THE LYRE.

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

THE PEARL-WEARER.—By John Cornwall.

[It is recorded of a pearl-diver, that he died (from over-exertion or some other cause) immediately after reaching the land or boat from which he had plunged; and that, amongst the shells which he brought up, one contained a pearl of surpassing size and beauty.]

Within the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single peerless, priceless pearl,
(All filmy-eyed) forever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes,—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil's withdrawn,
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale!
Yet,—what doth all avail?
All its beauty, all its grace?
All the honors of its place?
He who plucked it from its bed
In the far blue Indian ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthly dwelling,—dead!
And his children, one by one,
When they look upon the sun,
Curse the toil by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Gentle bride, no longer wear,
In thy night-black odorous hair,
Such a spoil. It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such accursed gem!
What need'st *thou* a diadem?—
Thou, within whose Eastern eyes,
Thought (a starry genius!) lies!—
Thou, whom beauty has arrayed?
Thou, whom Love and Truth have made
Beautiful,—in whom we trace
Woman's softness—angel's grace—
All we hope for,—all that streams
Upon us, in our haunted dreams?

O, sweet Lady! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to sin or pain allied!
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair!
Let the black and snaky vine
'Round the drinker's temples twine!
Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on bosoms hard and cold!
But be THOU forever known,
By that natural light alone!

THE WHITE CLOVER.

BY SARAH SMITH.

[*Born at Hanover*, 1799. *Died at Hanover*, 1812.]

There is a little perfumed flower,
That well might grace the loveliest bower,
Yet poet never deigned to sing
Of such an humble rustic thing;
Nor is it strange, for it can show
Scarcely one tint of Iris' bow.
Nature, perchance, in careless hour,
With pencil dry might paint the flower,
Yet instant blushed her fault to see,
So gave it double fragrancy.
Rich recompense for aught denied,
Who would not homely garb abide,
If gentlest soul were breathing there
Blessings throughout its little sphere?
Sweet flower! the lesson thou hast taught
Shall check each proud ambitious thought;
Teach me internal worth to prize,
Though found in lowliest, rudest guise!

THE LOVER CURED.

It was in the year 18—, that one of our *then* most popular, as she certainly was most beautiful, of our actresses at Covent Garden Theatre, who, for the sake of our story, we must name, although it was not her real designation, Maria Garnett, entered her lodgings accompanied by her confident and friend, Miss Archer. Martha appeared greatly agitated, and if she were not so very pretty, it might be said, even in a towering passion, she clapped the door so as that the noise could be heard all over the house—she gave her lap-dog a *little* kick, and then flinging herself on a sofa, she sighed, she wept, and catching hold of both hands of her friend, she said—

'My dear Fanny, I am in a frightful state of agitation—I am *ennuied*—I am out of spirits—I am frightfully excited; for you must know that I am threatened—yes, threatened with the exhibition of a most horrible scene here this very day.'

'What can be the matter, my dear Maria? Has some one of your numerous admirers fallen out with you?'

'No—no; the fops that cluster around me have neither head nor heart. They pretend to visit me with pleasure, and they quit me—to forget such a being exists.'

'What, then—have you had a visit from your old aunt, *Dorothea*?'

'Nor that either; I have got rid of her, for I desired her never to see me again till she had read through Tillotson's Sermons, of which I made her a present—seven large volumes, bound in morocco, gilt and lettered.'

'Then what is it harrasses you so much?'

'This—and oh! my dear Fanny, do you not pity me? A young fellow (for such I suppose him to be) has written me a letter, stating that he intends to come here at four o'clock, and to blow his brains out under my very windows!'

'Pshaw! he's a fool.'

'Yes; but a fool that is dying in love. A run-a-way from St. Luke's, that has been reading Werther. Here is the fiftieth letter, at least, that I have had from him—from the poor deserted young man, who calls himself 'Cornelius.' At first he said he wished to live for my sake. That was bad enough! but now he threatens to die beneath my 'lovely eyes'—that is awful! Now, what I want to know is, has a lady a right to let an enamored swain die, when the individual himself has no desire to live!'

'What you ought to do, in my opinion, is this—admit him to your presence. If he be clever he will amuse us, and you may condescend to request of him to live. But if he be a fool—why then let him kill himself; perhaps it is the very best thing he can do for his family, and the most useful thing he may ever attempt for the benefit of society.'

'Yes—but if I tell him to live, he may, like a thousand others, plague me with the unmeaning, frivolous declaration of his affection, when you know I care for none but Henry—that I intend to marry.'

'Then, if he should become such a bore, you must only treat him as you do 'a promise to pay'—you are accountable for the bill and never think of it; the day of payment comes, and it is protested, and then—it is out of your mind forever.'

'But would there not be something like a want of truth in all this?'

'Not at all—it would be mere coquetry.—Such an admirer is like the last new novel—you may give an hour or so to it, if it is amusing, and if dull, why fling it in the corner.'

'Yes—but if the book should become so agreeable, that I may wish to read it to the third volume?'

'Why, then my dear—Providence may have great blessings in store for you; and as to your poor Henry he—will be to be pitied.'

'The chat of these two friends were interrupted by Miss Maria's chambermaid, who thus addressed her mistress—

'Oh! la! Miss, there is *such* a very odd man below stairs. He is a great, big, fat person, six feet high, and with such very, very red hair—and he must be ninety years old, I'm certain; and he is so vulgar, and speaks with such an accent—and he insists upon seeing you. I'm sure he must be an Irishman, or a creditor; he is so very impudent—I shut the door in his face.'

