THE LYRE.

"He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced."

One of our correspondents the other day made a call for the resuscitation of the old Yankee Song, written to commemorate the Battle of Stonington. A friend of ours, who has treasured up in his memory, every thing almost connected with the military prowess of his country, has furnished us with a copy as originally published.

BATTLE OF STONINGTON.

Three gallant ships from England came,
Freighted deep with fire and flame,
And other things we need not name
To have a dash at Stonington.

Now safe arrived, their work begun,
They thought to make the Yankees run,
And have a mighty deal of fun
In scaling sheep at Stonington.

A Yankee then popped up his head,
And Parson Jones our sermon read,
To which our Reverend Doctor said,
That they must fight for Stonington.

Their ships advanced several ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze,
Which put old Williams in amaze,
Who feared the loss of Stonington.

The Ramilies first began the attack,
And Nimrod made a mighty crack,
And none can tell what kept them back
From setting fire to Stonington.

Their bombs were thrown, their rockets flew,
And not a man of all the crew,
Though every man stood full in view,
Could kill a man of Stonington.

Their old razee with red-hot ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul
That stood a mile from Stonington.

We Yankees to our fort repaired,
And made as how we kettle cared
About their shot, though very hard
They blazed away on Stonington.

To have a turn we thought but fair,
We Yankees brought two guns to bear,
And, sir, it would have made you stare
T'have seen the smoke at Stonington,

We bored the Nimrod through and through,
And killed and mangled half her crew;
When riddled, crippled, she withdrew,
And cursed the boys of Stonington.

The Ramilies gave up the affray,
And with her comrades sneaked away;
Such was the valor on that day
Of British tars at Stonington.

Now some assert on sartin grounds,
Beside their damage and their wounds,
It cost their king ten thousand pounds
To have a dash at Stonington.

From the English Journal of May 22d.

A TALE OF THUNDER.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"We met in storm, and thunder shall not part us."
KNOWLES.

Nobody would have believed it of Mr. Simmons, that in the twenty-fifth year of his age he had committed a theft; no one could have thought, from the innocent, placid looks of Mrs. Simmons, that she had been accessory to the enormity. Truth, however, will out; that is sometimes. Mr. Simmons, had when a bachelor, robbed a family of their youngest daughter. To be sure, there were times when he would reproach himself and his wife with the deed, wishing it had never happened; but anon, the compunctious twitchings would subside, and Mrs. Simmons would display all the sweet serenity of early innocence.

Mrs. Simmons had an unconquerable dread of thunder!

We give to the announcement of this fact all the importance of a paragraph; for if the reader, for one moment, lose sight of it, then he forgets the whole end and aim of this our story: and the beautiful family moral enshrined in it will be to him as flat as the disgolved pearl of Cleopatra—as apocryphal as the wedding ring of Phryne.

Mrs. Simmons from very baby hood, dreaded thunder. Why, we will not attempt o explain. Antipathies are a part of the mystery of our being; and a hundred classical illustrations show, at once, their antipuity and universality. A Roman emperor, who would think nothing of wetting his sprigs of laurel with the blood of twenty thousand bipeds, faints at the sight of a roast pig; a King, with the bowels of a Nero, goes into a swoon, at the odor of a rose. We knew a judge who looked upon rope, when noosed into a halter, as one of the most sacred bonds of society; and yet the venerable man would faint dead as a miss in a ball room, if when going to the assizes, he should snuff through his carriage window the odor of the flowering hemp. For the manufactured article he had, we repeat, the greatest veneration; his antipathy was only developed by the natural product; as that would knock him down, as his sentence would prostrate the felon in the dock. We knew another instance in the mysterious weakness of a very celebrated attorney; of a practitioner who had been the most successful law-spinner of his day, who had illustrated the exquisite subtlety of our legal system to the astonishment, if not to the approval, of all he meddled with; and yet this man, whose hair and—ill-natured people added—h s heart too, had grown gray in the service of his country-men and himself; this man would drop lifeless as parchment, at the sight of a spider. Who shall explain these contradictions? Who will give us the philosophy of antipathies?—Why did the statesman—we forget his name—on his way to the House, tumble in syncope from his horse, at the cry of 'Stop thief!' Thus, it will be seen that our antipathies are not merely operated upon by things; but that words—words alone—are sufficient, in some susceptible natures, to touch the chord of all we abhor.

Having given, as we think, some memorable examples of antipathies, can our readers be surprised, when we state for the third time, that Mrs. Simmons dreaded thunder!

