

Poetry.

WATERLOO BANQUET SONG.*

The Soldier Chief of England
His banquet board hath spread,
In honor of our living brave!
And of our noble dead!
And war-crowned Wellington to-night
Sits with his warrior crew,
To keep within his battle-hall
The feast of Waterloo!

Britannia's brightest blood of pride
Burns crimson on her brow,
And all her lion heart is brim'd,
With exultation now!
Full, full of glory doth she mark,
With eyes of living light,
The signs of all her victories,
That crown the last to-night.

The banquet board. Its massive gold
See glitter to the flame!
Its silver like a burnished shield;
What then? It is all fame!
It is not purple-proud wealth that seeks
To rear a pompous head;
Each symbol is a monument
For living and for dead.

The meaneft trifles there are of
The world's most precious things;
The virtue-trophies to the brave,
The honor gift of kings.
They give the reflex of proud days,
That saw our flag unfurl'd—
In battles where our heroes raised
The war cry of the world!

The right! Old England ever fought
The right against the wrong!
'Twas so her victories grew so bright—
Her battles were so strong!
So Wellington led forth her troops
With hearts as well as sword;
And evermore she brought them home,
Triumphant and adored!

Now for their feast of conquest! Lo!
Where Honor sits and sings!
And over three-score of her sons
Spreads forth her golden wings!
Why, triumphs on the very plates
Are carved, from which they dine;
And every shining cup embalms
A victory in its wine!

And oh! what thrilling tumult fills
Their hearts who pledge the bowl!
To night they quaff not wine alone,
But glory from the soul!
A toast goes round their iron lungs,
The brave old soldier's strain,
And Wellington and Waterloo
Are blended once again!

"Hurrah! we are the happy men
Who fought in his command,
And help'd to fight his famous fight,
And officer'd his band!
Battled the foes; the banners bore,
To charge, to slay, to pursue,
And shed heart, hope, and blood with those
Who won at Waterloo!"

Britannia brightens all her soul,
And perfects here her bliss!
Pity all England could not dine
At banquet such as this!
When war-crown'd Wellington in pride,
Sits with his warrior crew,
And keeps within his battle-hall
The feast of Waterloo!

* Suggested by a sight of Mr. Salter's imposing picture of this splendid feat, in progress of publication by Mr. Moon.

† The superb service of Dresden porcelain on which the battles are painted.

Miscellaneous.

FOX HUNTING IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

The vanity of the French—that ruling principle in their national character, which leads them to estimate everything which their country produces as infinitely superior to every other in the world—prevents them from adopting many of the comforts and substantial improvements which have been the results of experience and wisdom in other countries, and also from participating in the enjoyments of their more active and manly amusements. France is a large country, and in its many provinces there exists a wide and marked difference in the manners, language, and character of the inhabitants, amounting, in many instances, almost to a total dissimilarity; but, throughout them all, this national vanity, this idea of superiority of intellect, this self-love and self-flattery, is inherent. It flourishes alike in the cold regions of the north, and in the more genial climate of the south; it is the one great and all-powerful chain which binds opposing parties and conflicting interests together, in every instance, and upon all occasions, where "La belle France," her honour, real or imaginary, is threatened with assault. They will uphold different political parties—they will aim at different forms of government—they will support a despotism, a mixed constitution, or a republic—a Louis Philippe, a Henry the Fifth, or a Bonaparte—as it may suit their wavering and uncertain minds; and each and all of these factions will find, among the throng, partisans to shout the "vive" for them; but let the cry of "Vive la France!" be raised, and, for the moment, all rivalry, all party animosity, will appear to cease; and the enthusiastic acclamations which rend the air, will tell a tale which each successive power that has ruled over the French nation for any length of time, has studied well; and, by its moral, gilded the chains with which it fettered them; and by throwing around its acts the flimsy but effectual web of nationality, united under it all sects and parties, moulding them to its will. Thus it has been, and thus it will continue.

