preserved through the night, permitted to come unmolested to that quiet place, and in peace to commend ourselves and our cause to God. Should we hesitate to cast ourselves *afresh* on the protection of Him, ‘who hath the hearts of all men in his hands, and can turn them as the rivers of water are turned?’ If it were best for the cause, we knew our meeting would be carried to its completion in peace. Let not distrust of the hand that has thus far upheld, cause us now to flee, was the expression of many faces, as the enquiring glance went round, and the decision was mentally formed to remain and await the event. Unshielded by earthly defences in that hour of man’s wrath, and invoking only the aid of the Prince of Peace, we found ourselves encompassed about with his invisible protection! That was a season to be hallowed in the memory, to be recurred to in future times of need, to be the cause of perpetual thanksgiving to the God of the oppressed, and an earnest of the grace he will ever bestow on those who make *his arm alone* their refuge.

At half past 4, the business of the Convention being completed, a motion was made to adjourn, to meet in May, 1839, in the city of Philadelphia, which motion was carried, and the Convention dissolved, after being led in prayer by Lucretia Mott, Mary S. Parker, and Margaret Dye.

A meeting was held in June, in Hall No. 1, of the Marlboro' Chapel, which was addressed by Alvan Stewart, Esq., of Utica, and H. B. Stanton. The Address of Mr. Stewart had reference principally, to the duties of women with regard to their influence over their fathers, husbands and brethren, in connection with political action on the subject of slavery. There is but little doubt that the women of this country have it in their power, (under God,) to overthrow the system of slavery. Let but every woman of the north do her duty in signing petitions to Congress and the State Legislature, in holding up the burning truth to the minds of Senators and Representatives, in teaching her children justice and universal love, and slavery will speedily 'be a tale of yesterday.' Our statesmen will soon say they can hold out no longer in their oppression, when all the maids and matrons of the land have arisen for freedom and the right. With such responsibilities, are we not called upon to do speedily, with our might, what our hands find to do ?

Our labors during the past year, in relation to the Fair, realized to us 850 dollars ; and we anticipate a sale of a similar character the ensuing winter, when we hope to raise an equal amount to aid us in carrying forward the important work in which our hearts are enlisted. Our grateful acknowledgements are due to sister Societies in New England, who have heretofore so liberally assisted us by contributions of articles for the sale. We call to mind with liveliest emotions the kindness of our respected sisters in Europe, in the valuable present of many beautiful and tasteful articles, which, while they did honor to themselves, graced our tables and greatly facilitated our sale. It is no small pleasure to us to be able to take from our tables and chimney pieces, specimens of the handy-work of those who have labored with such unremitting diligence, and who have realised such *large success* in the cause of emancipation. Our hearts are cheered by these tokens of remembrance, for now *we live*, if they bear us on their hearts.

The example of our British sisters ought to quicken us to more zealous effort in the cause of freedom. What has not the influence of women accomplished in Europe ? Let the first of August, 1838, speak ! Let the thousands of enfran-

chised souls springing forth on that day, in all the dignity of men, speak! Where had been the hopes of these thousands of souls, but for the efforts of women? When will the records of our Congressional session count the names of *two million five hundred thousand women*, asking the liberty of their brethren and sisters in bonds, and thus, like Britain's slaves, every American slave, find a representative in the person of a petitioner? This work of petitioning is of the utmost importance, and should be vigorously pursued, till Congress pass such laws as will declare free, every man, woman and child who sets foot upon her soil.

The sentiments advanced in a circular of the Dublin Ladies' Association, to the females of Ireland, in reference to the evils of slavery, are indeed emphatically true. They say, 'Let slavery disguise itself as it may, it is *unutterably, inconceivably bitter*. Yes, she may attire herself in the gay garb of a pretended freedom, or she may array herself in the mock garment of a legalized apprenticeship; nevertheless her heart, true to its nature, whispers that she is slavery still. The iron of bitterest bondage still enters into the soul of her victim, and though he lives, it is but to drag out a hated existence. He toils as a

