

NOTICE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has entered into co-partnership with Mr. George H. Dettlor, and that the business will in future be carried on under the the Firm of

THOMSON & DETTLOR

He returns his unfeigned acknowledgments to those who have so liberally afforded him support, and hopes that the new Firm will merit a continuance of their favours. As it is the subscriber's wish, to close his former business as soon as possible, he will thank those who are indebted to call and arrange their respective accounts.

H. C. THOMSON.

23d Oct. 1815.

WHEREAS Robert Williams, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, residing in the Township of Ernest Town, did, undesired, on the Twelfth inst. declare to Henry Lasher of Ernest Town, that he wished to sell his farm, lying in said Township and, (as he had previously made an offer to sell it to the said Lasher, which he had declined accepting,) he now proposed to let him have it at the appraisal of three men, to be by them appointed, assigning as a reason for his wishing to sell, that he was building in Ernest Town Village, where he intended to remove, and therefore would be unable to occupy it. After an urgent persuasion, and, considering the proposal as fair, Mr. Lasher consented. Mr. Williams then asked whom they should appoint as appraisers, Mr. Lasher replied, that Mr. Williams might make the first appointment, which he accepted, and accordingly appointed Mr. Bowen Aylesworth, to the satisfaction of Mr. Lasher, who then appointed Mr. Andrew Miller. To this appointment, Mr. Williams readily agreed, observing, that, as he was the very person whom, he himself should next have selected, he would resign to Mr. Lasher his right of appointing the third and last appraiser. Upon which, the said Lasher made choice of Mr. Colin Mc'Kenzey. Mr. Williams then observed, that Mr. Mc'Kenzey was an honest, equitable man, and, indeed, that he thought that they had chosen three of the most just, candid men, whom they could have found. The said Williams and Lasher then agreed, that, on the 14th inst. the appraisers should meet for the purpose of appraising the said farm. Which appraisal, the said Williams pledged his word and honor to abide by; which was also done by the said Lasher. On the 14th the appraisers met, and, after the said Williams and Lasher had related the agreement as above stated, and again pledged their word and honor to abide by the decision of the said appraisers, they proceeded to examine the farm and its appurtenances, which, being completed they retired to disclose their opinions to each other; when, finding that there existed a small difference between them, as to its value, they requested said Williams and Lasher to release them from their office. To this request said Williams replied, that let their decision be as it would, they should not be censured by him, and desired them on the sixteenth to reconsider the subject; with which they finally complied. On the sixteenth they accordingly met, and at length came to an unanimous decision, which they communicated to said Lasher and Williams; when, notwithstanding his former declarations, the said Williams declared that it was the most erroneous, the most rascally decision that ever was, or could be formed by three men of judgment.

Henry Lasher. Bowen Aylesworth. Colin Mc'Kenzey. Andrew Miller.

Upon said Lasher's requesting possession of said farm, said Williams answered, that he should not abide by their partial decision. The said Lasher then offered to the said Williams to have the same appraisers sworn; to which the said Williams replied, that neither of them regarded an oath, and that they were all no better than perjurers already, and that either of them would take a false oath to befriend one neighbor more than another.—Here a lengthy pause ensued, during which, the said Williams appeared like a mad man, void of conscience, at length struck with remorse at the iniquity of his deeds, and desirous of regaining his lost credit, which he attempted to do, by saying, that he could not afford to sell his farm for the sum allowed by the appraisers, until he had received, by the use of it, the value of two or three hundred dollars; and if the said Lasher would agree to that he would bind himself to abide by the appraisal. For this honorable proposition the said Lasher thanked him, assuring him at the same time, that for the future all connexion should be broken off between them; and considering it our duty, both to ourselves, and to the public, to make known the above mentioned circumstances, we accordingly have hereby done it.

Bowen Aylesworth. Colin Mc'Kenzey. Andrew Miller.

