

POETRY.

VERMONT.

BY REV. J. D. TYLER.

Vermont, in presenting those noble resolutions to an American Congress in the face of so much leagued malice and cruelty, appeared like an angel of mercy walking upon the high places of the earth.

My native State, well done! Aye, proud of thee, Proud to be called thy son, Land of the free!

No slave has turn'd thy sod For other's pride, No bondman ever trod Thy mountain side.

Unwet with tears and blood By slavery wrong, Sternly has Justice stood Thy hills among.

Strong on thy hill sides stand, Freedom and laws: Earth has no nobler band, No holier cause.

Free as thy mountain streams Or eagle's flight, Brightly thy spirit gleams For God and right.

Where leagued oppression reigns And bondmen groan, Breathe Freedom's stirring strains, Thy trumpet tone!

Amid oppression's storm And error's night, Beams forth thy radiant form, Angel of light!

Dark slavery quails to meet Thy lightning eye, Flashing whence bold hearts beat For liberty.

Raise that free voice again, By tyrants feared, Despite oppression's reign, IT SHALL BE HEARD!

Anti-Slavery Sentiments.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness, Some boundless contiguity of shade, Where rumor of oppression and deceit, Of unsuccessful and successful war, Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd My soul is sick, with every day's report Of wrong and outrage with which the world is fill'd. There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart; It does not feel for man: the natural bond Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax, That falls asunder at the touch of fire. He finds his fellow guilty of a sin Not color'd like his own, and having power To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey, Lands intersected by a narrow frith, Abhor each other. Mountains interposed Make enemies of nations, who had else Like kindred drops been mingled into one. Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys; And worse than all, and more to be deplored, As human nature's broadest, foulest blot, Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart, Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast. Then what is man? And what man, seeing this, And having human feelings, does not blush And hang his head, to think himself a man? I would not have a slave to till my ground, To carry me, to fan me while I sleep, And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth That sinews bought and sold have never earn'd, No; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's just estimation prized above all earthly price, I had much rather be myself the slave, And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him. We have no slaves at home, then why abroad? And they themselves once ferr'd o'er the wave That parts us, are emancipated and loosed. Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs Receive our air, that moment they are free. They touch our country, and their shackles fall. That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then, And let it circulate through every vein Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too." COWPER.

The Cities of the Plain.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"Away from the ruin!—Oh, hurry ye on, While the sword of the Angel yet slumbers undrawn! Away from the doom'd and deserted of God— Away, for the Spoiler is rushing abroad!"

The warning was spoken—the righteous had gone, And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone; All gay was the banquet—the revel was long, With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty. The air was perfume, The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom; And softly the delicate viol was heard, Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful creatures moved down in the dance, With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance; And white arms wreath'd lightly, and tresses fell free, As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

And the shrine of the idol was lighted on high, For the bending of knee and the homage of eye; And the worship was blended with blasphemy's word, And the wine-bibber scoff'd at the name of the Lord!

Hark! the growl of the thunder—the quaking of earth! Wo—wo to the worship, and wo to the mirth! The black sky has open'd—there's flame in the air— The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

And the shriek of the dying rose wild where the song And the low tone of love had been whisp'r'd along; For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and bower, Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and devour!

Down—down, on the fallen, the red ruin rain'd, And the reveler sank with his wine-cup undrain'd; The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill, And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still.

The last thro' of anguish was fearfully given; The last eye glared forth in his madness on heaven! The last groan of horror rose wildly and vain, And death brooded over the pride of the Plain!

I have no Influence.

What if the little rain should say— "So small a drop as I— Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields— I'll tarry in the sky."

What if a shining beam of noon Should in its fountain stay, "Because its feeble light alone Cannot create a day!"

Doth not each rain drop help to form The cool refreshing shower; And every ray of light to warm And beautify the flower?

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letter from the Hon. William Slade.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1839.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter in behalf of the Executive Committee of the New York Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, requesting my attendance at an anti-slavery convention on the 29th inst., with the view of participating in its deliberations. It would give me great pleasure to meet the friends of abolition in New York, on the occasion to which you refer. No duty could be more grateful to my heart, than to give countenance, so far as my presence and my voice could do it, to the noble efforts of the friends of the slave in your city. But I have duties here which claim my undivided attention, and deprive me the pleasure of a compliance with your request.