The church and the ancient aristocracy of France, (which, but for their own narrow policy and consummate folly, might still have remained to guard her,) are now gone; and each individual who aspires to wear the emblem of dependence, the laurel-wreath entwined for him by the fickle fancy of the moment, must, if he wishes to retain the unsteady sceptre, bear well in mind the ruling fable of the people whom he would govern; and upon it, as the only restful place among the shoals and whirlpools which surround him, threatening him each moment with destruction, lay the foundation of all his actions; and he may, for a long, a very long period, rule over the most capricious nation on the face of the globe.

But what has all this moralizing to do with fox-hunting? Why, it has more than may at first appear; for, although the French do ape us in many matters, still their confounded vanity prevents them doing so to the letter; and, consequently, they bungle and destroy, where they might, were they less conceited, have be-

come worthy and successful imitators—and so it is in fox-hunting.

The notions which the French have regarding this true English sport, are so very antiquated, that they are, in all probability, derived from some fox-hunting cavaliers who accompanied Charles II. in his exile; for I imagine that it was before, or about that period, that their practices existed in England, if they were ever known here at any time.

Long ago, in England—
"Our Squires of old would rouse the day
To the sound of the bugle-horn;"

and, upon the same principle which led them to do so, I suppose the French act in the present day; and no arguments, no expostulations drawn from the practice in the land of fox-hunting, will induce them to alter or improve their mode of going to work. "It is not so in France," is the universal and conclusive answer. Thus, whoever wishes to go French fox-hunting, must make up his mind to tumble out of bed by half past four, or five at the latest. Should it rain while he is dressing, he may go to bed again, for, in their opinion, the scent will not lie at all; and, should a shower or two fall in the course of the day, the faults and mistakes committed, whether on the part of the huntsman or the dogs, are most knowingly laid to account of the weather.

I have seen one or two dogs good enough to have held a respectable place, even in an English pack; but the generality are good for nothing. They never hunt with what we should call courage; but potter about like a parcel of pigs in an Indian corn field. Often have I been amused by observing some of them, when unable to pick up the scent, sit down on their hindquarters, and, with their noses in the air, composedly "bow-wow" away at the skies, instead of endeavouring to recover it, forgetting the very maxim of the politicians—*Aide toi, but one cannot, considering their training, blame them for this.* In one particular, I think, they are superior to our dogs, and that is, that their notes are even more musical than those of our dogs; but this, I believe, is owing to the climate—for I have been informed that English dogs, after having been some time in France, acquire the same melody of sound. They are totally dissimilar in appearance: there is the heavy strong muscular animal, more adapted for a bear-hunt; the long backed, greyhound looking brute; and a cur, something like the beagle—in sweet confusion blended.

The owner hunts them himself, and has a whipper-in, or "piqueur," as they call him, mounted; and sometimes another on foot. The hunting party must now be described; but they are sometimes so ludicrous in appearance, so oddly (at least to the eye of an Englishman) attired, mounted, and accounted, that I fear I may fail in conveying a vivid impression of their appearance, which, indeed, beggars all description. To be justly appreciated and sufficiently admired, it must be seen. Oh! what a despicable figure the gentlemen of any of our crack hunts would cut alongside of these worthies! Their heads are crowned with a three cornered 'fore-and-aft looking cap of fur, of cloth, or of oil cloth, with huge "fall downs" to cover the ears, and studded and "illuminated" all over with glittering steel buttons. A black stock, with a piece of whitish linen peeping over it, encloses the throat; and a green, dark brown, or velvet cut away coat, and underneath it a bright crimson waistcoat, adorned with chains and clasps, and numberless odds and ends, and a broad leather belt, drawn around their waists dignify the upper man. Light coloured inexpressibles, of cloth or worsted cut, buttoned at the knee, or tied at the ankle; the enormous jack-boots of the Russian courier, or French gen'd'armes; or an imitation of our own hunting boot, but substituting a polished leather top for the one which we prefer; with a pair of spurs, which, in length and size, would mock even those of our old moostroopers—complete a costume which is neither to be met with nor equalled anywhere, save in France. I have also seen French officers turn out in full uniform, sword and altogether; and ladies with their horses tails elegantly twisted in their cruppers, to preserve them from the mud.