slave, yet he feels as a *man*.' Unutterably, inconceivably bitter! Alas, what proof we have of the truth of these sentiments, in those who have fled from their cruel oppressors at the south, and taken refuge at our firesides! Where is there a slave, who is not eloquent in relation to this bitterness, if he finds himself in the society of those who love liberty for *others* as well as themselves? If their sufferings were not too grievous to be borne, what mean their flight by night, their endurance of hardships scarcely to be conceived, their subjecting themselves to the mercy of wild beasts, and to the less merciful men-hunters of the south? Why does yonder mother clasp that helpless babe thus closely to her bosom? Why those tears of anguish—that frantic shriek—as one in human form, and who calls himself her master, approaches? Ah! she feels this bitterness—the iron has done its work upon *her* soul, and gladly would she find a grave for her unconscious innocent, that he may be saved from this bitterness. What mean those strong cryings and tears, poured into the ear of Heaven, from yonder miserable hovel—those cries which cease not day nor night? They are the wailings of those into whose souls this iron has entered. All night they wrestle for deliverance from this bondage, too grievous to be borne;

and in the agony of their spirits, the cry ascends, ‘How long, O Lord, how long, ere thou come down to deliver?’

Our souls rejoice that England has removed this cup of bitterness from the lips of her hundreds of thousands of redeemed subjects. She, with other nations of the earth, is gazing upon our guilty country. O that they may look us into penitence for our sins, and may that gaze never be averted, till

‘From her green mountains to the sea,
One voice shall thunder, ALL ARE FREE!’

We cannot refrain from expressing our deep regret, that the watchmen upon the walls of our Zion refuse not only to enter into the blessed work of preaching ‘the gospel to the poor, of healing the broken-hearted, of proclaiming deliverance to the captive, and recovery of sight to the blind, of setting at liberty those that are bruised;’ but that they hinder the flock from so doing, by frowning upon their efforts, and refusing to read notices of those seasons of assembling, which the friends of liberty have ever found to be of vital importance in keeping alive the fires of freedom, and strengthening them in their attacks upon the citadel of slavery. It becomes to us matter of serious inquiry, whether we have performed our duty to these ministers, by ex-

hortation and reproof, in all long-suffering and patience. Let us inquire, whether there are not means within our reach, that have hitherto remained untried, whereby they may be brought to see their guilt, in thus shutting their ears to the crying of the poor. This is a question that we feel each one should ask as a Christian, as a disciple of the compassionate Redeemer. If such an inquiry were candidly answered by each one of us, what would be the result? Let conscience speak—and if it *tell* of duty neglected, let us see to it that we are not called to give account of our stewardship before we have performed this work, on which perhaps depends the destiny of many a hapless slave.

Our hearts are encouraged to untiring effort, in consequence of the success that has hitherto attended our labors, and the cheering intelligence from abroad, that anti-slavery principles are doing their work of reform upon the hearts and consciences of individuals of all classes of society. The heaven-descended principles we promulgate, which are admitted by our opponents to be ‘the principles of God’s eternal truth,’ cannot fail of arousing our wretched country, which is drunk with the blood of slaughtered millions, to a sense of its danger, and we hope to repentance.

TREASURER'S REPORT

The Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society in account with L. M. Ball, Treasurer:

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A P P E N D I X .

CONSTITUTION OF THE **BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.**

PREAMBLE.

Believing slavery to be a direct violation of the laws of God, and productive of a vast amount of misery and crime; and convinced that its abolition can only be effected by an acknowledgment of the justice and necessity of immediate emancipation; we hereby agree to form ourselves into a Society, to aid and assist in this righteous cause as far as lies within our power.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. This Society shall be called the **BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.**

ART. 2. Any lady may become a member of this society by subscribing to the sentiments contained in

the preamble, and paying fifty cents annually. Any lady paying five dollars, at entrance, will be considered a life member.

ART. 3. Its funds shall be appropriated to the dissemination of truth on the subject of slavery, and the improvement of the moral and intellectual character of the colored population. The opinions of the members, as to the best means of effecting these purposes, will be freely given at the meetings. Questions, relative to the business of the Society, may be decided by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, or such decisions may be transferred by them to the Board of Officers.

ART. 4. The government of this Society shall be vested in a Board of Officers, consisting of a President, whose duty it will be to preside at all meetings of the Society. A Vice President, to supply the place of the former, in case of absence. A Domestic Corresponding Secretary, who shall keep all communications addressed to the Society, and manage all the correspondence with any other bodies or individuals within the United States, according to the direction of the Society or Officers. A Secretary of Foreign Correspondence, who shall manage all correspondence with foreign societies, or individuals, according to the direction of the Society or officers. A Recording Secretary, who is to keep a record of transactions, and give notice of the time and place for all meetings of the Society. A Treasurer, authorized to receive subscriptions, donations, &c. and to pay the bills of the Society; and five Counsellors, to advise and assist the other officers. In case of the absence of both President and Vice President, a presiding officer may be chosen by vote. Two-thirds of the officers shall constitute a quorum.