'Then go and open it again, Sally. If he is an Irishman, he will amuse us with his brogue and his speechifications, being a composition of something that is not elevated enough for poetry, nor sufficiently intelligible to be prose. We shall laugh at him, and he in return will sing our praises in the wilds of Connaught or the banks of the Liffey; and if, as I believe he is, a creditor, I will begin by—not paying him a single farthing. Then I shall get rid of him by giving him an order for a private box, and there I can look at him applauding me, because I am determined to—die his debtor. Sally, tell him to walk up: and Fanny, do you take a seat there, and if it be necessary, come to my rescue.'

The two pretty women set themselves down on the sofa together, while the servant hurried off to introduce the singular and mysterious visitor.

CHAPTER II.

The individual who now entered the room was a man apparently about sixty years of age. He was in height at least six feet three inches, and was as fat as—Lablache. He had an immense nose, and an enormous face that was covered with a beard and whiskers that were half red and half white. His large grey eyes opened with astonishment upon the exquisite beauties that he saw before him. He became in an instant confused and utterly embarrassed. He had to make a bow; but he bowed at the same time with head, hand and foot—and, having performed this extraordinary feat, he continued to gaze at the ladies, who threw at him the most enchanting looks, although they spoke not. At length silence was broken by the stranger.

'Your servant, ladies—your servant, I say. But may be you don't know who I am no more than the stupid waiter at the Golden Cross; although there's not a ragged boy in Patrick-street that could'nt tell that my name is Corney O'Donoghue, o' Drisheen Park. Now then, as you know myself in person, might I be so bould as to be after askin' which of the two of you is Miss Maria Garnett?'

'It is I sir,' answered the inimitable actress, lowly bending her head. 'I perceive that you never honor Covent Garden with your presence.'

'There never was a truer word said by your purty lips, my dear. The dickens a garden or orchard I ever was in all London, because why, I'm only this very day landed from Corck city.'

'Oh! he is an Irish poet,' whispered Miss Garnett to her friend.

'But do you see me now,' continued Mr. O'Donoghue, as he clapped his enormous fist on the gilded back of a chair; 'do you see me now, Miss; when I am at home at Drisheen Park, it's my fashion to ask a stranger to sit down at all events, and may be, too to ask him if he has a mouth upon him; but it is not the custom here, I see, and so I am completely knocked up, and bothered, I'll take the liberty of taking a chair, though I was never offered one.'

'He is a creditor,' remarked Miss Archer.

'Now, I'll be bound you want to know what brought me all the way to London,' continued the visitor; 'why, then, the long and short of it is this—I have two sons, two as fine looking boys as ever made the praties vanish out of a seive. Well, now, just listen to me, one of these follows the occupation of his father.'

'You are a grocer, sir, I presume.'

'I'm an Irish gentleman, ma'am, and one of my ancestors was the King of the Barony of Whackawaynacroostha, in the good old times; and as for myself and my eldest son, we can tell the difference between a pig's head and its crubeen, without twice looking at it. But that is not the matter that has brought me here at all, at all. It is in the regard of my second son, that I have come to London. I sent him here a year ago, to be learning the Law and good manners (and the never a worse school I'm thinking he could come to for that same) and the fact is I want to make him a counsellor.

'That must be a very fine situation in life, I suppose, sir, especially for a gentleman from the city of Cork.'

'Not a doubt of it; but now, what is the fact, the divil a counsellor ever he'll be, and all by raison of you. You have turned his brain, that is what you have, Miss Garnett. He is dying in love for you, the omathaun!'

'Indeed! and is he handsome?'

'Handsome!—there's not the like of him between this and the Mardyke; but what's the use of his being a beauty, when he neither can eat, sleep, nor drink a tumbler of punch. Did you ever know of an Irishman refusing his liquor before now? Well now—what's brought me here to tell you, that you must not be letting my son fall in love with you, and what's more, I desire that you'll never let him inside the door, for if you do I'll—swear the peace against you.'

'Oh! dear! how very frightful!'

'I really beg your pardon, Miss, for speaking so mighty cross to you. And, in truth, when I look at you, its little I can blame my poor son for falling in love with your purty face. By dad! if I was only nineteen, I don't think I could help doing that same myself.'

'Sir, you are too flattering.'

'Why then, now, Miss *Garnett* dear, or, considering your bright eyes, Miss *Diamond* only just remember that he's barely any thing more than a hobbledehoy, and if he continues to be desperately in love with you, he'll never think of his studies, never be made a counsellor, and perhaps never have the slightest chance of rising to be a chief justice, or lord chancellor, or an assistant barrister.'

'But he is really disposed to go to the bar?'

'Whew! why he's cut out for it. Did you ever hear of an Irishman that was'nt fit for everything, from a secretary of state to a common policeman? Sure, there's not a mother's son of us that's not born a ganius; and as to being disposed for the bar, sure, we're all disposed for it, we have such a power of prate.'

'Then, sir, I am much obliged to you for putting me on my guard against your son.—I never could endure a lawyer, nor a law student either. But, may I ask you, what is your son's name?'

'My son's name, Miss, is the same as his father's; and I could tell you you could some money for it, if you had it on a stamp, at the fair at Doneraile. My son's name is 'Cornelius.'

