

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London Monthly Review. The Poetical Works of Thomas Pringle; WITH A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE. London: Moxon. 1837. (Concluded.)

"In this state of affairs, it may be conceived that the whites cast an anxious eye sometimes far beyond the ideal boundary. At the Cape, two dispossessed tribes of northeastern Caffres, vanquished in their own savage wars, appeared for a moment within thirty or forty miles of the English frontier; but, turning away, established themselves on the solitary banks of the Umata River, two hundred and fifty miles distant, where they built their huts and located their families. To this secluded spot, surrounded by deserts, they, the wandering Caffres, who had probably never seen a European face—were followed by British Troops, and extirpated—killed in cold blood, without resistance, it is said, and to the number of twenty thousand souls! But this, the reader will say, is a story of the olden time; of that iron age in which ignorance and barbarity prevailed to such an extent that scarcely even a chronicle was produced to record the acted horrors of the period. He is mistaken. The white infant who was born on that day, has scarcely yet learned to read his Bible, and say his prayers at his mother's knee before going to bed. The massacre took place in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight."

It was Mr. Pringle, perhaps, beyond every other person, who brought to light these horrors; and it was to him in a great degree that they were ordered by legislative enactments and government interference to be mitigated and avoided in future. But to the narrative. At the time when our emigrants landed at the Cape, Lord Charles Somerset was Governor, a man whose conduct as such has been loudly and frequently condemned, and whom Mr. Ritchie inclines not to spare. It happened, however, that when the emigrants arrived, this functionary had already sailed for England. Pringle had recommendations to him, obtained chiefly through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, but being marked 'private' they could not be opened by the Secretary.

The little party, after having remained a few days at Cape Town, sailed for Algoa Bay, where the settlers were to disembark and proceed to the interior. This second landing took place in the month of June. The route of the emigrants was long and exceedingly novel to such adventurers. Their vehicles were seven Dutch African wagons, furnished by a government order, and in general driven by their owners, with a Hottentot boy running before, to conduct the leaders of the team of ten or twelve oxen. For eight days they continued to wander through the desert, guarded by large fires at night against wild beasts, whose cries they heard in the distance. After spending two agreeable days at a military post on the Great Fish River, they resumed their journey through a "howling wilderness," haunted by banditti as well as wild beasts. Their route lay through the valley of the River of Bahoons; and in the upper part of this valley they were to find their location, consisting of lands forfeited by certain Dutch boers, who had risen in insurrection against the English Government. Of the latter portion of their progress, Pringle writes thus—

"It were tedious to relate the difficulties, perils and adventures which we encountered in our toilsome march of five days up this African glen—to tell of our pioneering labors with the hatchet, the pickaxe, the crow-bar, and the sledge-hammer—and the lashing of the poor oxen, to force them on (sometimes twenty or thirty in one team) through such a track as no English reader can form any adequate conception of. In the upper part of the valley, we were occupied two entire days in thus hewing our way through a rugged defile, now called Eildon cleugh, scarcely three miles in extent. At length, after extraordinary exertions and hair-breadth escapes—the breaking down of two wagons and the partial damage of others—we got through the last part of the glen, and found ourselves on the summit of an elevated ridge, commanding a view of the extremity of the valley. 'And now my dear,' said the Dutch-African field-cornet who commanded our escort, 'there lies your country!'"

This secluded and distant spot received the name of Glen-Lynden, which is now its official designation, the paternity of which title will be easily traced. Here the Scottish settlers commenced the usual operations for such adventurers in such a situation—poor Pringle being physician, surgeon, religious instructor and officiating minister, as well as civil and military, chief. He soon became sufficiently acquainted with Dutch to render himself useful to his Dutch-African neighbors—neighbors of thirty or forty miles—and the knowledge which he also obtained in the language spoken by the Hottentots, enabled him to become familiar with many things concerning them, and to interest himself successfully in their behalf. But we must refer our readers to the "Narrative" which he himself published, for a full account of his residence in Africa, and to the Memoir before us; the former of which works have opened the eyes of Englishmen to the enormities which have been practiced by the colonial government, and the latter not less strikingly showing how poor Pringle engaged in the service of humanity.

