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THE TRIBUNE.

Literary Notices.

THE PIONEER. A LITERARY AND CRITICAL MAGAZINE. J. R. LOWELL and R. CARTER, Editors and Proprietors. February, 1843. Vol. I. No. 2. New-York: James Stringer, 155 Broadway.

If the Editors of this Magazine prosecute their undertaking as ably as they have commenced it, (and we see no reason why they should not,) it will very speedily establish its character as, in many and most important respects, the best Monthly in the country. Its contents are not so varied in their character as those of some others, nor are they so well adapted to catch the attention and at once secure the applause of those who read merely for pleasure and an hour's amusement, as the great majority of general readers do. Its articles have a Literary and Critical interest; and in this respect they are far superior to those of any other monthly magazine among us. We sincerely trust that the 'fit audience' it will find may not be so 'few' as to render its success for a moment doubtful.

The leading article in this number is by that gifted writer NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, whom we are heartily glad to meet in a walk of literature which every stroke of his pen enriches and adorns. It is a sketch of a Visit to the Hall of Fantasy—a grotesque structure combining a "wilder mixture of styles than even an American architect usually recognizes as allowable," yet which is "likely to endure longer than the most substantial structure that ever cumbered the earth." He gives us notices of those whom he saw there, and frequently by a single epithet paints a picture full of strength and definite character. "The grand old countenance of Homer," he says, "the shrunken and decrepit form, but vivid face of Æsop; the dark presence of Dante; the wild Ariosto; Rabelais's smile of deep-wrought mirth; the profound, pathetic humor of Cervantes; the all-glorious Shakspeare; Spencer meet guest for an allegoric structure; the severe divinity of Milton; and Bunyan, moulded of homeliest clay, but instinct with celestial fire—were those that chiefly attracted my eye." We should be glad to copy this whole article, but as we have not space, we must content ourselves with extracts. The following gives us pleasing glimpses of American poets whom he saw in that fantastic Hall:—

Bryant had come hither from his Editor's room, his face no longer wrinkled by political strife, but with such a look as if his soul were full of the Thanatopsis, or of those beautiful stanzas on the Future Life. Percival, whom to see is like catching a glimpse of some shy bird of the woods, had shrunk into the deepest shadow that he could find. Dana was also there; though, for a long time back, the public has been none the richer for his visits to the Hall of Fantasy; but, in his younger days, he descended to its gloomiest caverns, and brought thence a treasure of dark, distempered stories. Halleck, methought, had strayed into this purple atmosphere rather by way of amusement than because the strong impulse of his nature compelled him hither; and Willis, though he had an indefeasible right of entrance, looked so much like a man of the world, that he seemed hardly to belong here. Sprague had stepped across from the Globe Bank, with his pen behind his ear. Pierpont had come hither in the hope, I suppose, of allaying the angry glow of controversy; a fire unmeet for such an altar as a poet's kindly heart.

In the midst of these famous people, I beheld the figure of a friend, whom I fully believed to be thousands of leagues away. His glance was thrown upward to the lofty dome, as who should say EXCELSIOR!

"It is Longfellow!" I exclaimed. "When did he return from Germany?"

"His least essential part—that is to say, his physical man—is probably there at this moment, under a water-spout," replied my companion.—"But wherever his body may be, his soul will find its way into the Hall of Fantasy. See; there is Washington Irving too, whom all the world supposes to be enacting the grave character of Embassador to Spain."

And, indeed, there stood the renowned Geoffry Crayon, in the radiance of a window, which looked like the pictured symbol of his own delightful fancy. Mr. Cooper had chosen to show himself in a more sombre light, and was apparently meditating a speech in some libel case, rather than a scene of such tales as have made him a foremost man in this enchanted hall.