The quality of their horses being of little consequence in their style of hunting, some are mounted upon nags of sixteen hands high, others upon what, in the Highlands of Scotland, are called "shelties." As to their saddles, some are demi piques; some have, and some have not, cloaks or greatcoats fastened in front or behind, either to preserve them from the weather, or in their seats; a pair of holsters, (the most sensible part of the whole,) one containing a loaf of bread, and the other a flask of wine; and cruppers—that deformity to a horse, without which you seldom or ever see a Frenchman ride. A few of the party frequently augment these incumbrances to their horses, by the addition of a "cutty gun."

There are generally two horns to a pack, the one carried by the owner, or a friend, the other by the piqueur. These instruments have a mouth of at least a foot and a half in diameter; and when not in use, are suspended in the same manner as our shot belts, by thrusting the head and one arm through the centre of their coils.

In the neighbourhood of Pau, there is an immensity of the very finest cover. Both gorse and copse, in abundance, perhaps too much; there is, therefore, no lack of foxes. One of the most frequent places of rendezvous for the pack which hunt the part of the country to which I particularly allude, is a place called the Bois de Pau. It is a wood, consisting of perhaps a couple of hundred acres, cut up and intersected in all directions by wide alleys and avenues. The French have no idea of a "run," their chief object being to accomplish what we call "mobbing in cover;" and this, to give them justice, they do set about in a most business like manner. The dogs are thrown into a corner of this large wood, and instantly the hunters, like "knowing" old sportsmen in pheasant or woodcock shooting, gallop off to the different openings to guard them, and prevent Reynard, should he be inclined to break cover, and, if possible, to head him back into the woods; at the same time, never failing, if they have a gun, to salute him with a shot. A fox is generally found here, and after having been perhaps twenty or thirty times fired at, and wounded, he is, in a short period, either most barbarously killed or run to ground.

Scampering up and down the alleys or upon the road, and bawling and shouting, afford great amusement to the hunters; but of leaping or going across the country, they are guiltless. The shots are frequently as likely to take effect upon some of the party as upon the fox used; and one day, a cantonnier, at work upon the road, was all but struck by a ball fired in the wood.

Sometimes, when they run a fox to ground, they unearth him, and turn him out on some other day. Upon one occasion, they thus acquired as fine a fox as I ever saw; and we, the English, had some hopes of having a good day's sport with him. There is some very pretty country for riding across, in the valley to the south-west of Pau, abounding in fences, but none of a very difficult nature; and we urged the master of the hounds to unbag him there; but our entreaties could not overcome their insurmountable objection to leaping, and the master resolved to turn him loose in the same place where he was found—their favourite haunt, the Bois de Pau. This fox was a fine catch for them; for, not satisfied with admiring each others feats of noisy brawling and hardy daring in the field, they were determined that the fair sex should have an opportunity of admiring their achievements. But, as all this took place during the carnival—the dancing and quadrilling period of the year among the French—it was some time before a day occurred upon which the ladies, sufficiently refreshed by a night's rest, could accompany their cavaliers to the chase. Thus the period of their imprisonment of this unfortunate victim, was lengthened out beyond the fortnight; during which time he was fed high, and put out of wind.

Secure of finding a fox, and their gallantry forbidding them to disturb the ladies at so early an hour as their usual hour of starting, eleven o'clock was the hour fixed upon, and the everlasting wood the place of rendezvous. Another friend and myself were among the last of leaving Pau, to join the feast of this eventful day; and in crossing the extensive lands which separate the town from the wood, we overtook the individual who, in a basket upon his head, was conveying the fox. Of course, we were much disgusted at the mode of proceeding; and I voted for upsetting the basket, and giving poor Reynard his liberty, at least a couple of miles from the wood, when he would, perhaps, have taken an opposite direction to it, and the hounds being brought and laid upon the scent, we, in all probability, would, for once, have seen something to bring home to our recollection. But my sagacious plan was overruled, and the man and his burden were allowed to proceed in the even tenor of their way.