'Cornelius! Is it Cornelius? Then, my dear sir, read this letter. Is that your son's writing?'

'That is his hand and mark, as sure as that Cork stands on the river Lee!'

'Well then, sir, only think that this fool of a son of yours tells me, in this billet doux, that he intends coming here to shoot himself under my very window.'

'Oh! Lord! is it to blow his beautiful brains out?'

'Do not be too much alarmed. I shall take care he does not hurt himself.'

'Ah! then do, like a little darling. Only think, that the lives of all the O'Donoughues are in your hands; for if he attempts to shoot himself, that I may never go home, but I'll kick the life out of him, and be hanged for the murder of young Corney. Pray, Miss, don't let him shoot himself!'

'Never fear; and in order that I may begin the task of preserving him, I shall grant him the interview he asks for. Up to this moment, I assure you, I have never seen him.'

'But sure, if he sees you face to face its all over; mad in love he'll be.'

'I admit that it will be difficult to cure him.'

'Aye, but are you not going to take a way that will render it impossible?'

'Not at all. Leave every thing to me, and I engage to send him home to you as sensible as yourself.'

'And soon. Now mind, Miss.'

'This very day you shall see him, perfectly cured, at Charing Cross Hotel.'

'Why then, long life and a good husband to you, Miss Garnett. Good morning to you. By the powers! but you are beautiful. One would suppose that you were born in Cork.'

CHAPTER III.

A few minutes after the departure of Mr. Corney O'Donoughue, of Drisheen Park, Sally entered the apartment; and by the announcement of a very important piece of intelligence, she put an end to the loud laughter of the two friends. Sally announced that the young gentleman who had written fifty billets, the runaway from St. Luke's the unhappy 'Cornelius,' was below in the parlor waiting for an answer to his last letter, either to be admitted to an interview, or to put an end to his existence in the street. Miss Garnett instantly took up the pen, and wrote these words:—

'We ought not to allow all fools to perish, at least, without making one effort to save them. You may therefore come.'

'Sally,' said she, 'bring this to the young gentleman below stairs, and then show him into the back drawing-room.'

The instant Miss Garnett was alone with her friend, she resolved upon playing a trick upon the amorous young law-student. She was an excellent actress, a most accomplished dresser, and therefore was pretty certain of her successs. With a disintestedness, and an absence of selfishness, which are very rarely found in a beautiful woman, she resolved to metamorphose herself, 'if it were possible, into an ugly woman. First she placed over her splendid dress a large black apron, which belonged to her waitingmaid; then she took a thick red, heavy shawl, that effectually concealed her exquisite neck and delicate waist. She next placed coarse mittens upon her fair and delicate hands; and then she put a very small quantity of carmine upon the tip of her nose, wiped whitish powder upon her brows, and then took a stage snuff-box, filled with some harmless mixture, with which she darkened her upper lip.

Thus made up, thus disguised, thus calumniated, outraged, and metamorphosed by herself, she took a long look at the glass, and saw that her charming face and person were no longer scarcely recognizable. Being perfectly content that she should be able to gratify the wishes of Mr. O'Donoughue senior, she rung for her servant to admit Mr. Cornelius to her presence.

CHAPTER IV.

Cornelius entered the room, and suddenly stopped; for he was terrified at his own happiness. He was pale, moveless, without sight, and without voice. He saw himself in the House of the celebrated actress; he was in the same room with *his* 'Juliet,' *his* Desdemona,' *his* 'Letitia Hardy.' He was, about to speak to her, far from the public gaze, and alone too. It seemed to him as if he never could have the courage to raise his eyes to that divine creature, nor the boldness to answer her, nor the audacity to express his adoration of her. At last he advanced two or three paces, and then looked upon the two actresses, as if he were trying to recognize which was *the one* that he had fallen in love with from the stage box. Miss Garnett did not leave him long in doubt.

'Take a seat, sir,' said she, 'and remain, if you please, at a little distance.'

'A distance!' thought Cornelius, as he placed himself on the very edge of a chair.

'Well, sir, what makes you sit there, with your eyes fixed on the ground, like a bold boy at school, who has been scolded for not learning his lesson. Why don't you look at me?'

'Oh, Heavens! *this* is not Miss Garnett,' exclaimed Cornelius, with his eyes fixed on the lady.

'Yes, but it is Miss Garnett. Oh! now I see what surprises you. I suppose you thought you would see me in my own house, as if I were dressed up for the stage, and going on as 'Juliet.' You wanted to have me with my cheeks painted red, and my nose whitened, and my neck bare, and my arms uncovered. Oh! my good young lad, that is all very well for the foot-lights; but when the curtain falls I am plain Maria Garnett once again. I attend to the affairs of the house, I see the cookery is all right; and, you must know, I am unequalled at made dishes. When I get home I am as you see me now. I keep myself nice, snug, cosy, warm, and comfortable; and when I am annoyed by visitors, I—take snuff.'

'Then how in the world is it that you appear so very different on the stage?' said the disappointed lover, driven out of all patience; 'how is it that you enchain all hearts; that all who see you feel inclined to write poetry?'

'Talking of poetry,' said she, 'have you seen the pretty verses that Tom Moore has written upon me? Instead of the 'Lines to Maria,' I should have preferred him sending me a good Cheshire cheese.'

'But then the fame, the renown, and the glory that such a poet must give you.'

