

WANTED,

A STORE and Cellar or Counting house and Cellar for the Wholesale and Dry Good business. Enquire at No. 129 Arch-street.

No. 139.

District of Pennsylvania to wit

BE it remembered that on the nineteenth Day of July in the twenty-first Year of the Independence of the United States of America Thomas Dobson of the said District hath deposited in this Office the Title of a Book the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor in the words following to wit

Samuel Caldwell, Clk. Dist. Pennsylv.

No. 140.

District of Pennsylvania to wit

BE it remembered that on the 19th day of July in the twenty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, Thomas Dobson of the said district hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following to wit

Samuel Caldwell, Clk. Dist. Pennsylv.

No. 141.

District of Pennsylvania to wit

BE it remembered that on the 19th Day of July in the twenty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America Thomas Dobson of the said district hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following to wit

Samuel Caldwell, Clk. Dist. Pennsylv.

No. 142.

District of Pennsylvania to wit

BE it remembered that on the nineteenth day of July in the twenty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America Thomas Dobson of the said district hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following to wit

Samuel Caldwell, Clk. Dist. Pennsylv.

FOR SALE,

A very Valuable Estate,

Called TWITTENHAM, situate in the township of Upper Derby, and county of Delaware, 7 1/2 miles from Philadelphia, and half a mile from the new Western road; containing 230 acres of excellent land, 45 of which are good watered meadow, 90 of prime woodland, and the rest arable of the first quality.

The foregoing is part of the estate of Jacob Harman, deceased, and offered for sale by

Mordecai Lewis, Surviving Executor.

Oct. 9. co.]

TO BE SOLD,

That Neat and Convenient House,

WHEREIN the subscriber now lives. There are four rooms on a floor: the house is two stories high with a good garret above: under the whole is an excellent cellar, with a dry well, in which is a convenient framed chamber for preserving meat, butter, &c. in warm weather.

ANN WITHERSPOON, 2awtO

INFORMATION

IS given daily of the drawing of the WASHINGTON LOTTERY, at the Office No. 147 Chestnut-street, between Fourth and Fifth streets. Also, where Tickets may yet be had.

From the WESTERN STAR,

MR. ANDREWS, THE following Certificate fell into my hands by accident. But as it purports to be intended for public benefit, I think the author of it can have no objection to its being published in the Star. You are therefore requested to publish it, and you will oblige Yours,

WILLIAMSTOWN, August 22, 1796.

"THIS certifies that in frequent conversations with the Hon. Thompson J. Skinner, Esq. at the time when Congress were deliberating about making appropriations for carrying into effect our Treaty with Great-Britain, he fully and repeatedly expressed his sentiments to me, and to others in my hearing, in favour of making the necessary appropriations, and passing the necessary Laws for that purpose.

WILLIAM WALKER."

SPRINGFIELD, August 30.

"WHAT think ye of the treaty now?" This question was asked by a writer in the Gazette of the United States, and it seems to have roused the wrath of the Aurora. A paragraphist in the latter, will not allow that we are to think it a very great matter to have the posts, because, (and is not this a very foolish reason) we ought to have had them long ago: This argument, if it may be called argument, shows that we ought never to have had them at all.

If the war party had ruled the roost, we should not have had them. They would have had no treaty, how then could we have gained them? By way? They said so, and swore to it. According to their own story, therefore, (and its strange to find any fact according to their story) we owe the possession of the posts to the treaty. This makes it proper to put the question, again and again, Jacobins, what think ye of the treaty now?

THE writer in the Aurora observes, by the by, that the British are guilty of a breach of the treaty, because they held the posts SIX weeks after the first of June, when they ought to have been given up according to the treaty. Son of confusion, there we catch you. The Aurora has filled more than an hundred columns to prove that the treaty was not binding on our government, at least not upon the representative branch of it, 'till it was sanctioned by Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Findley, Mr. Swanwick, and all other foreign patriots, who have come over to teach us what liberty is, and how to pronounce our mother tongue.

PEOPLE addicted to a certain practice, should have good memories. When a law of Congress stands in the way of a treaty, said the Gallatin party, it is necessary that it should be repealed by Congress, otherwise the treaty cannot operate. So they said and sung, and so to their disgrace say the Journals of the House. Who believed one word of all this? Surely not the Gallatin squadron.—The very men who voted in this way, voted for the Spanish treaty, although that treaty directly annuls a law, and although Mr. Goodhue explicitly warned them of their inconsistency. After this, it will be an up-hill draught to maintain that certain men were sincere and acted from principle. No doubt their constituents will stick a pin there.

WHITESTOWN, August 26.

On the evening of the 17th inst. a murder was committed at the house of John Wemple, in the Onondaga Castle: an Indian of that tribe well known by the name of Saucy Nick, is upon very good grounds supposed to be the perpetrator of this greatest of crimes. On information of the murder, upon oath, Judge White, without one hour's delay, issued his warrant for the apprehension of the murderer; with instructions to the officer, to make application to the chiefs of the nation, and demand the offender; and we are happy in the information, that the nation very readily delivered over the accused to the justice of the state, to be punished by our laws. Several of the nation accompanied the officer to the jail. The person murdered, was a white man, and the information received, justifies a belief, that he was from some part of Long Island, on his way to the military tract, to explore a lot of land, which he acquired by his services as a soldier in the revolution-war—his name is supposed to be Henry Crafts, and he suggested that he had worked in a paper-manufactory for a Mr. Onderdonk of Long-Island.

