

### Notice to Carpenters.

PERSONS desirous to undertake the building of a Presbyterian Church, will give in sealed tenders by the first day of July next, to the subscriber, with whom a plan and specifications of the work are lodged.

A. MARSHALL, Sec'y.  
May 31st, 1820. 22

### NOTICE.

A HORSE having been brought to the Pound, the owner is desired to come forward, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be sold at Auction.

HENRY BAKER, Pound Keeper.  
June 2, 1820. 22tf

### FOR SALE,

A FARM in the front Concession of the Township of Augusta, three and a half miles below Brockville, containing 150 acres, about 75 of which is under improvement. There is a large two story house on the premises, built of square timber and boarded outside, a frame barn, &c. This farm is well worthy the attention of any person desirous of a pleasant Country residence, and will be sold on liberal terms, and possession given immediately. For further particulars apply to

A. & W. MORRIS & Co.  
Brockville, 19th May, 1820. 21tf

### JOHN C. MORRILL,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has commenced the

Boot & Shoe-Making Business in the shop formerly occupied by Daniel Wahburn, Esq. in King Street, where he intends keeping constantly on hand a general assortment of

### BOOTS & SHOES.

Likewise LEATHER of every description which he will sell as low as can be procured in town, for Cash only.

May 11. 19

### Window Glass.

THE subscribers have on hand a consignment of WINDOW GLASS, of 7-12 by 8-12, 9 by 9, 8 by 10, 10 by 12, of excellent quality, and warranted to open in good order, for sale at very low prices for cash or short approved credit.

THOS. S. WHITAKER & Co.  
May 17. 20,

### To Clothiers.

For sale, a quantity of PRESS-PAPERS.

Tho. S. Whitaker & Co.  
August 19, 1819. 34

### For sale at this Office,

A FEW copies of a SERMON, preached at Quebec, on the 12th of September, after the death of His Grace the DUKE OF RICHMOND, by the Reverend G. J. Mountain, A. B. Bishop's Official in Lower Canada, and Rector of Quebec.

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### NOTICE.

THE Board for MILITIA PENSIONS, will meet on the 1st Monday in February, and continue so to do, the same day in each Month, until the business of this District, as regards the same is finished.

JOHN FERGUSON.  
Kingston, Feb. 1st, 1819. 6

### For Sale or to Let,

A TWO story framed Houfe, and a large and commodious stone Store, situate on the water's edge in the centre of the Village of Prescott, on exceedingly advantageous terms to the purchaser or lessee. Enquire at the Office of

CHR. A. HAGERMAN.  
Kingston, 26th February, 1819. 9

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

### THE LATE KING.

The prejudice which fixes our regard upon the fortunes of worldly grandeur, is deeply rooted in our nature; and if it will not bear the chilling scrutiny of metaphysics, stands impregnable in the strong-holds of the heart. The affections—at least so far as they are expanded upon objects of a public nature,—look upward by an inborn direction, which no philosophy can control; and if they are not repelled by the lowering and unkindly aspect of their idol, they will gather round and concentrate upon it their brightest rays. The mere glitter which invests the summit of society, is sufficient, of itself, to attract and detain the common eye; the enchantments which play around the unexplored elevations of earthly grandeur, are omnipotent alike over the humble and the more pretending vulgar;—and while they chain down the spirit of the one in stupid wonder and amazement, exhaust the fluttering activity of the other in servile and senseless imitation. The spectacle of great power and exalted station, will at all times exert a mastery over the feelings of the great mass of mankind; and while the philosopher will respect the bias with which it is vain to contend, he will endeavour to give it a wise and a wholesome direction, by exacting from the objects of popular idolatry that energy of virtue, and purity of example, to which their stations imperiously call them, and which, when they are realized, render the prejudice that invests grandeur with admiration, the fountain of the best and most precious blessings which can be diffused over society.

There is nothing indeed, which the imagination of man can conceive, at once more august and attractive, than the spectacle of a virtuous monarch, filling, not in name, but in fact, the parental relation to a faithful people, and acknowledged with deep and universal homage, as the Father of his country. The majesty, which in such a case is inseparable from the conception of the character, fills every channel through which the gentler feelings of the heart take their course, and expands every generous emotion to its own fullness and magnificence. There is no good man, born and educated under a constitutional monarchy, to whom the very idea of his lawful Prince does not bring with it a thousand associations of deep and generous enthusiasm,—of heartfelt respect, of firm attachment, of boundless fidelity, and when to these natural sentiments, which are the offspring of habit and of feeling, rather than of reflection, are added the qualities which the judgment unites with the heart in approving—the image, to which the public devotion may rationally as well as naturally be paid, is complete.