'Fame, renown, and glory, are three hypocrites, and I never ask them home with me. When I go to the play-house they *seem* to accompany me; they flatter, they caress, and they applaud me; but when I return to my dressing-room I bid them good night; they go to sleep, and so do I. That, sir, is my pride—but will you take a pinch of snuff?'

'Oh, Tom Moore! Tom Moore!' murmured the distracted lover. 'Only fancy th[illegible] you have immortalized as the perfection of beauty, snuffing up handsful of filthy black rappee.'

'And now, Mr. Cornelius, answer me truly and frankly. Do you still intend to shoot yourself on my account?'

'No. Miss Garnett. No, no. Heaven forbid!'

'That is said like a sensible little man, as I am sure you are. To die for love is the most preposterous thing possible. Only fancy, a barber in the next street hung himself last week for love of my servant girl, Sally, and she—has horrid bad teeth. But now pledge me your honor, and the honor of your highly respectable father and interesting family, that you will live.'

'I give you my honor, and the honor of my father, and the honor of all the O'Donoughues, that I will live as long as I can. And this, at all events, you may rely upon, that I will never think of shooting myself for—an actress.'

'Good bye, then, Mr. Cornelius. I mean never to forget you; and should I ever be engaged in a lawsuit, you may depend on it, I shall retain you as my leading counsel.'

Miss Garnett rose and curtseyed to the enamored swain, and Sally showed him to the door, inside of which he was resolved never again to enter. His love was perfectly cured. He returned to his father, who, a few years afterwards, had the happiness of seeing his son as 'Counsellor' O'Donoughue, and giving to his clients at the assizes, the benefit of his legal knowledge; though, I am sorrow to add, it could not prevent the majority of them from being transported beyond the seas for the period of their natural lives.

BELINDA.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH AND POOR.

We sometimes hear parents regret their inability to bequeath to their cherished offspring, the means of abundant independence. Indeed, if we look through society, we shall not fail to discover hundreds, who toil from day to day and from year to year, not for the means of immediate independence, not because they apprehend poverty—but from a desire to accumulate large fortunes, and to leave behind them immense estates. And yet, the experience of all times shows that in four cases out of five, the children of the poor man, or at least of the citizen in moderate circumstances, are more likely to live uprightly, and to enjoy a fair portion of earthly happiness, than those of the rich. The truth is, the son of the poor man is taught to depend upon his own efforts. He knows that on arriving at the age of 21, he will be compelled to enter the arena of a world where money is the chief object of the multitude—that unless he posesses industry, energy and activity, his chance of independence will be exceedingly meagre. Thus he fits himself at least for trials and vicissitudes of life. He enters into competition with his fellow-men with stout heart and keen spirit, determined if possible, to win his way to something like fortune. He understands some business, and therefore the means of employing his time. He feels that reputation is all essential to his success and he therefore controls his passions, respects the laws, and endeavors to act with propriety. He is bound not only by self-interest, but by all the ordinary obligations of man, to pursue a course which shall win for him, not only the esteem of his fellow-creatures, but a due degree of contentment and earthly happiness.

But how is it with the rich man's son?—He soon ascertains the wealth of his parents, and his probable condition of pecuniary independence arising out of that wealth. The incentive to industry is at once taken away. He perhaps thinks that he may defy the world, inasmuch as his expected fortune will place him beyond the necessity of industry. Habits of idleness and extravagance are thus formed, and at the decease of the parent, and the posession of the fortune—how frequently does it happen that a race of gaiety, fashion and profligacy commences, which is not checked, until the misguided and miseducated finds himself plunged in all the horrors of dissipation, with neither the mental nor the moral energy to retrace his footsteps. The rich fathers, we contend, do not educate their children, except in rare instances, under a system to suit them for the posession and management of wealth. It seems to us, that this is indeed the most difficult task that could be imposed upon a parent. The most advisable mode we will not attempt to describe. The position of a parent posessing an immense fortune, with boys on whom he dotes with all a father's fondness, and the consciousness at the same time, that his sons are not suited to the management of money, and their posession of it is as likely to lead to their ruin as any thing else, is one indeed pregnant with difficulty.

Look through the community of Philadelphia at the present time, and our meaning will be fully illustrated. How many of the poor men of the present day, the bankrupts, the exhausted spendthrifts, the dissolute and the objects of sympathy—are the same sons of the rich of former times? How few on the other hand, of the rich men of the present day, became so by the estates left them by their fathers! On the contrary, property is constantly changing hands in this country—the rich and the idle become poor, while the children of the honest, the industrious and the enterprising, take their places in the ranks of wealth. Who were our Ridgways and Girards in early life? Thus, then, we argue, that altho' it may sometimes be a source of anxiety that we cannot leave our children abundance of wealth—the habits of industry, activity, perseverance and integrity, are far more likely to render them happier, better, wiser, and in the end more prosperous than if they had been brought up to the use of purple and fine linen, horses and costly vehicles, gay society and extravagant expectations.