On the return of Lord Charles Somerset to the colony, towards the close of 1821, Pringle obtained the librarianship of the Government Library at Cape Town. He seems also to have contemplated certain literary undertakings, which might serve the interest of civilization, humanity, and intelligence; and the expected arrival of a commission of inquiry, which was to take cognizance of the moral and educational condition of the colony, as well as of its political and judicial features, could not fail to arouse his hopes and his benevolent purposes. But the publications which he originated, and the active measures which he pursued to diffuse useful knowledge & enlightened ideas, could not be endured by the Governor; and Pringle was in effect driven out of Africa, to push his fortune elsewhere, and even to endeavor to start anew in life. The following paragraphs will afford some striking notices of his services during the few years that he resided in the colony.

"He was one of the originators of the great measure next to the political emancipation of the Hottentots, namely, their establishment as independent occupiers of the land. His paper, given in to the Commissioners in 1823, was entitled 'Hints of a Plan for Defending the Eastern Frontier of the Colony by a Settlement of Hottentots.'"

"I may also state, that while acting as Secretary, in 1823-4, to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Settlers in Albany, he was one of the most active members of that meritorious body. His own party, however, although included in the district, neither applied for, nor consented to receive, any portion of the relief fund. I have been more than once struck, while writing these pages, with the important use to which literary talents may be turned, when dictated by good feelings; & on this occasion I find Pringle, although, perhaps, the very poorest of the Society, contributing the most important donation of the whole. This was in the form of a pamphlet, entitled 'Some Account of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa,' which he sent for publication in London. The result of these united efforts was the collection of £7,000 in England and India, besides £3,000 raised in the colony."

"Ruined in circumstances and in prospects, but sound in conscience and in character," says Mr. Conder, 'Mr. Pringle began to prepare seriously for returning to England; prior to which he resolved on an excursion to the Eastern frontier, to see once more his relatives at Glen-Lynden. There he had the pure satisfaction of finding the little colony he had assisted in planting, in tolerably prosperous circumstances. 'Under the blessing of Providence,' he says, 'its prosperity has been steadily progressive. The friends whom I left there, though they have not escaped some occasional trials and disappointments, such as all men are exposed to in this uncertain world, have yet enjoyed a goodly share of health, competence and peace.' Out of the twenty-three souls who had accompanied him to Glen-Lynden, he records, fourteen years after, that there had occurred only a single death, and that was from the accidental bursting of a gun; while by births alone, exclusive of new settlers who had joined them, they had more than doubled their number. 'On the whole,' piously remarks Mr. P., in concluding his interesting narrative, 'I have great cause to bless God, both as regards the prospects of my father's house, and in many respects as regards my own career in life, that His good providence directed our emigrant course fourteen years ago to the wilds of Southern Africa.'"

Pringle arrived in London in July of 1826, accompanied by his wife and her sister, Miss Brown, a faithful companion in all their wanderings and sufferings. His losses and subsequent liabilities at the Cape amounted to one thousand pounds; but then he had made himself be known as the champion of the oppressed. Was it not reasonable to hope, that the clear claims he had on account of the tyranny of the Governor should in some measure be attended to? Such a hope, however, proved fallacious. Even independently of the usages he had sustained at the hands of a confidential minister of a great Empire, his conduct, attested by the local magistrates, at the head of a band of respectable settlers and the valuable and voluminous information which he furnished to the Commissioners of Inquiry, and of which the Government at home was sufficiently sensible, should have found for him due consideration. The reverse, as already hinted, was the case.