Thomson & Dettlor,

BEG leave to inform their friends and the public, that they have just received direct from London, and now offer for sale, a very extensive assortment of

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES & LIQUORS,

of which the following are a part: Ladies figured and plain silk Handkerchiefs, do black do do Madras, Romal and Pocket do India, Flag and Bandanna do black Crapes, black and light colored sewing Silks & Twist: black & white silk Gloves: black and white silk Hosiery: white Cottons: dark and light ground Calicoes: black and white Lace Veils: black and white Cambrics: Toiletette and Mofelle Veilings: Gingham: cotton Shirtings: jacketette, tambooured and book Mullins: Leno and Muslin Dresses; tambooured and mull victory Robes: sewed Cambric do: large India silk Shawls: small do do do: buff and purple cotton do: black and white cotton Hosiery: black worsted do: Ladies habit, kid and beaver Gloves: Gentlemen's best buck, doe & beaver do: gentlemen's patent silk and leather Suspenders: broad and narrow Linen Diaper: bed ticks and brown Hollands: Russia and Imitation Sheerings: black and colored Bombazettes: broad cloths and flannels: colored and white Threads, fine and coarse: cotton checks and stripes: thread and cotton Laces: gentlemen's best Beaver Hats: Romal, beaver and wool do: boys do and do do: Ladies fine Beaver and raw Bonnets, London fashion: lace, kid, morocco & leather Slipper: girl's morocco Boots and Booties: gentlemen's fine and coarse Shoes.

Stationary, &c.

Fine foolscap and Letter Paper: Dilworth's and Murray's Spelling Books: Testaments and Bibles: children's Story Books: black and red Ink Powder: black and red Sealing Wax, and Wafers in tin boxes: black Lead Pencils; best Holland Quills.

Groceries, &c.

Loaf and Muscovado Sugar: Allspice: Pepper: Starch and Fig Blue: Nutmegs: Cinnamon: Mace and Cloves: Bloom Raisins: fine Currants: Madeira, Port & Teneriffe Wines: Peppermint Cordial: Brandy: Gin and Spirits: Fiscal and Plug Tobacco: English Soap and Candles: Windsor Soap: British and Castor Oil: Essence Peppermint and Liquorice Ball: Turkey Opium.

Hardware, &c.

Cloth and Shoe Brushes: best Tooth do: Hearth do: Broom Heads: Ladies Tommie Shell and Horn Combs: Ivory and Dandrif do: plated and brass Candlesticks: Snuffers and Stands: cupboard, chest, closet and pad Locks: Brass Cocks: brass and iron butt hinges: do H L do: Stirrup Irons & bridle Bitts: buck and horn handle Table Knives and Forks: Jack and Pen Knives & Razors: large and small Scissors: shoe Knives, Pincers, Rases and Hammers; steel-yards and scales: Hand saws and sickles: Mill do and Files: Cod and Hambro Lines: snuff Boxes: shaving do with and without glasses: Decanters, Tumblers and Wine Glasses: Earthen Tea Pots: sugar Bowls & Milk Pots: large and small Cups & saucers: Watch Chains, seals and Keys: Finger and Ear Rings: Window Glass: Putty: Paints—Green Blue Yellow and White:—Linseed Oil & Spirits of Turpentine; Powder and Shot, &c. &c.

23d October, 1815.

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PAINTING.

ALL kinds of ornamental Painting, gilding and Varnishing done with neatness by the subscriber, at his shop over Mr. Geo. H. Mc'Lean's Store; all persons wishing to have Sleighs, Signs, Chais, &c. painted, must call within 3 weeks from the present date, as he will take in no work after. Copal Varnish, and some other articles in his line for sale.

CHESTER HATCH.

Kingston, October 24, 1815.

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Just published, and for sale at this Office, Price 1/3.

The LIFE and DYING SPEECH of JOSEPH BEVIR;

Who was executed at Kingston on Monday, the 4th day of September, 1815, for the murder of Mary Bevir, his daughter.

Written by himself while in Prison. As the profits arising from this Pamphlet, after defraying the expences, are intended for the benefit of his unfortunate Children, we presume all who are charitably disposed, will call and purchase one of the Books. Sept. 26.

BLANK BAIL BONDS, and SHERIFF'S SALES,

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Columbian.

