

Poetry.

TO THE PAST.

FROM THE TALISMAN.

Thou unrelenting past !
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain ;
And fetters sure and fast
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone,
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, manhood, age that draws us towards the ground,
And last—man's life on earth,
Glides to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years :
Thou hast my early friends—the good—the kind—
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense ;
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart ;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered ;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they ;
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last,
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy chains shall fall, inexorable Past !

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no !
Kind words, remembered voices, once so sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back—each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again ;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold,
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung ;
And her who still and cold
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

PROGRESS OF TIME.

A Year hath vanished, and another Year
Is born : what awful changes will arise,
What dark events lie hidden in the womb
Of Time, imagination cannot dream :—
Ye Heavens ! upon whose brow a stillness lies,
Deep as the silence of a thinking heart
In its most holy hour, the world hath changed,
But ye are changeless ; and your midnight race
Of starry watchers glance our glorious isle
Undimmed as when amid her forest depths
The Savage roamed, and chanted to the moon.

O England ! beautiful, and brave, and free,
With Ocean like a bulwark round thee thrown !
Thoughtful of thy destiny awake the heart
To fearful wonder ; from the wildest state
Of darkness raised, and magnified by Heaven !
What though a troubled spirit walk the Earth,
And fancy hear the distant war-drums roll,
Long may thy sea-domes proudly ride the waves,
And o'er the world still reign the Island Queen ;
May each new year add glory to thy name,
And Time be vanish'd ere he sully thee !

Miscellaneous.

THE MILITARY RIDING SCHOOL.

The first morning after a young officer joins his regiment, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downward, to take a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock,

that he can just see the head and ears of the animal on which he sits ; his heels are screwed out by the iron fist of the rough rider, and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been knocked and hammered into this posture, the word "March" is given. This command the well drilled animal obeys immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of about half a yard of skin from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

"Well done, sir ; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, sir ; these things will happen in the best regulated riding academies, and in the army, sir, you will have many ups and downs. Come, sir, jump up, and don't be downhearted because you are floored."

"Well, sergeant, but I am very seriously hurt."
"Nay, nay, I hope not, sir ; but you must be more cautious for the future."

The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the sergeant roaring out at intervals, "Well done, sir ! Head a little higher—toss in, sir—heels out—bend the small of the back a little more—that will do, sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles' statue at Charing Cross. Bravo, sir—rode capitally ! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, sir, to keep your nag well in hands—trot."

"Well done, indeed sir—knees a little lower down, if you please—that's higher, sir—no, no, sir, that's higher, I say—you look for all the world like a tailor on his shopboard ! What are your elbows doing up there, sir ? Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, sir—faster, faster."

"Oh dear ! oh dear ! oh dear ! sergeant, halt, I shall be off ! I shall be off !"

"Bravo, sir, that's better—faster."
"Never mind such trifles, sir ; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Now, recollect, in changing from one to two, you round the horse's croup well, by applying your right leg to his flank, and take care he does not kick you off.—Change from one to two."

"Halt, sir ; halt ! that won't do : what are you about ? That's the wrong way ; I told you from one to two ; turn your horse about from one to two."

I can only just see the top of the riding school—I can see no figures at all, sergeant."

"Well, sir, we'll dispense with this for the present ; but soldiers should learn to turn their eyes every where. Suppose we have another march, sir.—March—trot—faster faster ; very well indeed ! Now, sir, you must recollect, when I say the word halt, that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (if any) of your legs to his sides. If you don't keep your body upright, the horse's head will soon put it in its proper place. Faster—a little faster—halt. There, sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up !"

"Stop, stop ; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds !"

"Rough rider, get a bucket of water for the gentleman. You had better dismount, Sir."

"Dismount, sergeant ? How am I to get off this great beast ?"

"Why, jump, sir, to be sure—jump off. Come, sir, we cannot wait all day ; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, sir, dismount."

"Put your hand on your horse's rump, and lay fast hold of his mane," cries a young officer who had just surmounted the same difficulties, "and you will soon be off." The tyro in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse—thus finishing his first days drill.—*Memoirs of Lieut. Shipp.*

NATURE AND ART.

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS RESEMBLING ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITIONS.