Pringle's last illness was a lingering consumption, during which sanguine hopes were entertained that it would not be fatal; and he was still a poor man. In a letter dated July 29, 1834, he writes to a friend in these terms:

"I am sorry to say that my prospects or the future are more than ever dark and clouded. I have got within these few days an unfavorable reply from Mr. Spring Rice, in regard to my application for an appointment at the Cape. He says that as great reductions are now making there, those reduced from the government service must have preferable claim; so that that prospect seems to be shut. Many of the persons who will thus have a preference before me, were amongst the vilest tools of Lord Charles Somerset's administration. But to have been persecuted by a Tory Government for maintaining Whig principles, or rather the principles of truth and justice, seems even under a Whig Administration, to operate rather to one's disadvantage than otherwise. In fact, how can it be otherwise—so long as the under-secretaries and clerks are still the persons who determine most of the Colonial appointments, who were put in office by Lord Bathurst, and who, to this hour, act as far as they can on the wretched system of his administration? Spring Rice, with the best intentions, coming now into office, must necessarily draw his information from such prejudiced and polluted sources—and thus things go on year after year."

"If I had now a few hundred pounds, I would go out to the Caffre frontier, and buy and stock a farm, and settle myself for life in the wilderness. I am tired with the wear and tear of a town life, and struggling with straitened circumstances forever. Perfect quiet and happiness and leisure is not, I know, to be found in this world; but if the choice must be between utter seclusion, and struggling for subsistence by the exhausting and precarious wages of literary labor, I have no hesitation in preferring the latter—if the latter were in my power—which unhappily it is not."

"But enough of self. After all, I have no doubt that what beholds us (if not by our own faith) is ever for the best; and in that behalf, and in a firm trust of God's good providence, I will endeavor to find consolation."

Nothing could be done, or at least nothing was done, by the liberal government for Pringle in regard to his plans and wishes about the Cape, either in the way of an appointment or grant of land. Still he prepared for his voyage thither, a measure which became like one between life and death, for his medical advisers declared it necessary for him to resort without delay to a milder climate. But this was not to be. "The day of sailing was postponed from time to time; till at length the severer symptoms of the disease manifested themselves, and he was advised to abide the issue at home. His work was done; his stewardship was expired; and the hour had come when he was to be called to his account. That hour, I most firmly believe, few men have ever been better prepared to meet."

companion by day and by night; and when exhausted nature sunk into slumber, he would start in the midst, crying 'Give me my look—I am losing time!' The Rev. J. Macdonald thus writes: "I happened to be in Scotland when the attack came on, and thus did not see him until the last week of his life; but it was a rich consolation for me to find the state of mind in which he lay. His soul seemed quite detached from all earthly things, and quite unwilling to think of them. He acknowledged the wisdom, righteousness & grace of the Lord in so chastening him, and seemed happy to trace the various steps of that painful yet gracious process by which the Lord had humbled him. His strain was thanksgiving. Two nights before his death, though reduced to a ghastly skeleton, he desired to sing some verses of a psalm with me; and on my proposing to substitute a brief exposition of the 103d Psalm, as that we usually sing at our communion, I shall never forget the affectingly sweet expression with which he assented."

"He spoke much of Christ as his only hope, and seemed to have peculiar pleasure in whatever I said about his glorious righteousness; and I do firmly believe that he fell asleep in the Lord. I held his hand as he expired, which he held out to me, with the almost inaudible articulation of 'Farewell!' There were throbbings, and a little restlessness, but no struggles—he gently died."

"We must add the following observations by his biographer: 'The death of Thomas Pringle drew forth an expression of affectionate regret in every civilized country in the world, where the English language is spoken. In British India, in America, in Africa, the feeling was the same; and to the credit of human nature be it related, that even his adversaries joined in lamenting when dead the man they had striven against when living.'"

"One of the gentlest yet firmest, one of the humblest yet most high-minded of human beings, the character of Thomas Pringle was made up of qualities which excite in equal proportions affection and respect. With him benevolence was not a weakness, but a principle. He did not indulge in doing good; but his humanity, being under the strict control of his judgment, he refused practically the doctrines of that philosophy which refers even our best actions to selfishness. He was warm and steady in his attachments; but though he would have risked his life for his friend, he would not have sacrificed his probity. He was deeply religious, but not of those devotees who 'creepily their countenances.' Cheerful, buoyant, and even gay, he exemplified his faith only in his actions. Open, generous, manly and sincere, I may address him in the words of Charles Lamb, 'Free from self-seeking, envy, low design, I have not found a whiter soul than thine!'"