Mr. Phillips' Speech—Continued.

It is through the introduction of Mr. Fallon, the son of a most respectable lady, then resident in Temple Street, and a near relative of Mr. Guthrie, that the defendant and this unfortunate woman, first became acquainted; to such an introduction the shadow of a suspicion could not possibly attach. Occupied in his professional pursuits, my client had little leisure for the amusements of society; however to the protection of Mrs Fallon her son and daughters, moving in the first circles unstained by any possible imputation, he without hesitation entrusted all that was dear to him. No suspicion would be awakened as to any man to whom such a female as Mrs Fallon permitted an intimacy with her daughters; while at her house then and at the parties which it originated, the defendant and Mrs. Guthrie had frequent opportunities of meeting. Who could have suspected, that under the very roof of virtue; in the presence of a venerable and respectable matron; and of that innocent family whom she had reared up in the sunshine of her example, the most abandoned profligate could have plotted his iniquities! Who would not rather suppose that in the rebuke of such a presence, guilt would have torn away the garland from its brow, and blushed itself into virtue?

But the depravity of this man was of no common dye: the asylum of innocence was selected only as the sanctuary of his crimes, and the pure and the spotless chosen as his associates, because they would be the more unsuspected subsidiaries to his wickedness—nor was his manner and his language less suited than his society to the concealment of his objects. If you believed himself, the sight of suffering affected his nerves—the bare mention of immorality smote upon his conscience, an intercourse with the continental courts had refined his mind into a painful sensibility to the barbarians of Ireland, and yet an interior tenderness towards his native land so irresistably impelled him to improve it by his residence, that he was an hapless victim to the excess of his feelings, the exquisiteness of his polish, and the excellence of his patriotism! His English estates, he said, amounted to about 10,000l a year, and he retained in Ireland only a trifling 3000l. more, as a kind of trust for the necessities of its inhabitants—his own, according to his own description he was in religion a Saint, and in morals a Stoic—a sort of wandering philanthropist, making, (like the Sterne, who, he confessed, had the honor of his name and his connexion) a sentimental journey in search of objects over whom his heart might weep, and his sensibility expanded itself. How happy it is, that of the philosophic profligate, only retaining the vices and the name, his rashness has led to the arrest of crimes which he had all his turpitude to commit, without any of his talents to embellish. It was by arts such as I have alluded to—by pretending the most strict morality, the most sensitive honor, the most high and undeviating principles of virtue, that the defendant banished every suspicion of his designs. As far as appearances went, he was exactly what he described himself. His pretensions to morals he supported by the most reserved and respectful behaviour—his hand was lavish in the distribution of his charities, and a splendid equipage, a numerous retinue, a sylem of the most profuse and prodigal expenditure, left no doubt as to the reality of his fortune. Thus circumstanced, he found an easy admittance to the house of Mrs. Fallon, and there he had many opportunities of seeing Mrs. Guthrie, for, between his family and that of so respectable a relative as Mrs. Fallon, my Client had much anxiety to increase the connexion. They visited together some of the public amusements, they partook of some of the fetes in the neighborhood of the metropolis—but on every occasion Mrs. Guthrie was accompanied by her own mother, and by the respectable females of Mrs. Fallon's family. I say, upon every occasion, and I challenge them to produce one single instance of those innocent excursions upon which the slanders of an interested calumny have been let loose, in which this unfortunate lady was not matronized by her female relatives and those, some of the most spotless characters in society. Between Mr. Guthrie and the defendant, the acquaintance was but slight. Upon one occasion alone they dined together; it was at the house of the plaintiff's father in law; and that you may have some illustration of the defendant's character, I shall briefly instance his conduct at this dinner. On being introduced to Mr. Warren he apologized for any deficiency of etiquette in his visit declaring that he had been seriously occupied in arranging the affairs of his lamented father who, though tenant for life had contracted debts to an enormous amount—he had already paid upwards of 10,000l. which honor and not law compelled him to discharge as a virtuous soul! he could not bear that any one should suffer unjustly by his family. His

