

POETRY.

Selected.

TO BESSY.

Money a year has come an' gone,
And money a lang lang day—
Sint' frae my native Highland home,
I first was forced away:
To wander in an unco' lan'
Far, far ayeont the sea—
And leave my native Highland home—
The home o' Bess and me.

I've traversed mony a distant lan',
I've cross'd the braid, braid sea;
But oh! my native Highland home,
My thoughts were a' wi' thee;
As constant as yon sun doth rise
And set, behind the sea—
So constant Bessy, was my prayer,
At morn an' night for thee.

When I returned unto my home,
The hills were clad wi' snow,
Tho' they look'd cold and cheerless, Bess!
My heart was in a glow;
Tho' keen the wintry north wind blew—
Like summer 'twas to me;
For Bess, my frame was warm wi' love
For country, kindred, thee!

Nae flowers e'er hail'd wi' bonnier smile
Returning sunny beams,
Than I did hail my Highland home—
Its mountains and its streams;
For there, my e'e wi' gladness traced
The scenes o' mny a joy—
When I had climb'd thy mountains wild,
A thoughtless Highland boy.

And now we're met, my bonny Bess,
Nae mair our love to part—
For nature has indeed declared
That ours should be as heart;
Like sister flowers that baith maun bloom,
Or baith maun cease to be—
So our twa hearts maun beat as one,
As one the twa maun dee.

We'll be sae loving a' the night,
Sae happy a' the day;
And though our bodies they may change,
Our love shall ne'er decay;
Sae gentle as yon lovely stream,
Declining years shall run,
And life shall pass frae our auld clay
As snow melts wi' the sun.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FALL OF CÆSAR.

THE evening preceding the fate of the last survivor of the first triumvirate was unusually beautiful. The sun retired in full splendour in the west, enveloping the summit of the lofty Capitolium in a blaze of ether, and impressing with his beams the varied colors of an iris on the cerulean softness of an Italian sky. The Collis Hortulorum, or hill of flowers, at the northern boundary of the city, scented the air with its rich and varied perfume. The waters in the aqueducts rippled in obedience to the gentle breeze which slightly agitated their currents; and the janitor of the temple on the golden mountain, contemplating in silent rapture the scene of unrivalled beauty, stood ready to perform his vesper duties to the god of peace, as the last rays of the setting luminary cast their shadows on the distant horizon.

As the sun thus sank in majesty, to enlighten another hemisphere, the moon rose, veiled in splendor, over the scene from which he had just departed. Her horns formed a lovely arch upon the blue and silent waters of the Mediterranean; while her beams, reflected from the brazen doors of the Capitol, glimmered on the fatal rock of Tarpeia—exposing, at the base of its terrific declivity, the Tiber dwindled to a stream.

The interior of the Capitolium—a relic of the elder Tarquin, presented a striking contrast to the rock on which it stood. Pleasure barges and smaller Roman galleys glided along the Tiber, before its western front—on the right wing of which stood the Temple of Minerva, enriched with a marble statue of the Goddess, holding in her right hand a spear, and in the left her awful ægis. On the opposite wing, a temple had been dedicated to Juno, whose image, carved in the purest alabaster, reposed on a royal couch—her head enriched by a crown, her hand grasping a sceptre. The supremacy of Jupiter was acknowledged, by the erection of a splendid apartment between those of the Goddesses, the doors of which were of gold—the pavement of the purest marble; a statue of the powerful Deity, holding in one hand a thunderbolt, and in its opposite a sceptre surmounted by an eagle, graced a niche in the Temple, and proclaimed his rank and dominion over all the gods.

The gates of the city were shut. Nature had sunk to repose. The only sound which vibrated on the gentle breeze, as it floated over the city of the Cæsars, were those from the sentinels on the Temple of Romulus, or the guardians of that of Diana. The deep and universal hush of humanity was the precursor to a storm, destined to shake Rome to her centre—to depopulate her cities—to turn her rivers into blood—to grace the walls of the Forum with the bleeding head of her darling orator—to banish justice and mercy from her confines—to rend asunder the iron bonds of nature—to prostrate virtue on the shrine of revenge, and to shame even the demon of cruelty by refinement on the tortures he had invented. The calm interval resembled that in which the world rose from chaos, and Eden bloomed in beauty. Nature viewed the horrible catastrophe, and shuddered through the elements of the tempest.