Surely, when our readers peruse the extracts which we have made from this elegant and interesting volume, and are informed that the profits that may accrue from its sale will be for the benefit of Thomas Pringle's widow and sister-in-law, a great anxiety will prevail amongst them to be possessed of such a precious record and such a monument of philanthropy. Besides the memoir upon which we have dwelt, the volume contains the poems of the deceased, which had previously appeared in separate publications, viz. both the "Ephemeries," and the "African Sketches." These poems are characterized rather by elegance than strength, simplicity and no small share of originality also belong to them; while, without exception, they are evidently the offspring of the heart and its spontaneous feelings. We are sure that Mr. Ritchie speaks truly when he says not a few of the six pieces "will continue to fascinate the popular ear in our southern colony, as long as the English language is known at the 'Cape of Storms.'"

We quote a specimen from "Afar in the Desert"—a poem that Coleridge so intensely admired as to do little else for some days but to read and recite it.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with tearful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years,
And shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead;
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood rent;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my Native Land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh flowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
A weary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man!"

"Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression corruption and strife—
The proud man's frown and the base man's fear—
The scorners' laugh, and the sufferer's tear—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
Dispose me to musing, and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bonny man's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught fletch in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!"

And here, while the night winds around a my sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,

"A still small voice" comes through the wild,
(Like a father consoling his fretful child.)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—"MAN IS DISTANT BUT GOD IS NEAR!"

DR. G. R. PHELPS' COMPOUND TOMATO PILLS, [ENTIRELY VEGETABLE.] A new and valuable remedy for all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, Morbid Secretions of the Liver and Stomach.

for ordinary Family Physic. This popular medicine which has received such general approbation as a remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Acid Stomach, Jaundice, Heartburn, Costiveness, Headache &c. &c., and which is now prescribed by many of the most respectable Physicians, is for sale by authorized Agents in most of the towns in the United States, and at wholesale by the Proprietors, Hartford, Conn. A few only of the latest certificates can be inserted here, for numerous others see large pamphlets just published. New Haven, Ohio, Dec. 4th, 1838.

Gentlemen,—Seeing the very high estimation held forth by the Agent in this section, and by those who had the opportunity of trying Dr. Phelps' Compound Tomato Pills—and being under the belief of the firm having restored healthy secretions of the glandular system more than once, by using the Tomato Pills as a vegetable; I have been induced to try this medicine in various diseases. In the Autumnal Intermittents, prevalent in this section of the States, I have no doubt Dr. Phelps' Compound Tomato Pills will, in a great measure, if not entirely supersede the use of CALOMEL. I believe that in diseased liver they are more prompt in their effect, and as efficient, as Calomel—I have tried them in various other diseases, as Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, &c., with the most happy effects. As far as my knowledge extends, I have no hesitancy in recommending them as a highly valuable Family Medicine. Yours respectfully, THOMAS JOHNSTON.

From a gentleman of high respectability.—dated New York, Nov. 6th, 1838. To R. G. Phelps,—Dear Sir—I have used your Compound Tomato Pills, the past season, for the Liver complaint; and am happy to add, with decided benefit—and therefore take great pleasure in recommending them; as well from a sense of gratitude to the benevolent Proprietor, as with a view of serving the cause of philanthropy; from a sense of duty I owe the public to bearing my testimony in favor of this—the world's invaluable medicine. Six years since, I suffered from a malady, pronounced by the concurrent opinion of a council of physicians, a chronic inflammation of the Liver; and underwent a skillful mercurial treatment—being confined for many months; and at length mainly restored to a tolerable degree of health, though not without an apprehension that I should be similarly afflicted. My fears have been but too well confirmed by a recurrence of nearly all the symptoms of this dreadful malady the past summer; when, accidentally I heard of your Pills, and bearing something of their properties and characters, and their rapidly increasing celebrity, I resolved on trying them. Feeling as I did, a repugnance to resorting again to Calomel, and after ineffectually and unsuccessfully trying other medicines professing a specific remedy for this complaint, I purchased a box of the Messrs. Sands, Druggists, corner William and Fulton streets duly authorized agents; they presenting me, to accompany the box, a pamphlet containing a specification, directions, &c. I had not taken one box of them before I happily experienced their healing efficacy and curative effects;—and now that I have given them a thorough trial, can cheerfully and unhesitatingly pronounce them the very best remedy extant for any derangement or affection of the Liver or Spleen, Bilious Affections, Palpitation of the Heart, or Dyspepsia in any of its forms—also as a good family medicine, are the best with which I am acquainted. At my recommendation and solicitation many of my friends and acquaintances have taken them as a family medicine, with perfect success. I grant my permission to use this as you please. Yours truly, ISAAC W. AVERY, 179 William street.

