NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

BY GREELEY & McELRATH. OFFICE NO. 160 NASSAU-STREET. FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

VOL. III. NO. 248. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 25, 1844. WHOLE NO. 869.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE IS PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, SUNDAY EXCEPTED.

At 160 NASSAU-ST. (OPPOSITE CITY HALL.) NEW-YORK. And delivered to City Subscribers for NINE CENTS per week, or when they prefer, they can pay in advance at the Desk for six months, or a year at the same rate. Single copies TWO CENTS. Mail subscribers $5 per annum, in advance; and the paper in no case continued beyond the time for which it is paid. Subscriptions taken for Six Months.

No difference allowed on Daily Exchanges with any other paper.

Terms of Advertising.

TEN LINES or less, (over Six,) First insertion ... 50 cents.
" " for each subsequent insertion ..... 25 "
" " for six insertions, or one week .... $1 50 "
" " for TWENTY-FIVE insertions ..... 5 00 "

☞ Longer advertisements at equally favorable rates.

MARRIAGES, RELIGIOUS and FUNERAL NOTICES, not exceeding five lines, 25cents.

THE TRIBUNE.

'The Dial,' for January.

In the realm of the Ideal—in the evolution of the Good and the Practical through the Profound and the Beautiful—'The Dial' is the loftiest and happiest periodical in our own, probably in any language. The number before us has papers on 'The Modern Drama' and 'Tantalus' by RALPH W. EMERSON; on 'The Youth of the Poet and the Painter,' by W. ELLERY CHANNING; on 'Brook Farm,' by CHARLES LANE; on Poetry, with a Literal translation of Pindar, by HENRY D. THOREAU, which would be gems in any living work. They embody a loftier as well as serener thought than we find expressed elsewhere. The writers are destined to be felt by the next age if disregarded by the present. The shorter articles, criticisms, &c. of 'The Dial' evince a truthfulness of soul, an appreciation of and familiarity with the profound significance of Life and Literature, which are calculated to excite the admiration of the wise and repress the mirth even of the shallow. Those who do not read 'The Dial' can laugh at the quaintness or exaggeration of an occasional expression; but those who know it at all intimately must regard it with delight and reverence.

We deeply desire to quote many pages, by different writers, from this number, but must be content for to-day with the following extracts from a Lecture on Poetry, by H. D. THOREAU, a young disciple and companion of Emerson, in whom the true spirit of the author's philosophy is reproduced, without the egotism and indifference to practical ills which we have regretted to see it cherish in less genial natures.

HOMER.

THE wisest definition of poetry the poet will instantly prove false by setting aside its requisitions. We can therefore publish only our advertisement of it.

There is no doubt that the loftiest written wisdom is rhymed or measured, is in form as well as substance poetry; and a volume, which should contain the condensed wisdom of mankind, need not have one rhythmless line. Yet poetry, though the last and finest result, is a natural fruit. As naturally as the oak bears an acorn, and the vine a gourd, man bears a poem, either spoken or done. It is the chief and most memorable success, for history is but a prose narrative of poetic deeds. What else have the Hindoos, the Persians, the Babylonians, the Egyptians, done, that can be told? It is the simplest relation of phenomena, and describes the commonest sensations with more truth than science does, and the latter at a distance slowly mimics its style and methods. The poet sings how the blood flows in his veins. He performs his functions, and is so well that he needs such stimulus to sing only as plants to put forth leaves and blossoms. He would strive in vain to modulate the remote and transient music which he sometimes hears, since his song is a vital function like breathing, and an integral result like weight. It is not the overflowing of life but its subsidence rather, and is drawn from under the feet of the poet. It is enough if Homer but say the sun sets. He is as serene as nature, and we can hardly detect the enthusiasm of the bard. It is as if nature spoke. He presents to us the simplest pictures of human life, so that childhood itself can understand them, and the man must not think twice to appreciate his naturalness. Each reader discovers for himself, that succeeding poets have done little else than copy his similes. His more memorable passages are as naturally bright, as gleams of sunlight in misty weather. Nature furnishes him not only with words, but with stereotyped lines and sentences from her mint.

"As from the clouds appears the full moon,
All shining, and then again it goes behind the shadowy clouds,
So Hector at one time appeared among the foremost,
And at another in the rear, commanding; and all with brass
He shone, like to the lightning of ægis-bearing Zeus."

He conveys the least information, even the hour of the day, with such magnificence, and vast expense of natural imagery, as if it were a message from the gods.

"While it was dawn, and sacred day was advancing,
For that space the weapons of both flew fast, and the people fell;
But when now the wood-cutter was preparing his morning meal
In the recesses of the mountain, and had wearied his hands
With cutting lofty trees, and satiety came to his mind,
And the desire of sweet food took possession of his thoughts;
Then the Danaans by their valor broke the phalanxes,
Shouting to their companions from rank to rank."

