

THE NEW-BRUNSWICK  
ROYAL GAZETTE.

[ Volume IV. ]

TUESDAY, 25th JANUARY, 1819.

[ Number 48 ]

The Gazette.

By His Excellency Major-General GEORGE STRACEY SMYTH, Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief of the Province of New-Brunswick, &c. &c.

G. S. SMYTH.

A Proclamation.

WHEREAS the General Assembly of this Province stands prorogued to the second Tuesday in December next; I have thought fit further to prorogue the said General Assembly, and the same is hereby prorogued to the first Tuesday in February next, then to meet at Fredericton for the dispatch of Business.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal at Fredericton, the seventeenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, and in the fifty-ninth year of His Majesty's Reign.

By His Excellency's Command,  
H. H. CARMICHAEL,  
Dep. Sec.

At a General Session of the Peace holden at Fredericton on the 15th day of January, 1818,

Ordered that the Assize of Bread be as follows:—viz.

THE Shilling Wheaten Loaf lb. oz. to weigh - - - - 2 : 12  
Ditto Rye do. 4 : 0

And other Loaves in proportion.  
By order of the Court,  
G. CLOPPER,  
Clerk of the Peace.

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

WHEREAS (in pursuance of an Act entitled "an Act for relief against absconding Debtors") We, the Subscribers, have been duly appointed and sworn before the Hon. JOHN MURRAY BLISS, one of the Justices of His Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature for this Province, as Trustees for all and every the Creditors of Reuben Smith, late of the County of York, Farmer, an absconding Debtor: We do, therefore, in pursuance of such our appointment, require all persons indebted to the said Reuben Smith, to pay to us, on or before the thirteenth day of February next, all such sum or sums of money, debts, duties and things, which they owe to the said Reuben Smith, and to deliver to us all other effects of the said Reuben Smith, which they or any of them may have in their hands, power or possession.—And all the Creditors of the said Reuben Smith are also required, to deliver to us, on or before the first day of March next, their respective accounts and demands against the said Reuben Smith.

WITNESS our hands, at Fredericton, this thirteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

GEORGE FREDERICK STREET,  
GEO. MUNCHIN,  
WME TAYLOR.

NOTICE.

SUCH Persons as are intitled to receive the out Payments resulting within this Province, will forward their Applications and Documents to Captain JENKINS, the Town Major at Fredericton, who is authorised to receive and transmit them to Head Quarters at Quebec.

Fredericton, 14th May, 1818.

Commissary Officer, Fredericton, N. B.  
23d December, 1817.

CASH.

ANY Person wishing to remit MONEY to Saint John, may obtain Drafts from this Office, on the Assistant Commissary General, payable at sight.

By the Honorable THOMAS WYER, Esquire, one of the Justices of His Majesty's Inferior Court of Common Pleas in and for the County of Charlotte.

To all to whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given, that upon the application of THOMAS WHITLOCK, to me duly made according to the form of the Act of the General Assembly, in such case made and provided, I have directed all the Estate, as well real as personal, within the said County of Charlotte, of Alexander M'Donald, late of Saint George, in the said County of Charlotte, (which same Alexander M'Donald has either departed from this Province with intent and design to defraud the said THOMAS WHITLOCK, and the other Creditors of the said Alexander M'Donald, of their just dues, or else to avoid being arrested by the ordinary process, as it is alleged against him) to be seized and attached, and that unless the said Alexander M'Donald do return and discharge his said debt or debts, within three months from the publication hereof, all the Estate, as well real as personal of the said Alexander M'Donald, within this County of Charlotte, will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of the Creditors of the said Alexander M'Donald.

Dated at Saint Andrews, in the said County of Charlotte, this twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

THOS. WYER, J. C. P.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

(From the London Courier of Nov. 3.)

It is with feelings of unaffected sorrow that we announce to our readers the melancholy catastrophe which has terminated the existence of the above distinguished character. Differing from him as we did, upon most political subjects, we never had but one opinion as to the amiable qualities which adorned him in private life, and at a moment like the present, we wish only to remember the latter. Had he been removed from this world by the ordinary dispensations of Providence, his loss would necessarily have caused a considerable sensation, because, for many years, he had been much in the public eye; but it is most distressing to contemplate the calamitous circumstances which have attended his death. We are accustomed to view, with comparative indifference, the melancholy end of an obscure suicide: not so, when genius, and talent, and virtue, are extinguished by the dreadful act. It is stated that the acute feelings of distress which he felt at the loss of his lady, who expired in the Isle of Wight on Thursday last, was the immediate cause of this rash deed: yet, when we are also told that Lady Romilly had been lingering under the pressure of a hopeless disease for nearly twelve months, it seems difficult to admit this as the exclusive cause, because there was room for that patient though severe self-discipline which arises in the mind of man against foreseen calamities. It is sudden misery which overwhelms, which paralyzes, in its first onset, our reasoning faculties, and plunges us into that paroxysm of passion whose intensity hurries on its victim to the readiest escape from the agony of mental torture. Far are we, however, from denying, that a character of extreme sensibility, of that sensibility which lives and moves, and has its being, almost entirely in the endearing scenes of domestic felicity, may find any length of time still too short to harden it against the shock which it sustains, when the very source of that felicity is for ever closed. There are some men who embark all their freight of worldly happiness in a single venture, and when that is shipwrecked, their desolation and misery are indeed extreme.