Mrs. Simmons had been reared by a virgin aunt! a lady who, from the hour she was forsaken by a marching Ensign, had resolved to take her cup of life without the sugar of matrimony. Being deserted, her determination to live single increased every year, and, at fifty, became invincible. Like all benevolent people, she wished to make all about her participate in her hapiness, hence to her niece, she expatiated on the abounding merits of celibacy, with all the ardor of long experience. In the belief of the aunt—so much had she profited by discourses in which all men were painted at the best, but as civil vipers—had no more feeling for the sex than the China shepherdess on the mantel-piece. In truth, there was strong evidence of the nun-like demureness, the frozen civility, of Miss Charlotte Atkinson, afterwards Mrs. Simmons. Where other young ladies would blush and fluster, Charlotte would preserve a most statute-like gravity. The blood never rushed to her face at any well turned compliment: and, to say the truth, her face was not one to escape such civility. Indeed, without giving an inventory of her charms, we shall content ourselves with saying thus much—Charlotte was beautiful! What fine things have been said and written about the *venus de Medicis*, and yet there she stands, the hard-hearted goddess—with a smile that shall last forever, an unwrinkled loveliness, for unborn ages—and so would Charlotte Atkinson wake love and despair, if not forever, at least in her own conceit, for the term of her natural life, upon all adorers. She would wear a face of smiles and a heart of stone. Such was her determination; and the maiden aunt looked proudly on her proselyte. Alas! in such triumphant speculations there was no thought of the distant thunder!

Miss Charlotte Atkinson, with her aunt and bachelor uncle, attended the country ball. Charlotte was then twenty one; in the full glow of beauty, and more strongly fortified by those ennobling principles, which if sternly acted upon by the fair sex, would bring this pleasant world to a sudden close. The ball was extremely brilliant; and Charlotte danced and danced, changing partners as she would change a flower in her hair. Mr. Stephen Simmons was among the happy half-dozen honored by the touch of her chill hand: for which good fortune he was partly indebted to his acquaintance with Charlotte's uncle, an old friend of the Simmonses. The ball ended. Miss Atkinson was led to the coach by Mr. Simmons, who to the astonishment of the aunt, was invited by her brother to take a seat therein, their way lying the same, and—as Simmons had assured the old gentleman—no other conveyance being procurable—'the coach expected' by Simmons, had not come.' Reader, hear the truth: Stephen Simmons, for some purpose best known to himself, had sent his coach away.

The sun was up, the birds sang in the bushes, as the coach rolled homewards.—Stephen Simmons sat by Charlotte with a beating heart, his tongue fast in his mouth, and his eyes trying to look any where save in the eye of the maiden aunt, which he felt was nailed upon him. How different the demeanor of Charlotte! We know not the precise number of contra dances—(on the days we write of there was no finical quadrille, in which people walked in their sleep)—that any full-bodied ball-room laborer can go through; but, certainly, Charlotte had danced her utmost; and yet there she sat, dying with fatigue, yet serene as Cato's daughter. Once in the dance, Stephen ventured to squeeze her palm, when she gave him a look that made him drop her hand like a thistle. There he sat, in the coach, awed, but loving: there sat she, awful, yet exquisitely indifferent!

'Humph! very black!' said the uncle, looking from the coach window.

'Bless me! big drops of rain!' said the aunt; and Charlotte turned a little pale.

'I shouldn't wonder,' ventured Stephen Simmons, 'I shouldn't wonder if——'

Mr. Simmons said no more; indeed, it is wonderful the words where not his last, for Miss Charlotte Atkinson had thrown her arms so tightly round his neck; so closely clung to him, that—

"*Bang—bang—crack—crack—bang—bang!*"

But no; the type-founder cannot do it: there is no printing thunder; especially the terrific claps that seemed to break immediately over the carriage roof, and which, destroying the solemnity of Charlotte Atkinson, made her, in her hour of terror and peril, throw her arms about the neck of her masculine neighbor. Not that Mr. Simmons could at all flatter himself with the mark of distinction; for, had he been a Hottentot, Charlotte would—at least while the thunder lasted—have squeezed him no less fervently.

'Charlotte, my dear,' said the uncle, 'don't you see that Mr. Simmons——.'

'Let her alone,' cried the aunt; 'it's thunder, and that's the only fault she has;' that sage lady being fully convinced of the power of Charlotte's antipathy, and the strength of her principles.

'As she hates the whole sex,' thought the aunt, as Charlotte continued to clasp the neck of Simmons, 'there can be no harm in it.'