Dark clouds, hitherto unknown in the mild region of Italy, are seen to gather in the east; the sky becomes suddenly obscured, loud and repeated thunder echoes through the seven hills of the imperial city, livid lightning darts along the walls of the Capitol, the waves of the Tiber dash against the Tarpeian rock, as if agitated by the angry spirit of Manlius, the wind, hitherto scarcely agitat-

ing the leaves of the aspen, shakes the massive doors of the Capitol, the statues of the gods tremble to their base, one vivid electric flash, penetrating the chamber of Pompey's statue, displays drops of sweat, mingled with blood, on the lifeless forehead of the sculptured hero, the opposing elements, at length concentrating, burst with an awful concussion, over the hated city, as though the knell of her destiny had been rung in an incensed assembly of the gods.

At this moment Calphurnia, the wife of Cæsar, suddenly started from her couch, shrieking in a voice of terror, heightened by despair, which rang through the vaulted ceilings of the palace—"Help! they murder Cæsar!"

The horror-stricken cry awakened the conqueror of Pompey. "What midnight vision has disturbed thee, my lovely Calphurnia?" exclaimed he. "Thine eyes are wild, thy countenance unearthly, the vital stream has left thy cheek: fear not, thou art the wife of Cæsar."

"I am," replied Calphurnia, "but ere tomorrow's sun shall cease to enlighten our hemisphere, the bleeding body of Julius shall be the bridegroom of Calphurnia. Seest thou the convulsion of external nature? the Tarpeian rock trembles. And look, I see the spirit of Manlius rise from the waves of Tiber to greet the headless shade of Pompey, as it approaches from the Egyptian shore, Cornelia rends the elements with shouts of joy, she beckons me, pointing to the waves yet tinged with the blood of her hero, exclaiming as she clasps her hand sheathing a dagger: 'To-morrow, thus shall it be with Cæsar; the fates have passed the Rubicon, retreat in vain, they come—they come: welcome ye gloomy messengers, thrice welcome to your charnel house of death! prepare your mansion for the mighty Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul, the destroyer of Pompey, the friend of Brutus, look on the hellish grin with which she shrieks the name of Brutus—will grace the regions of infernalism with superior lustre. Ye daughters of Nox and Acheron, on with your black and bloody vestments, twine an eternal garland to grace the brow of the mighty Julius, and thou, Charon, wait the conqueror of Britain in safety, across the bosom of Cocytus, into the never-ending guardianship of Pluto. How will the daughters of Erebus welcome their new companion! Hades will resound with echoes of infernal joy at the approach of the lofty dictator, mighty Cæsar, Pompey, thy rival on the plains of Pharsalia, shall haunt thee in the regions of Tartarus: the serpents of Circe and the Eumenides shall charm thee, thou shalt see the fields of Elysium, but not taste their fruits, shalt quench thy thirst with Tantalus and labour with Sisyphus! again in savage exultation she screams, behold the preparation, the altar of sacrifice, the priests impatient to perform their office! the victim, the victim is ready, ha! ha! ha! She vanishes: I see them pierce thy body, their daggers glitter in the air, wet with the blood of Cæsar! Ye gods, protect my Julius!"

The bride of Cæsar on uttering the last words, bent in the attitude of prayer, but the tongue refused to perform its office: the tempest of passion had been too strong for the frail tenement against which it had beaten—excitement had suspended the functions of life, the lips became blue, the vital stream fled from the surface to its source—the eyes were fixed with that peculiar expression which attends the prostration of the mental powers—the countenance assumed that ghastly paleness which remains on the features immediately succeeding the dissolution of life, and uttering a shriek that echoed through every avenue of the palace, with one convulsive effort she essayed to throw herself on the bosom of Cæsar, and fell senseless on the floor.