When the errors of education, the seductions of flattery, the malignant influence of power, the fascinating prospects of ambition have all been suffered, experienced, and resisted, and the Prince comes forth from the terrible ordeal untaunted; when he issues from the dense atmosphere of the court, beaming with every virtue which, in the humblest citizen, would command affection and esteem, we are compelled to recognise in the royal prodigy, the depth and soundness of a heart, of which no inferior condition could attest the existence, or develop the value.

At the moment we are committing to paper these hasty and imperfect reflections, our city is putting on a solemn aspect of mourning for our departed Monarch, the suitable emblem of the inward emotions which have already filled every loyal bosom. The various sounds issuing in alternate sadness from her lofty spires and rock-built fortress announce that the hour approaches which is to consign his mortal remains to the dust; the reign of more than half a century is closed; the majesty of Britain, under the guardianship of which the far greater part of the present generation saw the light, has partaken the fate from which no earthly grandeur is exempted. Our venerable monarch, after guiding, throughout a long and troubled period, the destinies of a mighty people, has paid the last sad debt of nature, and is severed forever from our anxieties and our hopes. But he never can be severed from our profound and grateful remembrance—there he lies embalm'd in the immortal freshness of his virtue—there his image is preserved imperishable—and realizes a fonder and sorer commemoration than the proudest ambition can hope from the most splendid historic monument to its fame.

It is far from our intention to descend to the compilation of the various anecdotes of his late Majesty, many of them very trivial, and almost all of them without any stamp of authenticity, which the periodical press, in its venal fever of activity, has so profusely obtruded upon public notice. The public character of George III. is written in the annals of the country; his private virtues in the affection and reverence of his people. And so deep is this affection, that, although his descent to the grave was long preceded by the darkest of human calamities, which hung like a cloud over his declining years—although the moral separation betwixt himself and his people had long been completed in the mysterious dispensation of Providence—although there was nothing upon which their eyes could fix but the majestic pile which enclosed the royal sufferer, or to which their hearts could turn but the shadow of a name,—there was an interest more solemn and touching, if not more intense, that clung to his fate, than if he had been snatched from us in all the pride of youth, and had fallen at once from his meridian greatness. It is the privilege of virtue that affliction only dignifies and consecrates it. The long continued suffering of the late King only saddened and solemnized the impatient sympathy with which its first access was universally regarded.

The most considerate retrospect of the public character of George III. will make no one blush for the feelings with which his individual fortunes were contemplated by his people. What vicissitudes of storm and sunshine chequered the long reign now terminated! What a wide expanse of light and shade does its history present! Yet in every alternation of the public fortunes, we find the Monarch maintaining a dignified consistency of character—faithful at once to the majesty of his throne, and resolute in

sustaining the high hopes and the best interests of his people. The course through which he was fated to pass was untroubled before by an English Prince; the annals of the country, or of the species, would have been consulted in vain for intelligence of the dark and devious track through which the state was to be whirled amid the commotions of the world. George III. it is well known, was not a puppet in the hands of any administration—nor was he carried passively round the circle of public policy, without the constitutional exercise of his own presiding will. His spirit mingled with the current of affairs, and his image is impressed upon the history of his reign. What a history this is, and what a magnificent volume of instruction and example it will afford to the latest posterity! The very species appears to have grown in magnitude, in the progression of half a century—the mind of man has burst from its prison of ages—the power of intellect has started into existence with the terrible and volcanic energies that denote the instant of creation. What are all the maxims recorded in the old digest of policy? What! the mere physical collisions which broke at intervals the slumbers of the European states—ceased without leaving a trace of their almost innocuous rage, and now serve only to variegate the dead level of history—compared with the exploits performed by the Herculean infancy of *opinion*? The wave has been impelled over the surface of society to recede no more, and the reign of George III. has been rendered for ever memorable by the most terrible and majestic phenomenon of the moral world. In the novel and appalling trials to which the royal fortitude was put, the Monarch uniformly acquitted himself so as to command the confidence of his people. His spirit was bound up with their genius and character—he was himself a profound lover of the national institutions—and, in the stern virtue with which he resolved their defence, the nation saw the pledge of its own security and glory.