PLINY mentions an agate in which appeared, formed by the hand of nature, Apollo amidst the nine Muses holding a harp. Majolus assures us, that at Venice another is seen, in which is naturally formed the perfect figure of a man. At Pisa, in the church of St. John, there is a similar natural production, which represents an old hermit in a desert, seated by the side of a stream, and who holds in his hands a small bell, as St. Anthony is commonly painted. In the temple of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, there was formerly, on a white marble, the image of St. John the Baptist covered with the skin of a camel, with this only imperfection, that nature had given but one leg. At Ravenna, in the church of St. Vital, a cordelier is seen on a dusky stone. They found in Italy a marble, in which a crucifix was so elaborately finished, that there appeared the nails, the drops of blood, and the wounds, as perfectly as the most excellent painter could have performed. At Snelberg, in Germany, they found in a mine a certain rough metal, on which was seen the figure of a man, who carried a child on his back. In Provence they found in a mine, a quantity of natural figures birds, trees, rats, and serpents ; and in some places of the western parts of Tartary, are seen on divers rocks, the figures of camels, horses, and sheep.

There is preserved in the British Museum a black stone, on which nature has sketched a resemblance of the portrait of Chaucer.

There is a species of the orchis found in the mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Kent, &c. Nature has formed a bee, apparently feeding in the breast of the flower, with so much

* I have seen (writes a friend) many of these curiosities. They are always helped out by art. In my father's house was a grey marble chimney-piece, which abounded in portraits, landscapes, &c. the greatest part of which was made by myself.

exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition. Hence the plant derives its name, and is called the Bee-Flower. This is elegantly expressed by Langhorne, who thus notices its appearance.

' See on that flowret's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies !
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
Th' ambrosial gold that swells his thighs.

' Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs—we'll set the captive free—
I sought the LIVING BEE to find,
And found the PICTURE of a BEE."

Another curious specimen of the playful operations of nature is the mandrake ; a plant indeed, when it is bare of leaves, perfectly resembling that of the human form. The object the same poet has noticed :

' Mark how the rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands ;
Of, as his shapely form he rears,
Aghast the frightened ploughman stands.

He closes this beautiful fable with the following stanza, not unapposite to the curious subject of this article :

' Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
Still many a shining pebble bear ;
Where nature's studious hand engraves
The PERFECT FORM, and leaves it there.

In the 'Academy' of Abbé Bourdelot, a work which is written in dialogue, one of the persons shows a large flint, which appears to be a piece of oak ; some of the assembly are of opinion that it is a piece of oak petrified ; on which subject there arises a discussion, whether bones, wood and other materials, can be petrified. Some maintain the affirmative, and some the negative. One of them says, that a friend had shewn him a piece of wood petrified, with all its veins apparent ; and what confirms its being wood is, that the piece is lighter than stone, but heavier than wood. Another informs the assembly, that he had seen in Auvergne a foundation of which the water became petrified in twenty-four hours. It had also formed of itself a petrified canal, which served as a bridge, above a stream of water which traverses it. He had also a piece of bacon petrified so naturally, that it deceived the eye. A friend observes, that this bacon is the settlement of stony particles in strata.

* The same friend, who resides in Devonshire, writes, 'This orchis is common near our sea-coast ; but instead of being exactly like a bee, it is not like it at all. It has a general resemblance to a fly, and by the help of imagination, may be supposed to be a fly pitched upon the flower. The mandrake very frequently has a forked root, which may be fancied to resemble thighs and legs. I have seen it helped out with nails on the toes, &c.' I must remark respecting the bee-flower, that in a matter where the imagination is so deeply concerned, what may appear a fly to the philosophic eye of my friend, may have appeared a bee to the poetical eye of Langhorne.

[To be Continued.]

NEW-BRUNSWICK

AGRICULTURAL AND EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

At a General Meeting of the New-Brunswick Agricultural and Emigrant Society, holden at the Province Hall on the 31st day of January, 1829, it was

RESOLVED, that a premium of Five Shillings per Chaldron, to the extent of Ten Pounds, shall be awarded for such quantity of good Coal, (the produce of this Province,) fit for Household use, as shall be delivered at Fredericton, during the ensuing summer ; such premium not to be allowed on any quantity less than Twenty Chaldrons.

WM. TAYLOR, Secretary.

March 28, 1829.

8w.

ALL Persons indebted to the SAINT GEORGE Steam Boat, are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber, who is now directed by the Proprietors of said Boat to place all unsettled Notes and Accounts in the hands of an Attorney to collect.

JAMES SEGEE.

Fredericton, April 8, 1828.

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