When the army of the Trojans passed the night under arms, keeping watch lest the enemy should re-embark under cover of the dark,

"They, thinking great things, upon the neutral ground of war,
Sat all the night; and many fires burned for them.
As when in the heavens the stars round the bright moon
Appear beautiful, and the air is without wind;
And all the hights, and the extreme summits,
And the shady valleys appear; and the shepherd rejoices in his heart;
So between the ships and the streams of Xanthus
Appeared the fires of the Trojans before Ilium."

The "white-armed goddess Juno," sent by the Father of gods and men for Iris and Apollo,

"Went down the Idæan mountains to far Olympus,
As when the mind of man, who has come over much earth,
Sallies forth, and he reflects with rapid thoughts,
There was I, and there, and remembers many things;
So swiftly the august Juno hastening flew through the air,
And came to high Olympus."

There are few books which are fit to be remembered in our wisest hours, but the Iliad is brightest in the serenest days, and embodies still all the sunlight that fell on Asia Minor. No modern joy or ecstasy of ours can lower its hight or dim its lustre; but there it lies in the last of literature, as it were the earliest, latest production of the mind. The ruins of Egypt oppress and stifle us with their dust, foulness preserved in cassia and pitch, and swathed in linen; the death of that which never lived. But the rays of Greek poetry struggle down to us, and mingle with the sunbeams of the recent day. The statue of Memnon is cast down, but the shaft of the Iliad still meets the sun in his rising.

So too, no doubt, Homer had his Homer, and Orpheus his Orpheus, in the dim antiquity which preceded them. The mythological system of the ancients, and it is still the only mythology of the moderns, the poems of mankind, interwoven so wonderfully with their astronomy, and matching in grandeur and harmony with the architecture of the Heavens themselves, seems to point to a time when a mightier genius inhabited the earth. But man is the great poet, and not Homer nor Shakspeare; and our language itself, and the common arts of life, are his own. Poetry is so universally true and independent of experience, that it does not need any particular biography to illustrate it, but we refer it sooner or later to some Orpheus or Linus, and after ages to the genius of humanity, and the gods themselves.

OSSIAN.*

The genuine remains of Ossian, though of less fame and extent, are in many respects of the same stamp with the Iliad itself. He asserts the dignity of the bard no less than Homer, and in his era we hear of no other priest than he. It will not avail to call him a heathen because he personifies the sun and addresses it; and what if his heroes did "worship the ghosts of their fathers," their thin, airy, and unsubstantial forms? we but worship the ghosts of our fathers in more substantial forms. We cannot but respect the vigorous faith of those heathen, who sternly believed somewhat, and are inclined to say to the critics, who are offended by their superstitious rites, don't interrupt these men's prayers. As if we knew more about human life and a God, than the heathen and ancients. Does English theology contain the recent discoveries?

Ossian reminds us of the most refined and rudest eras, of Homer, Pindar, Isaiah, and the American Indian. In his poetry, as in Homer's, only the simplest and most enduring features of humanity are seen, such essential parts of a man as Stonehenge exhibits of a temple: we see the circles of stone, and the upright shaft alone. The phenomena of life acquire almost an unreal and gigantic size seen through his mists. Like all older and grander poetry, it is distinguished by the few elements in the lives of its heroes. They stand on the heath, between the stars and the earth, shrunk to the bones and sinews. The earth is a boundless plain for their deeds. They lead such a simple, dry, and everlasting life, as hardly needs depart with the flesh, but is transmitted entire from age to age. There are but few objects to distract their sight, and their life is as unincumbered as the course of the stars they gaze at.

"The wrathful kings, on cairns apart,
Look forward from behind their shields,
And mark the wandering stars,
That brilliant westward move."

It does not cost much for these heroes to live. They want not much furniture. They are such forms of men only as can be seen afar through the mist, and have no costume nor dialect, but for language there is the tongue itself, and for costume there are always the skins of beasts and the bark of trees to be had. They live out their years by the vigor of their constitutions. They survive storms and the spears of their foes, and perform a few heroic deeds, and then,

"Mounds will answer questions of them,
For many future years."

Blind and infirm, they spend the remnant of their days listening to the lays of the bards, and feeling the weapons which laid their enemies low, and when at length they die, by a convulsion of nature, the bard allows us a short misty glance into futurity, yet as clear, perchance as their lives had been. When Mac-Roine was slain,

"His soul departed to his warlike sires,
To follow misty forms of bears,
In tempestuous islands bleak."

The hero's cairn is erected, and the bard sings a brief significant strain, which will suffice for epitaph and biography

"The weak will find his bow in the dwelling,
The feeble will attempt to bend it."