Here is a kindly notice of some 'men of mark,' who live in a world of their own—seldom venturing out of their shadowy Hall into the air and daylight in which most men dwell:—

"In the midst of these lights of the age, it gladdened me to greet my old friends of Brook Farm, with whom, though a recreant now, I had borne the heat of many a summer's day, while we labored together toward the perfect life. They seem so far advanced, however, in the realization of their idea, that their sun-burnt faces and toil-hardened frames may soon be denied admittance into the Hall of Fantasy. Mr. Emerson was likewise there, leaning against one of the pillars, and surrounded by an admiring crowd of writers and readers of 'The Dial,' and all manner of Transcendentalists and disciples of the Newness, most of whom betrayed the power of his intellect by its modifying influence upon their own. He had come into the hall, in search, I suppose, either of a fact or a real man; both of which he was as likely to find there as elsewhere. No more earnest seeker after truth than he, and few more successful finders of it; although, sometimes, the truth assumes a mystic unreality and shadowyness in his grasp. In the same part of the hall, Jones Very stood alone, within a circle which no other of mortal race could enter, nor himself escape from.

"Here, also, was Mr. Alcott, with two or three friends, whom his spirit had assimilated to itself and drawn to his New-England home, though an ocean rolled between. There was no man in the enchanted hall, whose mere presence, the language of whose look and manner, wrought such an impression as that of this great mystic innovator.—So calm and gentle was he, so holy in aspect, so quiet in the utterance of what his soul brooded upon, that one might readily conceive his Orphic Sayings to well upward from a fountain in his breast, which communicated with the infinite abyss of Thought."

"Here is a prophet," cried my friend, with enthusiasm—"a dreamer, a bodiless idea amid our actual existence. Another age may recognise him as a man; or perhaps his misty apparition will vanish into the sunshine. It matters little; for his influence will have impregnated the atmosphere, and be imbibed by generations that know not the original apostle of the ideas, which they shall shape into earthly business. Such a spirit cannot pass through human life, yet leave mankind entirely as he found them!"

"At all events, he may count you as a disciple," said I, smiling; "and doubtless there is the spirit of a system in him, but not the body of it. I love to contrast him with that acute and powerful Intellect, who stands not far off."

"Ah, you mean Mr. Brownson!" replied my companion. "Pray Heaven he do not stamp his foot or raise his voice; for if he should, the whole fabric of the Hall of Fantasy will dissolve like a smoke-wreath! I wonder how he came here?"

And is there not philosophy and truth in this passage about reform?

Yet, withal, the heart of the stanchest Conservative, unless he abjured his brotherhood with Man, could hardly have helped throbbing in sympathy with the spirit that pervaded these innumerable theorists. It was good for the man of unquickened heart to listen even to their folly. Far down, beyond the fathom of the intellect, the soul acknowledged that all these varying and conflicting developments of humanity were united in one sentiment. Be the individual theory as wild as fancy could make it, still the wiser spirit would recognise the struggle of the race after a better and purer life, than had yet been realized on earth. My faith revived, even while I rejected all their schemes. It could not be, that the world should continue for ever what it has been; a soil where Happiness is so rare a flower, and Virtue so often a blighted fruit; a battle-field where the good principle, with its shield flung above its head, can hardly save itself amid the rush of adverse influences. In the enthusiasm of such thoughts, I gazed through one of the pictured windows; and, behold! the whole external world was tinged with the dimly glorious aspect that is peculiar to the Hall of Fantasy; insomuch that it seemed practicable, at that very instant, to realize some plan for the perfection of mankind. But, alas! if reformers would understand the sphere in which their lot is cast, they must cease to look through pictured windows. Yet they not only use this medium, but mistake it for the whitest sunshine.

J. S. DWIGHT concludes his critical remarks, or rather essay, on Beethoven's Symphonies, and he seems to us to write of Music in a profounder strain than our world is accustomed to hear. What he says of interpreting music by words is admirable, though we profess no ability to speak of its truth; and his application of his theory to one of Beethoven's Symphonies is most pleasing and ingenious. JOHN NEAL writes one of his nervous, snappish, though not ill-natured, articles on 'Newspapers,' which is apparently only an introduction to a farther essay upon the same subject. Mr. Neal seems to us always to write as though he were *scolding*, and yet he always says something worth hearing, and in so direct a manner and with so explicit a tone that no one can mistake his meaning or refuse to listen. "Dream-Love," by I. B. Wright gives extracts from the daily journal of a 'poor painter,' expressing the inception and growth of his love for a beautiful lady whom he chanced to meet. It is not a love-tale, for there is no plot and little action in it; but it analyzes, skillfully, though to our minds somewhat tediously—the shades and changes of the master passion.

