

## ST. JOHN

AND WEEKLY



## GAZETTE,

ADVERTISER.

[VOL. VII.]

ST. JOHN: PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY JOHN RYAN, AT HIS PRINTING-OFFICE, NO. 58, PRINCE WILLIAM-STREET; WHERE ADVERTISEMENTS, ESSAYS, ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE, &c. WILL BE TAKEN IN, AND EVERY ATTENTION PAID TO THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LITERATI, AND OTHERS, DISPOSED TO ENCOURAGE THE ST. JOHN GAZETTE, &c. &c.

## ASSIZE OF BREAD.

By Order of the MAYOR, 19th April, 1798.

The Sixpenny Wheaten  
Loaf to weigh - - 2 4  
Ditto Rye - - - - 2 15  
—And other Loaves in proportion.

E. HARDY, C. C.

## A Valuable Purchase.

## TO BE SOLD,

At PUBLIC AUCTION, at the City of Saint John, on the 16th day of April next, and possession given the 1st May after, (if not previously disposed of at Private Sale.)



THAT valuable FARM on the Great Kennebec River, known by the name of MOUNT PLEASANT—containing Fifteen Hundred acres of Land, 130 of which are cleared and mostly intervale. Ten acres are ploughed and ready to receive a crop in the Spring—on this place may annually be cut from 80 to 100 tons English Hay.—The buildings are chiefly new, well finished, and in excellent condition; the Mansion House is two story high, 44 feet by 28, has four rooms on a floor, a fire-place in each, and a Cellar under the whole; the Kitchen adjoins is also two story high, 17 by 22 feet and very convenient; the Farm House is 36 by 34 feet well adapted, as also the Barn which is 60 by 34 feet; a Stable and Shed 36 by 15 feet each; a Garden well stored and improved; the advantages attending this place are many, for situation none exceeds, and few equals it.—A deal of new Land may be cleared at little expence, and rendered very valuable.—The Farming utensils will go with the place, and the purchaser can have the Stock at a fair valuation.—For further particulars enquire of Andrew Crookshank, Saint John, or the Subscriber on the Premises.

JOHN SMITH.

St. John, Feb. 23, 1798.

NOTICE is hereby given, to all Persons having any Demands against the Estates of JAMES HUME, JEHIEL CLARK, and WILLIAM SPENCE—all late of the City of St. John, Province of New-Brunswick, Mariners, deceased, are requested to present the same without delay; and those indebted to the Estate of either of the deceaseds are called on to make immediate payment.

A. CROOKSHANK.  
Administrator.

ALL Persons having any Demands against the Estate of WILLIAM DONALDSON, Esq. of the City of St. John, Province of New-Brunswick, Merchant, deceased, are desired to present the same within the space of Eighteen Calendar Months from the Date hereof; likewise all those indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Hugh Johnston,  
Wm. Donaldson,  
Arthur Dingwall,

St. John, July 31st. 1797.

## Wanted Immediately,

A SMART active LAD—about 14 years of age, as an Apprentice to the Sail-Making business. None need apply unless well recommended.—Enquire of

NICH. HARDENBROOK.

From the GLASGOW COURIER.

SIR,

By inserting the following letter you will much oblige,

A CONSTANT READER.

To the Right Honourable Lord Moira.

I HAVE but lately, my Lord, taken in with a production of yours, which has been handed about in the higher circles a considerable time, and should willingly believe you disinterested and sincere. Spare me a few moments of your leisure, and allow me to address the well-wisher of his country—a country, of which I am a deeply interested Citizen, and to whom a few things are dearer than its prosperity and honour.

An immediate Peace, my Lord, is the wish of every heart as well as yours; but, if sacrifices are to be the purchase, which would lower us in the opinion and scale of the nations around us, be truly a dishonour to the country that can make it; and yet not, after all, bring permanency in its train; why should an unexhausted kingdom, that reigns mistress of the seas, and can protect her interior from violation, foolishly and basely, for a momentary joy, afford the enemy the pleasure of supposing he has forced her to comply with any haughty and degrading terms he might, and would be sure to offer.

Alas! my Lord, the surest symptom of a decaying monarchy has ever been considered to consist in that preference which is yielded, of the avoidance of momentary but present evil, to the enjoyment of

substantial but future good. That such is not, indeed, as yet, our situation, I hope I feel the certainty within me: but if Britain will not now continue to put off her wishes for the transient pleasure of an immediate Peace, she will find, too late, her degeneracy of spirit repaid with well merited disappointment, of probrium and debasement. Let the real well-wisher of his country, first lend his aid to humble her proud Foë, give up a while, his luxury, his unnecessary equipage and feasts; then, if he will—propose a Peace, when Peace can be proposed with honour.

Let us, for a moment, ask with whom we are to deal—are we to talk of Peace with those who hold no rule of justice but in power—who wish to make us, like themselves, a prey to every ill they have experienced—a fountain to recruit their diminished, their almost exhausted stream—and a despised province of their Empire.