The thunder continued, and still Charlotte unconscious of the impropriety, sought protection of Stephen; who, accommodating himself to circumstances, felt, by degrees, the pressure less inconvenient; by degrees, too, it relaxed; and then, as the thunder was renewed, he felt himself spasmodically embraced, to the utter destruction of the economy of his neckcloth. At length the thunder became subdued, and was heard muttering away in the distance; and the fears of Charlotte were less violent and Stephen felt a heart, but whether his own or the lad's, he could not well decide: but he felt himself supremely happy. At length the aunt touched Charlotte on the head—'My love, it's done—it's done!' when Charlotte, recovering herself, looked a smile that went through the bosom of Stephen, and sweetly said—'I thank you, sir; many pardons; I'm better now.'

A short three months, and Charlotte Atkinson became Mrs. Simmons! To the astonishment of Charlotte's aunt, the sun rose and set in its ordinary course—the sky was blue—the fields green—and the unfeeling people of the world went about their business, laughed, talked, and gossipped, just as before; and yet Charlotte Atkinson had eloped with Stephen Simmos! The intimacy so violently commenced in the thunder storm, soon ripened into love; and the result was—a carriage and four to Scotland.

Jumping ten years, come we at once to the christening of the first-born, the son and heir, little Stephen Simmons. For ten years the wedded couple had remained unblessed by progeny, when the baby came to make them truly happy—to make them forgetful of a certain coldness, an indifference towards each other, that, commencing about the sixth year of their marriage, continued with unabated constancy until beyond the ninth. The truth is, Mrs. Simmons had not, with her maiden name, lost a certain imperiousness of manner, a frigidity of feeling, which the possessors too frequently mistake for a proper assertion of female rights—a due display of conjugal dignity. Hence she would sometimes very strenuously differ with that worthy man, her husband, without condescending to advance any reason for such eccentricity. It was enough; she thought so; and would say no more.

One lovely autumn evening, six years subsequent to their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Simmons had determined on an evening call upon a no-distant neighbor. Mrs. Simmons, dressed for departure, advanced to the window, and looked forth moodily. 'Mr. Simmons,'—for she had too much dignity to dally with Christian names—'Mr. Simmons,' said the lady, 'I shall not go out.'

'And why not, Mrs. Simmons?' asked the husband, for, from habit, he had caught something of the icy manner of his wife.—When first married, Stephen was a most cordial, genial creature; but he had been cooled down by the method of his partner to corresponding frigidity, 'Why not, Mrs. Simmons?'

'I have said, Mr. Simmons, that I shall not go out,' repeated the lady.

'Our friends expect us, Mrs. Simmons,' was the mild remonstrance of the husband.

This meek rejoinder Mrs. Simmons answered by pulling off her gloves, placing her bonnet on the table, and serenely sinking in a chair.

'Mrs. Simmons!' exclaimed the husband, putting his hat on, with sudden vehemence.

'Mrs. Simmons was not to be ruffled by the ill-manners of her husband. Without deigning to look at him, she merely observed,—'Mr. Simmons, look into the sky.'

'Well, Madam!' and Simmons did as he was ordered.

'There will be thunder to-night, Mr. Simmons.'

'Pooh!' said Simmons.

'What, sir! But you can have no sympathy with the delicacy of my organization. I say there will be thunder.'

'Well, what of it, madam! 'Sdeath! you are a woman, ar'nt you, and not a barrel of beer?'

'Mr. Simmons,' exclaimed the wife, and her words came cutting as the east wind, 'it is very plain we have no mutual sympathy: we had, therefore—I have before thought of it—better separate. We will not give the world occasion to talk: we may still keep up an appearance of esteem—but still, separate we must, and shall.

'Be it so; with all my heart, madam.—Thunder! I'm sure, of the two, I have the greatest cause to tremble at it. Now—now, Charlotte,' cried the relenting Simmons, 'it is a lovely night—it is indeed: and besides if it should thunder, where can you be better than with your husband?'

Mrs. Simmons put the most polite scorn upon her face, as she answered, 'I trust Mr. Simmons, that my own energies will be equal to the occasion.'

'Then, zounds! madam, why, six years ago did you nearly throttle me in the coach!' cried Simmons.

'Mr Simmons,' answered the wife, 'you are a brute.' With this brief, yet comprehensive reply, Mrs Simmons moved, like Domestic Tragedy from the apartment: and Simmons rushing from the house, shut the door with a violence that made his homested reverberate with his passion.