'Song-Writing,' by J. R. LOWELL, is an admirable paper, full of blended poetry and philosphy, and giving some very discriminating and clear-sighted criticism upon the old English Song writers. The prose style of Mr. LOWELL is strong and generally clear and direct. It has one mark, however, in common with very much of what is termed the brilliant writing of the day, that we do not quite like, though it has its merits. The old-fashioned, straight-forward way of saying a thing is set aside; and no truth is thought adequately expressed unless it be uttered in a figure, or involved in some neat comparison. Thus the very first sentence of Mr. Lowell's Essay is of this sort—though the simile is so beautiful and apt that we would not for a moment censure it: "The Songs of a nation," he says, "are like wild flowers, pressed, as it were, by chance, between the blood-stained pages of history." And so the whole Essay is made up of figures, almost every sentence containing one or more, some very neat and graceful and others forced. This is a pleasing and often effective mode of writing; but we cannot help thinking that it too often exchanges for ornament and tinsel, the manliness, dignity and power which belong to the older and better style.

WHITTIER contributes a number of 'Lines written in the Book of a Friend,' from which we copy the following simple and strong verses:

Yet, if the spirit gazing through
The vista of the Past can view
One deed to Heaven and Virtue true;

If through the wreck of wasted powers,
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers
Of idle aims and misspent hours,

The eye can note one sacred spot
By Pride and Self profaned not—
A green place in the waste of thought,

Where deed or word hath rendered less
'The sum of human wretchedness,'
And Gratitude looks forth to bless—

The simple burst of tenderest feeling
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp, will be
That green and blessed spot to me—
A landmark in Eternity!

Something of Time, which may invite
The purified and spiritual sight
To rest on with a calm delight.

The department of Literary Notices contains several very excellent criticisms of Macaulay's Lays, De Quincey's Letters, Longfellow's Poems, and a London collection of British Ballads. The illustrations, of which there are three, are of a new style, exceedingly tasteful and elegant. The first is a colored outline sketch illustrating that most delightful Love Poem in the language, COLERIDGE's Genevieve. The other two are copied from Flaxman's, illustrating passages in DANTE's 'Divina Commedia.' They are of the same style as his sketches illustrating Homer, which are universally known, and as widely admired.

THE RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY GEM: February, 1843. James Stringer, 155 Broadway.

This number of this Monthly is made up mainly of selections from religious and literary writers of acknowledged worth, and scrupulously excludes from its pages every thing of a light, trifling and useless character. It contains beside several original contributions and a neat engraving.

D'AUBIGNE'S REFORMATION.—Saxton & Miles, 205 Broadway, have just published the second number of their Select Library of Religious Literature, a valuable work intended to include and present in a cheap and universally accessible form a series of the best religious works recently published. This second number continues the publication of D'AUBIGNE's splendid History of the Reformation; a work which has been received with universal favor and applause.

The Case of Mackenzie.*

To the Editor of The Tribune:

May I ask the privilege of a subscriber to express my opinion of some of the sentiments recently presented in your columns? If the two articles from Washington, the one bearing the initial S., and the other the three A. L. F., were with propriety served up to your readers in all their unmitigated virulence, I think you cannot, in common humanity, deny the exhibition of at least a partial antidote to so much poison. Perhaps it is mistaken kindness to the intended victim of those envenomed papers to anticipate in any way their utter counteraction by a legal verdict; but it is not in the warmth of honest blood to witness such barbarity against 'a good man struggling with the storms of fate' without a glow of sympathy impatient of delay. No one could read the article signed S. without the shuddering conviction that it breathed the spirit of a fiend—the cold, deliberate malignity of a heart determined on the immolation of its victim. Indeed, its steeled and ruthless spirit must have wrought in many minds its own reaction; and now that its false assumptions are refuted by the facts before the public, and its chain of sophistry resolved into a rope of sand, we need not hesitate to leave the heart that coined it to the gnawings of its own vulture, and the piercing tortures of its kindred rock. The suggestions of A. L. F. are very little less demoniac, but there is a show of deference to justice in its logic so specious as in some degree to veil the dagger by the ermine. The commonplaces which he bandies about 'Necessity the tyrant's plea' may do very well for tyros in the law; but it would foil the argumentative vigor of a Bacon to effect the refutation of a plea so strong. Tyrant's plea or not, Necessity, where it exists, is irresistible in all government, divine as well as human. It could not dispense with the bloody sacrifice of the Son of God without the alternative of death to the whole family of Man. Pardon me for reference to a theme so sacred in a paper so ephemeral as this. The *origin* of the necessity in the tyrant's code is the sole ground of its inefficacy as *his* vindication; when the result of circumstances he could not control, it is triumphant even for him. In Captain Mackenzie's case, the guilty authors of the necessity themselves laid the train that hurled them to destruction. As it respected them, it was not in *his* power to avert it; but he is, forsooth, to be branded as a coward because he had not the stupid apathy to wait for the explosion, and abide its indiscriminate havoc, in the idle hope that enough true men might possibly survive to prevent the wreck from being total. The recreant who shrinks in battle from his duty is immediately sacrificed to save the lives his imbecility would peril; how much more imperative the necessity for execution when the intestine foe is not merely inert for good, but in the very attitude of full-armed treason. To pause at such a moment were to look on unmoved and see the arm that bears the match apply it unmolested to the magazine prepared for one's destruction. It is not for the pacific landsmen, much less the *petit maitre* of the city toilet, to estimate the stern necessities of a life upon the sea. War is a cruel element, but if you will identify humanity with its terrific action, you must arm your here with its every crisis. The mawkish sentimentalist, who fancies the battle-ship a proper theatre for the lounging of the woolsack, or the temporizing of the gowned civilian, sees not in his hallucination that the hair-hung sword can be sustained unfleshed by the breath-hushing rigor of an uncompromising discipline. Frederick the Great was as warmly loved by the subjects whom his decision saved and crowned with victory, as he was hated by a few malignants whom his stern justice either crushed or awed into submission. It argues a bad heart to have no sympathy but with crime; a still blacker heart to fling religion as a brand of infamy into the face of a Christian soldier for obeying the bland dictates of Faith, that saves the many by the reluctant execution of the few. Whatever some such sympathizers with the mutineers as 'S.' and 'A. L. F.' may think or utter, Captain Mackenzie cannot be deprived of the proud assurance that his countrymen *en masse* are with him heart and hand in the soul-trying ordeal through which he now is passing, and they have not a doubt that he will come out from it like the three holy children from the furnace, without even the smell of fire upon his raiment. FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CŒLUM.

* This article should have appeared earlier, but was mislaid. *Ed.*

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The Transfer Books will be closed from this date till February first. JOSEPH TORREY, Secretary.
January 29th, 1843. j23 2w

KNICKERBOCKER Line of Omnibuses.—The subscribers have concluded at the frequent solicitations of a large number of their regular customers, and also for the accommodation of the public generally, to extend their route as far as Whitehall to meet the South Ferry and Staten Island boats. They intend running thirty stages, or as many more as the public may require. They are now running one every 4 minutes from 7 A. M. until half past 9 P. M. from the corner of 21st street to the 8th Avenue. The last stage leaving South Ferry about half past 10 P. M. The route is from 21st street and 8th Avenue via 8th Avenue, Bleecker st. and Broadway to Whitehall, and back same route.
N. B. In connection with the above Line, there is a stage running (hourly) from the corner of 21st st. and 8th Avenue to Read's Hotel (formerly) at Bloomingdale village.
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F. L. HAWKS, LL.D. D.D.
j6 1m* Ed. N. Y. Quarterly Review.

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a13 159 South-street.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

