

Poetry.

I LOVE BUT ONE.

Written by Lord Byron upon his departure from England.

'Tis done! and shivering in the gale  
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;  
And whistling o'er the bended mast,  
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast.  
And I must from this land be gone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,  
And could I see what I have seen—  
Could I repose upon the breast  
Which once my warmest wishes blest,  
I should not seek another zone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye  
Which gave me bliss or misery;  
And I have striven, but in vain,  
Never to think of it again;  
For though I fly from Albion,  
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird without a mate,  
My weary heart is dissolate;  
I look around, and cannot trace  
One friendly smile or welcome face:  
And even in crowds I'm still alone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,  
And I will seek a foreign home:  
Till I, forget a false fair face,  
I ne'er shall find a resting place:  
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,  
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth  
Still finds some hospitable hearth,  
Where friendship's or love's softer glow  
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;  
But friend or lover I have none,  
Because I cannot love but one.

I go! but wheresoe'er I flee  
There's not an eye will weep for me,  
There's not a kind congenial heart  
Where I can claim the meanest part;  
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,  
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene—  
Of what we are, and what we've been—  
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe:  
But mine, alas! has stood the blow,  
Yet still beats on as it begun  
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear, loved one may be  
Is not for vulgar eyes to see;  
And why that love was early lost,  
Thou knowest the best—I feel the most:  
But few that dwell beneath the sun  
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters, too,  
With charms, perchance, as fair to view;  
And I would fain have loved as well—  
But some unconquerable spell  
Forbade my bleeding breast to own  
A kindred care for ought but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,  
And bless thee in my last adieu;  
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep  
For him who wanders o'er the deep,  
Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,  
I love but thee—I love but one.

THE TEMPLE—AND THE DARKNESS AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION.

(From Salathiel.)

Of all the labours of human wealth and power devoted to worship, the temple within whose courts I then stood was the most mighty. In my after years, the years of my unhappy wanderings, far from the graves of my kindred, I have seen all the most famous shrines of the great kingdoms of idolatry, constrained by cruel circumstance, and the still sterner cruelty of man. I have stood before the altar of the Ephesian Diana, the master-piece of Ionian splendour; I have strayed through the woods of Delphi, and been made a reluctant witness of the superb mysteries of that chief of the oracles of imposture. Dragged in chains, I have been forced to join the procession round the Minerva of the Acropolis, and almost forgot my chains in wonder at that monument of a genius which ought to have been consecrated only to the true God by whom it was given. The temple of the Capitoline Jove, the Santa Sophia of the Rome of Constantine, the still more stupendous and costly fabric in which the third Rome still bows before the fisherman of Galilee; all have been known to my step, that knows all things but rest; but all were dreams and shadows to the grandeur, the dazzling beauty, the almost unearthly glory of that temple which once covered the "Mount of Vision" of the City of the Lord.

At the distance of almost two thousand years, I have its image on my mind's eye with living and painful fulness. I

see the court of the Gentiles circling the whole; a fortress of the whitest marble, with its wall rising six hundred feet from the valley; its kingly ontrance worthy of the fame of Solomon; its innumerable and stately dwellings for the priests and officers of the temple, and above them, glittering like a succession of diadems, those alabaster porticoes and colonnades in which the chiefs and sages of Jerusalem sat teaching the people, or walked, breathing the pure air, and gazing on the grandeur of a landscape which swept the whole amphitheatre of the mountains. I see, rising above this stupendous boundary, the court of the Jewish women separated by its prophery pillars and richly sculptured wall; above this, the separated court of the men; still higher, the court of the priests; and highest, the crowning splendour of all the central temple, the place of the Sanctuary, and of the Holy of Holies, covered with plates of gold, its roof planted with lofty spearheads of gold, the most precious marbles and metals every where flashing back the day, till Mount Moriah stood forth to the eye of the stranger approaching Jerusalem, what it had been so often described by its bards and people, a "mountain of snow studded with jewels."

The grandeur of the worship was worthy of this glory of architecture. Four-and-twenty thousand Levites ministered by turns,—a thousand at a time. Four thousand more performed the lower offices. Four thousand singers and minstrels, with the harp, the trumpet, and all the richest instruments of the land, whose native genius was music, and whose climate and landscape led men instinctively to delight in the charm of sound, chaunted the inspired songs of our warrior king, and filled up the pause of prayer with harmonies that transported the spirit beyond the cares and passions of a troubled world.

I was standing before the altar of burnt-offering, with the Levite at my side holding the lamb; the cup was in my hand. I was about to pour the wine on the victim, when I was startled by the sound of hurried feet. At another moment the veil of the porch was thrown back, and a figure rushed in; it was the high priest, but not in the robes of ceremony which it was customary for him to wear in the seasons of the greater festivals. He was covered with the common vesture of the priesthood, and was anxious to use it for total concealment. His face was buried in the fold of his cloak, and he walked with blind precipitation towards the subterranean passage which led from the sanctuary to his cloister. But he had scarcely reached it when a new feeling stopped him; and he turned to the altar where I was standing in mute surprise. The cloak fell from his visage; it was pale as death; the habitual sternness of feature which rendered him a terror to the people, had collapsed into feebleness; while he gazed on the fire, it accidentally blazed up, and I thought I saw the glistening of a tear on a cheek that had never exhibited human emotion before. But no time was left for question, even if reverence had not restrained me. He suddenly grasped the head of the lamb, as was customary for those who offered up an expiation for their own sin; his lip, ashy white, quivered with broken prayer; then snatching the knife from the Levite, he plunged it into the animal's throat, and with his hands covered with blood, and with a groan that echoed despair, again rushed distracted away!