I have observed, with much gratification, the efforts of the friends of abolition in New York to give a fresh impulse to the cause in that city. The interest I feel in these efforts is greatly increased by a consideration of the peculiar difficulties with which you are surrounded. There is an ardor and intensity in the varied pursuits of the population of a great commercial city, peculiarly unfavorable to the cultivation of that spirit which forms the life and soul of abolition. That is the spirit of deep, strong, irrepensible, self-sacrificing benevolence; the benevolence of Him who, tho' He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor—who made himself of no reputation—who took upon him the form of a servant, and who even washed his disciples' feet, that he might illustrate, and enforce the duty of a kind, humble and affectionate ministrations to the wants and the miseries of afflicted and suffering humanity. This is the foundation of the spirit of abolition. Its sacred flame is fed at this pure and holy fire.—And need I say to what adverse influences this spirit is exposed in such a city as yours?—how, between the influence of the active, eager pursuit of gain, the ever excited and never satisfied love of pleasure, the luxurious enjoyments of accumulated wealth, and the privations and sufferings of extreme poverty, the absent enslaved are almost entirely forgotten? Need I speak of the tendency of these influences to chill the atmosphere of benevolence, and banish from your crowded, bustling, pleasure-loving, gain-seeking city all remembrance of those who are held in unrighteous and cruel bondage? Surely I need not. You have seen them. You have deplored them; and I doubt not, have, in secret places, wept that the claims of two millions and a half of your countrymen, deprived of liberty—doomed to incessant, unrequited toil—shut out from the protection of law—subjected to the caprice of irresponsible masters, and shut up to hopeless ignorance, were lost sight of, and forgotten, as though they were the tenants of some distant planet, beyond the reach of human sympathy or human regard. I rejoice that there are those in your city who have withstood the power of these influences, and in the midst of contempt and reproach, have dared to stand and reach forth their hands to the helpless and open their mouths for the dumb. I bid them God speed. And God will speed them, if they work in faith and labor in love; for, if ever there was a cause, for whose success heaven's mercy was pledged, it is the cause of the enslaved. Let not the magnitude of the obstacles which lie in their way deter them from a patient, steadfast, unflinching perseverance in their work. That great mountain which lies before them, shall be removed and cast into the sea. The steady, patient, persevering labor of benevolence will do it. Truth is mighty. Thank Heaven, bars and bolts cannot confine it. Gags cannot suppress it. Its voice shall be heard above the roar of the tempest of human passion; and what its friends cannot do to aid its onward march, its enemies will be made the unconscious instruments of accomplishing. Herein is hope. Heaven's power is on the side of truth and righteousness, inasmuch that even the wrath of man, aimed at their destruction, shall, in its blind fury, be made to defeat its own purposes, and minister to their advancement.

And how much is this hope needed to sustain the friends of the slave! How mighty the obstacles with which they have to contend! How wide spread and deep the prejudices of caste which are to be overcome! How difficult to bring the public mind to a kind and considerate regard for a class of men with whom aversion and contempt have long been associated—an aversion and contempt which have been "sucked in with the mother's milk," and grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of every man and woman in the community! How difficult to bring a people thus educated, to regard the black man as a BROTHER, entitled to the same respect for his rights and his feelings as a white man! How difficult to appreciate, to their just extent, the claims which a long and cruel neglect and contempt of the black man, amidst all our efforts for our own improvement, impose on us, to rouse ourselves to like efforts for his! And, above all, how difficult to bring the whole mass of the white community to make the case of the slave—outlawed as he has so long been from human sympathy—their own—to remember those in bonds as bound with them, and to think and feel, in reference to the two millions and a half of men in slavery among us, just as we should think and feel, if no African blood flowed in their veins! It is amazing, beyond measure, to consider the depth and strength of that feeling of contempt for the black race which distinguishes our country above every other in the world. What a commentary on our Declaration of Independence, and our boasted equality of rights! How soon and how deservedly shall we become a by-word and a reproach among all the nations of the earth!

The great work of abolitionists is to revolutionize the public sentiment, in regard to the whole African race—both those enslaved by power at the South, and those enslaved by prejudice at the North. The North must cast the beam out of its own eye. It must take the black man by the hand—comfort him in his affliction—raise him from his depression—strengthen him in his weakness—instruct him in his ignorance—show him the way to competence and respectability—make him feel that he has a country, and cheer him with the sympathies, the kindness and the regard which is due to him as a brother.

