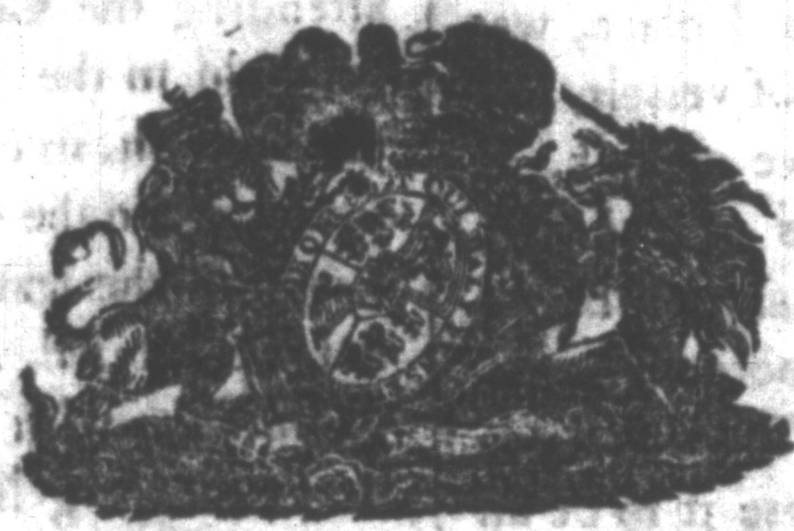


THE NEW-BRUNSWICK ROYAL GAZETTE.



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The Gazette.

BY His Honor JOHN MURRAY BLISS,
Esquire, President and Commander
in Chief of the Province of New-Brunswick,
&c. &c. &c.

J. M. BLISS.
A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the General Assembly of this Province stands prorogued to Wednesday the Second day of June next; I have thought fit further to prorogue the said General Assembly, and the same is hereby prorogued to the First Wednesday in September next ensuing.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal at Fredericton, the Thirty-first day of May, in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-four, and in the Fifth Year of His Majesty's Reign.

By His Honor's Command.
W. M. F. ODELL.

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

A good man will seek to have his thoughts and actions one—to own a heart so pure, as that he may be able to defy the keenest inquisitor of the human race. We may succeed in concealing our thoughts from the world—but there is an Eye which constantly fastens its observations on us, to which the darkness and the light are both alike, and which can pierce the thickest veil with which we cover our hearts. We may deceive our fellow-men, but God we cannot deceive.

In order to regulate our thoughts, there must be a steady and systematic employment of our time: a vigorous exercise of our faculties in some useful occupation. A great part of the wretchedness of human life, we all know, proceeds from the want of something to do. But this is not the worst effect of idleness. It is impossible we should be long unemployed and keep our innocence. The mind, at least in its waking hours, can never cease to think; and if it be not thinking of something useful and good, it will infallibly soon be occupied with what is pernicious and sinful. The demons of temptation always hover round a vacant, listless, and unoccupied mind, and mark it for their prey.

It is the duty of every man to propose to himself some high and useful object to live for, some end that is worthy of the pursuit of an immortal being. We may always find employment in the cultivation and enlargement of our moral and intellectual powers—in the duties of our calling—in the care of those entrusted to us—and in seeking that our fellow men may be made good and wise—at all events, let us never permit ourselves to be idle while there is any thing, that is not criminal, to be done.

At the first approach of evil thoughts let us force ourselves to toil, and however reluctant the mind might be, still bind it down to its task. By God's grace nothing that is necessary for us is impracticable and with every temptation, if we are true to ourselves, he will make a way for our escape.

Another aid to assist us in the regulation of our thoughts, is a constant use of the means of religion, and particularly of prayer, must be powerful instruments to assist us in withstanding the temptations of vain thoughts, and unholy desires.

We shall also find, that the greatest aid in excluding vain and wicked thoughts from the mind, is to give our contemplation on a future world. Let us think of the shortness of life, and the vanity of its pleasures and pursuits; of the certainty of death, and of the glories of heaven. Such thoughts as these will quell the power of temptation, and subdue the madness of passion—and with which nothing unholy and impure will dare to intermingle.

Further,—Nothing at first view may seem more wholly placid beyond control, than the thought of man—no bounds can we

set to its excursions—it passes in a moment from earth to heaven. The conception of the mind outruns incalculably the performance of the hand—and we can contrive in minutes what we can only slowly execute in years.

The connexion between thought and action is so unavoidable, that if the propensities of our nature are to be subjected to regulation at all, the check must be laid on the thought, or it will be in vain to prohibit the action. If to regulate the thought be impossible, then is virtue itself impracticable—and to call on us to obey its laws is cruel mockery.—But this we know to be untrue. If we are commanded to regulate the thoughts, He, who gives the command, will also give the power of obedience. For every temptation with which we can be assailed in the world, there is a power within us, greater and mightier than that temptation.

Though the mind cannot indeed be left wholly vacant of thought, it rests with us to determine what kind of thought shall occupy it. We may arrest any idea we choose, in its course through the mind, dwell upon it, expand it, and call up and arrange a multitude of others related to it. Just so far as this power is lost, reason itself is eclipsed. It is this which enables us to think connectedly and long on any subject that we choose to contemplate, and to determine the class and colouring of the ideas which shall occupy our attention.

It in effect amounts to a power of excluding from our minds any thought, which we may be unwilling should enter it. For though we cannot by a direct and despoite effort of will banish any idea, which presents itself, we can indirectly exclude it, by giving the mind another direction—that is to say, we may prevent the entrance of wrong ideas into the mind, by always keeping it full of those which are right. No man, perhaps, in this world, we must allow, possesses this power in a perfect degree—but a good man is continually making approaches to it. His efforts are constantly aided by the law of habit, by which the yoke of our duties is made each day more easy, and their burthen light; the force of temptation diminished, the power of resistance increased, until at length, we can conceive of a mind so perfectly governed, that not a thought shall find its way into it which the God of purity himself might not approve.

