

Columbia Telescope... BY SWEENEY & SONS... PRINTED AND SOLD EVERY FRIDAY EVENING...

A lecture, introductory to the course proposed by Alfred Bynum, Esq. on Monday evening, the 20th of August, in the Baptist Church, at early candle light.

RYNUM'S ORATION, DELIVERED BEFORE THE Franklin Debating Club. Just published and for sale at this office.

Notice. ALL persons indebted to the estate of the late WILLIAM YOUNG, of his place, deceased, are requested to make payment...

Notice. ALL persons to whom the estate of Richard Evans, deceased, may be indebted are requested to render statements of the same...

10,000 lbs. Bacon for Sale. JUST received 10,000 Bacon, warranted sound, 20,000 lbs. Swedes Iron, well assorted, 50 pieces Cotton Bagging...

All Persons INDEBTED to the subscribers, whose notes and accounts were due on the first of January 1825, are required to make payment before the next return day...

6-4 Bolting Cloths For sale by the subscribers, cheaper than ever offered in this market.

Law Notice. THE partnership of GREGG & HUNTER is dissolved. GREGG & HUDSON will practice LAW jointly in the courts for Fairfield District...

Notice. ALL persons are forwarded not to credit any person on my account unless an order be produced signed either by myself or wife.

To Rent. THE South STORE of the Masonic Hall, recently occupied by Messrs. Miller and Taylor. For particulars apply to WM. HILHEARY.

Dying Establishment. MARY SCHVERNEL, RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public, that she has recently commenced the Dying and Scouring Business...

AUGUSTUS M'NEAL, SHE WILL ALSO Bleach Flannels, Silk Stockings, and Dye's all colours.

SADLER & HARNESS-MAKER. RESPECTFULLY tenders his thanks to those who have so liberally encouraged him heretofore, and informs them that he may be found at all times a few doors north of Edgar's Inn...

LINES TO A LADY. In a bunch of Flowers. BY T. BRYAN, JR. There is a whisper in each tender bloom, Breathing a moral to the feeling mind...

GLEES BY THOMAS MOORE. The melting of Ships. When o'er the silent seas alone, For days and nights we've cheerless gone, Oh they who've felt it, know how sweet Some sunny morn a sail to meet...

The Watchman. Good night, good night, my dearest, How fast the moments fly! 'Tis time to part, thou hear'st That hateful watchman's cry...

THE HUNTSMAN'S MORNING CHORUS. Arise, arise! for the eastern skies Are ting'd with the rays of the morn; The moon's silver light is faded to white, And the hum-tan is sounding his horn...

SINGULAR SECURITY. "What pity 'tis," said John the sage, "That women should for hire, Expose themselves upon the stage, By wearing men's attire!"

FROM THE NEW-YORK ALBION. In many, if not in most, of the regiments of our army, there is to be found a sort of officer who is a privileged oddity...

them, therefore, opened the door of a private carriage which stood near, "unhappily" from the wheels—ready for embarkation, and in a moment the sleeper was bundled into it, where he was left to his repose with the door fast shut upon him.

Next morning at day-break (about three o'clock) the coach, with its contents, was put on board the Hamburg packet, and stowed away at the very bottom of the hold: in half an hour after this the vessel put to sea.

For the whole of the day the packet had a brisk breeze, and at midnight was a good hundred miles from Harwich; a dead calm set in. It was a beautiful night in July, and the passengers were not all gone to bed; some walked the deck, and others sat below at cards—every thing was silent, except the rattling of the ropes as the ship yielded to the smooth and gentle swell of the sleeping North Sea.

"Murder!" now rose upon all ears, as if the voice was at the bottom of the sea. The Welshman fell upon his knees, and begged forgiveness of his injured and departed friend, David Jones; the rest of the crew caught a slight tinge of his fears, and paced about in couples to and fro; some declaring the voice was below the rudder, and others that it was at the mast-head.