Yet, should some happy circumstance ordain it, that with honour we might propose again some terms, far from acting as many would seem to have us do, let Britons feel like Britons and their swords be suffered not to even then appear to seek their scabbard—Even then, for this is not the time for Britain to propose them—After all that has been done, all that has been offered, with our bow yet bent, and our quiver full of arrows—foster let the sea roll fathoms deep over our highest mountains, and blot out our remembrance from under Heaven, than now to buckle to the Directory of France, and, on the bended knee, implore the favour of being freed from the fear or fury of their hostilities. For this—not less than this—would we appear to them and to the world performing, if we at present have no honourably legal power to even wish it in our realm. France must be the one, as things now are, to offer to transport it thither. For us we have alone to fight—although we cannot but perceive, in this contest, all we have to be at stake. Honour calls, let nothing start us from our purpose—Let us yield the lowest farthing in our coffers to obey it—and with it to secure our Liberty, our Lives, our Religion, our Thoughts from Tyranny, our Hearts in Peace. Let the War rage—and he that will not when he may and ought, and such he may and ought at present, defend himself and country, let him never call himself the people's friend nor a well-wisher of his nation.

Let him rather take a step into his closet, and ask his heart, do these coincide—is there nothing of revenge at bottom; have I not been refused some great appointment, some place I wished; or, have I weighed with cool unprejudiced reflection, and strict care, each pro or con that militates against or favours my opinion? if he can answer these with truth, that he is quite unbiased, and made, what now he is, by close inquiry, then I'll not venture to decry such worth, but call him what he is—an unhappily mistaken patriot; who, when he means his country's welfare does, what in him lies, to blind, to ruin and debate her.

You speak, my Lord, of Ireland, and with her tranquillized by a just and lenient system—are you, my Lord, a Landholder in Ireland, and blame the Government for what is suffered there—can you in conscience blame it—

I've heard of murders, seditions, riots, fires, and treason—I know the lower class that perpetrate such things, to be an untamed, savage, uninformed, perverted rabble—I know they are the instruments of other and of higher powers, but have sufficient wickedness themselves to act, whatever comes across them. Say, say, my Lord, is it unjust in private persons to obtain by force,

what would else by force, be taken from them—can it be unjust in Government to keep possession of the Throne of Ireland, when her rebellious sons raise their outrageous heads and would unshackle their allegiance—can it be unjust to scourge the madman into reason to prevent him doing injury to ourselves. I would, you would reflect, they partly bear the malady, one cause of all, within them. The lower class appear to be a half-unconquered people—and such, such so circumstanced, have seldom done much good—They have a rage and fury in them, that fit them not so much for industry as horrid deed—with a dreadful ignorance and naturally strong passions, they surprise not those who know them, with any mad and lawless action they perform. But while thus circumstanced, I must acknowledge, they are but half to blame. They are oppressed beyond the power of sufferance. If on your estate they have the happiness to be exempted from the General misery, happy, happy must you feel to be an exception in a thing so noble. But have you indeed no Tacksmen, Stewards, Devils, that can skin a flint and try to make something of the remainder. This I am the evil that has turned the half of Ireland mad, and roused the savage soul within it. If you be truly patriotic, begin there? where can you begin with better grace. Let others if they will, wander over distant countries, and taste each misery, that climate, poverty and misfortune offer—to benefit mankind—Let Moira I go among his peasant, and tell them they shall hold their little farms of him—tell them, no purse proud steward, no tacksmen, under tacksmen, and one or two beneath that under-tacksmen shall oppress for rent—That you are informed by Providence, their master, and knowing what you do, of his high will, are now resolved, to be their friend. Then use your influence among your noble friends, and noble friends you have, and influence too, to win them to give up their ruinous plan; proscribe the very name of Tacksmen—as hateful to the Irish, with as just cause, as that of King to the Romans—and soon will you observe a change—soon will you be convinced, that that one evil remedied, will work more good, than railing years at Ministers, and telling tales of sorrow, of which you are yourself, unwillingly perhaps, one cause—will work more good than any government can possibly effect, without an absolute total conquest of the Isle—more good than evil hearted Democrats do wish, or noble minded wisest Patriots at this moment scarcely flatter them will ever be achieved without it.

You speak, my Lord, of a full disclosure to the nation, as to the extent of our financial difficulties. One word to answer this—Let Lord Rawdon say, if, as a General, he would think it safe to trust his difficulties to the knowledge of his foe—for tell it to the nation, and you tell it to China, Peru and France. Such knowledge must be dangerous, at this time, even among ourselves—If exertion be all we have most immediately to think of, in order to keep together, what may perchance, be ours at last, after the contest is done—a something—valuable to Britons, men and Christians, to waste our time in weighing scrupulously every means we are possessed of, may lose the minute when he might strike with success, or throw a damp upon our every power of action, and fight ourselves, in fact, the battle of our foe.

Yours truly,

No party politician, nor court knave—  
A man alone—who would his country save.

1798.