Love of country is implanted in the human breast for the wisest purpose—it invigorates the mind in the pursuit of every measure which tends to promote the best interests of the State, and prepares it to make the sacrifice of even life itself to defend its just rights. The love of home is a natural instinct which attaches to the place where we were born, and which renders every thing around us more consonant to our feelings, and more conducive to the advancement of our happiness. It acts like a talisman upon the heart, riveting its partiality to places, which often in themselves possess nothing worthy of regard, but on the contrary, are forbidding in their aspect. Thus the Laplander cheerfully inhabits the inhospitable regions of the polar circle—a land made "of a huge congeries of frightful rocks and stupendous mountains"—where the cold is so intense, that even mercury itself is congealed!—where the heat, of what little summer they experience is equally intolerable—and where, for months, the cheering light of the sun is never seen! Remove him to climes, in our estimation more happy, and he would sigh to return again to his fields of snow, and to his miserable habits of life.

In the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, Sir Walter Scott thus announces the
Death of Lord Byron:

"Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned

from another quarter, by one of these death notes, which are pealed at intervals, as from an Arch angel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once.—Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. That mighty Genius which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we know not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame, and of malignant censure, are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of Heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which obscured its brightness.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart, nor from nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, provided he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature, its jealousies we mean, and its envy. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled, were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error; so that he often resembled the gallant war steed, who rushes forward on the steel that wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced his irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts and petty annoyances, of the unworthy crowd beyond the lists, than by the lance of his noble, and, so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred, was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, "to show his arbitrary power." It is needless to say that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and that if the noble bard gained a sort of triumph, by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was his, he gave in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause in his cooler moments he most valued."

Lord Byron recently enjoyed about £7000 per annum, which now reverts to Lady Byron, and makes her a splendid fortune of above £10,000 a year. His nearest relative is a half sister, Mrs. Lee, who is the mother of a large family, and to whom we are informed, a very small portion of his property can fall. His cousin, Capt. Anson Byron, of the Royal Navy, succeeds to the title, but with little or no property. But his will has not reached England; and till then much must be surmise. His body is on its way to a last home in his native land;

and it is thought that Westminster Abby will receive his remains. Another statement is, that he had expressed a wish to be interred in a particular spot in Harrow churchyard, which, if seriously true, would, we suppose, be fulfilled.—*Lit. Gazette.*

From the City Gazette of the 15th July.

PIRACY.—Information was received at Jamaica, on the 15th ult. that the Pirates renewed their atrocities about the Mosquito coast. A bungy, with 13 of these marauders, captured a small drogging vessel, the John Bull; they then fitted the late vessel out for piracy, and falling in with the schr. Spring Bird, (belonging to Belize) seized her, sunk the John Bull, and pursued their depredations in the Spring Bird. The first vessel they met was the George Angus of Belize, the whole of the crew of this vessel excepting one boy was butchered. The boy escaped by jumping overboard and swimming to a Quay; he relates that the George Angus made a bold defence; Mr. Stephenson of Belize after killing several of the pirates with his own hands, fell covered with wounds; his comrades met the same fate. The pirates left the George Angus on shore about nine miles from Omoa; a Belize trader having fallen in with her, brought her into Omoa. The mate of the Bristol saw her, and says, her deck and stairs into the cabin, were wetting in blood.

HATTERAS FLOATING LIGHT.

The new Floating Light, stationed off Cape Hatteras, is a vessel of upwards of 330 tons; shews two lights, one sixty feet high, and the other forty-five feet; and is moored in a depth of twenty fathoms of water, with soundings of blue sand, shells and clay—the light house on Cape Hatteras bears from it N. 50 deg. 37 min. W. distant 11 miles, and the South Shoal S. 78 deg. 45 min. W. distant 4½ miles.—The temperature of the air, 75 deg. and that of the water 72 deg. Capt. Elliott states that there is a current with a S. wind which runs N. N. E. 2 miles per hour, and with a north wind S. S. W. 2 miles per hour. The light boat is sufficiently far from the shoals that vessels can pass without risk between them and the boat—the distance from the boat to the gulf stream about 30 miles.

Capt. Frazier, of the schr. Ella Kintzing, arrived at Baltimore, reports that on the night of the 18th June, off Hatteras, he fell in with the Floating Light Ship, and being entirely new and unexpected by him, being nearly one year absent, he was induced to pay particular attention; he represents it has a very strong splendid light, as brilliant, and to be seen from as great a distance as any he has seen in the four quarters of the Globe; and he judges from the circumstances of its having stood the very heavy gale of the 17th, blowing nearly 24 hours from N. to N. E. that it will answer every purpose intended.

POSTAGE ON LETTERS ARRIVING BY SHIPS.

The Commissioners of Customs have received a letter from the Secretary to the Post Master General, stating with reference to the 7th section of the Act of the 59th Geo. 3d, chap. III, which allows the Owners and Consignees of goods, the privilege of receiving letters to the extent of six ounces, free of sea postage, that the law officers of the Crown have given their opinion, referring to the 20th Section of the same act, that in the event of any box or package of letters being found by the officers of the Customs in the performance of the duties required by the East-India Ship Letter Act, superscribed as containing letters of owners or consignees, and addressed to individuals, that such officers would be authorized in such cases, to open the box or package, and to take out the letters (if they could not be obtained in any other way) which might exceed the weight