ART. 5. An annual meeting of the Society shall be held on the second Wednesday of October, at which meeting the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer shall be read, and officers chosen for the ensuing year.

ART. 6. Quarterly meetings of the Society shall be held on the second Wednesdays of January, April, July, and October, at which time the Secretary shall report the proceedings of the Society, and such other business shall be transacted as circumstances may render necessary. If, for any unforeseen reasons, other meetings become advisable, the President is authorized to summon the other officers, and they may give notice to the members of the Society.

ART. 7. If any vacancies occur in the Board, during the interval of the regular meetings, the Board shall have power to fill such vacancies, *pro. tem.*

ART. 8. Each member is entitled to a copy of every publication issued by the Society.

ART. 9. Any of the above articles may be amended, or new ones introduced, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

The extracts of correspondence, &c. which follow give pleasing testimony of the deep interest felt by Mrs. Phelps, in the cause of the enslaved.

To appreciate these extracts, however, and form from them any thing like a correct estimate of the strength of her attachment to this cause, it must be borne in mind, that from the time Mr. Phelps entered on his agency, and even before, her health was such as to render the society and attention of a husband, to say the least, especially desirable. Nothing but the strong conviction of *duty*, could have made her willing to forego them. A fact in illustration. She spent a part of the summer of 1833 in the country, on account of her health. On the 15th of July, after giving the particulars of her health to her husband in a letter, she says, 'I need not ask you to pray for me, for I trust I am daily remembered at the throne of grace ; but pray, dear husband, that I may be preparing *to go*, whether I shall be called sooner or later ; that I may cheerfully submit the decision to God, to live or die, and willingly give up husband and child to his disposal, with all that I hold dear on earth, and be enabled to commit the keeping of my soul to him *forever*.'

With such views of the near approach of death, with her health but little improved, yet with her *full and hearty approbation*, as well as with a secret hope that a change of residence from the city to the country, would be beneficial to her health, her husband decided to enter on his agency for the oppressed, in the Spring of 1834.

This decision was early communicated by Mrs. P. to Mr. Phelps's mother in Connecticut, who, in reply, remonstrated *against it*. Meanwhile Mr. P. had re-

moved his family to Wrentham, to Mrs. P's mother, and entered on his agency.

In reply to the letter from Mr. P's mother, Mrs. Phelps thus writes :

' My DEAR MOTHER—It is indeed a noble enterprise, and a privilege to be thus employed in behalf of the suffering and the oppressed, who are *far worse off than the heathen*. O, how ought we to pray and to labor for them, till they are set free from their temporal and spiritual bondage ! Have we not reason to believe that many a poor slave at the great day of account will appear as gems in his crown of rejoicing ? And, dear mother, how trifling will be the sacrifice which you and I are called to make, by being separated from him, appear to us then ! The time has come, dear mother, when we must make sacrifices if we would do our whole duty ; when we must take large and extended views of duty. We must not live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us ; and if he calls upon us to make sacrifices, we must make them cheerfully. If he bids us go to another part of his vineyard, we must go when and where he directs, and be willing to be any thing and do any thing that he requires. You speak of the trial of being separated from your child. *I know it must be trying.* It is a sacrifice of feeling to *me* thus to be separated from my dear husband, in my feeble state of health ; but then I feel that God has a *higher claim* than I have upon him, and when he called upon him to go, dear as he is, *I could not object.* It is indeed a sacrifice ; but I make it, dear mother, in behalf of *two millions of slaves*, who, as I said before, are worse off than the heathen.'

Mr. P. spent the summer of 1834 in Maine. Arrangements were made for a State Convention, to

form a State Anti-Slavery Society. Sept. 23d, she writes to her husband, 'I am looking forward with deep interest to the Convention. Be assured that I do not forget you and the cause in my daily intercessions.' Oct. 4. 'I rejoice to hear that the cause is making "goodly progress" in Maine ; this is all that reconciles me to so long a separation. I feel that much is pending upon what is done there now, and especially at the Convention. Oh how much wisdom and grace do you, and all who defend this cause, need, at all times, but especially at such a meeting as that, when the least imprudence will be marked ! But there is a precious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee."'