We must laugh as well as cry in this world.—As last week was a sad one, let this be more cheerful. The following quizzical story was told at a temperance meeting in Hartford last week, by a reformed toper. It opens rich and as the man has become sober one may now laugh over his absurdities with double relish. He said—[*Phil. Gaz.*]

'I used to drink, and my wife used to jaw me about it. What do you get drunk for? said she; what do you jaw me for? said I. So we agreed, and made a firm bargain that I would not drink and she would not scold. For three long days we held on firm—no drinking nor scolding; but on the third evening, being in company with some good fellows, I took a horn, and when that was down I right off wanted another, and in a very short time I found myself about "how fare you;" with twenty horns safe and snugly in my bread basket—(tremendous laughter.)—By and by it got to be time to go home; but as you may well suppose, I dreaded to meet my wife like the tooth ache—(laughter)—

However, go I must: and so, I staggered along, hoping to find my wife abed—(laughter.) When I reached the house, I found it still lighted, and through the window I saw my wife up and waiting for me—(laughter) Thinks I, I can't go in yet, but I must wait till she goes to bed; so there I stood freezing in the cold rain two hours—(tremendous laughter.)—At last she went to bed, and I crept in at the back door, stumbling over pails and chairs, but finally succeeded in getting to bed without disturbing her, (laughter) but after dozing a while, I awoke and found myself as dry as a fish—(laughter) You know, brethren, how dry we all used to be in the night, after we'd had a spree—(tremendous laughter) My wife always knew what was the matter with me, when I got up in the night to drink cold water—(laughter) I hardly dared to get up for fear of my wife; but my thirst was greater than I could bear, (laughter); so out I crawled, and groped very softly after the water, (laughter); but no water was there—(laughter.) I then felt round in the dark, on the tables and shelves, for something to cool my burning thirst, (tremendous laughter); soon I found a tin pan full of liquid something; I seized and put it to my mouth, and took a long and hearty draught—the liquor at the same time runing out at each side of my mouth, down my cheeks, (tremendous laughter); and so I thought the liquor tasted odd, and at that instant it flashed on my recollection that I had fixed some poison a few days before to kill rats with—(tremendous laughter for five minutes.) Horror struck, I stood—my hair standing on end—it was death to scream out, for my wife would jaw me if she waked, (laughing and stamping); and surely it would be death to hold still; but scream I must, and scream I did—(riotous laughter.) "What was that in that pan?"—"You are dry, are you?" said she. "What was in this pan?" shouted I, still louder. "What makes you dry?" screamed she. "What was in this pan?" yelled I, in perfect agony of fear.—"What pan?" "Why, the pan on the shelf." "Oh, you brute, you have drank all my starch." (Tremendous laughter for five minutes, and cries of order from the chairman.) The next morning my shirt collar was pasted fast to my neck and cheeks, and it took half an hour to clear it off."—Here Mr Brown sat down amid the cheers of the whole Society.

From the Maine Farmer.

EXPERIMENTS ON PLANTING LARGE AND SMALL POTATOES.

Mr. Holmes—We think, in this region, that small potatoes are as good for seed as large ones, and the result of any experiment for a single year, will seem to say so. If this is true, the rule that 'like produces like,' must here have an exception.

I commenced the experiment spoken of eight years ago, when I selected a few of my largest potatoes, and a few of the size that we usually plant—small, but not the smallest—and have ever since kept two distinct *breeds*, selected large ones to plant from the large lot, and small ones to plant from the small lot. Till this year, I have never been able to perceive any difference more than difference of soil, or some other like circumstances would make;—but this year the result is so marked, that I think the seed alone must have produced it. Perhaps in a good season the result would be different. I selected a bed in my garden as nearly equal in quality as I could find, and planted, without manure, eight rows across it, as follows:

No. 1,	planted with large potatotoes,	cut, yielded	16 lbs. large	and	19 lbs. small potatoes.
" 2,	small,	"	3	"	11
" 3,	large,	"	9	"	16
" 4,	small,	"	2 3-4	"	8 1-2
" 5,	large,	" whole,	18 1-2	"	10 3-4
" 6,	small,	" "	11 3-4	"	11
" 7,	large,	" "	20	"	10 1 0
" 8,	small,	" "	9 1-4	"	9 1-2

In each row fifteen potatoes were planted and none of the seed rotted. The acreable quantity of seed and produce is as follows

No. 1	requires	43	bushels seed,	and yielded			400
2	"	17	"	"			160
3	"	43	"	"	283		
4	"	17	"	"	—	123	
5	"	43	"	"	334		
6	"	17	"	"	—	260	
7	"	43	"	"	349	214	
8	"	17	"	"			
					4)1366	4)760	

Average for large seed, 341 1-2; for small seed, 190 1-2 bushels to the acre. W. D. D.

THE PLNTING OF POTATOES.

We are rather early in giving directions for the planting of this crop. But if we would notice the mode of planting most of the ordinary crops in season, we must take some one or more of them in anticipation of its proper time. We will promise that our success with this crop has been little favorable. Whether this be owing to the soil we have tilled; to the manure we have used; to the mode of applying the manure; or to injudicious cultivation, or to all these combined, we know not. Want of success with a crop which most farmers deem a good one, has caused us to study all the accounts of its cultivation which have fallen in our way; and also to study the plant and crop *in the field*, as far as we have had opportunity during the last year. Another thing we will promise, viz: the opinions we shall give, should be tried by many and varied experiments, before we shall venture to promulgate them as rules that farmers will obviously find it well to follow. If our statements shall induce them to make some experiments *on their own responsibility*, we shall be content.