Upon arriving at the wood, we found the assembled host, "on dreadful thought incant," waiting anxiously for the coming of the object of all their hopes and wishes. We pleaded hard that twenty or thirty minutes' *law* should be given him. But, no; the hounds were to be slipped upon him the moment that he started. The basket was set down, and the lid lifted; when I observed that the fox was attached, by a chain, to the inside, (which would somewhat have deranged my plan of upsetting the basket upon the landes,) and he was so fierce that they could hardly untie it. To accomplish this, they let him get half-way out of the basket, and then squeezing the lid down upon him, they, with less danger from his teeth, managed, after having, I have no doubt, broken at least two or three of his ribs, to give him his freedom.

But to my astonishment, they had resolved to make a dandy of him; and, for that purpose had adorned his neck with a huge collar, with loads of small bells attached to it. This was horrid! In fact, he only wanted the tea canister to his tail, to complete his costume. The chain being unloosed, he went off in great style, his bells jingling like those of a post horse; and, before he had made a hundred yards, away went the dogs after him. No sooner had the dogs started than all the French party galloped off, not after them, but before them, leaving them to hunt in the best manner they could; forgetting, or unconscious, that the most beautiful and most intellectual part of a fox-hunt, is that, when the dogs either having met with a check, displaying their sagacity and tact in recovering what the French call the "quie," and having succeeded, send forth the heart stirring and joyous notes which tell us of the fact; or when, with their heads no longer at the earth, they shy along, breast high, causing the woods to ring again, and seeming to repeat the words of the old song—

Follow who can—oh, then! oh, then!

Breaking from the patch of wood, to which he had made at first, he was headed in the next alley, into another division; and thus it continued, for about twenty minutes, out of one square into another; until, at last, being driven into a corner and mobbed, he was either killed by the dogs, or frightened to death by the hubbub. I think the latter must have been the cause of his death; for, when I came up to the spot, I found him seemingly uninjured by the dogs; but, at all events, he was, as the criers in the streets say, "most barbarously murdered." The body was then tied to the pommel of the master's saddle; his head dangling upon one side, and his bush upon the other; so that passengers on either side of the road, or damsels gazing from the windows of the street, might not be deprived of a sight of the glorious trophy, nor ignorant of the prowess by which it had been acquired.

This was what the French call "une grande chase." As only one half of the wood had been disturbed, the remainder was "drawn" for another fox; but without success. The owner upon this observed to me, "That it was no use drawing any more covers, as there had been rain in the morning." I thought of the "Fox and the grapes;" and said that, in England, frequently the very best runs took place on rainy days; and not only was such the case, but I had more than once had my red coat made white with snow upon days on which I had seen very fair sport.

The hounds of Tarbes are much better, and the owner takes considerable interest in them. He has a court yard behind his house, along one side of which is a double range of berths, each large enough for two dogs, and in which his hounds are kept exceedingly dry and clean.

Mons. Dupont, the proprietor, who is a very polite person, frequently invites the English at Pau to come, and have a few days' hunting with him, and (which is rather unusual for a Frenchman) he never fails to give them one or two most excellent dinners.

Wolf and hare hunting are his favourite amusements; for, although, to oblige us, he would sometimes hunt a fox, still he is averse to it; as he thinks that the scent of the fox being so much ranker than that of the wolf, it spoils his dogs for the latter sport. I was not so fortunate as to be present at a wolf hunt with his hounds, during the last winter; but, if in this part of the country during the next season, I shall not fail of witnessing one.