She was frequently subject to new attacks of disease, and in two or three instances met with serious accidents ; and yet, after stating the particulars to her husband, she was ever wont to add remarks like the following : 'I am so much better, that I have rode three times since, and been to meeting on the Sabbath ; so you need not give yourself the least anxiety about me.' At another time, after bleeding at the lungs, she added, 'I should have written you before this, but I thought it would be very inconvenient for you to come home, and if we could get along without you we would.' She seemed unwilling ever to call him away from his work, except as absolute necessity required. As striking an instance as any, occurred in May last. At that time she had been confined to her room, and much of the time to her bed, and for some weeks her family had hardly expected her continuance from week to week, and her husband, in consequence, had hardly allowed himself to be absent. The annual meeting of the American A. S. Society was at hand. It was deemed a very important one, and Mr. P. felt extremely anxious to attend.

To do so, he must be absent a week at least. He had decided not to attend. As the day approached, however, Mrs. P. was apparently a little better, and she thought, on the whole, he had better go: May 3d she wrote to him thus : ‘As I feel comfortable this afternoon, I thought I would sit up in my bed awhile and begin my letter to you, and say all that I could, not knowing how I shall be in the morning.’ The next morning the letter was completed, and concluded as follows : ‘I have told you particulars, for I thought you would be glad to have them ; I have been much as I am when you are here, excepting my cough, which I think increases, and a void which the presence of a dear husband fills. But I have the same Heavenly Father, the same Savior, the same Holy Comforter ; the same throne of grace and precious Bible that I have when you are here, and why should I complain ? No, I have no cause for complaint, and I trust no disposition so to do. Far be it from me ! for my cup runneth over with undeserved mercies ; and if chastised, I know that my heavenly Father will not inflict “one stripe that I do not need.” I know that “it has been good for me that I have been afflicted.” “Then let me rejoice, yea, I will rejoice ; and though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.”’ And in a postscript she adds, ‘I am very glad you concluded to go to New-York.’

In relation to her last moments, a brief extract must suffice. ‘It had seemed for some days as if she was only waiting for the Lord Jesus to come and take her ; she said, he was just such a Saviour as she wanted, and if she was only prepared, it was no matter how soon she went. Why, said I, (Mr. P.) do you say *if*? Well, I do not know, said she, but I do wrong to say it, I have been thinking lately that

I did, for I *do* trust in him, I am *sure I do*; and oh, he is so precious to me. Aug. 7. For several days she had been growing gradually worse. On the 6th she had said, ‘if I perish, I will perish there;’ (trust-ing in Christ,) and I had said in reply, ‘you cannot perish there, do you not know it?’ This morning as I rose at four, to give her some refreshment, she said, ‘that was a happy thought you gave me yesterday, it has been quite a comfort to me.’ Aug. 22nd. To-day as I sat at her side, she opened her hymn book and turned to several hymns expressive of her feelings in various respects; among them was the following :

‘I soon shall accomplish my race,
And soar to the temple on high;
Dear Jesus, beholding thy face,
I cheerfully yield me to die.
Farewell, my distress and my woe,
The storms of existence are o'er;
Though fiercely the tempest may blow,
Its fury appals me no more.

More quickly and shorter I breathe,
The dew is o'erspreading my cheek;
I feel the approaches of death,
My heartstrings beginning to break;
A struggle or two and 'tis done,
From earth and its anguish I fly;
The palm of the conqueror won,
I live by submitting to die.’

The following is a copy of the letter addressed by the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society to Mrs. E. P. Lovejoy.

BOSTON, Jan. 21, 1838.

To Mrs. E. P. Lovejoy.

DEAR MADAM,—It is at the request of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, that I now attempt to address you ; but it is a duty on which I reluctantly engage, for I am painfully aware of my own inability to make any adequate expression of their sympathy. I am sensible how dull and cold the language of condolence must fall upon your ear, and how trifling and insufficient must appear to you all human consolation. I feel, too, that every renewed expression of respect for the distinguished excellencies of him whom you mourn, must deepen instead of diminishing your sorrow ; and it is rather with the view of relieving our own feelings, than from the hope of soothing yours, that we would utter the declaration of our sympathy in your affliction, and our love and reverence for the memory of our departed brother.