Compared with this simple, fibrous life, our civilized history appears the chronicle of debility, of fashion, and the arts of luxury. But the civilized man misses no real refinement in the poetry of the rudest era. It reminds him that civilization does but dress men. It makes shoes, but it does not toughen the soles of the feet. It makes cloth of finer texture, but it does not touch the skin. Inside the civilized man stands the savage still in the place of honor. We are those blue-eyed, yellow-haired Saxons, those slender, dark-haired Normans.

The profession of the bard attached more respect in those days from the importance attached to fame. It was his province to record the deeds of heroes. When Ossian hears the traditions of inferior bards, he exclaims.

"I straightway seize the unfaithe tales,
And send them down in faithful verse."

His philosophy of life is expressed in the opening of the third Duan of Ca-Lodin.

"Whence have sprung the things that are?
And whither roll the passing years?
Where does time conceal its two heads,
In dense, impenetrable gloom,
Its surface marked with heroes' deeds alone?
I view the generations gone;
The past appears but dim;
As objects by the moon's faint beams,
Reflected from a distant lake.
I see, indeed, the thunder-bolts of war.
But there the unmighty joyless dwell,
All those who send not down their deeds
To far, succeeding times."

The ignoble warriors die and are forgotten;

"Strangers come to build a tower,
And throw their ashes overhand;
Some rusted swords appear in dust;
One, bending forward, says,
'The arms belonged to heroes gone;
We never heard their praise in song.'"

The grandeur of the similes is another feature which characterizes great poetry. Ossian seems to speak a gigantic and universal language. The images and pictures occupy even much space in the landscape, as if they could be seen only from the sides of mountains, and plains with a wide horizon, or across arms of the sea. The machinery is so massive that it cannot be less than natural. Oivana says to the spirit of her father, "Grey-haired Torkil of Torne," seen in the skies,

"Thou glidest away like receding ships."

So when the hosts of Fingal and Starne approach to battle,

"With murmurs loud, like rivers far,
The race of Torne hither moved."

And when compelled to retire,

"Dragging his spear behind,
Cudulin sank in the distant wood,
Like a fire upblazing ere it dies."

Nor did Fingal want a proper audience when he spoke;

"A thousand orators inclined
To hear the lay of Fingal."

The threats too would have deterred a man. Vengeance and terror were real. Trenmore threatens the young warrior, whom he meets on a foreign strand,

"Thy mother shall find thee pale on the shore,
While lessening on the waves she spies
The sails of him who slew her son."

If Ossian's heroes weep, it is from excess of strength, and not from weakness, a sacrifice or libation of fertile natures, like the perspiration of stone in summer's heat. We hardly know that tears have been shed, and it seems as if weeping were proper only for babes and heroes. Their joy and their sorrow are made of one stuff, like rain and snow, the rainbow and the mist. When Fillan was worsted in fight, and ashamed in the presence of Fingal,

"He strode away forthwith,
And bent in grief above a stream,
His cheeks bedewed with tears.
From time to time the thistles gray
He lopped with his inverted lance."

Crodar, blind and old, receives Ossian, son of Fingal, who comes to aid him in war.

"'My eyes have failed,' says he, 'Crodar is blind,
Is thy strength like that of thy fathers?
Stretch, Ossian, thine arm to the hoary-haired.'
I gave my arm to the king.
The aged hero seized my hand;
He heaved a heavy sigh;
Tears flowed incessant down his cheek.
'Strong art thou, son of the mighty,
Though not so dreadful as Morven's prince.
Let my least be spread in the hall,
Let every sweet-voiced minstrel sing;
Great is he who is within my wall,
Sons of wave-echoing Croma.'"

Eevn Ossian himself, the hero-bard, pays tribute to the superior strength of his father Fingal.

"How beauteous, mighty man, was thy mind
Why succeeded Ossian without its strength?"

* * * *

There is no just and serene criticism as yet. Our taste is too delicate and particular. It says Nay to the poet's work, but never Yea to his hope. It invites him to adorn his deformities, and not to cast them off by expansion, as the tree its bark. We are a people who live in a bright light, in houses of pearl and porcelain, and drink only light wines, whose teeth are easily set on edge by the least natural sour. If he had been consulted, the back bone of the earth would have been made, not of granite, but of Bristol spar. A modern author would have died in infancy in a ruder age. But the poet is something more than a scald, "a smoother and polisher of language;" he is a Cincinnatus in literature, and occupies no west end of the world, but, like the sun, indifferently selects his rhymes, and with a liberal taste weaves into his verse the planet and the stubble.