Improvement in whatever regards the happiness and welfare of our race is constantly on the march to perfection, and with each succeeding day some new problem is solved, or some profound secret revealed, having an important and direct bearing over man's highest destinies. If we take a retrospective view over the past twenty years, how is the mind struck with wonder! What rapid strides has science made in every department of civilized life! particularly in that which relates to the knowledge of the human system in health and disease. How valuable and indispensable are the curative means recently discovered through the agency of chemistry! How does the imagination kindle and our admiration glow at the ingenuity, the near approach to the standard of perfection, of the present time! Through the elaborate investigations of Physiology, or the science of LIFE, and the Pathology of prevalent diseases, much valuable practical knowledge has been gained. In consequence of becoming acquainted with the organization, the elements of the various tissues and structures of the system, remedies have been sought after and discovered exactly adapted to combine with, neutralize and expel morbific matter, the cause of disease, and substitute healthy action in its place. The beautiful simplicity of this mode of treatment is not only suggested by the pathology of diseases, not only grateful to the sufferer, but perfectly in consonance with the operations of Nature, and satisfactory to the views and reasonings of every intelligent, reflecting mind. It is thus that SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, a scientific combination of essential principles of the most valuable vegetable substances, operates upon the system. The Sarsaparilla is combined with the most effectual aids, the most salutary productions, the most potent simples of the vegetable kingdom; and its unprecedented success in the restoration to health of those who had long pined under the most distressing chronic maladies, has given it an exalted character, furnishing as it does evidence of its own intrinsic value, and recommending it to the afflicted in terms the afflicted only can know. It has long been a most important desideratum in the practice of medicine to obtain a remedy similar to this—one that would act on the liver, stomach and bowels with all the precision and potency of mineral preparations, yet without any of their deleterious effects upon the vital powers of the system.

The attention of the reader is respectfully called to the following certificates. However great achievements have heretofore been made by the use of this invaluable medicine, yet daily experience shows results still more remarkable. The proprietors here avail themselves of the opportunity of saying it is a source of constant satisfaction that they are made the means of relieving such an amount of suffering.

NEWARK, N. J. Dec. 13, 1842.

Messrs. Sands: Gent—Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for your treatment to me, a stranger suffering under one of the most loathsome diseases that nature is capable of bearing. The disease with which I was afflicted commenced with inflammation of the eyes, in the year 1836, which caused almost total blindness. For this I was treated and finally relieved, but the remedies were such as to cause the developement of a scrotulous affection on my left arm near the elbow.

"The pain extended from the shoulder to the end of my fingers, and for two years my sufferings were beyond discription, I tried various remedies and consulted different Physicians in New-York and amongst them the late Dr. Bushe, who told me the disease of the arm was caused by the large quantity of mercury taken to cure the inflammation of my eyes.

My sufferings continued, the arm enlarged, tumours formed in different places, and in a few months discharged, making ten running ulcers at one time, some above and some below the elbow, and the discharge was so offensive that no person could bear to be in the room where I was.—I then applied to another distinguished Physician who told me amputation of the arm was the only thing that could save my life, as it was impossible to cure so dreadful a disease; but as I was unwilling to consent to it he recommended me to use Swaim's Panacea freely, which I did without deriving but little benefit. "For three years I was unable to raise my hand to my head or comb my hair, and the scrofula now made its appearance on my head, destroying the bone in different places, causing extensive ulcerations and I feared it might reach and destroy the brain—the head swelled very much, accompanied with violent pain, numerous external remedies were recommended, but they did no good.—About a year since I was taken severely ill with a swelling of the body from head to foot, so that I was entirely helpless, the Doctor advised me to go to the Hospital, for he did not understand my case; for the last few months I had been afflicted with a severe pain in both sides, at times so hard I could scarcely get my breath. A hacking cough constantly annoyed me, and this combined with my other maladies, rendered me truly miserable. Such, gentlemen, had been my situation for seven years of my life when I commenced the use of your Sarsaparilla, but as my case was considered hopeless, and the near prospect of a speedy dissolution seemed inevitable, I felt but little encouragement to persevere. The persuasion of friends induced me to try your medicine, which in a few days produced a great change in my system generally, by causing an appetite, relieving the pains, and giving me strength; as success inspires confidence, I was encouraged to persevere, my pains grew easier, my strength returned, food relished, the ulcers healed, new flesh formed, and I once more felt within me that I might get well. I have now used the Sarsaparilla about two months and am like a different being. The arm that *was to be amputated* has entirely healed, a thing that seemed impossible. I can scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes, but such is the fact; and it is now as useful as at any period of my life, and my general health is better than it has been for years past.