And while the North does this, and thereby furnishes a practical exemplification of its benevolence, and an overwhelming argument, in the developed capacities of the black man for improvement, in favor of his emancipation at the South, it must embody and speak forth, in clear and strong language, its united sentiment that slavery is wrong—a flagrant violation of the rights of

man, and a rank offence in the sight of Heaven.—To every abolitionist I say—labor to form, and give expression to such a public sentiment. Let it speak through the press, the pulpit and the forum. Let it be incorporated in the literature of the country. Let its voice be heard from every hill and valley—from every village and hamlet—from every mansion and cottage, adding its accumulated strength to the swelling tide of public opinion which is rushing from every quarter of the earth to overwhelm republican slavery. It shall thus be made to penetrate the darkest recesses of the prison-house, and by its steady, searching influence, aided by the quickened impulses of conscience, shall make the slave-owner uneasy in his forbidden possessions, and hold him in trembling agony until he shall release his grasp, and let the oppressed go free.

If abolitionists are faithful to the great trust committed to them, this result will, assuredly, be accomplished. But let them not be impatient of the delays and discouragements that are to try them. Patience must have its perfect work, for "democratic" slaveholding will test its utmost power of endurance. This kind goeth not out but by extraordinary and long-continued effort.—The friends of abolition must remember that time is an essential element in this great reform.—While it is truth—simple, sublime, all-subduing truth that is to do the work, time must be its handmaid, and firmness, patience, kindness and good will its never-failing attendants. While it rebukes with sternness, it must win by kindness, and constrain by the eloquence of its disinterested love.

What a work have abolitionists to accomplish! And how vast and varied the influences which their labors and their success are to exert upon themselves and upon the world! How much is the tone of Christian faith and love to be elevated by the vigorous exercise which is to be given to these graces, in the prosecution of this noble enterprise! How deep and searching are to be the discussions of the great question of human rights! How much more enlarged and just views shall be entertained of the relations which man sustains to his fellow man, and of the true import and meaning of the second great command—"THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF!" What a multitude of difficulties, which a selfish, mercenary sophistry has thrown around this simple precept, will vanish, when slavery shall have ceased to exert its blinding, perverting influence on the minds of men! And the Church!—how will she be elevated and purified, when her garments shall be no more defiled by the pollutions, and her conscience no more burdened with the injustice of slavery! How much more perfectly shall she reflect the image of her benevolent Redeemer; and what an advance will she have made towards that consummation of her earthly glory, when justice and mercy, truth and holiness, harmony and love, shall hold their undivided empire over a redeemed and regenerated world.

That those to whom I address myself may be endued with true wisdom, and that they may seek the noble end they aim at, by means worthy of its pure and exalted character, is the prayer of their Friend and fellow-servant, WILLIAM SLADE.

Mr. A. LIBOLT, Cor. Secretary } N. Y. Young Men's A. S. S. }

A Sunday at Moscow.

BY MR. STEPHENS.

A Sunday at Moscow.—To one who had for a long time been a stranger to the sound of the church-going bell, few things could be more interesting than a Sunday at Moscow. Any one who has rambled along the maritime Alps, and has heard from some lofty eminence the convent bell ringing for matins, vespers, and midnight prayers, will long remember the not unpleasing sounds. To me there is always something touching in the sound of the church bell; in itself pleasing by its effect upon the sense, but far more so in its associations. And these feelings were exceedingly fresh when I awoke on Sunday in the holy city of Moscow. In Greece and Turkey there are no bells; in Russia they are almost innumerable, but this was the first time I had happened to pass the Sabbath in the city. I lay and listened, thoughts of home came over me, of the day of rest, of the gathering for church, and the greeting of friends at the church door. But he who has never heard the ringing of the bells of Moscow does not know its music. Imagine a city containing more than six hundred churches and innumerable convents, all with bells, and these all sounding together, from the sharp, quick hammer note, to the loudest, deepest peels that ever broke and lingered on the ear, struck at long intervals, and swelling on the air as if unwilling to die away. I arose and threw open my window, dressed myself, and, after breakfast, joining the throng called to their respective churches by their well known bells, I went to what is called the English chapel, where, for the first time in many months, I joined in a regular church service, and listened to an orthodox sermon. I was surprised to see so large a congregation, though I remarked among them many English governesses with children, the English language being at that moment the rage among the Russians, and multitudes of cast-off chambermaids being employed to teach the rising Russian nobility the beauties of the English tongue.

All over the continent, Sunday is the great day for observing national manners and customs. I dined at an early hour with my friend the Marquis, & under his escort, mounting a drosky, rode to a great promenade of the people called Lallee des Peuples. It lies outside the barrier and beyond the state prison, where the exiles for Siberia are confined, on the land of Count Schremetow, the richest nobleman in Russia, having one hundred and thirty thousand slaves on his estate; the chateau is about eighty versts from the city and a noble road through his own land leads from the barrier to his door.