It is in this point of view—the most interesting and important surely—that it appears to us, the public character of the late Monarch ought chiefly to be studied and appreciated. We should scorn to try the merits of a British Prince by the loose and paltry scale of a gang of modern philosophers—or to put his deep and solid virtues in their false balance. We shall not inquire whether his views of public policy were expansive and enlarged to that capacity which admits all opinions with profligate indifference—whether he had the liberality to sneer in private at the honest prejudices of his people, to which he outwardly professed a polite regard—or, whether he could return from performing his solemn mockery before the altars of his country's religion, to revel in free and convivial blasphemies with his companions at the royal feast of reason. There have been monarchs to the taste of the class of philosophers to whom we allude—but happily not in England. It is the highest praise of George III. that he was truly a British Monarch in his whole feelings, principles, and habits—and while it may be justly affirmed of him, that, by example as well as by policy, he was the great patron of all that is most generous, solid, and characteristic of his people, his memory can lose nothing by the reproaches of those whose applause it would be infamy to deserve. They may sneer at the tameness of character superinduced by the regular practice of the domestic virtues—at the mediocrity of understanding indicated by their depraved natures by the solemn submission of spirit to the duties of religion—they may smile at the manly and vigorous rusticity which it was the pride of the Monarch to restore by his example, and which was most valued in England's best and brightest days; but in all these traits of the character of the departed Monarch, every genuine Englishman recognises something which distinguished his Sovereign from a mere gaudy abstraction of regal power—which imparted its peculiar quality to his sway—and proclaimed him to be truly a British King.

It would require a volume to give even a sketch of the great public events upon which the name of George III. will be imperishably superscribed by history. The general cast of his disposition and character, with regard to political matters, may easily be gathered, however, even from the most vague and hasty glance at the great transactions of his reign. In its commencement he was injuriously branded by the virulence of faction as a Tory, in the stern and obsolete sense of that foolish name. While the species was no longer extant, but had passed away with the barbarism and stupidity in which alone it could have breathed, that man who had just ascended the mightiest throne in Christendom in the vigour of the very principles by which Toryism was for ever overthrown, and who of all men upon earth, had the most powerful motives for abjuring it, was suspected of a fantastic bias in favour of this long extinguished political superstition. The choice of a minister, who was recommended to him by ties

which it can never be generous or noble to forget, was the single point upon which this miserable charge was made to turn. But, besides that the calumnies by which Lord Bute was overwhelmed, have since been exposed, so as to force the conviction, if not the contrition of those who tried to blacken his memory, the whole course of the late Monarch's political career was a conclusive comment upon the malignant slanders which sought to cloud the dawn of his administration. The name of Wilkes has perished—or is remembered only for scorn and shame; but the memory of his royal master, whom he dared, in a paroxysm of insolent folly, to rate as an antagonist and a rival, stretches its mighty shadow over a scene of political magnificence, upon which the intrepid demagogue, even in the height of his popularity, would have been but an imperceptible atom. We rejoice in this—for Wilkes, even considered as a minion of party, was not of the true English Breed, but presented an aspect of unblushing licentiousness and profanity, which nothing but the more matured profligacy of our own days could have surpassed.—The American war formed the test at once of the Monarch's principles and of his spirit. The universal voice of his people resented, in the first instance, the audacious pretensions, and the factious machinations of the revolted colonies; and the late King, when he frowned upon the infant seditions of his transatlantic subjects, appeared but as the index of the mind and soul of England. The chance of war declared indeed in favour of rebellion; but the most renowned of our modern statesmen—the man of the people—the illustrious advocate of popular rights; but the proud spirit also which spurned from it popular license with disdain, was the foremost to declare, that the sovereignty of England over her rebel colonies ought never to be abandoned; and that, in the glorious struggle, it was her duty to nail the colours to the mast. It is well enough to say *now*, that it was not a limb but an excrescence that was lopped off, and that it was folly to attempt to retain it—and from what the world has seen of the spirit and tendencies of American patriotism, it may be concluded that England has suffered little by being severed from the mighty mass of occidental pollution. But such were not the sentiments natural to the injured Monarch—for they were not the sentiments of what was great and high-spirited among his people. He vindicated the dignity of his crown by pushing, to the farthest verge, that coercion which aimed at upholding the integrity of its dominions—he deserved success, although he could not command it; and while the difficulties of a savage and remote warfare baffled all rational calculation—when rebellion raised its triumphant crest over the disasters of legitimate power—when fortune had decided contrary to every anticipation of reason, and had established a new order of things, which it was scarcely worth while to lament, and vain to resist, the sagacity as well as the magnanimity of the Sovereign were conspicuously displayed in that memorable remark to the first of his American subjects, whom he saw in the novel dignity of the ambassador of an independent state,—that he, the King of England, had been the last man in his dominions to recognise the independence of America, and would also be the last to violate it. The man who could speak thus, ay, and who could act up to the dignity of his royal pledge, was worthy to rule over a people, to whose legitimate pride the revolt of America could not but be offensive, but to whose lofty political system the independence of nations must, when once established, appear for ever sacred.