But, while we feel that your only consolation must be found in the boundless power and compassion of God, suffer us to call your mind to the holiness of the cause, in defence of which your husband counted not his life dear unto him, but was ‘ faithful even unto death.’ The principles for which he contended form

a most important and necessary part of the gospel of Christ. The religion that can exist without them is false and worthless, serving but as an ally, or a scoff to the oppressor and a mockery to his victim. That he died in a cause like this, should be to you unspeakable consolation ; and even while you mourn over your own desolated home, will it not comfort you to think that he fell in defence of the outraged homes of millions, and that that blood, so precious to your heart, is even now pleading with this nation in their defence ? God grant that consolations, like these, may strengthen you to endure the living martyrdom to which he has called you.

Everywhere, throughout all coming time, the lovers of truth and freedom will cherish the memory and admire the virtues of Lovejoy ; and wherever the gospel of deliverance is preached, the memorial of him shall survive. In defence of the dearest rights of man, and the holiest precepts of God, he cheerfully poured forth his blood ; and how great the sacrifice was, our own instinctive attachment to life and its enjoyments testifies.

But there is a sacrifice yet nobler ; and if in reference to the extinction of a life dearer than your own, you have said in sincerity, ‘ Thy will be done,’ that sacrifice you have made, and doubt not that ‘ however dimmed by mortal tears,’ it will be accepted of Him who ‘ knoweth our frames, and remembereth that we are dust.’ We would renewedly ‘ commend you to God and the word of his grace,’ praying that you and yours may be guided and comforted by his wisdom and mercy, until in his own good time, the broken ties of earth shall be reunited in heaven.

On behalf of the Boston F. A. S. Society.

ANNE W. WESTON, *Dom. Cor. Sec.*

The following letter has been recently received by us from the Ladies' Emancipation Society of Taunton, Somersetshire, England.

BELOVED SISTERS,

The wisest of men has said, 'Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' You are our friends; we are one in the cause of Negro Emancipation; our energies, our sympathies, our prayers, are concentrated in this one object; and we feel that if we could see your faces, Solomon's assertion would indeed be realized. But the wide Atlantic rolls between us. We shall never meet until that happy consummation, when (through the merits of our blessed Redeemer) we and an innumerable company of the objects of our united sympathies and efforts shall meet around the throne of Him who gave his Son a ransom for the sins of the poor oppressed African, as well as for those of the lordly Briton, or the proud American.

But, although mountains may rise and billows roll between us, *our* spirits can hold communion with *yours*; we meet you at your conventions, at your committee meetings; and we can join you at a throne of mercy, though thousands of miles divide us; for we can say with our sainted bard, who so tunefully sung the woes of Africa—

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.

We might have felt all this ; but perhaps we should never have told you so, had not our highly valued friend, GEORGE THOMPSON, that eloquent and unflinching champion of the slave, assured us that expressions of sympathy from us would greatly encourage our American sisters in their work of faith, and labor of love.

We sympathize with you in all the trials which you have to endure, in the promotion of the cause you have so nobly undertaken ; and we pray that abundant success may crown your efforts. Yours is indeed ‘a work of *faith*;’ for in a country where the system of slavery seems interwoven with even its laws, where custom has habituated the mind to the unchristian practice of reducing man to a level with the brute ; where interest has blinded the eyes of those who are otherwise enlightened, the heart would faint and sicken at the hopeless conflict, were it not for the gracious promise made by Him ‘who has made of one blood all the nations of the earth.’—‘For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord ; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.’ And are not the signs of the times declaring, as it were with an audible voice, that the Lord is preparing to arise for the deliverance of the oppressed in your native land, and in our colonies ?

And this reminds us of our own position. We have tendered our sympathies to you ; and now we ask for yours. You have not experienced the pain of hope deferred as we have ; you have not tasted of the cup of rejoicing, and then been doomed to have it dashed from your lips, as we have. You have not, for many years, been laboring in the cause of negro freedom. You have not paid twenty millions

to purchase that freedom, and then been deluded as we have. We hailed the year 1834 as a year of jubilee. Our poets sung the song of jubilee, and we rejoiced, not only that the slave was free, but that our own beloved country was at length free from the stain of slavery.

But, alas ! the Abolition Act, neutralized as it is by the apprenticeship scheme, has painfully disappointed our hopes. The poor negro is still a slave under a new name ; he is still liable to be flogged, not in the field, it is true, but with augmented severity in the *tread-mill* ; and our poor negro sisters are even more cruelly treated than before ; so that we have had again to hang our harps upon the willows. But our anti-slavery brethren are once more buckling on their armor, and we are cheering them onward to this holy warfare.