The shriek of Calphurnia had awakened the inmates of the palace, and the chamber was quickly filled with domestics, each striving to restore the victim of unbounded affection. In a corner of the room stood the dictator, firm but shaken by the passing scene, like some oak of the forest which the lightning had blasted but not consumed. A stranger to fear, yet strongly tinged with the superstition of his age—the wild, terrific, yet solemn horror of Calphurnia, had inverted the natural order of his mind. He stood contemplating in silence, the beautiful ruin before him as one who, deserted by hope, disdained to seek for pity. He was roused from his reverie by the entrance of a domestic from the city, who, with hair erect, and eyes starting from their sockets, rushed furiously forward, and fell at the feet of Julius.

"What means this attitude?" said he, "what tidings from without has thus excited the torpor of slavery itself?"

"Thou wilt spurn me from thy presence," replied the slave, "should I dare utter what I have heard."

"By the sacred smiles of the goddess of morning, who has risen in her wouted beauty, thou art safe," exclaimed Cæsar—"Speak on."

"The Tiber has risen midway up the Tarpeian rock," cried the domestic in a voice of terror. "bloody horsemen have fought in the air—the graves have burst their portals—the souls of the dead have mingled with the living—Pompey's statue has sweated blood, his headless corse, accompanied by the spirit of Manlius, has stalked through the city: Cornelia, attended by the fatal sisters, followed in the train, the latter held suspended in her hand—but I dare not, cannot name it," said the faithful domestic, and swooned at the footstool of his master.

"This confirmation of thy vision, my lovely, miserable, bride," said Julius, "portends some event my mind's eye cannot reach, the gods must be appeased; go, fellow, bid the priests prepare a sacrifice worthy the acceptance of the gods, Cæsar will present the offering."

Calphurnia, who had been removed to another part of the palace, having recovered from the swoon, again entered the apartment of her lord. Throwing her white arm

around Cæsar, and pointing to the moon, whose beams were yet shining on the city, she said, in a tone of deep and awful solemnity, "I conjure thee by the beams of that bright orb, which now shed their light, perhaps their final light, on this devoted capital; by thy love for Calphurnia, by thy veneration for the gods, by thy awful vision of this midnight hour, go not to the senate house, to-day."

"Beautiful Calphurnia," replied Julius, "whatever the gods have woven in the leaf of our destiny cannot be averted; as well might we attempt to arrest the lightning, guided in its course by Jove, or to stay the thunderbolt directed by his arm: shall I, who have founded a second Carthage, and another Corinth, whom the gods have prospered and protected, whose arms they have crowned with conquest, whose name they have loaded with eternal honors, shall I, because the elements have been convulsed, and the spirits of the dead have stalked through the midnight gloom, dare to believe that the immortal deities have forsaken me? No! by the eternal Jove, though the ghost of Pompey has traversed the streets of Rome, in darkness, attended by the furies, the Tiber and the clouds have met, the heavens have been streaked with blood, and the earth rent to its foundation—yet shall not the soul of Cæsar shrink. Unappalled by the terrors which surround him, he shall once more meet the demon of danger, so often vanquished, and again return triumphant from the contest."

"I know the strength and nobleness of thy nature—the weakness and inefficiency of my own," said Calphurnia; "yet ere thou rejectest my advice, consult the augurs."

"To calm thy fears, thou noble woman, I have already ordered the priests to prepare a sacrifice which I will offer to the gods; the man approaches who bore my commands. Slave! what say the priests, is the offering ready?"

"Mighty Julius," replied the man, "already have three beasts been slain, the haruspex Spurinna bids me tell thee they were deficient in heart, the seat of life is not, the omen is unfavorable to thy departure for the senate house."

"The gods have sported, or the priest played foul," replied Cæsar. "The Senators are sitting; Julius had better die a single death, than live, and fear a thousand."