The victim still burned upon the altar, and I was offering up the incense, when the increasing sounds abroad told me that the deserted courts were filling once more. But the sounds grew with an extraordinary rapidity; they were soon all but tumultuous. The sanctuary in which I stood was almost wholly lighted by the lamps that burned round the walls, and the fitful blaze of the altar, whose fires were never suffered to be extinguished. But when, at length unable to suppress my alarm at the growing uproar, I went to the porch, I left comparative day behind me, a gloom sicker than that of tempest, and thicker than that of smoke, overspread the sky. The sun which I had seen like a fiery buckler hanging over the city, was utterly gone. While I looked, the darkness deepened, and the blackness of night, of night without a star, fell far and wide upon the horizon.

Without impediment or error, I made my way over and among the crowds that strewed the court of the Gentiles. I heard many a prayer and many a groan: but I had now no more to do with man; and forced my way steadily to the great portal.—Thus far, if I had been stricken with utter blindness, I could not have been less guided by the eye. But on passing into the streets of the lower city, a scattered torch from time to time struggling through the darkness, like the lamp in a sepulchre, gave me glimpses of the scene.

The broad avenues were encumbered with the living in the semblance of the dead. All was prostration, or those attitudes into which men are thrown by terror beyond the strength and spirit of man to resist. The cloud that, from my melancholy bed above the valley of Hinnom, I had seen rolling up the hills, was this multitude. A spectacle whose name shall never pass my lips, had drawn them all by a cruel, a frantic, curiosity out of Jerusalem, and left it the solitude that had surprised me. Preternatural eclipse and horror fell on them, and their thousands madly rushed back to perish, if perish they must, within the walls of the City of Holiness. Still the multitude came pouring in; their distant trampling had the sound of a cataract; and their outcries of pain, and rage, and terror, where like what I have since heard, but more feebly, and sent up from the field of battle.

I struggled on, avoiding the living torrent by the ear; and slowly threading my way wherever I heard the voices least numerous; but my task was one of extreme toil; and but for those, more than all the treasures of the earth to me, whose life depended on my efforts, I should have willingly lain down, and suffered the multitude to trample me into the grave. How long I thus struggled I know not. But a yell of peculiar and universal terror that burst round me, made me turn my reluctant eyes towards Jerusalem. The cause of this new alarm was seen at once. A large sphere of fire fiercely shot through the heavens, lighting its track down the murky

air, and casting a disastrous and pallid illumination on the myriads of gazers below. It stopped above the city; and exploded in thunder, flashing over the whole horizon, but covering the temple with a blaze which gave it the aspect of a large mass of metal glowing in the furnace. Every outline of the architecture, every pillar, every pinnacle, was seen with a vivid and terrible distinctness. Again all vanished. I heard the hollow roar of an earthquake; the ground rose and heaved under our feet. I heard the crash of buildings, the fall of fragments of the hills, and louder than both, the groan of the multitude. I caught my wife closer to my bosom. In the next moment, I felt the ground give way beneath me; a sulphurous vapour took away my breath, and I was caught up in a whirlwind of dust and ashes!

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Shop, the late Mr. KENDALL'S.  
Fredericton, 27th May, 1828. 3m.

NOTICE.

ALL persons who have unsettled Accounts, and are indebted to the Subscriber, will please to call and settle them satisfactorily, or they will be put into the hands of an Attorney to collect without discrimination.  
Fredericton, April 22, 1828. JEDEDIAH SLASON

TO LEASE

FOR a term of years, a valuable Lot of Land, situated about half a mile from the Market House, on which there is a dwelling house and barn, and a most eligible situation for making Bricks. For particulars apply to  
JAMES TAYLOR, jun.

NOTICE.

THE Co. Partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, in Woodstock, under the firm of English and Perley, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons having any demands against the said firm will present their accounts for adjustment, and all those indebted to the firm will make immediate payment to either of the Subscribers, at Woodstock.

RICHARD ENGLISH.  
CHARLES PERLEY.

Fredericton, July 28, 1828. 4wp.

FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE Lot of Land fronting on the River St. John, 40 rods in width, and extending back nearly one mile, situated in the Parish of Saint Mary's, a little below the Nashwalk, and immediately adjoining the upper line of the farm of Henry Smith, Esq., the Lot is too well known to require a more particular description. If the above should not be sold by private sale on or before the first day of September next, it will then be offered for sale by Public Auction.

WM. TAYLOR, Auctioneer.

Terms of payment, half the purchase money to be paid on delivery of the Deed, the remainder by two equal instalments in one, and two years with interest.

Fredericton, July 14, 1828. 7wp.

ALL Persons having demands against the Estate of the late Donald Munn, late of the Nashwalk, in the County of York, deceased, will render their accounts duly attested to within Three Months from this date, and all persons indebted to the Estate of the said late Donald Munn, will make payment to Duncan M'Gregor, Courier between Miramichi and Fredericton, the Subscriber's Attorney in the premises, who is duly authorized to settle and wind up the affairs of the said Estate.

DONALD M'KAY, Executor.

Newcastle, 31st July, 1828. 3wp.

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