The great and prominent event which distinguished his Majesty's reign—which although it occurred in a foreign country, deeply coloured and affected the entire course of our domestic policy,—which shook the civilized world with its volcanic agitations, and rolled its burning lava over the entire surface of Christendom,—which, although originating in the special profligacy and peculiar misfortunes of one great nation, has insinuated itself into the very being and history of all, and is destined to form, for the future, the universal basis of human reasoning and policy,—was the French Revolution.

In the great crisis, produced by this event, his late Majesty was still worthy of himself and of his people. As a British Sovereign, reposing upon the deep and stable foundations of a constitution, adapted at once to the dignity and the imperfections of our common nature, and turning to scorn all the allusions of theory, by the visible presence of various and unquestioned good, he could not look with favour upon a system over which empiricism presided, and in which the dawning of frenzy was coeval almost with the first movements of reform. As a Christian, he could not behold with indifference the march of the most daring impiety, nor, as a mighty prince, could he listen with equanimity to the crash of neighbouring thrones, or view with composure the subversion of empire. But, above all, as the beloved chief of a gene-

rous and noble people, deeply participating their genius, and attached to their proud habitudes of thought and of action, he could not but contemplate with horror the advance of an appalling spirit, which declared war against all that had been consecrated by their veneration for ages; which singled them out for experiment and for vengeance,—and which threatened to tear up by the roots whatever was most hallowed to their remembrance. The popular Monarch of England, in the highest and most generous sense of that term, could not take part in the foul conspiracy, or refrain from animating, by his own resolute defiance, the staggering resolution of his subjects. And for this great work, it was the good fortune of the late King to find a minister equal to the undertaking, which fate had summoned him to perform,—a gigantic spirit, fitted to bear and to repel the terrors of mightiest revolutions. It was the glory of the King that he could select, appreciate, and confide in this great Minister. William Pitt's was indeed a majestic mind,—nursed and cherished to its palmy state of moral and intellectual grandeur in the rich mould of English freedom. There was, in all things, a fine sympathy betwixt him and his royal master—a conspicuous unity of aim and equal devotion of patriotism—a love of England, and of all that is implied in that venerable name, which no caprice of fortune could abate or extinguish. Together they walked in noble sincerity of purpose, and heroic energy of resolution, throughout the darkest periods of our modern history—struggling to defend the ark of the British constitution, and the majesty of the British name, against the storms by which they were assailed—maintaining the native hue of courage and constancy amid the wreck of empire and the desolation of the civilized world—and putting their humble but assured trust in the immortal energy of principle, of which it did not please Providence that they should witness the final triumph, but which, through the prevailing power of their spirit and their example, was destined, at last, to hold its rejoicings over the honoured tomb of the great minister, and around the unconscious solitude of his royal and revered master.

We cannot think of disturbing for a moment the solemnity of such contemplations, by turning aside to notice the vulgar herds of faction which successively arrayed themselves in resistance to the royal and illustrious champions of their country's independence and fame. It has now pleased fate to round the course of our late monarch's earthly career, without having permitted them to make any sensible breach upon its magnificent continuity; and the sceptre which has dropped from his hand has been transferred to a successor, who will never bend it to their fantastic insolence and presumption. Be it their bitter portion to remember, that they struggled to embarrass the career of a prince who was justly revered as the idol of his people, and that they struggled in vain—and that his fame is now equally beyond the scope of their panegyric and invective—for it is recorded in the triumph of all generous principle, and the glory of a mighty people, whose regrets now gather round his tomb, while their affections shall beam for ever upon his blessed memory.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser of May 29.

### LATE FROM ENGLAND.

By the arrival of the ship Hercules, Capt. Cobb, from Liverpool, the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser, have received from their correspondent, London papers, to the 25th of April, Lloyd's and Shipping List to the same date, and Liverpool papers to the 27th inclusive.

The trials for high treason, were going on.—After Thistlewood's trial had terminated, James Ings, was put to the bar, the evidence against the prisoner was nearly the same as that given in the first case. It appeared, from the testimony of Adams, that Ings was to head the party on their entrance into the room in which the ministers were at dinner, that he was to cut off the heads of Lords Castlereagh and Sidmouth, and to bring them away. This trial lasted two days. When the prisoner was called on for his defence, he said he was a plain uneducated man, and hoped the jury would hear him with indulgence. He gave a very minute narrative of circumstances which had happened to him since leaving Portsea, in August last.

He declared that he had been brought to the stable by a man named Edwards; and that unless that man was brought forward, he was murdered. In several parts of his address he was violently agitated, and wept bitterly, especially when he mentioned his own poverty, and the distress of his family. He continued speaking for about twenty minutes. The Jury brought in a verdict of *guilty*, upon the 1st and 3d counts of levying war on the King to depose him. The next in rotation was Thomas Brunt. The trial of this man continued two days. When called on for his defence, he spoke for nearly three quarters of