subsequent conduct was quite consistent with this hypocritical preamble—at dinner he sat at a distance from Mrs. Guthrie, expatiated with her husband upon matters of morality, and entering into a high flown panegyric on the virtues of domestic life and the comforts of conjugal happiness. In short, had there been any idea of jealousy, his manner would have banished it, and the mind must have been worse than sceptical which would refuse its credence to his surface morality. Gracious God, gentleman, where the heart once admits guilt as its associate, how every natural emotion flies before it! Surely, surely there was a scene to reclaim, if it were possible, this remorseless defendant; admitted to her father's table under the shield of hospitality, he saw a young and lovely female, surrounded by her parents, her husband and children—the prop of these parents' age, the idol of that husband's love, the anchor of those children's helplessness the sacred orb of their domestic circle, giving their smile its light, and their bliss its being, robbed of whose beams the little lucid world of their home must become chill, uncheered and colorless forever. He saw them happy, he saw them united, blessed with peace and purity, and profusion—throbbing with sympathy and thrown in love—depicting the innocence of infancy, and the joys of manhood, before the venerable eye of age as if to soften the farewell of one world by the pure and pictured anticipation of a better. Yet even here, hid in the very sun beam of that happiness, the demon of its destined desolation lurked. Just Heaven! of what materials was that heart composed which could mediate coolly on the murder of such enjoyments—which innocence could not soften, nor peace propitiate, nor hospitality appease, but which in the very beam and bosom of its benediction, warmed and wound itself into a more vigorous venom? Was there no sympathy in the scene? Was there no remorse at the crime? Was there no horror at its consequences?

“Were honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled? Was there no pity no relenting truth, To show the parents frowning on the child, Then paint the ruined pair and their destruction wild?” No, no—he was at that instant planning their destruction, and even within four short days, he deliberately reduced those parents to childless, that husband to anticipated orphanage, and that peaceful, hospitable, comfortable, to hopeless, irremediable ruin.

Upon the first day of the ensuing July, Mr. Guthrie was to dine with the Cornaugh Bar, at the Hotel of Porto Bello. It is the custom of the gentlemen of that association to dine together previous to the Circuit, of course my client could not desist from having sent himself. Mrs. Guthrie appeared a little feverish, and he requested, that on his retiring, she would compose herself to rest—she promised him she would; and when he departed some what abruptly to put some letters in the Post Office, she exclaimed, “What, John are you going to leave me thus?” He returned and she kissed him.—They seldom parted, even for any time, without that token of affection. I am thus minute gentleman, that you may see, up to the last moment, what little cause the husband had for suspicion, and how impossible it was for him to foresee a perfidy which nothing short of insatiation could have produced. He proceeded to his companions with no other regret than that necessity for a moment forced him from a home which the smile of affection had never ceased to endear to him. After a day however, passed as such a day might be supposed to pass, in the flow of social and philosophy of pleasure, he returned home to share his happiness with her, without whom no happiness had ever been perfect. Alas! he was never to behold her more! Imagine, if you can, the frenzy of his affliction, in being informed by Mrs. Porter, the daughter of his former landlady, that about two hours before, she had attended Mrs. Guthrie to a confectioner's shop, that a carriage had drawn up at the corner of the street into which a gentleman (whom she recognized to be Mr. Sterne) had handed her, and they instantly departed! I must tell you that there is every reason to believe that a female was the confidant of the conspiracy. What a pity that the object of that guilty confidence had not something of humanity—that, as a female, she did not feel for the character of her sex—that, as a mother, she did not mourn over the sorrows of a helpless family! What anguish might she not have spared!

My client could hear no more—even at the dead of night he rashed into the streets as if, in its \* \* \* \* [ill. sic] \* \* \* \* in vain did he awake the peaceful family the horror struck Mrs. Fallon in vain sought the parents of the miserable fugitive and he mingle the tears of an impatient distressed in vain, a miserable maniac, did he in the silent streets of the metropolis, alligning virtue from its slumber with the spectre of its own ruin! I will not dwell upon that night of his