In thoughtful meditation, he withdrew to a window fronting the Tiber. The morning dawn had been resplendent, the beautiful sky of Italy had again assumed its wonted serenity, a speck of white occasionally variegated the blue concave, and a few streaks of lake-coloured cloud tinged the edge of the horizon. Julius was contemplating the effect of the sun's rays, as penetrating the blaze of the yet unruined Tiber, they threw a beautiful prismatic arch over the channel, when Decius Brutus, who attended to conduct him to the capitol, was announced. The sight of his conductor, the remembrance of his past glories, his present reputation and his future fame, contrasted with the weakness which had inclined him to yield to the request of Calphurnia, rushed upon his mind in a moment.

"Thou art my better genius," cried Cæsar; "the die is cast, I go to the capitol, Cæsar is safe. Yon sun would be stopped in his course, the heavens be darkened, the waters be turned into blood, and nature sink into annihilation, had the gods decreed that Cæsar should perish; yet look on the scene, Calphurnia, lovely and beautiful as it is. Farewell, the gods protect thee!"

The parting benediction had scarcely been uttered, when a thunder-clap resounded through the caverns of Rome. Cæsar had ascended the litter, as the cloud burst over his head.

"Another troile of the gods," said he; "proceed!"

The pathway leading to the capitol had been strewn with flowers, virgins, arrayed in white, filled the air with songs, as they preceded the litter on which Cæsar was borne, a band of music awaited his approach in the marble hall of the capitol. The shout of the plebeian masters of the universe from the city at length announced his arrival.

At that moment a flight of vultures, which had hovered for some time around the Tarpeian hill, suddenly descended to the plain—the foremost tore the heart from the body of a lamb, uttered a screech, and bore away in triumph the bloody spoil, an awful omen of a more bloody scene.

A band of conspirators, Marcus Brutus, Caius Cassius, Casca, Metellus, Cimber, and others, whose deeds had been matured amid the terrors of the preceding night, anxiously beheld Cæsar dismount from the litter. He ascended the lofty flight of steps leading to the capitol.

A soothsayer approached, "Cæsar," said he, "beware the Ides of March!"

"That sepulchral note is familiar to my ear," exclaimed Cæsar; "who art thou, mysterious visitant, that thus, in a voice as hollow as that of the bittren in the wilderness, a second time crossst the pathway of Julius? I charge thee answer me."

"Thy saviour," replied the seer, "if thou attendest my warning, thy prophet, if thou rejectest it: thy lot has been cast, the depths of thy fortune have been sounded. Again I conjure thee, in the name of those with whom I hold intelligence, by the secrets of the tomb, by the infernal horrors that await the souls of the guilty, sent impurified into the presence of the gods, beware the Ides of March!"

"They are come," said Cæsar—"But not yet gone," muttered the stranger, and rushed into the crowd.

"Heardest thou the saying of that wizard?" said Julius to Marcus Brutus, whom he had saved and adopted, and who was now leaning, in a thoughtful posture, against one of the pillars of the capitol.

"I do not pretend to divination," replied Brutus, "nor have I faith in these erratic beings. His saying admits of that double interpretation, if any, with which these as-

trologers mystify their forebodings, and screen themselves from the charge of falsehood: think not of him, thy senators await thee."

"I go," said Julius, "perhaps to the revelation of this mystery, the gods direct it."

Cæsar now approached the senate chamber, the doors were opened, and the assembly rose in respectful silence.

"Most noble senators, I greet you," said Julius.

"The senate sends this greeting back to Cæsar," replied several voices.

Julius now seated himself in the midst of the assembly. Again the elements were convulsed. Casca, a conspirator, approached, the dagger glittered in his hand, at the back of Julius he was seen to tremble—the assassins shuddered, in that awful feeling of suspense which attends the felon between condemnation and execution. Cæsar, startled by the rustling behind his chair, suddenly turned his face on the murderer—the fear of discovery and death nerved the assassin's arm, and the dagger lodged in the throat of the dictator. The signal had now been given—the blow struck—the assassins approached—dagger after dagger found its resting place in the bosom of Julius. With the force which nature sometimes imparts to the last throes of mortal agony, he defended himself with vigor against the daring and determined band, until Marcus Brutus advanced, and plunging his dagger into the heart of his friend and benefactor, exclaimed, "I love thee, tyrant, but my country more."