Simmons was really fond of his wife, despite her ice; hence, vexed and disappointed by her, in his very annoyance he staid at his friend's house long beyond his usual hour and more, for once in his life, out of pure vexation, drank himself into maudlin drunkenness. It was late—we will not name the time—when Simmons returned home; and without even sufficient capacity to count the number of his bed posts, he still contrived to slide between the sheets. He awoke early with first-rate headache; and, to his astonishment found himself alone. Charlotte had risen early, in disgust of the bacchanal. Such was the first humiliating thought of Simmons, but, on a closer scrutiny convinced him that the wife of his bosom h d not been in bed. Had she really separated from him? Had she quitted his house? Simmons snatched at the bell-pull: in an instant, the servant was at the door. 'Where's Mrs. Simmons?'

Not up yet, sir.'

Simmons was relieved from a weight.—Charlotte had not quitted him: she had merely separated herself for one night from him. Simmons knew not the uncompromising sternness of his wife: hence, for the following years and an old month or two, was she

'A banished woman from her Stephen's bed;'

—self-banished to a distant room. Simmons called pride to his aid; and, that is audibly, murmured not.

However, it was impossible that the conduct of the couple, especially of Mrs. Simmons, could be lost upon their visiting acquaintance. The tenderness of the wife before company increased daily; it was no longer 'Mr. Simmons, but 'My dear.' Whilst Simmons himself would sometimes hazard 'My love,' nay, had been known to venture upon 'My darling girl.' Every body cried, 'What a happy couple are the Simmonses!'

And thus for three years and more, lived Mr. and Mrs. Simmons. The husband, to save appearances, meekly resigned himself to his fate; whilst the wife reposed upon her dignity when alone, and indulged her verbal tenderness when out. The things continued for three years and some months.

What a day was the 12th of July, 18—! The heat was terrific; and the sun set with a promise of its continuance. At one o'clock in the morning on the 13th of July—for in this matter we must be particular in dates—Simmons, who was a very sound sleeper, was half-wakened from his rest by cries and knocking at his beedroom door.

'Simmons!—Simmons!—My love!' cried Mrs. Simmons.

'Who's there?' cried the yawning Stephen.

Crack—crack—bang—bang—bang!'

'Stephen! my—my darling—' screamed Charlotte.

'Who is it?' asked Simmons, drowsily.

'*Bang—bang—b——ang—b——ang!*'

'My love!—my life! Open the door—for Heaven's sake!' exclaimed the wife, roused by the thunder-storm in her bed-clothes, and standing pale and trembling, at the inhospitable chamber-door of her somnolent husband.

'*Crack—crack—bang—bang!*' went the thunder.

'Stephen—if you ever loved me—Stephen!' shrieked Mrs. Simmons.

'Is it you, Charlotte?' asked Simmons, opening the door. 'Charlotte! is it.'

But where was Charlotte? She had rushed by her husband, and with her head under the blankets, was in an instant again safe in her conjugal bed. A few minutes, and the thunder died away—and all was peace.

It is true, that for six years Mr. and Mrs. Simmons were coldly respectful towards each other; and for little more than two years were living in separate dignity. However at the christening of little Stephen—(the certificate of his birth ran 'April 14, 18—') they were wise enough to laugh at, yet lament the folly that had divided them; Mrs. Simmons wisely counselling all womeen not too lightly to estrange themselves from the affections of their husbands, lest, when thunder of *any kind* should come, all might not like the good-hearted Simmons be so ready to receive them.

The baby was christened after its father, Stephen; much to the annoyance of the family friend and doctor. I tell you, he said, 'you should keep Stephen for the second; this child should have a more heroic name.'

'What name, then, Doctor?' asked the smiling mother.

'What name, madam? Why—JUPITER TONANS!'

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA BY COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN.

[The following is his account of that affair.]

The first systematical and bloody attempt at Lexington to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully determined me to take a part with my country, and while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony, now state of Connecticut, to raise the Green Mountain boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, I made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite Ticonderoga, on the evening of the 9th day of May, 1775, with 230 valiant Green Mountain boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner; but the day began to dawn, and I found myself necessitated to attack the fort, before the rear could cross the lake; and as it seemed hazardous, I harrangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following: 'Friends and fellow soldiers—you have for a number of years past been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now purpose to advance before you, and in person conduct you through the wicket gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes: and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contra to his will; you that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelock,' (the men being at this time drawn up in three ranks,) each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right, and at the head of the centre file marched them immediately to the wicket gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me; I ran immediately towards him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a hallo, and ran under a bomb proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the barracks, which faced each other, the garrison being asleep except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers, with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him; my first thought was to kill him with my sword, but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head; upon which he dropped his gun and asked quarters, which I readily granted him, and demanded the place where the commanding officer kept; he showed me a pair of stairs in the front of the garrison, which led up to a second story in said barracks, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Capt. Delapace, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison, at which time the Captain came immediately to the door with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver to me the fort instantly; he asked me by what authority I demanded it, I answered him, in the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress. The authority of Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again, but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword near his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the mean time some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of said commander, a Lieutenant Feltham, a conductor of Artillery, a gunner, two sergeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen inch mortar, and a number of swivels. The surprise was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775; the sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior lustre, and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled on its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America. Happy it was for me at that time, that the future pages of the book of fate, which afterwards unfolded a miserable scene of two years and eight months imprisonment, were hid from my view.