In these old books the stucco has long since crumbled away, and we read what was sculptured in the granite. They are rude and massive in their proportions, rather than smooth and delicate in their finish. The workers in stone polish only their chimney ornaments, but their pyramids are roughly done. There is a soberness in a rough aspect, as of unhewn granite, which addresses a depth in us, but a polished surface hits only the ball of the eye. The true finish is the work of time and the use to which a thing is put. The elements are still polishing the pyramids. Art may varnish and gild, but it can do no more. A work of genius is rough-hewn from the first, because it anticipates the lapse of time, and has an ingrained polish, which still appears when fragments are broken off, an essential quality of its substance. Its beauty is at the same time its strength, and it breaks with a lustre. The great poem must have the stamp of greatness as well as its essence. The reader easily goes within the shallowest contemporary poetry, and informs it with all the life and promise of the day, as the pilgrim goes within the temple, and hears the faintest strains of the worshipers; but it will have to speak to posterity, traversing these deserts through the ruins of its outmost walls, by the grandeur and beauty of its proportions.

—Could it be imagined that an original American work, costing but $3 per year, filled with papers of which the above is but a fair specimen, has been published four years in the midst of our hundred thousand liberally educated men, ten thousand professed scholars, and over one hundred colleges and 'universities,' without winning more than *three hundred* subscribers? We are forgetting, however, that this is the age of 'Popular Literature,' in which the enraptured public are gloating over Ainsworth's and Ingraham's historical romances and Paul de Kock's delicate novels!

* "The Genuine Remains of Ossian. Literally Translated, with a Preliminary Dissertation, by Patrick Macgregor. Published under the Patronage of the Highland Society of London. 1 vol. 12mo. London, 1841." We take pleasure in recommending this, the first literal translation of the Gaelic originals of Ossian, which were left by Macpherson, and published agreeably to his intention, in 1807.

Foreign Extracts.

On the 30th of December, her Majesty Queen Victoria, gave audience to a party of Ojjibeway Indians, who were conducted by the enthusiastic Mr. CATLIN. Prince Albert was present, with the Duchess of Kent, and the ladies and gentlemen of the suite. The Chief made a speech, in which he described the loyalty of his tribe and the gratification himself and his countrymen felt in beholding her Majesty. The party then performed several of their national dances, after which they partook of some refreshment and returned to town. Their costume was the picturesque dress of their country. The party consisted of seven—four men and three women.

We hear from Naples of an extraordinary enthusiasm excited there by a new *artiste*, called Favanti. The most remarkable things are said of her voice, which is of an extent unprecedented, reaching from C in the bass to F in the soprano, or no less than three octaves and a half. She draws overflowing audiences nightly at augmented prices; and such is the excitement respecting her, that all the other theatres are deserted.

The Phare of Alexandria, of the 11th ult, contains the following: "The Viceroy has arrived in Upper Egypt in good health. On the 18th instant, Abbas Pacha gave a grand entertainment at his country residence, near Choubra, in honor of the arrival of the Marquis de Lavalette, at which, besides the Marquis, were present the Prince de Beaufremont, the Duke de Maille, and numerous Egyptians and Turks of distinction. In the evening there was a brilliant illumination."

It is said that Mehemet Ali Pacha is seriously contemplating the execution of some great work which should serve to perpetuate his memory to future ages. Three projects are under his consideration—first, a ship canal between the Red Sea and the Nile; second, a canal to join the Red Sea with the Nile; third, a railway across the Desert, between Cairo and Suez. Which of the three he might determine on was unknown.

The two youngest sons of Cherif-Pacha, President of the Privy Council of the Viceroy of Egypt, arrived at Marseilles on the 5th in the Eurotas steamer. They were to proceed to Paris to continue their education. They are accompanied by M. Granet, physician to the Viceroy.

Louis Philippe has dismissed eight Mayors of communes for attending the levees of the Duke of Bordeaux at Belgrave square.

Mr. Wolff was to leave Constantinople for Trebesond on the 24th, furnished with firmans from the Sultan, and recommendatory letters from the Skeikh al Islam to the Khans of Bokhara, Khiva, &c.

ABEL CARPENTER, who lived at Providence, R. I., at the breaking out of the revolution, in which he was first a soldier, then lieutenant, then quartermaster, was stationed at Roxbury on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, was wounded at Harlem Hights, was one of the 400 that repulsed 2,000 British at Fort Mifflin, and was in the battle of Monmouth—died lately at Lyndon, Vt., aged 89. The North Star relates an incident at the evacuation of Newport by the British which shows his firmness of nerve: "To prevent the Americans from crossing from Newport to the main land, they took up the bridge except the stringers. General La Fayette was desirous of passing the bridge, but its hight and length made his head whirl, and it was impossible for him to cross without assistance, and it was difficult to render it. Mr. Carpenter volunteered, and did it in the only practicable way, and that was by walking backward the whole distance, and leading the general by the hands—they performed this perilous enterprise in safety, and thus out-generalled the enemy."

☞ The following frightful statement as to the spiritual ignorance and woe now existing in Liverpool was lately made at a meeting of the town mission there: There are 65,000 adults who never enter a place of worship, except at a marriage or a funeral; 12,000 adults cannot read; 14,000 families have not a solitary fragment of the word of God, and 25,000 go to no school whatever.