"Ei tu, mi fili," faintly articulated Julius. Then, turning to the majestic form of Pompey, he murmured, "Shade of the GREAT, thou art appeased. Miserable, lost, undone Calphurnia!"

The eyes became fixed, the vital stream rushed in torrents through the channels ploughed by the poinards of the assassins. The functions of the brain alone seemed to retain their wonted vigor, to assert their supremacy, to triumph over the wreck of mortal existence, and to watch the machine, as the wheels, one after another, ceased from their revolution. Anxious, even in death, to preserve his dignity, with one final, convulsive effort, Julius enveloped himself in the more than royal—the Roman robes. The eye dilated, the tongue in vain endeavored to articulate, the livid paleness of the features marked the near approach of death; and, as the spirit shed the last beams of intelligence over the frame it had so lately animated, the mighty Cæsar reeled to the base of Pompey's statue—fell—and expired without a groan.—*American Month. Magazine.*

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Honorable John Murray Bliss, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested within nine months from the date hereof: And all persons indebted to the said estate are desired to make immediate payment to

GEORGE P. BLISS, Administrator.
L. A. WILMOT.

Frederickton, 27th September, 1834.

CENTRAL BANK.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Whereby given that the remaining Instalment of Forty Seven per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Central Bank of New Brunswick, is required to be paid into the hands of the Cashier, at the Bank in Fredericton, on MONDAY, the sixth day of July next.

By Order of the Board of Directors.
H. G. CLOPPER, PRESIDENT.
Fredericton, 11th March, 1835.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the following Assessments have been levied upon the Property of each of the undermentioned non-residents in the Parish of Woodstock, County of Carleton, and that a portion of the same will be sold pursuant to the Acts of General Assembly in such case made and provided, unless the amount annexed to each name be forthwith paid, viz:

John Taylor, 15s. 10d.; John Tobin, 4s. 9d.; William Kirk, 9s. 5d.; John Higgins, 8s. 2d.; Valentine Hartley, 4s. 9d.; Richard Woods, 7s. 11d.; James Phillips, 1s. 7d.; Fraser Duff, 4s. 9d.

FRED B. DIBBLE,
JOHN BEDELL, JUDG.
JAMES KETCHUM, Assessors.
Woodstock, January 14th 1835.

* The persons whose names are omitted has paid the amount to us.

TO BE SOLD OR LET.

A convenient DWELLING HOUSE, well adapted for the residence of a private family, very pleasantly situated in Brunswick Street, Fredericton, now occupied by Mrs. Murray, with Barns, Stabling for four Horses, and two Cows, Harness Room, Coach House, and Wood Sheds, all complete; with an excellent commodious Ice House and Larder attached thereto, and a good Garden in high order. The whole ground, including what the buildings stand on and garden, comprises two town lots, is half an acre in quantity, and runs through from Brunswick street in front to the street in the rear, giving two fronts to the premises. Possession can be given at any time after the 1st of May next. For further particulars apply to the Subscriber at his office in Fredericton.

GEORGE FREDERICK STREET.
Fredericton, 31st March, 1835. 6w.

FOR SALE.

(and possession given immediately.)
A most valuable Lot of LAND on the South-West Branch of the Miramichi River, containing Two Hundred Acres,—originally granted to John R. McPherson. For terms and particulars, apply to W. & F. KINNEAR, Esquires, Saint John, or to the Subscriber.

JAMES TAYLOR.
Fredericton, 24th April, 1835.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

(and possession given the first May next.)
A two story Dwelling HOUSE situated in King's Street, next below the residence of J. A. MACLAUGHLIN, Esq.—Apply to

December 16, 1834. JOSHUA DUNN.

NEW BRUNSWICK ALE.