Col. Warner did not arrive till after the place surrendered, but he took the command of a party who set off for Crown Point, 15 miles distant; at that place there were only a sergeant and twelve men to perform garrison duty,—they surrendered upon the first summons, and Warner took possession of Crown Point on the same day that Ticonderoga was given up. Another party surprised Skeensborough, made a prisoner of Major Skeen. In the above forts they found above two hundred pieces of cannon, some mortars, howitzers, and large quantities of ammunition and military stores, and a warehouse full of materials for carrying on the business of building boats. The above was accomplished without losing a man.

ONE WHO SERVED IN THE ABOVE WAR.

LEMON SYRUP!

THE best quality of this article, and also that of Fine Salad Oil are constantly kept at
n51 THEO. A. PECK & CO'S.

PRICES REDUCED!!!

THE subscribers have taken the Store formerly occupied by Geo. A. Conner as a grocery store, first door west of B. Bishop's Hotel, which has been filled with a good assortment of DRY GOODS, wet and dry GROCERIES, &c. &c., which were bought this spring in New York at low prices, and will be sold at a very small advance from cost for cash, probably lower than can be purchased at any other stand in town, as circumstances make it necessary that the goods be sold immediately.

Tavern keepers and others wishing to purchase Liquors, Loaf Sugar, &c. will do well to call.

JOSEPH HATCH, } *Assignees.*
TRISTAM CONNER. }

Burlington, May 19, 2841.

50 Pieces Challys and Mouslin De Laines, just opened, and cheap as the cheapest, by
n49 E. M. WRIGHT & CO.

NEW GOODS.

SUPERIOR English and American Prints,
do. Light Printed Lawns,
do. Mourning do.
and Mouslin DeLaines, very choice patterns, just received by H. M. GIDDINGS & CO.

SADDLERY AND COACH HARDWARE.—A large and splendid assortment of Coach and Saddlery, now opening at the Hardware Store; sign of the Padlock, corner of College and Church-streets; and for sale very low at wholesale and retail by
n51 ROBERT MOODY.
Burlington, May 26, 1841.

STEAM-BOAT HOTEL,

BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

BY JONATHAN HART.

MR. H. respectfully announces to the citizens of Burlington and vicinity, and the travelling public generally, that he has purchased, thoroughly repaired, painted, fitted up, and furnished the above Hotel, situated on the corner of South and Water streets, opposite the head of the Steamboat Wharf in the village of Burlington, (formerly owned and kept by Captain I. R. Harrington, of the Steamboat Phœnix,) in a style of convenience and comfort not surpassed by any other Hotel in the village. A spacious parlor, sitting room, reading room, and dining room, all communicate with each other, and with the front piazza on the ground floor. The Bar room, barns, sheds and yards are arranged in the best possible manner to accommodate the travelling and business public. An acre of ground, nearly on a level, adjoins this Hotel, with convenient out-houses, spacious and airy walks, and gardens; are all inviting to travellers, business men, boarders and parties of pleasure.

Mr. H. from long experience professes to know how to furnish a good Table and Bar, and to serve up the choicest eatables and rarest delicacies that the market and season afford, in a manner to suit the taste of the connoisseur; and he confidently assures his patrons and guests that his utmost exertions will be put in requisition to serve them.

Steamboat passengers will be waited on, to and from the Boats, and their baggage transported, and taken care of at this Hotel, and save their Hack hire to and from the Court house square.

Stage passengers can be left at and taken from this Hotel without additional fare, and those taking the Boats will be shown on board and their baggage free of expense, and without incurring any risk of being left, by the darkness or lateness of the night, or any other contingency incident to the precipitancy of steam power, or the fluctuations of wind and weather.

Horses and Carriages furnished those who wish to transact business, or visit any part of the village, on reasonable terms.

Single meals 25 cents, and other charges in proportion. 3m50
Burlington, May 20, 1841.

CATTLE of kinds bought as usual, a liberal advance made for those taken on commission, a few pairs of good Beef Oxen will be very acceptable on the 10th of June, and the highest price will be paid in cash for such.