From the Rev. J. N. Sprague, Pastor of the fourth Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn. Dr. G. R. Phelps,—Sir—For several years past I have found it well to keep in my family a bottle of castor oil and other simple medicines, and no doubt their timely use has been greatly beneficial in preserving our health. For some time past I have made use of your Compound Tomato Pills, as a substitute for those medicines, and have been so much pleased with their mild, yet effective operation, that they have become our family medicine, while others have been laid aside. I prefer them for myself and children, to any other medicine I have ever used to correct the irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Yours, &c. J. N. SPRAGUE.

The following Letter, just received, illustrates in an interesting manner, the applicability of this medicine in Tumors and serofulous swellings, and is another evidence of its effects as an alternative, in changing the action of the glandular and absorbent systems, and in renovating the constitution impaired by protracted disease; although in some cases it may take considerable time (as it does for all remedies which operate as alternatives) to produce its full and complete effects. The accompanying remarks of Messrs. Chesbrough & Leonard, will show that the statement of Mr. Vredenburg is entitled to our full confidence and is without exaggeration.

ROME, April 27th, 1839. G. R. Phelps, M. D.—Dear Sir—Herewith we send you the statement of Mr. Andrew Vredenburg, a very respectable farmer of this town. His case is considered a very remarkable one, and his statements may be relied upon with the utmost confidence. Your Pills have fully established themselves in this vicinity; and the demand for them is constantly increasing. If desirable, we can send you several other certificates of cures effected by the use of your Pills. We remain yours, &c. CHESBROUGH & LEONARD.

Second Letter from Dr. Eaton, dated Brookfield, Mass. March 29, 1839. Dr. Phelps—Dear Sir—Your Pills are in great demand. I have but a few on hand—no one who has taken them but are perfectly satisfied with their beneficial effects in removing disease, however long standing. I shall be at Hartford about the 15th of next month, and I will bring with me a number of certificates from persons of the first respectability, of cures which they have performed, some ten, twelve and twenty years standing. The one last mentioned is a Mr. Luther Stowell of South Brookfield who has had a curious ulcer of a most formidable kind and has never been one day without bandaging his leg from the foot to the knee. His certificate I shall bring with me. Please send me six dozen boxes more, on the receipt of this, and oblige, Yours, &c. J. E. EATON.

For a full account of this most interesting discovery, testimonials, mode of operations, &c., see pamphlets, which may be had gratis of all who sell these Pills. None are genuine without the written signature of G. R. Phelps, M. D., sole proprietor, Hartford, Conn. CAUTION.—The unprecedented popularity of these Pills has induced several persons to prefix the name of Tomato Pills to their various preparations, evidently with the intention of deceiving those acquiring for Phelps' Tomato Pills. The Public cannot be too cautious to avoid all such anomalous 'Tomato Pills' and 'Extracts of Tomato,' nor too particular to observe that the original and only genuine Compound Tomato Pills, are signed by the Proprietor, G. R. PHELPS, M. D., Hartford, Conn.

ORDERS directed to SILAS BURBANK, Jr., or G. W. BARKER, Montpelier, Vt. General Agent for Washington, Orange, Calceonua, Essex, Orleans, Franklin, Lamoille, Chittenden and Grand Isle Counties, will be promptly attended to.