MESSES. KELLIE & YOUNGER, BREWERS, in the City Saint John, having appointed the Subscriber their Agent for the Town of Fredericton and its vicinity, beg leave to acquaint the Public generally, that they can be supplied with the above excellent article in ten or thirty Gallon Casks, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. per gallon. Messrs. K. & Y. particularly request that their friends in this place will apply to the subscribing Agent, who will forward their orders, make delivery, and receive all payments for the same.

R. CHESTNUT.

Store at Steam Boat Landing.

N. B. The persons who gave orders to Mr. Younger a few days ago, can receive their articles ordered, by applying as above.

Fredericton, 10th March, 1835.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive of Postage.

Advertisements not exceeding Twelve Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Sixpence the first and one Shilling and Sixpence for each succeeding insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash and the Insertions will be regulated according to the amount received. Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

SAINT JOHN, Mr. Peter Duff.

SAINT ANDREWS, Mr. G. Miller.

DORCHESTER, E. B. Chandler.

SALISBURY, R. Scott, Esq.

KENT, J. W. Weldon, Esq.

MIRAMICHI, Edward Baker, Esq.

KENT, (CO. OF YORK) Geo. Moorhouse, Esq.

WOODSTOCK, Mr. C. Raymond.

NORTHAMPTON, James Tilley, Esq.

SHEFFIELD, Doctor Barker.

GAZETOWN, Mr. W. F. Bonnell.

KINGSTON, Mr. J. Davidson.

HAMPTON, Mr. Samuel Hallett.

REMOVAL.

M. COY, Surgeon and Druggist, has removed his Medical and Surgical Dispensary to the premises in Queen-street, formerly occupied by Mr. J. T. Smith. Fredericton, 5th May, 1835.

FOR SALE.

300 ACRES of Wild Land, well covered with Hard Wood, convenient for hauling to Fredericton, and lying in rear of the Property on which the Hon. F. P. Robinson now resides; granted to Peter Clements, who offers the same on reasonable terms. For particulars apply to WILLIAM J. BEDELL, at Fredericton. March 10.

LAND FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD AT EASY PAYMENTS.
A very valuable Tract of LAND, in the Parish of Wakefield, in the second Tier of Lots near the Town of Woodstock, County of Carleton—containing 550 Acres, about 10 acres of which is cleared. ALSO—150 Acres of excellent Land, in the Parish of Wicklow, in said County, adjoining Mr. Milberry. For further particulars please inquire of RALPH M. JARVIS, Esq. of Saint John, or MARK NEEDHAM, of Fredericton.
Fredericton, 10th March, 1835.

CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that any person who may hereafter be found trespassing on the Lands belonging to Captain THOMAS MOSES, situate between the River Nashwaak and the Tay Creek Road, and surrounded by Lands belonging to the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company, will be prosecuted according to Law.
29th Oct. 1834.

FOR SALE.

PERSONS who may be desirous of purchasing Land in the immediate vicinity of the NEW TOWN OF STANLEY, can be accommodated with any quantity from a Rod to a Thousand Acres, by application to Mr. ROBERT GOWAN, of Fredericton; who is likewise authorised to dispose of the Timber now growing on the said Land, and with whom a plan of the Property is lodged.
29th October, 1834. THOMAS MOSES.

Rum! Rum! and Brandy!

3 PUNCHEONS Jamaica SPIRITS, and half a Pipe Cognac BRANDY, on Consignment—and for sale for Cash or short approved Credit. Apply to
M. MACKINTOSH.
Fredericton, Feb'y 18, 1835.

SOAP & CANDLES.

A few 36 and 64 lb. Boxes Liverpool SOAP; also Boxes Liverpool Mould CANDLES, short sizes, for sale by M. MACKINTOSH.
Queen Street, Fredericton, March 24.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Subscriber having received an appointment as agent for the Hartford Connecticut Insurance Company, will insure Stores, Houses, Mills, Factories, Barns, and every sort of Goods and Wares, against loss or DAMAGE BY FIRE, at the most reasonable rate of Premium. The subscriber will also attend to the renewal of any Policies issued by his former Agent in this place.
L. A. WILMOT, Agent.
Fredericton, May 13th, 1835.