THE NEW-BRUNSWICK ROYAL GAZETTE.

[Volume II.] TUESDAY, 20th AUGUST, 1816. [Number 24.]

THE GAZETTE.

BY HIS HONOR
MAJOR GENERAL
GEORGE STRACEY SMYTH,
(L. S.) *President, and Commander in Chief of the Province of New-Brunswick, &c. &c. &c.*
G. S. SMYTH.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS by Act of Parliament passed in the Forty-eighth Year of His present Majesty's Reign, Power is given to the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, or Commander in Chief of this Province, with the advice and consent of His Majesty's Council, to allow the importation of certain enumerated articles from the United States of America into this Province, for the purpose of re-exporting the same—I have therefore thought fit with the advice and consent of his Majesty's Council, to publish this Proclamation, hereby authorising and empowering British Subjects, for the space of *six* months from the date hereof, to import and bring into this Province from the United States of America, in British built Ships or Vessels, owned and navigated according to Law; Scantling, Planks, Staves, Heading-Boards, Shingles, Hoops or Squared Timber of any sort; Horses, Neat-Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, or Live Stock of any sort; Bread, Biscuit, Flour, Peas, Beans, Potatoes, Wheat, Rice, Oats, Barley, or Grain of any sort; and British Subjects during the same period, are hereby authorised and empowered to Export in British Ships, owned and navigated as aforesaid, all or any of the said herein before enumerated articles, to any other of His Majesty's Colonies or Plantations.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal the eighteenth day of JUNE, in the Year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixteen, and in the fifty-sixth year of His Majesty's Reign.

By His Honor's Command,
WM. F. ODELL.

BY HIS HONOR,
HARRIS WILLIAM HAILES, Esquire,
(L. S.) *President and Commander in Chief of the Province of New-Brunswick, &c. &c. &c.*
H. W. HAILES.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the General Assembly of this Province stands prorogued to the second Tuesday in September next; I have thought fit, by and with the advice of His Majesty's Council, to dissolve the said General Assembly, and the same is hereby accordingly dissolved; of which all Persons whom it may concern will take due notice.

Given under my hand and Seal at Fredericton, the twentieth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixteen, and in the fifty-sixth Year of His Majesty's Reign.

By His Honor's Command.
WM. F. ODELL.

To be Sold by Auction,

On the 1st day of November next at 11 o'Clock, at Mr. JOHN M'LEOD's,

THAT valuable FARM, the property of DAVID BETTS, in Northampton, with the House, Barns, &c. Lot No. 10, two hundred and ten acres, more or less, in Grant to AMOS BROOKS and others, bounded on the North by *Peter Grant*, and on the South by the glebe lands; taken in execution by a writ of *fieri facias* issued out of the Supreme Court, for *one hundred* and *forty-six pounds* and *nine pence*, New-Bruns. Currency, at the suit of GEO. D. BERTON, and JEDEDIAH SLASON---and will be struck off on the above day to the highest bidder by

ROBERT SMITH, Coroner.

1st May, 1816.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any just demands against the Estate of the late FRANCIS M'BEATH, *of Fredericton, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested; and all Persons indebted to said Estate, are desired to make immediate payment to*

CATHARINE M'BEATH, Executrix.
ROBERT SMITH,
ALLWARD HARNED, } Executors.

20th June, 1815.

NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership of PEABODY & SIMONDS is dissolved by mutual consent:---ALL PERSONS having demands against them are requested to render their accounts for adjustment---and all Persons indebted are desired to make immediate payment to

FRANCIS PEABODY,
RICHD. SIMONDS,
E. SIMONDS.

Miramichi, 20th June, 1816.

VIEWS OF PARIS.

FROM THE PARIS SPECTATOR, 10th NOV. 1813.

An Execution at the Place De Greve.

With barbarous haste, with tumult fierce and loud,
Round the dire scaffold throng the curious crowd;
They pant for blood, and urge with furious breath
The destin'd hour to feast there eyes with death.

I had occasion to remark, in my last essay, that particular contrast in the French character, constituted by a love of novelty, and an attachment to custom. This strange contradiction, though equally strong, is perhaps less offensive, at the first glance, than that of excessive politeness, and of ferocious curiosity, for which the people, and principally those of this capital, have at all times been distinguished. In fact, what different ideas must suggest themselves to two strangers, one of whom had only seen the Parisians at the opera; the other only in traversing the city along the quays, on the day of an execution at the *Place de Greve?* What must the last imagine, on finding his carriage arrested, at every instant, in the midst of an immense crowd pressing round the *Hotel de Ville* and the *Palais de Justice;* in hearing the confused and tumultuous shouts of the populace, which are raised pretty nearly in the same degree, whatever be the circumstance which occasions them?

This stranger, who sees on the road the artisan quit his shop; the *bourgeois* forget his dinner hour; women stationed at the windows; others mingled in the crowd, with which the quays and the bridges are covered; the taverns and public houses filled with guests; must not this stranger, I say, imagine himself arrived at Paris on the day of a grand solemnity? Suppose also, that he questions his postillion, and is informed that this concourse of people, that all this eagerness is for the purpose of enjoying the last agonies of an unhappy wretch, condemned to execution; would not the traveller, in order to reconcile the traces of civilisation he had observed, with such barbarous habits---would he not be justified in believing himself in the midst of a horde of savages, recently established in the capital of a civilised nation? Curious to observe a little nearer this multitude of the borders of the Seine, he descends, mingles among the crowd, and addressing himself to one of the inhabitants of *la Greve*, he inquires what was the use of those piles of wood-work which are now being pulled down, and which appear to have belonged to some grand construction; the person replies, that these vestiges formed part of a vast wooden edifice, which had been erected a fortnight since, for the purpose of public rejoicing. And this other building of smaller extent, which they prepare on the same spot? That is a scaffold, where we shall see, precisely at four o'clock, a well known individual, who has been tried and convicted of assassination. I imagine that at this response, the stranger must say to himself, "What! the inhabitants of this good city erect then, in the same place, ball rooms and scaffolds! they mingle, in idea at least the sounds of a violid and the cries of a malefactor! they appoint, at the same place, fetes and executions! I have deceived myself, these persons are not savages; they are fools." I have often made this reflection, which I here ascribe to my traveller; and I never pass the place *de Greve*, without trembling at this terrifying contrast, the image of which is always before my eyes.