CUTLER & JOHNSON, SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNK MANUFACTURERS, State Street, (Opposite the Bank,) MONTPELIER, VT.

MILITARY GOODS. JUST received from New York, by R. R. RIKER, State street, opposite the Bank, a large assortment of MILITARY GOODS, suitable for the present regulation of the Militia of this State. Terms—Cash. May 6th, 1839. 19:1f

SADDLERY, Hard Ware, Neat's Oil, Patent Leather &c. for sale by CUTLER & JOHNSON, Montpelier, April 27th, 1839.

WASHINGTON COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL. THE fall term of this deservedly popular school, under the superintendence of Mr. Calvin Pease, Principal, and Mr. R. Case, Assistant, will commence on Thursday, 29th of August instant. The terms of tuition are as follows, payable in advance:

Three Dollars for Orthography, Reading, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Latin Grammar. Five Dollars for Languages and Mathematics, (except Arithmetic and Latin Grammar.) Four Dollars for all other studies pursued in the Academy. Board in respectable houses may be had from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per week; and those who prefer can be furnished with rooms, and board themselves. The Board of Trust have made such arrangements as they believe will render this institution among the first in the State. From the popularity of the teachers the last year, and the proficiency of the scholars, as evinced at the late examination, parents may rely on a thorough education of such of their sons and daughters as they may be pleased to place under the care of the present conductors of this literary institution. JOSEPH HOWES, Prudential. JOHN SPALDING, Commit. I. F. REDFIELD, Sec. Village of Montpelier, Aug. 6, 1839. 32:3w

TEMPERANCE HOUSE, BY WILLIAM C. BOARDMAN, ST. JOHNSBURY PLAIN.

JOHN T. MILLER, ARCHITECT & HOUSE CARPENTER, BARKER STREET, Montpelier, Vt. All orders promptly attended to. 12:1f

HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE, STATE ST., MONTPELIER, VT.

J. E. BADGER & SON, Dealers in HATS, CAPS, STOCKS, FURS, SUSPENDERS, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c., would return their thanks to the citizens of Montpelier and vicinity for their liberal patronage heretofore extended to their establishment, and solicit a continuance of the same. N. B. Merchants supplied with Hats of all kinds at city wholesale prices. February 7, 1839. 6:1f

Attention Artillery Companies! R. R. RIKER, (State street, opposite the Bank.)

HAS this day received from NEW-YORK, Scarlet Broad Cloth, for Military Companies' Uniforms, Artillery Buttons, Yellow Wings for Sergeants, Red Cock-fathers, Red Pompons, Red 12 inch Yellow Plumes, Yellow Lace, Yellow Epaulettes, Red Sashes &c. for sale cheap for cash. 50 doz. Infantry Hat Plates, White Cock-fathers, White Wings for Sergeants, 12 inch White Vulture Plumes, Swords and Belts, Flat Eagle Buttons, Laces, Epaulettes, &c. for sale cheap for cash. Montpelier, June 10, 1839. 2:1f

Notice. C. W. STORRS having received into co-partnership JAMES R. and GEORGE LANGDON, will continue business at the Langdon store recently occupied by BAYLES & STORRS, under the firm of STORRS & LANGDON. And the patronage of their friends and the public generally, is respectfully solicited. C. W. STORRS, JAMES R. LANGDON, GEORGE LANGDON. Montpelier, April 1, 1839.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE, THREE DOORS WEST OF THE POST-OFFICE, BY A. CARTER. Jan. 5, 1839. 1:1f

Members of the Legislature and others are respectfully invited to call and satisfy themselves as to the EXPERIMENT. A. C.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM. Is published every Saturday morning, at \$2 a year, payable in advance. If payment be delayed till the end of the year, Fifty Cents will be added. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. Subscriptions, and all letters relating to business, should be addressed to the Publisher; letters relating to the editorial department, to the Editor. Communications intended for publication should be signed by the proper name of the writer. Postage must be paid in all cases. Agents of the Vermont Anti-Slavery Society, and officers of local anti-slavery societies throughout the state, are authorized to act as agents for this paper. Office, one door West from the Post-Office, State st.

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