This promenade is the great rendezvous of the people; that is, of the merchants and shopkeepers of Moscow. The promenade is simply a large piece of ground ornamented with noble trees, and provided with every thing necessary for the enjoyment of all the national amusements, among which the Russian mountain is the favourite; and refreshments were distributed in great abundance. Soldiers were stationed at different points to preserve order, and the people seemed all cheerful and happy; but the life and soul of the place were the Bohemian or Gipsy girls. Wherever they were, a crowd gathered round them. They were the first I had seen of this extraordinary people, coming no one knows whence, and living no one knows how, wanderers from their birth, and with a history enveloped in doubt. It was impossible

to mistake the dark complexion and piercing coal-black eyes of the Gipsy women. The men were nowhere to be seen, nor were there any old women with them; and these young girls, well dressed, though, in general, with nothing peculiar in their custom, moved about in parties of five or six, singing, playing, and dancing to admiring crowds. One of them, with a red silk cloak trimmed with gold, and a gold band round her hair, struck me as the very beau ideal of a Gipsy queen. Recognizing me as a stranger, she stopped just in front of me, struck her castanets and danced, at the same time directing the movements of her companions, who formed a circle around me. There was beauty in her face, combined with intelligence and spirit, that riveted my attention, and when she spoke her eyes seemed to read me through. I ought perhaps, to be ashamed of it, but in all my wanderings I never regretted so much my ignorance of the language as when it denied me the pleasure of conversing with that Gipsy girl. I would fain have known whether her soul did not soar above the scene and the employment in which I found her; whether she was not formed for better things than to display her beautiful person before crowds of bores; but I am sorry to add, that the character of my queen was not above reproach; and, as I had nothing but my character to stand upon in Moscow, I was obliged to withdraw from the observation which her attention fixed upon me.

From Zion's Watchman.

Sandwich Islands.

Between seven and eight thousand souls, in these islands, have, within a short time, been converted to God! And immediately preceding this wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the missionaries bore their united testimony against the crying sin of American slavery. And is this the reason why some of the religious papers, in this country, have never yet said any thing about the work which God has recently wrought in those islands? Extract from a general letter from the Sandwich Island Mission, prepared at the meeting of delegates from all the islands, and dated HONOLULU, (Hawaii) June 20th, 1838.

The past year has been one of uncommon interest through all the Sandwich Islands. Though the enemy of souls, with his commissioned agents has opposed the progress of truth and righteousness, yet the spirit of the Lord has lifted up a standard against him. There has probably been no period since the commencement of the mission, when the progress of truth has been so rapid, and the victories of the cross so numerous and glorious as during the year that is past. At every station there has been a revival of religion. A great multitude have professedly turned to the Lord. The work of the Lord has been great and marvellous among us. The proud and rebellious have been humbled, and some of the most hardened and profligate have been brought to bow to the sceptre of the Prince of Peace. The Lord has been with us in truth. The exhibitions of his power and glory in the conversion of souls have been such as to warm, cheer, and strengthen our hearts. It is a fact worthy of remark, perhaps, that while the communications from the board and others have not been of a nature calculated to encourage our hearts, or further the objects of our mission, but rather of a kind to damp our ardour and darken our prospects, and to throw down the walls of our sacred institutions which we with much care and labour have for many years been endeavoring to build, the communications and assistance from on high have tended to raise our thoughts above the adverse circumstances into which we were thus thrown. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in men." It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in churches even; though professedly belonging to him, and devoted to his service and glory.

"The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad," and praised be his name. Not unto us, nor unto us, but to thy name give glory, for thy mercy and truth's sake. The revivals with which we have been blessed, and some of which are now in progress, have embraced all ages, from the advanced in years to children. There are many children and youth among those who, we hope, have been born of the Spirit. In former revivals it was not so. But few of the children and the young were affected by them. Our churches hitherto have consisted mostly of the aged and middle aged. The means which have been used by us in these revivals, are those which God has appointed for the salvation of souls: the preaching of the gospel, conversing with the people in small companies and with individuals, and visiting from house to house, and the prayers of the church.—Protracted meetings have also been held at all our stations during the year, and at some of the stations a number have been held at different times during this period. At most of our stations also, protracted meetings have been held. These meetings have been greatly blessed, and in most instances have been accompanied by revivals of religion. The Holy Spirit was evidently present to raise the fallen, to strengthen the weak, to open the eyes of the spiritually blind, and to quicken the dead in sin. Many, we trust, have yielded to his gracious influences; and have forsaken the service of Satan, and commenced the service of the Lord.