This place, the name of which revives the most odious recollections, was, at the commencement of the 14th age, appropriated to the execution of criminals. It is painful to learn that innocent blood was the first which flowed here. An unhappy female heretic, named Margaret Porette, scarcely thirty years old, was burnt here in 1310, for having written, *that the soul, absorbed in God, is at the height of every virtue, and has nothing more to do; and that when a certain degree of virtue is attained, one cannot go beyond it.* Four hundred years afterwards, another female was allowed to utter with impunity, nearly the same absurdities. Four ages hence, and perhaps we shall run the risk of being burnt, for denying the evidence of the same propositions; so unerring is human reason! so infallible is human justice!--- Previously to this execution, crimnals were put to death in the market-places, which still participated, during more than an age, with *la Greve*, the miserable prerogative of scaffolds. In this last place, were decapitated, in 1398, the two Augustin monks, who had engaged, for a large remuneration, and on the penalty of their lives, of cure Charles VI. of an incurable malady, with which he was struck. The two friars lost their heads, and the king did not recover his own. The last execution, which took place in a market-place, in 1477, was that of the unhappy Duke of Nemours, whose children, placed on the scaffold, by order of the cruel Louis XI. were covered with the blood of their father. This unfortunate man was conducted from the Bastile to the place of his execution, on a horse, caparisoned with black. Since that epoch, every sentence of death, passed at Paris, has been executed at the Place de Greve.

In coming, some days since, out of the Hotel de Ville, I stopt for some moments on the steps; when I found myself assailed, all at once, by a multitude of ideas and of painful recollections. I imagined that I had under my eyes, the scaffold where a brave general perished so miserably, surrounded by the *beaumonde*, who came *to have the pleasure of seeing his head fall*; that enormous gibbet where the unfortunate *Favras* was one of the first to pay his life for his unalterable fidelity. I contemplated, with shuddering, this Hotel de Ville, the witness of so many crimes and so many executions. I ran over, in idea, the sanguinary records of *la Greve*, where I read with horror the names of Ravaillac, of Brinvilliers of Damien, of Cartouche, and all the frightful succession of human atrocities. Every kind of crime---robbery, assassination, poisoning, parricide, sacrilege, finds there its ignominious illustration; and according to the remark of the judicious author of "Essays on Paris," all the monsters who have figured at this place, would from an assemblage more numerous than any one of those which have been collected at their execution.

These melancholy ideas, on which my mind engaged itself involuntarily during the rest of the day, continued to occupy me in the evening, when I met Dr. M., one of those men, who, as Sterne says, "seek the north-east passage of the intellectual world, to expedite their arrival at the land of science." This learned physician, the great enemy of systems, and of speculative theories, has occupied himself, during six years, on a work "on the Affinities of Physiology and Morals," in the execution of which, he spends great part of his time in prisons, in order to collect his facts, to multiply his authorities, and to extend his experience. The interest of the science, and the constant preoccupation of a single idea, protects him from any painful feeling, and even from the ridicule sometime excited by the diligence he uses to be present at the apprehension of great crimnals, to follow them before the tribunals, into the prisons, and even to the foot of the scaffold, at the risk of being confounded with those unfeeling idlers, who seek, indifferently, a spectacle at la Greve or at Tivoli. Persons who are accutomed to confound the words and ideas of sensation and of sentiment, who take no account of the strength of will and the force of habit, would find it difficult to believe the sensibility of a man, who makes it his task to watch, in the heart of a condemned crimnal, the last sighs of hope, and to observe human nature at war with the idea of destruction. The Doctor explains extremely well, and proves, still better by his practice, that the operations of the mind and the movements of the soul are not on the same principle, and ought not to be judged of by the same results. Mr. M. concluded, while yet arguing, by making me promise to attend him the next day to the Conciergerie, to see the assassin Laumond, previous to the hour of his being brought forth for his execution.

The Doctor was exact; but at the moment of setting out, I felt a compunction at a heart, which would make me renounce my project, if I had not been ashamed of exposing all my weakness to a man who would not have done honor to my sensibility. We departed. On the road he recounted to me the frightful details of the murder committed on the fruiterer of Verneuil Street---"The unhappy being whom we are going to see," said he, in finishing his narration, "is a new proof, in support of a truth which I shall exemplify by his whole career; it is, that the door of a gaming-house is one of the gates to the gibbet—During 15 years that I have been making observations on great criminals, I have scarcely seen any who have not been seized, either with the dice or the cards in their hands." Without giving me time to what I might consider exaggerated in this assertion, he applied the whole life of this Laumond, whom he described, even in his childhood, abandoned to that love of gaming which he retained during his whole career, in public places among children of his own age, who played the prelude to the same vices, in yielding to the same inclinations.—"In turn, a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, I should have concluded," continued the Doctor, "from the details only of his private life, that the head of such a man must be consigned to the executioner before the age of thirty. One thing only surprises me," added he, "it is, that a wretch whose crime evinced such weakness, should have had the courage to dispense with the privilege of pleading *not guilty*, to dispute with justice those hours of agony, and which the