Yet the Abolition Act has not wholly failed. *The time is fixed* for entire freedom. Antigua and Bermuda are already free ; and to them we can thankfully point, as specimens of the successful workings of immediate abolition. And to America we would say, ‘Look at Antigua, and follow her example.’ *There* are flourishing plantations, wealthy proprietors, and hired laborers, contented and happy. *There* are chapels, full of attentive hearers, and schools resounding with hymns of praise from little negro lips. For these blessings, we will still rejoice, ‘thank God, and take courage ;’ but we will not rest, until our youthful and beloved Queen shall not have a single slave in her extensive dominions. When that delightful day shall dawn, we shall with greater boldness unite with you, our American sisters, in endeavoring to wipe away the stain from your country, a stain which peculiarly blackens the fame of a nation.

boasting itself to be the freest in the world. And when *that* stain is wiped away, the WORLD will be free ; for what country will be able to withstand the united example of Great Britain and America ?

Since the commencement of this Address, our sympathies for American abolitionists have been peculiarly excited by the melancholy intelligence of the murder of Mr. Lovejoy ; and more especially do we feel for you, our beloved sisters, whose husbands, fathers and brothers are in daily danger of martyrdom in the cause of religion and liberty, in *free* and *Christian America*. Whatever may be our trials, whatever our disappointments, (and they have been great,) we have nothing of that sort to dread. Public opinion in England is with us ; the friends of religion are with us ; and we must shortly triumph.

But the word of God declares, ‘the wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder of wrath wilt thou restrain ;’ and as the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, so do we believe that the blood of the martyred Lovejoy will be the seed of abolition in America, and bring forth fruit an hundred fold. And may He who is the father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow, comfort and sustain her, who has been called upon to lose a beloved husband in this holy cause. Surely this horrid circumstance will arouse the christian churches in your land, to purge themselves from this body and soul destroying sin, and to come forward to the help of those friends of the oppressed, who are now struggling amidst opposition and persecution to deliver their country from the blackest stain that can pollute her banner.

But it is time to close this long Address ; and we will only add, that we shall be glad to receive any

communications from you, either by letter or periodical or other publications ; and our prayer will ascend with yours to a throne of mercy, that the God of the oppressed, who hears the groans of the poor Africans in their cruel bondage, may, as he did in the case of the Israelites in Egypt, come down and deliver them.

We are, your affectionate sisters,

Signed in behalf of the Taunton Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, by

CHARLOTTE M. WOLMAN, *President.*

MARGARET LUKE, *Treasurer.*

SARAH DYMOND,
J. M. REEVES, } *Secretaries.*

TAUNTON, Feb. 6, 1838.

The following letter has been gratefully received from Exeter, (England,) by the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society.

To the Female Anti-Slavery Societies in the United States of America.

We, the members of a Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society for the city of Exeter and its neighborhood, in the county of Devon, old England, would address you in the language of sympathy and encouragement, as our sisters and fellow laborers in the cause of suffering and degraded humanity. Need we a passport to your acceptance of this our expression, it is sufficient that we mention to you the name, the more than respected name of GEORGE THOMPSON, that indefatigable, that undaunted champion of the rights of the negro, whose valuable labors have animated and delighted us on either side of the Atlantic. Yes, he has told of your zeal, of your unwearied perseverance, through good report and through evil report. He has told us that you would hail our appearances of fellowship with gratitude and delight. Can we withhold them? No. Affectionately we salute you, and bid you God speed. We say to you, 'Go on—pursue your undeviating course, until it shall please that Almighty Being, whose work we verily believe it is, to prosper it in your hands even unto completion.' Oh! that you could point to Britain, and say,

she has done her part—follow *her*! But no! We lately, indeed, rejoiced over what we fain would hope were the broken, the forever prostrate chains of our sable sisters, and were lulled to rest by fancied strains of Liberty's sweet voice; but a sound of the clank of chains, and the bitter complaints of disappointed hopes, afresh are wafted to our shores, and we are waking from our lethargy. May we be availingly aroused, never again to slumber, until righteousness shall have triumphed, and the fair and lovely form of Freedom shall have raised her head preeminently in every clime. Surely, in the arms of Christian philanthropy, *all* should be embraced.