Our practice has been to plant on a good loamy soil, with hard gravelly subsoil; oftener on sward than old ground. Have planted from the first to the twentieth of May. Have usually planted in hills 3 1-2 feet apart;—put a good large manure-fork full of manure in the hill—say twelve to fifteen loads—or from four to five cords per acre. This manure has been applied immediately upon taking it from the barn cellar, while dripping wet with urine, and the potatoes—15 to 20 bushels per acre—have been put upon this dung forthwith and trodden *into it*. For after culture, the plow has been run between the rows, usually each way, and the plants hoed two or three times. This differs little from the most common mode of operation in the eastern part of the Commonwealth, excepting that the manure is much more full of urine than that upon farms in general. Whether the *strength* of the manure has not been detrimental in our mode of using, may be a fair question, and if obliged to give answer, we should *guess* that it has.

Potatoes generally do best in cool seasons and in cool soils. We have given them a hot bed. More than this, we have formed beds into which the atmosphere does not pass very freely. We can recal in memory several sayings and facts which render it probable that in this we erred. There was a common saying in our boyhood, which used to be uttered when we were planting on rough and cloddy land, that *sods* were the best covering for potatoes. Only a few years since, we noticed when digging potatoes on a reclaimed meadow, that those hills which were made up mainly of *small* clods contained more and better potatoes than those hills which were formed from large clods, or those which were composed of the *fine* peat or peaty matter. This led us to think seriously upon a thought which had passed through the mind before, viz: that potatoes require air. About two years ago, we mentioned this point to an observing farmer in Topsfield. He said, your remarks remind me of what I witnessed last year or the year before, on Dr. Nichols' farm. I was passing there one day about the first of June, and Mr. G. had some brakes, ferns, *hucklebury* bushes, &c. in his cart, and appeared to be putting them into hills for planting. "What are you doing there, neighbor G.?" said I. "*Obeying orders*," said he. "Well, what are your orders?" "Why, the Doctor told me, after I had taken the manure out of the cellar, to put this stuff into the water in the bottom of the cellar, let it soak awhile, and then plant potatoes upon it." "*Small potatoes there*, thinks I," said our informant, Mr. Pettingill. But, continued he, I happened by there in the autumn, when Mr. G. was harvesting the potatoes, and they were better than any others I saw that season.

Mr. Breck, the publisher of this paper, informs me that several years since, he planted potatoes in his garden where the land was rich, and had long been tilled. In such places, vines or tops are usually luxuriant, while the bottoms or tubers are small. He furrowed out this ground with a large plow, running deep, making drills four feet apart. He then nearly filled the drills with butt stalks; put his seed upon these, about a foot apart in the hill, then leveled on the furrow, and in tilling made no hill or ridge. From this land he obtained at the rate of between seven and eight hundred bushels per acre.

The process pursued by Mr. Barnum, of Vermont, whose statement has recently been in our columns, though in many respects different from those here given, yet was well suited to keep the surface of the land so loose as to admit of a free circulation of air.

Now, without intending to say or intimate that air is *all* that this crop wants, we do intend to express the *opinion*, distinctly, that the crop does require more air than is usually allowed it. What may be inferred from the fact that potatoes often do wonderfully well where they are planted upon swamp mud, muck, and from the other fact, that they grow well by placing the seed upon the surface of moist land, and covering them with straw? Both of these matters are loose, and would afford good ventilation.

To what does all this tend? What course is to be recommended? As our opinions on this point are so much matter of *theory* we will not *recommend*. But we will mention methods that have occurred to us. One might put in the drill or the hill, a small quantity, four, five or six loads of well pulverized and good manure to the acre. This is wanted for the fibrous roots, the vine or stock to feed upon. Above this might be put ten or twelve loads to the acre, of leaves, buttstolks, old potatoe vines, fine brush, chips or any thing of the kind which would keep a place light and loose for the tubers, the potatoes proper, to swell and grow in. When planting, we know not whether it would be best to put the seed between the two kinds of dressing, or above them both.

Another method would be, and the work might be less, to manure with the good manure as before, using only a small quantity, planting directly upon that, covering *slightly* —stirring the earth well once or twice after the plants were up, and then putting the other dressing upon the surface.—*N. E. Farmer.*

An old lady who had numbered her ninetieth year, was asked by a sprightly miss in her teens at what period of life ladies lost all relish for gallantry? To which the ancient matron, with a significant look, replied, "Indeed, my child, you must put the question to some one older than I am."

FOLLETT & BRADLEY

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they have received and now offer for sale on the most advantageous terms, an extensive assortment of Iron, Steel, &c. consisting in part of the following:

1 Ton Sanderson's Cast-steel,
½ do Eagle German do
½ do English X do
20 Bundles Brazier's Rods,
20 Tons English Tire Iron, assorted,
10 do Old Sable PSI do
10 do Swedes do
1 do Toe Cork Steel,
3 do Spring do
1 do Swedes do
10 do Russia horse nail rods,
10 do Bloom, flat and square, of various sizes.
Nov. 29.

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50 BBLS. Barber's Gin,
50 do American Brandy.
For sale by FOLLETT & BRADLEY,
Old Dock, Burlington.

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200 BOXES RAISINS,
20 Casks Saleratus,
100 Boxes scalded Herring,
For sale by FOLLETT & BRADLEY,
Old Dock, Burlington

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100 BOXES Simmons' Cast Steel Axes,
50 do Lathrop's do do
Warranted, and for sale by
FOLLETT & BRADLEY.
Old Dock, Burlington.

Broad Cloths.

SUPER Wooldye black, invisible green, olive, blue, and steel mixed cloths, at unusually low prices by
Dec. 10. S. B. SCOTT.

Fine Cut.