FIRE.—A fire broke out in the Essex street Church yesterday, about 2 o'clock, caused by the pipe setting fire to a partition. Several of the pews were taken up, and considerable water thrown in. It was put out without a general alarm. The damage will amount to about $300.
[Transcript.

PLATED CAKE BASKETS.—The Subscriber offers for sale a splendid assortment of the above goods.—All new patterns, with rich, silver mountings, at low prices.
jn12 1m* ALBERT BEACH, 110 Chatham-st.

MUFFS! MUFFS!—FURS.—A good assortment of Muffs and Fur-Trimming, at the lowest market price—for sale at J. H. MONARQUE'S,
d27 1m* 228 Bowery.

DRESS BOARDS—Wanted, a gross or two of second-hand PRESS BOARDS, large enough for a sheet 22 by 31 inches. If considerably worn will answer. Apply at 140 Fulton-st 2d floor. d2 tf

THE JUNIUS TRACTS.

No. I. THE TEST; or Parties Tried by their Acts.
No. II. THE CURRENCY.
No. III. THE TARIFF.
No. IV. LIFE OF HENRY CLAY.
No. V. POLITICAL ABOLITION.
No. VI. DEMOCRACY.

"These little pamphlets are working infinite good to the Whig cause, and we observe with pleasure that they are becoming the standard publications among our party."
[New Orleans Bee.

"The JUNIUS TRACTS are becoming the standard Whig publications for the present campaign."
[Lexington Express, Missouri.

☞ This Series of Political Tracts, from the well known author of "*The Crisis of the Country*," in 1840, uniform in size and price, is published and for sale at the Tribune Office, New-York, at $2 50 cents a hundred copies, or $20 a thousand. Orders from any part of the Union supplied with dispatch. Remittances by mail, *post paid or free*, at the risk of the proprietor and publishers. None sent out on commission.

☞ Orders must be accompanied with the cash.
GREELEY & McELRATH,
Publishers for the Author.

CLAY SONG BOOK.

☞ **The National Clay Minstrel and True Whig's Pocket Companion,** for the Presidential Canvass of 1844. Price 12½ cents; $1 00 per dozen, for sale at the office of The Tribune.

NEW CLAY MINSTREL.

☞ **The Clay Minstrel:** or, National Songster, to which is prefixed a Sketch of the Life, Public Services, and Character of Henry Clay. By John S. Littel, President of the Clay Club of Germantown, Pa.

Advertisement to the First Edition.

It occurred to the Editor of the *Minstrel*, that a publication upon the plan of that now offered to the public would be acceptable, and might be useful at the present juncture; and finding that his design was approved by friends whose political experience gave increased value to their opinions, he prepared the brief and unpretending *Sketch* that follows, of the life of Mr. Clay. He takes pleasure in stating that he is much indebted to the researches of Mr. Prentice and of Mr. E. Sargent, whose comprehensive and interesting biographies are alike creditable to their talents and worthy of their subject; and all whose curiosity may be sharpened and excited by the imperfect *glimpses* of the illustrious Statesman, afforded through the following pages, will find in them more full and circumstantial information than could be embraced within the narrow limits and unambitious design of this publication. From their works, and from such other public sources as were immediately at hand, the torch of the Editor has received its feeble light, and he holds it aloft in the hope that it also may be instrumental, although in humble degree, in scattering the mists of prejudice with which ignorance and party rage have so long enveloped the subject, but which, even now, are gradually rising and rolling away beneath the influence of revealing light, and of that "*truth which is mighty and will prevail.*"

The *Songs* are by various authors. Some of them have been written expressly for the Minstrel; others have been gleaned from the public journals, and other publications of the day. J. S. L.

Germantown, Oct. 1842

For sale at the Tribune office. Price 25 cents single copy, or $2 per dozen. W

LIFE AND SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY.

Whig Committees! Clay Clubs! Friends of Mr. Clay! send on your orders!

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES, OF ALL PARTIES, ALL CREEDS, ALL CALLINGS.

Only 95 cents for 1100 octavo pages, with three Engravings!

THE LIFE AND SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY,

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES, OF OVER 1100 LARGE PAGES, WITH THREE ENGRAVINGS! THE WHOLE FOR ONE DOLLAR!

☞ The Publishers of the New-York Tribune have effected an arrangement with Mr. JAMES B. SWAIN, proprietor of the only full and illustrated collection of the SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY, preceded by a Biographical Memoir of the Great Statesman and Orator of the West, and embellished by three Superb Engravings—by which they are enabled to publish, from Mr. Swain's stereotype plates, an edition of that work for the People, in two large and elegant volumes, at the unprecedently low price of ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS *for the whole!* bound with cloth backs and gilt titles, for a single copy, and where 100 copies are taken, only 95 cents.