This, perhaps, was the amiable fault of the lamented individual whose melancholy end we now deplore; and if it were so, too well we can understand what a dreary blank pictured itself to his imagination, even in the bosom of his family, when she who had till now presided there, whose maternal virtues graced, and whose conjugal affection endeared the calm delights of home, was irrevocably gone. It is impossible, however, not to lament, that a mind so gifted in all the other endowments of human excellence, should have been denied that degree of Christian resignation which submits, though in sorrowing, to the will of Heaven, or the reasoning energy, whether we call it philosophy or fortitude, which estimates life at its real worth, and is neither inordinately elated by prosperous, nor wholly struck down by adverse circumstances. It was reasonable to expect, that one or both of these resources was within the reach of Sir Samuel Romilly. His most intimate friends, those who knew him best, and loved him most, spoke of him as of a man exemplary in the discharge of all Christian duties: while a casual observer could not but remark and acknowledge, that the vigorous and robust characters of his intellectual character, bespoke a mind lofty rising above the common imperfections of his kind. Yet, in the hour of trial, both failed him. Humanly speaking, and with reference only to external, or worldly circumstances, what man was there upon whose prosperity we should have more confidently pronounced, than upon that of Sir Samuel Romilly! Eminently distinguished as a lawyer, and extensively employed in that capacity, his fortune was necessarily ample; equally distinguished as a politician, and revered by his party, and esteemed by all who were opposed to him upon political questions, his fame was no only unassailed, but seemed to enjoy the rare distinction of being unenvied, so much did he appear to receive its honours, and so irreproachable apparently were his objects, happy in the circle of a numerous family, where, when relaxing from the severe toils of his professional or political labours, he had always within his reach man's highest felicity, the silent, but deep and heartfelt transports of the father and the husband. This was his condition, and now—

"God of our fathers! what is man!"  
Because one bright spot in this general effluence of public and private woe was extinguished, the rash hand of the impatient sufferer has blotted out the whole! How sad a close of such a life! How painfully instructive the awful lesson which it reads, upon the instability of this world's greatness, upon the insecurity of man's proudest hopes. We will not attempt, for language would fail us if we did, to pourtray the deep, the desolating affliction which has thus fallen upon his distracted family. The lapse of a few short days has made them orphans, under circumstances so grievously deplorable, as will indeed require all the consolations which religion and the tender offices of surviving friends can bestow, to support them under such a visitation.

(From the Edinburgh Weekly Journal.)

One of those events has occurred during the course of the past week, whose tendency it is to arrest the ordinary current of pleasure and business, and to compel the least reflecting to a solemn pause. Our readers need hardly be told, that we allude to the self-inflicted death of Sir Samuel Romilly; a man amongst the first of our age in point of talents and celebrity, and inferior, probably, to few men in any age, when measured by the standard of usefulness, independence, and worth. There has seldom arisen from the bosom of the British people, a deeper or sincerer strain of sorrow, than that which is now universally heard. Men of all parties concur in an equal tribute of homage to the wisdom and virtue which this

fatal event has laid in abeyance. One character of grief and consternation pervades the countenances and accents of all who see or listen to the dreadful tale. It is fatal as the character of our common nature itself had sustained a shock, by the dire catastrophe which has closed the existence of one of the most excellent of those who have borne it.

The only reflection that offers any thing of consolation to the heart, or of comfort to the understanding dismayed and appalled by the terror of this great calamity, is—that, before the deed was perpetrated, the unhappy victim had been utterly deserted by reason. The affliction which he had sustained by the death of Lady Romilly, it is quite certain, had at once triumphed over the dictates of his understanding, and the powers of his will. He was a Patriot, a Philosopher, a Moralist, and a Christian. But the overpowering malady swept before it the lessons and the duties of all these high relations. "Terrors took hold on him as waters." Yet he did not yield without many a strong effort. While he only anticipated the bereavement that awaited him, he appears to have dreaded the effect it might have upon his intellects, and to have been prepared to resist and repel the ghastly visitant whose approach he foresaw. But when the blow came, his nature suffered utter wreck. For the brief space during which he survived his wife, he had no rest either of body or mind. He neither eat nor slept: he could not continue a moment in one place, and found no repose by change of place or of position. He tore his hair, and his face, nor frantically, but under the irremediable irritation of anguish which defied endurance or control. He complained that his brain was a furnace. In the emphatic words of the Rev. Mr. Dymont, one of his most intimate friends, "he appeared to him in the state of a man dying of an internal wound." And so unquestionably, he was. The wound was only the more deadly that it was struck into the very core of the heart, and bled within; and it is scarcely to be doubted, that had a few hours patient consciousness been afforded to the poor sufferer, the burning fever that preyed upon him would have spared his family the unspeakable misery, and withheld from the world the awful lesson, afforded by the mode of his catastrophe.

For, even that ruin of his intellect which preceded and predicted his fate, does not deprive it of the value of a great moral lesson: It leaves a most striking and impressive admonition to our frail and imperfect nature, then often most frail when the root of our misery may be traced to our very virtues: It teaches us, if we will receive the lesson, the deplorable error of habituating ourselves to regard those blessings as enduring, which each day's experience shows us to be full of mutability. The yet warm ashes of the dead utter to us a warning of sad and solemn import. They bid us beware of attaching ourselves, with exclusive and passionate fondness, even where our love is best deserved, and where, under the guidance of reason, it is best calculated to bless and to be blessed. They remind us of the wisdom, as well as enforce upon us the duty, "to rejoice with trembling;" in other words, to consider nothing as an abiding good which reason tells us is subject to the law of change; and to reserve the full effusion of our love, for those objects over which change has no operation. We are aware that in the frame of mind too apt to be produced by the ordinary occurrences of life, such language occurring in such a page might be rendered as visionary or enthusiastic; and it is for this reason that we avail ourselves of a moment to utter it, when it must bear, to every reflecting mind, the indefeasible character of truth. It is the legacy of the dead to the living; and the sneer of the unthinking shall not deter us from