ALSO—To exchange, a first rate Chaise and Harness, for stock or cash.
n50 DANIEL KIMBALL, Jr.
Burlington, May 12, 1841.

MOLASSES—10 Tierces, just received and for sale by STRONGS & Co.

6-4, 8-4 & 10-4, Brown and White Linen Table Covers, 6-4, 8-4, and 10-4 White Linen Table Diapers, 3-4 and 4-4 White Linen Napkins, 3-4 and 4-4 White Birds' Eye Diapers, 4-4 and 6-4 heavy Linen Shirtings and Sheetings, 10-4 and 11-4 Marseilles Quilt, White Fringes, Furniture Dimity, &c. just opened by E. M. WRIGHT & CO.
May 20, 1841. n50

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber is now selling his remaining stock of BOOTS & SHOES, at cost for Cash.
H. C. STIMSON.
Burlington, May 13, 1841. n49

HARD WARE.—Butcher's heavy Files. Ibbolson's do. and rasps. Hand saw Files. Butts, Screws, Norfolk Latches, hand and pannel Saws, cast steel Wood Saws; knives and forks, bone and buck handles; Tea Servers, Sad Irons, Shovels and tongs, wood cards, horse cards, augers, trace chains, manure forks, Ames' shovels, etc. by
H. M. GIDDINGS, & Co.

SODA BISCUIT.

A fresh supply of superior quality, those in delicate health are particularly interested, for sale by
n49 H. M. GIDDINGS & CO.

ALSO a great variety of Printed Lawns, French Cambrics, English and American Prints, undressed Ginghams, Silks, Alpaces, Shawls, Handkerchiefs Ribbins, Laces, etc. for sale by
n49 E. M. WRIGHT & CO.

Medicinal Liquors.

ARTICLES in this line of First quality, may be constantly found at
THEO. A. PECK & CO'S, Apothecaries.

Fresh Genesee Flour.

JUST Received.—The subscribers having made arrangements for a regular supply of fresh ground GENESEE FLOUR, now offer the article for sale, as second to none in the market.
n49 H. M. GIDDINGS & CO.

SCOTCH GINGHAM UMBRELLAS, Light and Dark Figured and Plain Parasols, very cheap by E. M. WRIGHT & CO.
May 20, 1841. n50

6-4 and 8-4 Silk and Black Nett Shawls, Nett Scarfs and Handkerchiefs, a great variety, just received by E. M. WRIGHT & CO.
May 20, 1841. n50

HARD WARE.

THE subscribers are receiving a choice selection **Hard Ware, Cutlery, &c.** direct from the Importers, and respectfully invite the attention of mechanics and others thereto. n50
H. M. GIDDINGS & CO.
Corner of College-st., and the Square.

NEW ARRIVAL.

Received this day from New York, hyson skin, old hyson, imperial and black TEA, all of superior quality, purchased low, and will be sold lower than usual. Call at the *New Cash Store.*
J. P. WHALING & CO.
June 21, 1841. n3

COTTON YARN, Batting, Wadding, Ticking, Brown and Bleach'd Drillings, and Sheetings.—Cheap for cash N. B. SCOTT.

PAPER.—A good assortment of Cap and Letter Paper just received by the subscriber and will be sold (for *Ready Pay or short Credit*) on better terms than ever before offered in this village. n51
n51 S. HUNTINGTON.
Singn of the Red Ledger, College-st.

Garden Seeds,

FROM the Yankee Farmer Office, Boston, of the growth of 1840, for sale by
April 22. C. GOODRICH.

Rohan Potatoes.

FOR SALE at 50 cts. a Bushel.
May 13. C. GOODRICH.

QUILLS.—A good assortment of Quills from No 1. Russia, to 60 Opaque—Also Steel Pens—a first rate article, for sale by
College-st S. HUNTINGTON.

CROCKERY, GLASS & CHINA WARE.

FARRAR & WAIT,

Importers and Wholesale dealers in Crockery, Glass and China Ware, and Manufacturers of Stone Ware.

100 CRATES just received and now opening namely—
25 Packages Edged and Common Ware,
25 do Blue Printed do
10 do Royal Bourbon Sprig do containing complete dinner services, Tea sets and Toilet Ware.
10 do French White Granite Ware, with complete sets throughout.
10 do Antique Vase Opaque Pearl Ware, containing perfect dinner sets, entirely new patterns and shape, a most beautiful article, with Tea and Toilet Ware to match.

CHINA WARE.