The wolves are frequently driven down from the mountains by the snow, and take refuge in the woods of the low country; and the peasants, when they see them there, inform Mons. Dupont of their presence. The wolf is a more difficult customer to deal with than the fox. He is hardly ever killed by being fairly run down by the dogs. Very few instances of wolves being so killed are known, although runs of this kind have been known to last a day and a night—the dogs following the same wolf for that length of time. On this account, the hunters always endeavour to wound or cripple him, so as to put him upon a more equal footing with the dogs; and, accordingly, every one, upon such occasion, is armed. Even when wounded, the wolf, if he is a strong one, will hold on for three or four hours; during which time, both dogs and horses, if their riders will follow, will have had enough of it. Oh! that I could see a first rate pack of English dogs laid upon a wolf's track! It would, indeed, be a sight worth seeing; he would find an enemy worth contending with; one that would not permit him, (as is frequently the case,) when having gained upon his pursuers, and aware of his superiority over them, to rest himself composedly until they come up, and then start off as fast and as fresh as ever; but that would hang heavy on his heels, nor quit him until their strength failed them, or they would have him in their fangs. It would be a glorious sight!

But, to return to Mons. Dupont's hounds. Afraid that he would not get out of bed early enough, M. Dupont had ordered his piqueur to come to our hotel about four in the morning, and "blow us up" with his great horn. About five, the master and his hounds, and a party of French gentlemen arrived, and we, being all ready, joined them. There were symptoms of rain; and, in the dusk of the morning, each of our companions being enveloped in a waterproof cloak or great coat, the assemblage looked more like a detachment of monks going to a funeral, than a party of jovial hunters. Our master of the hounds, a most enormous man, could not, with jack-boots, great coat, blunderbuss, holsters and all, ride under one and twenty stone. He was mounted upon a small chestnut mare, with legs like those of an elephant, and it was amazing to see how she moved under the prodigious weight she carried.

In hare-hunting, they have a tolerably good reason for disturbing one's sleep so early in the morning. There are (as every peasant carries a gun, and every man and boy in the whole country spend half their time in shooting) very few hares, and, consequently, the difficulty of finding them in their forms is very great. To obviate this, they endeavour either to come upon puss when she is actually feeding; or, if too late for that, skirting all the spots where she has been likely to do so, to come upon her scent, and track her to her form. This is a very good plan, if pursued soon after she has been feeding, but it will not do any length of time after she has gone; and, of course, if a hare is not found before eight or nine in the morning, she will not, in all probability, be found at all. Hare-hunting is not worth describing, because every body knows what it is, and few people care for it. But the scene which took place upon our return home was too laughable to be passed over.

Before entering the town, we were requested to ride in a body; and the day having become fine, great coats and cloaks were all doffed, and strapped to the saddle bows; and, our companions, of whom, during the day, we had seen nothing but their faces, were now transformed into exquisite of the first water; and so completely, indeed, had they protected themselves from the rain and mud, that they looked more as if they had just finished their toilet than been exposed to the annoyances of ploughed fields and splashing roads. As for us, we resembled a parcel of half-drowned rats, who would willingly have sneaked into their holes, to avoid the vulgar gaze, which the presence of such gay cavaliers could not fail to attract; but, as we were told that our leaving the troop might be thought disrespectful to the master, we courageously faced the approaching exhibition. There are (as I observed before) generally two of these abominable French horns in a hunting party—the one carried by the piqueur, the other by the master or a friend. M. Dupont's nephew was the bearer of this—to the ears of a sportsman—most disagreeable instrument; and he rode at the head of the party, while the piqueur, with the dogs and the other horn, brought up the rear. In this manner we rode into the town of Tarbes, our leader halting at each turn of winging of the streets, and sounding the "Tantara" for a few seconds; after he had been answered by the piqueur, with the other horn, from the rear, he moved on again, thus giving warning of our approach, and affording all the inhabitants plenty of time to come to their windows and admire us. Glad were we when the neighbourhood of our hotel permitted us to escape.

UNEXAMPLED

Mammoth Scheme!!

THE following detail of a Scheme of a Lottery to be drawn in December next, warrants us in declaring it to be unparalleled in the History of Lotteries. Prizes to the amount have never before been offered to the public. It is true there are many blanks, but on the other hand, the extremely low charge of TWENTY DOLLARS per Ticket—the value and number of the Capitals, and the revival of the good old custom of warranting that every prize shall be drawn and sold, will secure, every universal satisfaction, and especially to the Six Hundred Prize Holders.