The mystery was now solved, and the Welshman made easy; but no one could imagine how a human being could have got into the carriage. However, satisfaction on this point was not to be waited for; so the men fell to work, and after about half an hour's hard exertion, succeeded in disencumbering the vehicle.

It was impossible to put back to Harwich, so no remedy left was the little fat gentleman but to proceed to the end of the voyage, and to take a passage back from Hamburg as soon as possible. This was bad enough; but his hopes of an early return were almost destroyed by the setting in of adverse winds, which kept the vessel beating about in a most bilious and stomach-stirring ocean, for ten days and nights; during which time, when not sea-sick, the quartermaster was employed in profoundly meditating how he could have got into the coach; and even after having taken the opinion of the captain, the crew, and all the passengers, upon the matter, he felt himself as much in the dark as ever.

But the worst of the affair, decidedly, was that the day on which he had been put to sea was the 22d of the month, and as it was impossible for him to make his appearance with his regiment on the 24th, he knew he must, as a matter of course, be reported "absent without leave," at head quarters, and that he would most probably be superseded. This reflection was even worse than the weather to the quartermaster, through the rough sea had already almost "brought his heart up."

was delayed the 10th (return day) but beyond the following 24th, and when he did arrive, he found that he had been not only superseded by the commander-in-chief, but considered dead by all his friends and relations!

However, on personally applying for reinstatement, he obtained it, and once more joined his old corps at Harwich, where he many a night amused the mess with the recital of his trip to sea in the coach; which was always given with the most effect when he was half-drunken.

GENERAL WASHINGTON. His relative George Washington Custis, Esq. has recently, in the newspapers, described his persons in a more satisfactory manner, than it had been before done, to our knowledge. The physical, harmonized with the intellectual and moral being. In the prime of life, his height was six feet two inches; his average weight about two hundred and twenty pounds, and his whole person of the noble mould; his limbs and features were admirably proportioned; the first, snawy, agile, and well exercised, the latter truly Roman, and irresistible in the majestic expression.

It is related in the life of Peyton Randolph, of the authority of the venerable Charles Thompson, that, on the meeting of the first general Congress at Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1774, upon the house having been summoned to prayers, and after the chaplain had commenced service, it was perceived that, of all the members present, George Washington was the only one who was upon his knees. This was characteristic. He was truly religious, and in every circumstance and relation, strictly moral and blameless.

Washington replied to his favorite, in a letter dated two days after—"I wish circumstances could be made to correspond to your wishes to spend a little time at home, previous to your setting out for the southward; but your presence with your command, as soon as possible, is indispensable. The embarkation at New-York sailed the 10th; in all probability destined to co-operate with Cornwallis, who, by the last advices, had advanced as far as Charleston. I hope to see you without delay, and that your health will have no obstacle to your commencing your journey."

Greene was fain to go. "Neither the fever that hung upon him," says his biographer, Judge Johnson—"the hourly expected arrival of a beloved and long absent consort; the demands of his private concerns; nor, above all, the endearments of children whom he had never seen but once, detained him a day longer from his duty." He moved under the impulse of a more provident and strenuous spirit.

Colonel Benjamin Walker, one of Washington's aids-de-camp, had been long engaged to Miss Ledyard, a Quaker lady, of New York, whom he afterwards married. Having been also long without seeing her, he asked the General leave of absence for a short time, to pay her a visit; but the public service did not permit this, and the General refused. Walker made pressing instances—urged all the arguments he could devise; yet all in vain.

Life of General Andrew Jackson.—We had several calls yesterday, for the "Life of General Andrew Jackson," the frequency of which rather surprised us, until the mystery was unravelled on ascertaining the following facts, viz:—On Saturday evening last, there was a book auction in this city, which was fully and respectfully attended. In the course of the evening, among other books, the life of General Jackson was put up for sale, which is a book about the size of a testament, in ordinary plain binding, and the price of which is about 75 cents in the bookstores. There were two copies of the work offered for sale, one of which was knocked off to a gentleman at \$1, and the other was sold to another individual for \$2.