The American captive, the West Indian slave—are they not *all* our brothers and our sisters? Let us then emulate one another in this labor of love. Let us strengthen each other's hands for the work, by a reciprocal interchange of sentiments and information;—and when privileged to approach the throne of grace, may we be enabled to remember each other there. And while we would offer solace to the oppressed, by assuring him of his many friends, who will not cease to plead his cause at a heavenly as well as earthly tribunal, we would affectionately remind him, that seeing it is permitted by wisdom inscrutable that he should still be the subject of wrongs innumerable, and deprivations very grievous, it is his duty, as a christian, to endure them with meekness and patience, earnestly seeking a portion of His spirit, who petitioned for his enemies, ‘Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.’

Signed on behalf of the Society, by

SARAH SPARKES, Cor. Sec'y.

EXETER, Jan. 21, 1838.

**Anti-Slavery Societies of Women in Mass., with the
Names of their Secretaries.**

Braintree and Salisbury. Miss Betsey Linscott.

Andover. Mrs. Susan Johnson.

Ashburnham. Mrs. Gilman Jones.

Athol. A. M. Hoyt.

Boston. Miss Martha V. Ball.

Boxborough. Mrs. Ebenezer Hayward.

Bridgewater.

Cambridgeport. Mrs. M. Chamberlain.

Danvers. Mrs. Isaac Winslow.

Dorchester. Miss Sarah Baker.

East Bradford. Miss Ellen B. Ladd.

Fall River. Miss Sarah G. Buffum.

Fitchburg. Mrs. Eliza Gill.

Franklin. Elizabeth Pond.

Groton. Miss Elizabeth Farnsworth.

Haverhill. Miss Harriet Minot.

Hingham. Mrs. Edward Thaxter.

Lowell. Mrs. George Mansfield.

Lynn. Miss Abby Kelley.

Millville—Mendon P. O. Miss Abby Pitts.

Newburyport. Miss H. S. Stickney.

New Bedford. Miss Elizabeth C. Taber.

North Leicester. Eliza Earle.

Plymouth.

Reading. Mrs. Lydia P. T. Bancroft.

Roxbury. Mrs. John Jones.

Salem. Miss L. L. Dodge.

South Reading. Miss M. A. Avery.

South Weymouth. Mrs. Eliza T. Lord.

Sudbury. Miss Mary Rice.

Uxbridge. Miss S. Judson.

Weymouth and Braintree. Mrs. H. C. Fifield.

P O E M ,

WRITTEN ON THE BURNING OF PENNSYLVANIA HALL IN
PHILADELPHIA, BY A DELEGATE TO THE CONVENTION
OF AMERICAN WOMEN—MAY 17, 1838.

Queen of the cities of the western world,
How is thy glory into darkness hurled !
How are thy whitened walls defiled and dim,
By murder, rapine, and th' accursed thing ;
How is thine air impregnate with the cry
Of those who seek their brother to destroy ;
Who execrate the soul of him who fain
Would lift the bondman from the oppressor's chain !

O ! tell it not in Gath ! nor in the street
Of Askelon—let maid or matron meet,
To speak the deed of darkness thou hast done,
Before high heaven and the retiring sun.

Ay, tell it not in the Athenian halls—
Speak, speak it not, 'neath Carthaginian walls,
Lest from their smouldering ashes ghosts arise,
To weep o'er *Christians*, who their God despise.
Let darkness and the midnight of the grave
Sweep o'er it like th' obliterating wave,
Yea, let the shadow of that night be deep,
Nor let the stars their wonted vigils keep ;
When that fair Temple, beauteous to the eye,
Was laid in ruins 'neath the bending sky,
And angels gazing at th' unearthly sight,
Plumed their spread wings, and upward took their flight.

Ah ! little dreamed those meek-eyed quiet men,
 The artless children of the sainted Penn,
 That e'er the echo of their voice should die,
 The shade of Liberty would upward fly.
 Startled from that fair spot where she had hoped
 A door of utterance might to her be ope'd,
 Where for full many a year the word might be,
 Now break the yoke, and let the oppressed go free !
 Where she might cry, ‘ Ye mighty of the earth,
 Give to the slave his home, his quiet hearth,
 His wife, his babes, torn rudely from his breast,
 And doomed to toil without a place of rest ’ !
 But vain the thought—proud slavery’s minions sped
 To seal the lip, assault th’ unsheltered head
 Of sire or matron, who with holy zeal
 Should lisp that bondage which the negro feels.