10 packages China Ware, containing Beautiful

White Tea Sets,	Gold edge and line Tea Sets and gold band China Nurse Lamps.
Sprig do do	
Gold band & sprig do	

GLASS WARE.

10 packages Glass Ware containing
6, 8, and 9 flute Heavy Cut Glass Tumblers,
6, 8, and 9 flute " Pressed do do
3 packages fine plain Tumblers, very cheap,
Cut Glass Lamps,
Plain do do, a great variety,
Superb Cut Glass Hall Lamps,
Astral Lamps, Girondales, Candlebras,

Cut Glass Bowls,	Lemonade Glasses,
Pitchers, Decanters,	Splendid French Porcelain Vases, with flowers and shades,
Goblets, Wine and	

and a variety of other articles in their line, all of which are now offered Wholesale and Retail at New York prices. F. & W. would invite the attention of Merchants in the surrounding towns to their stock of ware, assuring them that they will sell in package assorted to order on as good terms as can be purchased in New York Boston or Troy, at their warehouse corner of Church and College Sts.
Burlington, June 1. 1841.

FAREWELL'S Morocco Shoes, Gaiter Boots,
do. Mens and childrens Shoes, constantly for sale by N. LOVELY & CO.
June 2, 1841. n52

WHITE and Black Crape, Crape Lace, Silk Bobinet, Brussels, Fillet, Liste, Thread, Linen an Embroidered Laces. S. B. SCOTT

To Sportsmen.

Percussion Guns, powder flasks, double and single shot belts; percussion caps; powder and shot; constantly on hand for sale at the Hardware store.
June 21, 1841. R. MOODY, Druggist. n3

BURLINGTON CHAIR FACTORY.

C. L. NELSON, continues the business of manufacturing Chairs at the old stand, of the following descriptions: Curl Maple Grecian, Cane Seat, Common Cane and Flag Seat, Large and Small Raised Seat Rocking, do do Common do, Common Dining, &c. &c.

All of which are warranted a first rate article and will be sold at prices to correspond with the times.

FEATHERS, AND FEATHER BEDS, READY MADE.

Constantly on hand, a supply of warranted Live Geese Feathers, which will be sold low for cash.

WANTED, by the subscriber, Curl and Birds Eye Maple, delivered at his shop in Church street, opposite the old Bank. C. L. NELSON
Burlington, June 1. 1841.

WOOL Twine, Cast Steel and Common Shovels, Butts and Screws, Norfolk and American Latches, and many other common articles of Hardware, Cheap for Cash. S. B. SCOTT.

50 BALES Brown Sheeting,
2 do. do. Drilling,
5 do. do. Tickings,
2 do. Canvass Padding,
1 do. Burlaps, just received by
June 1st, 1841. VILAS, LOOMIS & CO.

18 CASES Fancy Prints,
1 do. Wellington Fancies,
1 do. Blue Drills,
3 do. Bleached Sheeting, just rec'd by
June 1st, 1841. VILAS, LOOMIS & CO.

500 LBS. White and assorted Thread,
3 Cases Spool do.
300 Bundles do.
50 Gross Laces,
20 do. Boot do.
250 Doz. Web & Elastic Suspenders,
June 1st, 1841. just received by
VILAS, LOOMIS & CO.

500 M DRILLED Eyed Needles,
50 Gross Hooks and Eyes.
100 do. Knitting Pins,
2 Cases London Pins,
1 do. mixed do. just rec'd by
June 1st, 1841. VILAS, LOOMIS & CO.

500 GROSS Gilt Coat and Vest Buttons,
200 do. Horn do. do. do.
300 do. Pantaloon do.
250 do. Pearl Shirt do.
n52 For sale by
June 1st, 1841. VILAS, LOOMIS & CO.

600 DOZEN Cap and Twist Combs,
1500 do. Side do.
200 do. Ivory do.
100 do. Coarse and Fine do.
50 do. Dressing do.
50 do. Ger. Silver Pocket do.
for sale by VILAS, LOOMIS & CO.
June 1st, 1841. n52

100 BOXES Tin Plate 1-3 X,
20 do. Sqr do.
75 do. Canada Iron,
4 Bundles Russia do.
75 do. English & Am. Wire,
n52 for sale by
June 1st, 1841. VILAS, LOOMIS & CO.

BENJAMIN H. SKIFF'S ESTATE.

WE the Subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Benjamin H. Skiff, late of Charlotte, in said District, deceased, represented insolvent, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto; and six months from the day of the date hereof, being allowed by said Court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice, that we will attend to the business of our appointment, at the dwelling of Sally Skiff in Charlotte in said District, on the Third Saturdays of Oct. and Nov. next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. on each of said days.