So great however, was the solicitude to obtain a copy, that the last purchaser was requested to put up his copy for sale again; but he refused to part with it for any price, when the gentleman who had purchased the first copy for \$1, consented to put it up again, and such was the rapidity of the bid, and the anxiety to get the book, that in a few minutes it was run up to SIX DOLLARS AND TWENTY FIVE CENTS, at which price it was knocked off to a gentleman, who absolutely refused to put it up again. The facts sufficiently account for the frequent calls at our bookstore yesterday, for "the life of General Andrew Jackson," and are a pretty strong indication of the state of the public sentiment in favor of the second saviour of his country, the hero of New-Orleans! Troy Register.

Law Intelligence.—A case of novelty and extraordinary interest occupied the Mayor's Court last Thursday last.—Thomas Clark, a young man of handsome appearance, about 24 years of age, his hair and face looking especially sleek and smooth, by occupation a shoemaker; and by profession a fanatic, was tried under an old act of Assembly, for speaking wilfully, despitefully, and disrespectfully of the Almighty. The indictment charges him with saying and repeating at divers times and places, "I am God!" It appeared that Clark professed a smattering of the school of Joanna Southcote and Joanna Wilkinson; representing himself to be divine, not in his origin, but in his mission and power. He has been for months surrounded in this city by forty or fifty silly women and deluded men, who are fools enough to believe his proposterous professions. These he classed as his disciples, and give to them all his pretended power. They believe him to possess the faculty of working miracles, and many of them swore, in open court, that he had actually performed them; such as making the dumb to speak, the sick well, and the blind to see. Clark, and his followers call themselves "Tasters." Clark himself has been generally known among the little boys of his vicinity as Tom Clark.

Judge Read charged the jury to acquit for want of wilful malice; that Clark was a weak, foolish fanatic, doing all he did innocently, and being more misguided and silly than criminal—more an object of pity than punishment. Clark addressed the court and jury for a long time. He had the scriptures in his hand, from which he quoted wildly and copiously.—His speech was little else than citations of passages. Verdict of acquittal. Philadelphia Palladium.

We publish, from a Boston paper, a jeu d'esprit about the new market, for the amusement of our readers simply. We have the highest possible respect for the enlightened and liberal mayor of that city.—W. T. Commercial Advertiser.

THE NEW MARKET-HOUSE, BOSTON. This is the House the Mayor built. This is the meat so clean and so sweet that hangs in the House the Mayor built. These are the Clerks full belled and tall, that figure so gracefully each in his stall, to sell the meat so clean and so sweet that hangs in the House the Mayor built. These are the poor people that day by day—in buying their rations, scowl at it who may—the rent of the building are forced to pay, in Cash, to the Clerks full belled and tall, that figure so gracefully each in his stall, to sell the meat so clean and so sweet that hangs in the House the Mayor built.

These are the Aldermen, genteel enough, that the building and builders so modestly puff, along with the Counsellors honest or not, that helped the good Mayor, and for why and for what? to grind the poor people that day by day—in buying their rations—scowl at it who may—the rent of the building are forced to pay, in Cash, to the Clerks full belled and tall, that figure so gracefully each in his stall, to sell the meat so clean and so sweet that hangs in the House the Mayor built.

This is the city—proud Boston, 'tis named, for shavering and "Notions," notoriously famed, where dwell these Aldermen, genteel enough, that the building and builders so modestly puff, along with the Counsellors, honest or not, that helped the good Mayor, and for why and for what? to grind the poor people that day by day—in buying their rations—scowl at it who may—the rent of the building are forced to pay, in Cash, to the Clerks full belled and tall, that figure so gracefully each in his stall, to sell the meat so clean and so sweet that hangs in the House the Mayor built.