But have they closed those lips in silence deep ?
 And have those eyes for bondmen ceased to weep ?
 And do the poor and needy cry in vain,
 To find deliverance from th’ oppressor’s chain ?
 Hath threatened death repressed the strong desire—
 Chained the mute tongue—put out the quenchless fire,
 That hath been kindled from that altar bright,
 In heaven’s own chancery of living light ?
 No—for the God of truth and boundless love,
 Hath clothed them with his armor from above ;
 And, like the sainted Windelmut* they cry,

*A widow in North Holland, in the 16th century. She was seized on account of her religion, carried to the Hague, there strangled, and afterwards burnt to ashes. To one who told her that she did not fear death, because she had not tasted it, she replied, ‘ I shall *never* taste it, for Christ hath said, if any man keep my sayings, he shall never see death.’ —*Milner’s History.*

Behold ! oppressors, ‘we shall never die’ !
 Unworthy were their lips to name the name
 Of Him, who from the Root of Jesse came,
 If when the cry of suffering millions meet
 From North to South, deep calling unto deep,
 No tear of sympathy should wet the sod,
 No prayer arise, to sacred Freedom’s God !

But speed ye onward, though the night be drear—
 The morning cometh. See the day appear,
 When those crushed millions, for whose souls ye plead,
 Shall rise unshackled, and with joy shall speed
 To tell the tale by every nook and shade,
 On mountain height, in winding everglade,
 The tale of triumph, Liberty’s sweet song,
 While echoing hill and dale the notes prolong.

All hail, blest day ! by Sage and Prophet told,
 When man shall cease to barter mind for gold ;
 And Afric’s sons and daughters rise to trace
 A brother’s image in each human face.
 Truth is eternal—God himself shall reign,
 And break in pieces th’ oppressor’s chain,
 Now for the sighing of the poor and dumb
 Will I arise ;—Behold, I come, I COME !

LIFE MEMBERS OF THE BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Mrs. J. N. Barbour, Cambridge	p't.	Mrs. T. Southwick.
Miss E. A. Sonthard.		Mrs. E. Cross.
Miss E. Blanchard.		Mrs. N. B. Saunders.
Mrs. J. Robinson.		Miss H. Tufts.
Mrs. L. Dix, Roxbury.		Miss E. Davenport.
Miss L. A. H. Peterson.		Mrs. A. Bailey.
Mrs. H. G. Chapman.		Miss A. Southwick.
Miss L. F. McIntosh.		Mrs. C. Wilcox, Oneida co. N. Y.
Mrs. Fillmore.		Mrs. D. L. Child.
Miss A. G. Chapman.*		Mrs. E. Philbrick.
Miss M. Chapman.		Miss H. Farrer.
Mrs. H. Chapman		Mrs. E. Jones, Roxbury.
Mrs. A. B. Carter, Charlestown.		Mrs. E. G. Loring.
Miss S. P. Carter,	do.	Miss C. Parcher.
Miss A. C. Carter,	do.	Miss E. F. Weston.
Miss E. A. Carter,	do.	Miss E. B. Chapman.
Mrs. A. Phillips.		Mrs. P. D. Bradish.
Miss B. McIntosh.		Mrs. C. Fitch.
Mrs. A. Alcott.		Miss M. F. Rogers.
Mrs. C. Taber.		Mrs. T. Gilbert.
Miss M. Cotton.		Miss A. R. Philbrick, Brookline.
Mrs. F. Clapp.		Miss L. Weston.
Mrs. H. Leland.		Miss E. A. Parker.
Miss L. Parker.		Mrs. J. M. Robbins.
Miss C. Watson,		Miss M. Wheeler.
Mrs. H. Blake.		Miss B. Abbott.
Mrs. Young.		Miss S. A. Ammidon, Camb'p't.
Mrs. E. Adams, Charlestown.		Mrs. M. A. Parker, do.
Mrs. A. Durant, Roxbury.		Miss D. Weston.
Miss A. Pratt.		Miss A. W. Weston.
Miss L. Pratt.		Mrs. M. L. Jones.
Miss M. White.		Mrs. E. Wheelwright.
Mrs. H. Safford.		Miss R. W. Edmands.
Mrs. B. Loomis.		Mrs. E. F. Merriam.
Mrs. L. Bright.		Miss S. M. Grimke, S. Carolina.
Mrs. C. Pasco, Miss'y in Greece.		Mrs. M. Badger.
Mrs. L. Purdy.		Mrs. R. L. Bird.
Mrs. J. Rogers.		Mrs. G. Thompson, England.
Mrs. E. Jewett.		Mrs. A. E. G. Weld, S. Carolina.
Mrs. L. L. Fuller.		Mrs. A. Haines.

Number of Members, 536.

* Deceased.