P. S. Travellers need not be under any apprehension in passing through the reservations, as the Indians shew a disposition to respect personal security, and punish offenders.

From the FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"And he said unto me—what seest thou?— And I said A BASKET OF SUMMER FRUIT."

IN every annual revolution there are certain periods, at which men indulge ideas of affluence, whence they may derive, either the pleasant or the profitable. Thus, the gradual approach of cheerful spring, the youth of the year, naturally induces us to speculate upon the youth of human life; The naked boughs and dropping leaf of the autumnal tree remind us of mortal decay. On the first of January, we ponder on the past, and project for the future: by the command of custom, we are the anniversary of our birth, and, by the command of the law, times to weep and to laugh we observe with religious solemnities.

These periodical habits are of peculiar utility, and deserve to be studiously cherished. They beget serious reflection, and communion with one's self. They suggest at least, plans of reformation. "In cattle building," as a sagacious philosopher has remarked, "no man is a villain." Though our intended good deeds terminate as they began, in reverie, still it is better for our thoughts to hover round the temple of virtue, than to be utterly stagnant. Among the forcible arguments ingeniously urged, by the pious advocate for the observance of the sacred day, that is not the least impressive, which proves that by going mechanically to church we shall, at length, go religiously there.

For these and other reasons, a sermon on the seasons may be useful. Whatever recalls man from low cares to extended views, whatever rouses insensibility, and excites to gratitude, and to love of nature is surely meritorious. The Lay Preacher, since the commencement of his weekly labors, has seen, and has attempted to moralize the natural operations of January, of May, and of June. The beginning and middle of a favored year have passed in review before him; but the rich maturity remains to be considered, and extolled. Though the curious and the dissipated of our cities boast of their expensive exhibitions; though, with rapture, they gather round the tutored quadrupeds of LAWSON, and of RICKETS, still there are "sights," easily and cheaply to be seen, which are incomparably more amusing and gorgeous. To the beautiful show of the season, men and brethren, you are invited, not by the advertisement of an adventurer, not by a juggler's devices, but by the voice of nature. Her tickets are inscribed on the green leaf, and the corn blade, and her spacious amphitheatre is open to you without a fee. All may now, discern in reality, what the prophet saw, in the obscurity of a vision "A basket of summer fruit," ripe and plenteous, testifying the goodness of the year, and crowning it with gladness.

Spring and Summer are periods of expectation. The farmer beholds the corn fall into the bosom of the ground, and the young shoots rise, but all is uncertainty, till the produce is gathered into the garner. Many an anxious look is cast up to the varying sky, lest the former and latter rain should too feebly, or too copiously descend, lest the sun should too fiercely glow, or mildewing vapours float, on vegetation. But, when the grain is dried and secured, when the mellow fruit of the orchards is melting into his casks, and the harvest moon lights his reaper to the last wheat sheaf, then is solitude appeased, and he, exultingly, exclaims "I have finished."

The present, is the very period, in which harvest, that "consummation" so "devoutly to be wished" by every husbandman, takes place. Of those Divines, who use themselves to preach occasional sermons, I perceive it is the practice, to paint, and to praise the benefits of that particular year, in which its eulogium is composed. But, although of the numerous good days which happy Americans have reckoned, those which compose the current year, have none among the fairest, yet, it is not the design of this discourse to speak only of the fruit basket of the present season. Our baskets are always full, ours are those regular alterations of heat and moisture which beget plenty to the husbandman, for we have "a south land," and "springs of springs," we have the "upper and the nether springs."

At all times, America seems a privileged quarter of the globe. "Fruit" ever abounding, subject to no tithe, and eaten in tranquillity marks our happy distinction. These topics being slightly considered, the patience of the reader shall be relieved by the close of the sermon.

"And Mecca, saddens at their long delay."

If we survey regions of happier temperature, still the journals of their weather make extreme variability, and, in many years, their "baskets of summer fruit" are not high piled. We can scarcely look at a paragraph of foreign news in our Gazettes without remarking a melancholy narrative of the scarcity of corn, and of a famished populace, clamoring for bread. But when, my countrymen, do you suffer these calamities? What year is of such Egyptian sterility, that ye can be asked the question, proposed to the prophet in my text, and not answer, like him? The rains do not descend, nor the floods come in such torrents, as to drown our plains. The green corn is not burnt by vertical sun beams, nor overthrown by a mighty wind. The fields regularly yield meat; and, in our Samaria, there is no gate, where the portress is famine.

When the harvests of America are ripe for the sickle, the product is completely ours, without deduction. According to BRYDGE, a lazy lordling eats, what the slavish Sicilian peasant has sown. But here, no Melchizedic claims a tithe. The mo-

derate takes of a Federal Government wring not a penny from the farmer. Lolling luxury is excited for its coach, but the plough and the cart go free.