20 BBLS. TOBACCO,
30 do Smoking do
10 Kegs Maccaboy Snuff.
For sale by FOLLETT & BRADLEY.

Salmon.

30 BBLS. and 20 half do. North Shore Hudson Bay Salmon, for sale by
Dec. 1, 1841. FOLLETT & BRADLEY.

LOZENGES.

600 Cases of Consumption; 2,700 cases of Colds and Coughs; 1,100 cases of Whooping Cough, and 200 cases of Asthma, have been reported cured by Sherman's Cough Lozengers besides cases innumerable throughout the country that have not been reported.

Children die of worms, and many grown people suffer for life with various diseases arising from Worms. The only sure and certain remedy for all kinds of Worms is Sherman's Worm Lozenges. They have cured since their introduction more than 1,400,000 cases, and have never been known to fail in a single instance.

Nervous Headach and Palpitation of the Heart relieved in from 5 to 10 minutes by 3 or 4 of Sherman's Lozengers. It is really surprising how quick they operate. Individuals of the highest respectability can be referred to.

Weak Backs, or pain in the back, sides, breast or Rheumatism, cured by Sherman's Poor Man's Plaster; price only 12½ cents.

1000,000 sold a year of them, and warranted superior to all other plasters, cost what they may.—They also cure Corns, drawing them out by the roots. Ask for Sherman's Poor Man's Plaster, and see that his signature

A. SHERMAN, M. D., with directions, is on the back of each, and around each box of genuine Lozenges. Avoid all others, as they are worthless, or else injurous. Dr. Sherman is the only Medicated Lozengers Manufacturer in America.

Sold at Wholesale and Retail at the Variety Store by, PANGBORN & BRINSMAID.

Merchants and Druggists supplied at the same prices as at the Warehouse in New York

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BENJAMIN H. SKIFF'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT, } The Probate Court for
District of Chittenden } the district of Chittenden

To all persons concerned in the estate of Benjamin H. Skiff, late of Charlotte in said District; Greeting.

Whereas, Sally H. Skiff, administratrix of the estate of the said deceased, has made application to said court to extend the time limited for making payment of the debts of the said deceased and settling said estate one year from the 13th day of April 1842, and also proposes to render an account of her administration and present her account against said estate for examination and allowance. Whereupon the court aforesaid doth appoint the second Wednesday of April A. D. 1832, for hearing and deciding on said application and examining said account, at the office of the Register of said court in Burlington in said district, and doth order that all persons interested be notified thereof by publication of this order three weeks successively in the Burlington Free Press, a newspaper printed in said Burlington the last of which publication to be previous to said second Wednesday of April A. D. 1842, that they may then and there appear and show cause if any they have, why the time of settling said estate should not be extended and why said account should not be allowed.

Given under my hand at said Burlington this 15th day of March A. D 1842.

Wm. WESTON *Register.*

MARSHALL'S NOTICE.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, } Pursuant to
Vermont District, to wit. } a warrant issued out of the Hon. District Court of the United States for said District to me directed, I do hereby give this public notice, that information for the violations of the revenue laws of the United States, have been filed in said Court by Charles Davis, Esq., District Attorney of the United States for said District, against the following described goods, wares, and merchandize, to wit:

1 Black leather trunk, 1 carpet bag, 48 pieces bandana handkerchiefs, 4 pieces silk handkerchiefs, 6 woollen shirts, 1 pair woollen drawers, 12 chally handkerchiefs, 1 chally shawl, 1 black silk handkerchief, 1 green velvet cap, 1 patent-lever silver watch, 12 broad-cloth frock coats, 1 broad cloth dress coat, 4 plated epaulettes, a quantity of old silver scraps, thimbles worn, &c., 4 cotton shirts, 4 woollen under shirts worn, 1 pair cotton drawers, 4 old handkerchiefs, 1 padlock and key, 5 pair of sacks, 1 broad cloth cap, a lot of small tin and wooden boxes and other small articles, a bombazine stock, 2 horses, 1 double harness, 1 two horse sleigh, 2 buffaloe skins, 2 blankets, and one neck yoke, seized at Hydepark, in said District, on the 11th day of February, 1842:—Also, 17 pairs of coarse checked kerseymere pants, 2 pairs of woolenett pants, 10 pairs of black broadcloth pants, 2 pair buckskin pants, 7 pairs of steel-mixed broadcloth pants, 1 pair of black coarse cloth pants, 9 black broadclothh vests, 3 lbs English linen thread, 1 linen table spread, 10 Rob Roy handkerchiefs, 5 worsted handkerchiefs, and 1 sack, seized at Johnson, in said District, on the 18th day of February, 1842: Also, 1 dozen of coarse kersey pants, 1 dozen of black kerseymere pants, 7 pairs of fine kerseymere black pants, 26 yards of fine black broadcloth, 11 yards of black broadcloth, 6 pairs of coarse checked kerseymere pants, 3 pair of steel mixed pants, 2 pair of plaid pants, and 11 broadcloth round-a-bouts, seized at Johnson, in said District, on the 21st day of February, 1842:

And trial will be had on the foregoing several seizures, and the same will be condemned, agreeably to the prayers of said information at the next stated term of said District Court, to be holden at Windsor, within and for said District, on the 24th day of May next, unless a claim or claims shall be interposed on or before that day: of which all persons interested will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my hand, at Bradford, in said District, this 10th day of March, A. D. 1842.