To those disposed to adventure, we recommend early application being made to us for tickets—when the prizes are all sold, blanks only remain—the first

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Six Prizes of Twenty Thousand Dollars!
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ONE PRIZE—THE ARCADE.
286 Feet 5 inches, 4 lines on Magazine Street, 101 feet, 21 do. on Natchez Street,
126 feet, 6 do. on Gravier Street—
Rented at about \$37,000 per annum, valued at \$700,000

ONE PRIZE—CITY HOTEL.
162 feet on Common Street, 146 feet 6 inches on Camp Street,—Rented at \$25,000, valued at \$500,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.
(Adjoining the Arcade,) No. 16, 24 feet 7 inches, front, on Natchez Street—Rented at \$1,200, valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.
(Adjoining the Arcade,) No. 18, 28 feet, front on Natchez Street—Rented at \$1200, valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.
(Adjoining the Arcade,) No. 20, 23 feet, front, on Natchez Street—Rented at \$1200, valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.
No. 23, northeast corner of Basin and Custom House street, 40 feet, front on Basin, and 40 feet on Franklin Street, by 127 feet deep in Custom House Street—Rented at \$1,500 valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.
No. 24, south west corner of the Basin and Custom House Street, 32 feet 7 inches on Franklin, 127 feet 10 1/2 inches deep in Custom House Street, Rented at \$1500, valued at \$20,000

ONE PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE.
No. 339, 24 feet 8 inches on Royal st. by 127 feet 11 inches deep—Rented at \$1000, valued at \$20,000

1 prize, 250 shares Canal Bank stock, \$100 each, 25,000
1 do. 200 do. Commercial do. \$100 20,000
1 do. 150 do. Mech. & Trad. do. do. 15,000
1 do. 100 do. City Bank do. do. 10,000
1 do. 100 do. do do do. 10,000
1 do. 100 do. do do do. 10,000
1 do. 50 Exchange Bank, do. 5,000
1 do. do do do do. 5,000
1 do. 25 do. Gas light do. do. 5,000
1 do. 25 do. do do do. 5,000
1 do. 15 do. Mech. & Trad's do. 1,500
1 do. 15 do. do do do. 1,500

20 prizes, each 10 shares of the Louisiana State Bank, \$100—each prize \$1000, 20,000

10 prizes, each 2 shares of \$100 each—each prize \$200 of Gas Light Bank, 2,000

200 prizes, each one share of \$100 of the Bank of Louisiana, 20,000

200 prizes, each one share of \$100 of the New Orleans Bank, 20,000

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TICKETS \$20.—NO SHARES.

The whole of the Tickets with their numbers, as also those containing the prizes, will be examined and sealed by the commissioners appointed under the Act, previously to their being put into the wheels. One wheel will contain the whole of the numbers, the other will contain the Six Hundred Prizes, and the other 600 numbers that shall be drawn out, will be entitled to such Prize as may be drawn to its number, and the fortunate holders of such prizes will have such property transferred to them immediately after the drawing, unnumbered, and without any deduction. Editors of every paper in the United States, in the West Indies, in Canada, and British Provinces, are requested to insert the above as a standing advertisement until the 1st of December next, and to send their accounts to us, together with a paper containing the advertisement.

SYLVESTER & Co.
156 Broadway, N. Y.

New York, May 7, 1839.

THE MAMMOTH LOTTERY.—We call the attention of our friends to the alteration of the scheme of this Lottery. It will be seen that a Trust deed has been executed by which all the money received for tickets is deposited in the New Orleans Banks to be properly appropriated; thus giving additional assurance, (if any were wanting,) that the Managers' intention is strictly to fulfill their contract with the public.

To EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.—Having received newspapers containing the above Scheme, from twenty-five States and Territories besides several of the British Provinces, we are satisfied with the circulation, and therefore request that such papers as have not, up to this time, inserted the advertisement, will be pleased not to do so, and that all other papers will insert it once a week only until the 1st of December, and forward us their accounts.

FOR SALE.

A GIG for Sale. Apply to H. JACKSON. Jackson's Hotel, 29th July, 1839.