Health; what magic in the word! how many thousands have sought it in foreign lands and sunny climes, and have sought in vain! Yet it came to me when I had given up to die, and as I feel the pulsations of health coursing through my veins, my whole heart and soul go forth in fervent gratitude to the author of all our sure mercies, that he has been graciously pleased to bless the means made use of. "Truly have you proved yourself the good Samaritan to the afflicted, for next to my Creator my life is indebted to you (or rather) the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. The value of such a medicine is countless beyond price, money cannot pay for it. I have been raised from death, I may say, for my friends and myself thought it impossible I could recover. And now gentlemen suffer me to add another proof certified too by my friends and guardians as a just acknowledgement of the virtues of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. That the afflicted may also use it and enjoy the benefits it alone can confer, is the heartfelt, fervent wish of their and your friend.

MARTHA CONLIN.

I know Martha Conlin and believe what she states in this document to be perfectly true. JOHN POWER,
VICAR GENERAL OF NEW-YORK,
Rector of St. Peter's Church.
Given at New York this 14th day of December, 1842.

I know Martha Conlin, and have known of her suffering illness. † JOHN DUBOIS, Bishop of New-York.

I place full confidence in the statement made by Martha Conlin, having known her the past twenty years. I will cheerfully give any particulars in relation to her case to those who may wish further information.
Sr. ELIZABETH,
Superior of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, Prince-street, N. Y. Dec. 14, 1842.

I have confidence in the representations made by Martha Conlin, and have full knowledge of her case.
ELIJAH F. PURDY,
Alderman 10th Ward of the City of New-York.
Dec. 14, 1842.

Martha Conlin has lived in my family the last 13 years, and I hereby certify the foregoing statement made by herself is correct. Mrs. MARY B. LLOYD,
No. 604 Broad st. Newark, N. J.

Sands's Sarsaparilla will also remove and permanently cure diseases having their origin in an impure state of the blood and depraved condition of the general *constitution*, viz: Scrofula or King's Evil, in its various forms; Rheumatism, obstinate cutaneous Eruptions, Blotches, Biles, Pimples or Pustules on the face, chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, enlargement and pain of the bones and joints, stubborn Ulcers, syphilitic symptoms, diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, female derangements, and other similar complaints.
Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. Sands & Co. No. 273 Broadway, (Granite Buildings,) corner of Chambers street, New York. Also sold by A. B. & D. Sands, Druggists, No 79 and 100 Fulton-st.; David Sands & Co. No. 77 East Broadway, corner of Market-street; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5.
Note.—The original documents may be seen by calling at our store, No. 273 Broadway. d22

REMOVAL of the Clothing Store No. 14 Bowery.—The subscribers intend removing their Clothing Store from No. 14 Bowery to the store adjoining (No. 12) on the first May next, and in consequence thereof they will sell out their present stock of ready made clothing, consisting of a general assortment of Men's, Youths and Children's Clothing at greatly reduced prices, in order that they may go into their new store with an entire new stock.
To those having the cash this is a rare chance of laying in very good clothing at a low price, as we are fully determined to sell off our entire stock.
d30 1m* GEO. A. HOYT & CO.

COUNTRY SEAT at Auction.—Will be sold at the Hudson House, in the city of Hudson, on Friday, the thirteenth day of January, 1843, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, under foreclosure suit in Chancery, a Farm consisting of about 163 acres, all of which is of the best description for farming, and in an highly improved state. On the premises is a substantial two story brick Dwelling-House, 60 by 42 feet, with large Barns, Sheds, Granery, Ice-House, &c., and a fine well of water. There is also a moderate sized Orchard, a part of which produces good Fruit.
The premises are situated on the Columbia Turnpike, in the village of Claverack, about three miles from the city of Hudson, and is the Homestead recently in the occupation of William B. Ludlow, Esq. of Claverack. For the condition, quality and extent of the premises, purchasers are requested to inspect for themselves. G. R. J. BOWDOIN,
Assignee of WM. B. LUDLOW,
d16 tJan12 4 New-street, New-York.
☞ New-York American and Evening Post please copy. The above sale is postponed to the 13th day of February next. [j21 1aw3w] G. R. J. BOWDOIN, Assignee, &c.

COOK POTS.—25 small size Cook Pots, suitable for whaling vessels for sale by
j6 1m F. F. EDDY, 24 Old Slip.

WANTED—A partner with $100, in a business that pays from 25 to $30 per week. Apply at the Agency Office,