To close the enumeration of our blessings, we pluck our full ears, and we stow them in safety. In France, the "dogs of war," have tramped the vines of Champagne, and weeping Flanders has exchanged the tilled for the "tented field." But thanks to our Supreme Guardian—thanks to WASHINGTON, and the "peacemakers," we behold the "baskets," the orchards, the vales of "summer fruit" and not a single pike, not a distant gleam of horrid steel mars the view. Fortunate America, like Israel of old, you "dwell in safety alone," your "heavens drop down dew," and your "fountain is upon a land of corn."

The LAY PREACHER.

From late London Papers.

What with disputes about Prizes taken on the High-Seas, and disputes between Men and their Wives, business goes on swimmingly at Doctor's Commons. The increase in the last article, verifies the old Proverb: "When a couple are newly married, the first month is honey-moon, or smick-smack; the second, bitter and thither; the third, shewick thwack; and the fourth, the Devil take them that brought you and me together."

Patents.—Among all the Patents in this country, nothing has more curiosity than a Sign board, in the neighbourhood of Hackney, on which a Gentleman proclaims that he deals in Patent Vegetables!

A ridiculous circumstance lately happened in St. James's street. As Mrs. Burton was crossing, she stooped under the head of a coach-horse, the hungry animal seized her Straw Bonnet, which he eat, before it could be rescued from his jaws.

Mrs. Piozzi sojourns at a rural cottage in the beautiful Vale of Cluydd, where she has just finished a Poem, entitled, "The Sports of the Goats."

A certain Gentleman at his marriage thought he had got a Lamb—but as Mungo says; "adod he has got a Tartar!"

LITERARY.—PARIS.

A new Play, entitled, L'Interieur des comites Revolutionnaires, (the Interior of the Revolutionary Committees) was given on the 16th inst. at the Theatre de la Cite, and received with the most enthusiastic bursts of applause.

Four large volumes in 8vo. will shortly be published, which contain the crimes committed under the four different Legislatures, and especially under the reign of the Convention.

Antonelle, Publicola, Poulitier, and all the other Editors of the Terrorist Journals, continue to inveigh against the Directory, the Members of which they state to be monsters. They spare none but Barras.

INSBRUCK, June 5.

Yesterday the following notice was published: "The government informs the public, that the head quarters of the Imperial army are now at Roveredo; and that in consequence every attention ought to be shewn to that quarter, and towards the Frontiers of Tyrol, which join Italy; and that it is necessary to send as much provisions as possible to them. The imperial troops still cover the countries of Tyrol, and as yet the enemy has not appeared on the frontiers; therefore the brave and faithful Tyrolian troops ought to hold themselves in readiness to march, if circumstances should require it. It is also essential not to lose sight of the Vintchgau, and the Oberinthal. Arms will be distributed as soon as they arrive, according as it may be judged most convenient."

LONDON, June 27.

We on Saturday mentioned, that on that morning, two old houses in Houghton street, Clare-market, occupied by several poor families, fell down, and involved in their ruins the major part of their inhabitants. About four o'clock in the morning, the watchman was alarmed by the falling of several panes of glass from the windows, and, on observation, discovered chasms in both houses. He alarmed the tenants of each; but, through some unaccountable apathy, they could not be prevailed upon to move. The landlord, a butlerman in the market, was applied to, who, in vain, warned them of their danger. About half past eight both houses fell; in one there were sixteen persons, three in the other: seven were, in the course of the day, dug out dead; some of them children, suffocated, and nine alive, but miserably bruised. A woman of the name of Moore, nearly 70 years of age, was heard in some of the lower parts crying for assistance: her body was not found till about eight on Saturday night, when life had left it. There are two still among the rubbish, which the people are cautious in removing, dreading they shall be buried by the fall of the adjoining houses.

In the evening while some workmen were employed in propping the adjoining houses, part of the wall fell in, and threw down the ladders upon which they were standing. The men were so much bruised by the fall, that they were carried to the Hospital, in a dangerous state.

July 9.

Mr. WHITBREAD'S WILL.

The following are some of the principal heads of Mr. Whitbread's will, and of those who are benefited by it—

To his son, Samuel Whitbread, Esq. he has bequeathed the whole of his freehold estates, together with the brewery concerns, except a part to his daughter the wife of Mr. Grey, which was secured to her in her marriage settlement. To his son-in-law, James Gordon, Esq. to his nephews, Jacob Whitbread and John Wingate Jennings, Esquires, he has bequeathed 5000l. each; also 10000l. being the amount of three bonds given by Lord St. John, his son-in-law, to whom he left 3000l. the amount of another bond, also given by him.

To his three head clerks, Mr. Sangster, Mr. Yellowly and Mr. Green, he has left 500l. each, who are all trustees for the management of the brewery. To Mr. Harman, his private clerk, 500l. To his butler 100l. and to every servant throughout his concerns, including clerks, domestics, draymen, and every other description, he has left a token of his