About 5000 have been received to the church since our last general meeting, (in May, 1837), and there are about 2400 who now stand pronounced for admission; and there are many more who exhibit some evidence of having given their hearts to the Saviour. This large increase is the result of these gracious visitations from on high. The standard of piety in our churches has been raised, and their purity promoted, and an increase of moral courage and power. We fear however, the increase of numbers. We fear also that we have erred in judgment, in some cases, in receiving too hastily to the church those, who profess to have been converted; and we may have occasion hereafter to regret having done so. We fear we may find hereafter, that many have deceived us and themselves in this important matter, and that they will live with the veil upon their hearts in this state of deception, till the light of eternity shall tear it from them, and reveal to them their true characters. The seal, however, is a blessed one. "The Lord knoweth them that are his."

In the common and station schools, there have been several hundred hopeful conversions. The number of children in these schools who have been received to the church, is not far from six hundred. In the boarding school at Hilo, 17; in the Missionary Seminary at Lahamalu, 8; and in the Female Seminary at Wailuku, 10; in all 35 individuals.

Rich and Poor.

Poor men sometimes think what a fine thing it would be, if all the property of the rich were equally divided amongst them, and that in future no one should be allowed to grow rich; but they little consider what would be the consequences of such a measure. In the first place, they must begin by robbery, as no one could expect that the rich people would willingly part with their property; and in the next place they would find, after this iniquity had been perpetrated, and an equal division of the whole property of the nation had been made, that each person's share would be a very small one. A man would still, as before, be obliged to work for his living, for food and clothes could not be had without somebody's labor; and he must work hard too, for every article must be produced by hand labor, as all the large manufactories would have been destroyed in consequence of the ruin of the masters of them, and what could be bought before for a shilling, would probably cost five times as much, or more after the destruction of the machinery. In a few months' time those people who were stronger, and had better head-pieces, would have become richer, and a fresh robbery must now take place, that the riches might be again divided; in short, the whole nation would become a set of robbers, and neither life nor property would be secure for a moment; every man would have a right to thrust his hand into his neighbor's pocket, whenever he had earned sixpence more than himself. Consider, too, that all those persons who had been reduced to distress, by sickness or bad crops, must inevitably die of starvation, as nobody would be able, however willing, to relieve them. Is it possible that such people could thrive, living in open defiance of the laws both of God and civilized man? It is impossible; for there never was an instance since the world began, of a nation's prospering, and of the poor enjoying the comforts and necessities of life, where property was not respected. It should also be remembered that except a rich man locks up his money, a very rare case indeed, he pays away his money to servants, laborers, and tradespeople, who again lay out the money in food and clothes for their families; so that in fact, a division is at present made of the property amongst the poor, though not, indeed, an equal one: but all forced attempts at equalizing property have ever failed in producing the end designed, and must ever fail; for it is as much a law of nature that some should be rich and some should be poor, as that some should be tall, and some should be short, or that some should be sickly and some should be healthy.—Ten Minutes' Advice to Laborers.

It is Easy to Spoil a Son.

There are but very few that can bear the hand of indulgence without injury. In our country, in most instances, those who are to be great or useful, must make themselves so by their own exertions; and often by very vigorous effort. Nine cases out of ten, the young fellow, who feels that he is provided for—that his father is rich—will relax his exertions, and become a poor tool, whatever may be his occupation.

There is nothing so destructive to the morals, and, we may add, to the peace of any community, as the neglect of parents, rich or poor, to teach their sons the importance of being early engaged in some active employment. Too many of the citizens of every place, under the influence of false pride, suffer their sons, after quitting their schools, to lounge about the public offices and taverns of their place of residence, rather than cause them to engage in some important branch of the mechanic arts, or force them, by dint of their own industry and energies, to seek their fortunes in other pursuits. Nothing is more detestable, in our eyes, than to see a healthy, good looking youth, breaking loose from the restraints of honorable industry, returning to his father's domicile for support, and loafing it about, rather than pursuing some occupation which will not only support himself, but give gratification to his worthy parents.

We would say to every father who has such a son, be he rich or poor—rather drive him to 'cut his cord of wood a day,' than suffer him to spend his time in idleness. "An idle head is the devil's workshop,"—and we may add, that idle hands are the implements he employs to execute his dark designs.—Watchtower.

Slavery in Ohio! The Ohio Legislature have passed a law facilitating the arrest of alleged fugitives from slavery and also forbidding any citizen to harbor such a person, &c. &c. In addition to this, the legislature have not only refused to remove any of the burdens that already press upon the colored people of Ohio, but have resolved that colored people in that state have no right to petition the state legislature. The reader will not be surprised to hear that Rev. R. R. Gurley, the Colonization Secretary, is lecturing in the legislative Hall where this despotic exhibition has been made. Friend of Man.

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 Publishers: 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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