This edition comprises—

I. A MEMOIR OF HENRY CLAY—clear and glowing, written expressly for this work, by HENRY J. RAYMOND, Esq.

II. THE SPEECHES OF MR. CLAY, from 1810 to 1842 inclusive, carefully collected from various sources of this work, compared and corrected, and all restored to the first person—many of them having been only reported in the third person—"Mr. Clay said" so and so, and "he urged," &c., instead of giving his own vigorous and graceful diction, without interpolation or dilution. No collection of Mr. CLAY'S Speeches at all comparable with this, in completeness or correctness, has ever before appeared.

Each Speech is prefaced by a brief introductory paragraph explaining the circumstances which called it forth, and, whenever it is desirable and not otherwise indicated, a note at the end gives the fate of the measure under discussion.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. A PORTRAIT OF HENRY CLAY, from an original painting by Linen, engraved by Prud'homme.
II. A VIEW OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY CLAY, in "The Slashes of Hanover," Virginia—engraved on steel.
III. An Engraved FAC-SIMLE OF A LETTER FROM MR. CLAY.

Such is the character—such are the contents of the edition of THE LIFE AND SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY, which the subscribers now offer to the public in two large volumes of 1100 pages, for *One Dollar*. It is printed on fair, white paper, and neatly put up in flexible covers, and is afforded cheaper than any such work ever was before, because we hope to give it the largest circulation ever attained by any.

To the Friends of HENRY CLAY—Mighty, glorious host!—to the advocates of the benignant principles and measures of National Policy of which he is the foremost champion—to the lovers of our Country universally—but especially to the various Whig organizations and CLAY CLUBS, do we confidently appeal for aid in our effort to extend the circulation of this work, and render its perusal, as nearly as may be, universal. We ask them to do this, not for our sakes, but to advance the Great Cause to which their energies are devoted, and because that Cause can in no way be more persually, more successfully commended to the public judgement, the popular heart, than in the lessons of far-seeing Patriotism, the burning Eloquence of HENRY CLAY.

Bound with Cloth Backs & Gilt Lettering.

Single copy $1 25
Twelve copies for 12 00
Twenty-five copies 24 00
One hundred copies for 95 00

None sent on commission. Terms CASH. Orders must be addressed to GREELEY & McELRATH, New-York.

☞ The exceedingly low price at which this work is published absolutely precludes the possibility of disposing of it, in any instance, on terms other than *cash in hand*. Our friends will therefore understand that, however responsible they may be, we must adhere with the utmost strictness to the cash principle.

It is particularly requested that all orders be accompanied by specific directions as to the manner in which the books shall be forwarded, and when unaccompanied by such specific directions, the books so ordered will be neatly put up in bundles or boxes, and the name and place of destination legibly marked thereon, and the boxes or packages retained in our wareroom until called for, or directions given as to the manner of their shipment. The publishers will not hold themselves responsible beyond their shipment, or delivery to order. G. & M.

Will not the friends of that Statesman, the friends of the Whig Cause, take measures to secure an early and general diffusion of this work? One hundred copies will be transmitted to any person or club for Ninety-Five Dollars.

IRELAND! IRELAND!

SECOND EDITION.

A MEMOIR ON IRELAND, NATIVE AND SAXON
By DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P.
With a Likeness of the Author. Price 25 Cents.

This is a most extraordinary book, and will, doubtless, produce a most profound impression. We talk not of what may be called the Reading Public, nor even the masses in Ireland, for whom, no doubt, a cheaper edition will be prepared, with a view to general circulation. The impression we speak of is that which must be felt by Statesmen—by Sir Robert Peel, by Lord John Russell, by *M. Guizot* and *M. Thiers*. That the volume will have an European and an American circulation, may be taken, considering the Author and the subject, as a matter of course. Next week, if not already published, it will be printed in English at Paris and at Brussels, and in a month there will be a translation, perhaps, too, into French. We cannot doubt that German versions will appear in Berlin, Dresden, and in Munich: for the King of Bavaria, though a Legitimist, is a thorough Catholic. It will pass the Alps, too, and "the English in Italy" will have the satisfaction of reading O'Connell's History of Ireland in "choice Italian." We should not be surprised if the Emperor of Russia would command a Sclavonian translation, if only to show the Poles that there have been more horrid, more persevering, and more bloody persecutors of the Catholic Church than he has been. As to its circulation in America, we need not speak; there will be twenty editions in twenty weeks, and, no doubt the Mexicans will speedily read the work in Spanish.

This, then, is a book universal; it will be read by all men, and in all literary languages, in the course of twelve months.
[Dublin Post.

☞ **Almanacs! Almanacs! Almanacs.—**
TEMPERANCE ALMANACS.
FARMER'S ALMANACS.
GERMAN ALMANACS.
THE WHIG ALMANAC.

☞ The above Almanacs may be obtained by the dozen, hundred or thousand, of
GREELEY & McELRATH,
d30 Tribune Buildings, opposite City Hall.