Dated, this 17th day of May A. D. 1841.
ELANSON H. WHEELER }
BENJAMIN BEERS } Commissioners.
JOHN NARAMORE, }

NEW GOODS.

BURNETT & SAWYER, at Milton Falls, have just received their Spring Stock of Goods, comprising a general assortment of
DRY GOODS,
DRY GROCERIES,
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
HARDWARE,
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
DYE STUFFS,
PAINTS AND OIL,
GLASS, NAILS,
CODFISH, MACKEREL,
GRIND STONES, &c. &c.

All of which, having been purchased at the present very low prices, will be sold at moderate profits for Produce, and as cheap as the cheapest for Cash; and as we have not time this morning to enumerate articles and prices we would respectfully invite our former patrons and the public generally to call, examine and judge for themselves.

Milton, June 1, 1841.

P. S.—Moffatts Life Medicines, Newton's Panacea, Hitchcock's Snuff and Worm Tea, Cough Lozenges, and many other of the most approved Medicines, constantly on hand.

New Cash Store.

J. P. WHALING & Co. are now receiving a full and elegant assortment of goods suited to the season, such as French, English and American Prints, Painted Muslins and Lawns, Mouseline de Laines, Challys, Silks for dresses and bonnets, Lawns and Silks for Shirred Hats, Black Lace Veils, Black Veiling, Linen Edging of various qualities and patterns, Swiss Muslin Edging and Insertion, Cambric do. do., Linen Cambric Hdkfs, French Worked Collars of superior quality, Mourning do., Ladies Cravats and Dress Hdkfs, 5-4 Silk Shawls, Gloves of every quality, a general assortment of Hosiery, Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, Superior Leghorn and Plain Straw Bonnets, Zephyr Worsted and Patterns, Umbrellas and Parasols. Finally almost any thing the Ladies of Burlington may want can be found at the "New Cash Store" on "Cheap Side."

DRY GROCERIES,

Such as Teas, Sugars, Molasses Saleratus, Rice, Ginger, Spices, &c.; almost any article that Farmers want. Also, an assortment of CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE.

All the above named articles, together with many not enumerated, will be sold at a very low price for cash.
Burlington, June 1, 1841.

GUNSMITHING.

W. HATCH would inform the inhabitants of Burlington and vicinity, that he has opened a shop in Church street, at the sign of the Rifle, where he intends to carry on the Gunsmith Business, in all its various branches. Having been employed for the last six years in the shop of J. M. Caswell, in Lansingburgh, (undoubtedly the best shop in the United States,) he feels warranted in offering his work to the public.
Burlington, June 1, 1841.

2,000 BBLS. Pork—4,000 lbs. Lard—10,000 lbs Ham, for sale by
LYMAN & COLE.

1 CASE Ladies straw Bonnets just received & this day Opened at manufacturers prices. Also Ladies super mett Gloves and Mitts, Ribbons, French Cambrics Printed Lawns, &c. E. M. WRIGHT, & Co.
June 10, 1841.

Paints and Dye Stuffs.

WHITE and Red Lead, dry and ground in Oil, Venetian Red, Yellow Ochre,
Spanish Brown, and all other Paints: Also Logwood, Nicaragua, Fustic, Camwood, etc.
Linseed, Lamp Oil, Varnishes, all of the best quality, just received and for sale by
n52 R. MOODY.
Burlington, June 1, 1841.

John M Eldredge's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, } District of Chittenden, ss. }

The Hon. Probate Court for the District of Chittenden to all persons concerned in the estate of JOHN M. ELDREDGE late of Burlington is said District, deceased. GREETING.

WHEREAS, Mary Ann Eldredge, administratrix of the estate of said deceased, proposes to render an account of her administration, and present her account against said estate for examination and allowance at a session of the Court of Probate, to be holden at Burlington on the second Wednesday of July next. Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said court at the time and place aforesaid, and show cause if any you have why the account aforesaid should not be allowed.

Given under my hand at Burlington this 7th day of June A. D. 1841. WM. WESTON, *Register.*

GLOVES, Ladies Long Picnic, White, colored, and Black Net, White, colored, and Black Silk, and every style of Kid Gloves by S. B. SCOTT.

A FULL supply of choice family groceries such as H. S. Y. H. O. B. and Imperial Teas.—Java, and Laguira Coffee, Double refined and common Loaf Sugars, Portorico Syrup, Smyrna and Box Rasins, Cassia, Pepper Spice, Ginger, Cloves, Nutmegs, Rice, Saleratus &c &c. just received and for sale at the lowest prices by. S. B. SCOTT.

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