WILLIAM BARRON, Marshal.

Solomon S. Miller's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, } THE Probate Court for
District of Chittenden ss. } the District of Chittenden, to all persons interested in the Estate of Solomon S. Miller, late of Williston in said District, deceased.

Harry Miller, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased having filed in said Court his petition, in writing, setting forth that the said Solomon S., at the time of his death, was seized in his own right in fee of the house lot, so called, of the late Samuel Miller, deceased, lying in Middlebury, in the county of Addison, and about ten acres of land, described in the last will and testament of the said Samuel Miller as lying on the road leading from Alfred Stowell's to Robert Huston's, which said ten acres of land lies, also, in said Middlebury, in which said lands Rebecca Miller, widow of the said Samuel, held a life estate during her own life;—and further setting forth that the said Solomon S., at the time of his death, was also seized in his own right in fee of one undivided third part of the farm lying in said Middlebury on which a red house stands, being the Samuel Miller farm, so called, containing about two hundred acres of land, the use of which the said Samuel bequeathed and devised to his wife, the said Rebecca Miller, during her life, or while she remained his widow, which said third part of said farm the said Solomon S. held subject to the life estate of the said Rebecca therein; and further setting forth that the said Rebbecca has deceased, and that it would be beneficial to the heirs and all others interested in the estate of the said Solomon S. Miller, deceased, to have the aforesaid lands sold, and the proceeds of such sale divided among the heirs to said estate, or so much thereof as may remain after paying the debts due from said estate and the expenses of Administration, and praying said court to license and authorize him, the said Harry Miller, as Administrator as aforesaid, to sell and convey the aforesaid lands, agreeably to the statute in such case made and provided.

Whereupon, the court aforesaid doth appoint the fourth day of April, 1842, for hearing and deciding on said petition, at the Office of the Register of said Court in Burlington, in the District of Chittenden aforesaid, and doth order that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of this order, containing the substance of said petition, three weeks successively in the Burlington Free Press, a newspaper printed in said Burlington, previous to said fourth day of April, 1842.

Given under my hand at said Burlington this 15th day of March, A. D. 1842.

Wm. WESTON, Register.

10th March, 1842!

Nine o'clock, A. M., Ther. 41° above. Wind strong from N. W., rolling the waters of the Lake into beautiful surfs and commingling its sprays with the rays of a most dazzling sunshine that also cheers up the high mountain tops, and illumes the deep recesses of the valleys. All, all, all of which is enchanting, delightful and cheerful to look upon without, while within at

HOWARD'S

All, all, all are busily engaged in taking account of Goods, Wares and Merchandize, preparatory to the decking out beautiful array the fair ones of the land, who will as usual please make their applications for plumage at the fanciful depository at said

HOWARD'S.

NEW FIRM.

THE Subscribers would respectfully inform the public that they have purchased the entire stock of Furniture and Fanning Mills at the New Establishment heretofore owned and conducted by the firm of Mitchell & Barnes, and will continue the business under the firm of Barnes & Keeler, where they intend to keep constantly on hand an extensive assortment of Sofas, Secretaries, Book-cases, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables and Stands of various kinds and prices to suit customers. Most kinds of country produce received in payment. Also most kinds Lumber, suitable for our business will be taken in exchange for Furniture or Fanning Mills.

BARNES & KEELER.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

FARRAR & WAIT give notice that they have this day associated with them in business MR. HIRAM F. ROOT, and that they will continue the business of *Importing* and selling CROCKERY, GLASS AND CHINA WARE under the firm of FARRAR WAIT & ROOT at their former Store. They have on hand a full stock of ware which they will pack in *Crates assorted to order* at New York and Boston prices, merchants in the surrounding towns will find it greatly to their advantage to examine their stock before purchasing at the south, all orders promptly attended to—Store corner Church and College st. Burlington.

F. L. FARRAR.
JOS. WAIT,
H. F. ROOT.

N. B. Farrar Wait and Root expect to receive early in the Spring in answer to their orders a full supply of that beautiful Style of "Opaque Pearl ware" that has given such general satisfaction the past season, from the celebrated manufactories of Clews & Co, the only House in England that make that style of ware, which will be sold Wholesale and Retail.

Burlington, Jan. 31, 1842.

NOTICE.

IS hereby given that JOSEPH WAIT has sold out his interest in the Stone Ware Manufactory and that the business will hereafter be carried on as usual by Mr [illegible] L. Farrar, who is duly authorized to settle all the business of the firm at his Factory, Pearl street Burlington. Jan. 31 1842.

CEMENT CISTERNS.

THE subscribers having the right to use, in and for the county of Chittenden, Parker's Hydraulic Cement, for Cisterns, Reservoirs, Acqueducts, Cellar Kitchen and Stable Floors, for the purpose of making them dry and proof against rats; also Hearths, Sinks &c. would inform the inhabitants of said county, that they will be ready the coming season to attend to all calls in the above line of business and will warrant their work to be durable.

JOSEPH LANDON,
ORLANDO OWEN.

Burlington, March 9, 1841.

N. B. All orders addressed to the subscribers at Hinesburgh or Burlington will receive immediate attention. n40

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of Hickok & Catlin is this day dissolved.—All demands due them which are unsettled on the 1st of April next will be placed in the hands of H. Leavenworth, Esq. for collection.

H. P. HICKOK.
H. W. CATLIN.

1 March, 1842.