TRIBUNE JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 160 NASSAU-STREET.
All kinds of Job Printing, such as
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CHECKS, CARDS, INSURANCE POLICIES, BILLS of LADING, CIRCULARS, MAMMOTH SHOW BILLS, LECTURE BILLS, CONCERT BILLS, Plain and Fancy, POLITICAL BILLS, CIRCULARS, (neat) &c.
Promptly executed at the Office of the Tribune, No. 160 Nassau street—opposite the Park.

TRIBUNE BOOK BINDERY,
No. 7 Spruce street, (Tribune Buildings.)

JAMES PRINGLE,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
BOOK BINDER.
JOBS OF ALL KINDS EXECUTED WITH CARE AND PUNCTUALITY ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.
e15

☞ **The Whig Almanac, for 1844,** may be obtained from our Agents, J. B. STEEL & Co. New-Orleans, and WILLIAM B. MOORE & Co. Cincinnati. Price $1 per dozen.

☞ **Rare Chance for a Printer!**—The interest in a profitable Daily and Weekly Newspaper establishment in a Western city, is offered for sale. The circulation, terms, &c. may be ascertained of the Editor of The Tribune.—Materials new. A practical printer or an editor of a cash paper, would find it to their interest to see to this. d27 1m

☞ **Sylvania Association.**—Office No. 25 Pine st. third story. Open from 10 to 12 A. M. Information cheerfully given The Constitution given. jy10 tf

☞ **Health, Quiet, and Comfort.**—The Graham House, 63 Barclay-street, New-York, proffers advantages to strangers stopping a few days or weeks in the city, such as are rarely offered. It is eligibly located on a clean and airy street, very near the business part of the city, and in the immediate vicinity of the principal steamboat landings. Its apartments are convenient and neat, while its table is supplied with the best Vegetables and Fruits that can be procured, excluding entirely Animal Food and stimulants of all kinds. Charges moderate, and every effort made to render Boarders comfortable. Shower Baths free. Remember, 63 Barclay-street. jy25 tf

JUST PUBLISHED HEWET'S SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER—Edited by the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. and embellished with upwards of 700 engravings. This work has been got up at an expense of about $12,000, and is now offered at the low price of $8 50 per copy, superbly bound with gilt edges, in an elegantly embossed Turkey Morocco cover, representing the interior and exterior of Trinity Church, New-York. H. W. HEWET,
j4 tf 281 Broadway.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE—Edited by J. H. AGNEW.—Old subscribers to Littell's Museum, who paid in advance for the year 1842, are indebted to Prof. Agnew for making up to them the year, by supplying the numbers of the Eclectic Museum, which he conducted and edited last year. To him, then, they can look with confidence for a fulfilment of all pledges. Witness the plates by Sartain, new type, etc. as evidence of our determination to please.

The injunction obtained, on behalf of the owners of the Eclectic *Museum*, on an *ex parte* application, was, this morning, dissolved by the Vice Chancellor. Our whole case, without an exception, was triumphantly sustained by his decision, and, we believe, will be by every honest man, who knows *all* the facts. The work can now be sold and delivered.

The Vice Chancellor, among other things, said we had a *perfect right*, by the conditions of the sale, to send our Magazine to all the old subscribers to the Museum—in form and manner as done.

Our February number will be out in a few days, with a beautiful Mezzotint by Sartain.

The Eclectic *Magazine*, our readers are assured, will be issued regularly throughout the year, and much more promptly than was the Eclectic Museum last year, as we are in advance with our plates, and shall not be delayed on that account.

Still, we say, should the Museum be issued, make your choice, remembering, however, *by whom* you have hitherto been served regularly and without suspension.

We wish it distinctly understood by all, that we do not publish the "Eclectic *Museum*," nor do profess to publish that work, nor the continuation thereof.
LEAVITT, TROW & CO.,
194 and 236 Broadway, Publishers.
New-York, Jan. 13, 1844. j23

AMERICAN POST OFFICE.—*The American Letter Mail Company* have established Post Offices in *New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore* and *Boston*, and will transmit letters *daily* from each city to the others—twice a day between New-York and Philadelphia.

Postage 6¼ cents for each half oz. payable always in advance. Stamps 20 for a dollar.

They will carry only *letters*.

Their purpose is to carry letters by the most rapid conveyances, and at the cheapest rates, and to extend their operations (as fast as patronage may justify,) over the principal routes of the country, so as to give to the public the most extensive facilities for correspondence that can be afforded at an uniform rate of postage.

The Company design also (if sustained by the public) thoroughly to agitate the question, and test the constitutional right of free competition in the business of carrying letters.—The grounds on which they assert this right, are published and for sale, at the offices, in pamphlet form.

Letters containing money will not be received.

Until further notice, letters, on arriving at their destination, unless promptly called for, will be delivered by carriers, or deposited for delivery in the Government Post Office.

The mails for Philadelphia will be closed at half past 8 A. M. and quarter past 4 P. M. Those for Boston at half past 3 P. M.

Mails will commence running from New-York to Boston and Philadelphia on Tuesday, the 23d inst. P. M.; from Boston on Wednesday, from Baltimore on Thursday.

Office in New-York, 56 Wall-street; Philadelphia, 109 Chesnut-street; Boston, 12 State-street; Baltimore, Museum Buildings, Calvert-st.

Refer in New-York to *Josiah Howe*, Esq. 58 Merchants' Exchange; *Silas Jones*, Esq. 60 Wall-street; *Pierre M. Irving*, Esq 151 Wall-st.

If the public approve the enterprise, they are requested to give it their support *from the outset*.
LYSANDER SPOONER.
New York, January 20, 1844. ja20 3tis ostf

SEMINARY FOR PERSPECTIVE DRAWING AND PAINTING, No. 509 Broadway, New-York.—MISS DAVENPORT would respectfully inform the citizens of New York, that she has opened an Institution, for instruction in those elegant arts, at 509 Broadway. Her method of teaching is new and entirely different from those commonly employed by teachers of these accomplishments; she has specimens of improvement from her pupils, and testimonials from competent judges, to show that her efforts have been attended with complete success. She enables her scholars in a very short period to use the pencil and brush with freedom and skill, and to take such sketches of nature as prove to them and to all, that she fulfills all which she promises, even in those cases when a natural taste for these arts has not been supposed to exist.

Miss D. will exhibit specimens of her pupils' proficiency to all who will favor her with a call.

Lessons will be given in Drawing to pupils in the evening, if desired.

Terms, payable in advance.
For twenty-four Lessons in Drawing $10 00
" " Painting in Water Colors. 10 00
" " Oils 12 00

Instruction will also be given to Classes, which may be formed in any of the schools in the city, on moderate terms.

Miss D. is permitted to refer to the following gentlemen, who have had the best means of becoming acquainted with the merits of her system, and can speak not only from personal observation, but actual experiment:

Mr. H. P. PEET, Principal of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where Miss D. has been engaged in giving instruction for several months to a class of 30 pupils.
JAMES MILNOR, D. D., New-York.
WILLIAM PATTON, D. D., "
DR. JAMES A. WASHINGTON, "
DR. H. GREENE, "
DAVID HALE, "
Editor of the N. York Journal of Commerce.
WILLIAM L. STONE, "
Editor of the N. York Commercial Advertiser.
DR. C. L. MITCHELL, "
PROFESSOR H. P. TAPPAN, "
DR. J. M. SMITH, "
Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

From the Rev. E. N. KIRK

"Having taken a few lessons in Drawing from Miss Davenport, I recommend her system of instruction, as founded on the true principles of education in all the imitative departments of instruction. I certainly consider myself indebted for her aid in looking at nature with more precision and discernment."

"Miss Davenport has given lessons in Drawing to the pupils of the Misses Campbell, in New York and in Oxford. From the uniform improvement of those committed to her charge, and their own advantage from her instructions, the Misses C. cordially recommend her system of instruction as superior in all respects to the ordinary methods." d21 3taw Th&M 3m*

THE HOWARD INSURANCE COMPANY make insurances against loss or damage by fire and inland navigation, on terms as favorable as any other similar institution in the city.

Capital, $300,000—Office, No. 54 Wall street.

DIRECTORS.
R. Havens, Caleb O. Halsted, John Rankin,
Najah Taylor, William W. Todd, Meigs D. Benjamin,
J. Phillips Phœnix, William Couch, Nathaniel Weed,
Fanning C. Tucker, B. L. Woolley, Ferdinand Suydam,
David Lee, J. B. Varnum, Henry G. Thompson,
John D. Wolfe, Micah Baldwin, Peter L. Nevins,
Edward Anthony.
R. HAVENS, President.
LEWIS PHILLIPS, Secretary. d18 tf

J. K. PARK'S only true celebrated highly improved Manifold Letter Writer.—This article produces a Letter and Duplicate at the same time without the use of pen or ink—yet the resemblance is so near that it can scarcely be detected.

J. K. Park would refer his friends and the public generally to the New-York press, which teems with praise at the vast improvement he has made in the above article, and invites them to call and examine the extensive assortment he has on hand, and convince themselves of the utility and cheapness of the above article, which he sells 30 per cent. cheaper than can be bought elsewhere, at his Stationery and Patent Blank Book and Bank Ledger Depot, 37 John street, 3 doors below Nassau.

N. B.—This Writer is warranted to bear the change of any climate, and will neither smut nor rub off, at the same time having all the hair strokes of the pen. j10 1m

DRAFTS ON ENGLAND, IRELAND, &c.—Persons about remitting money