

## Poetry.

## CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

St. Matthew, viii. 24—27.

Midnight was on the mighty deep,  
And darkness filled the boundless sky,  
While 'mid the raging wind was heard  
The sea-bird's mournful cry,  
For tempest clouds were muttering wrath  
Across the seaman's trackless path.

It came at length—one fearful gust  
Rent from the mast the shivering sail,  
And drove the helpless bark along,  
The plaything of the gale;  
While fearfully the lightning's glare  
Fell on the pale brows gathered there.

But there was one, o'er whose bright face  
Unmarked the livid lightning flashed,  
And on whose stirless, prostrate form,  
Unfelt the sea-spray flashed,  
For, 'mid the tempest fierce and wild,  
He slumbered like a wearied child.

Oh! who could look upon that face,  
And feel the sting of coward fear?  
Though hell's fierce demons raged around,  
Yet heaven itself was here;  
For who that glorious brow could see,  
Nor own a present Deity?

With hurried fear they press around  
The lowly Saviour's humble bed,  
As if his very touch had power  
To shield their souls from dread;  
While, cradled on the raging deep,  
He lay in calm and tranquil sleep.

Vainly they struggled with their fears,  
But wider still the tempest woke,  
Till from their full and o'er-fraught hearts,  
The voice of terror broke.  
"Behold we sink beneath the wave—  
"We perish, Lord! but thou canst save."

Slowly he rose—and mild rebuke  
Shone in his soft and heaven-lit eye—  
"Oh ye of little faith!" he cried,  
"Is not your master nigh?  
"Is not your hope of succour just?  
"Why knew ye not in whom ye trust?"

He turned away, and conscious power  
Dilated his majestic form,  
As o'er the boiling sea he bent,  
The ruler of the storm.  
Earth to its centre felt the thrill,  
As low he murmured—"Peace! Be still!"

Hark to the burst of meeting waves,  
The roaring of the angry sea!  
A moment more and all is hushed  
In deep tranquility!  
While not a breeze is near to break  
The mirrored surface of the lake.

Then, on the stricken hearts of all,  
Fell anxious doubt and holy awe,  
As timidly they gazed on him  
Whose will was nature's law.  
"What man is this," they cry, "whose word  
"E'en by the raging sea is heard?"

## Miscellaneous.

## NATURE AND ART.

[Concluded.]

[In the preceding number was noticed some natural production resembling artificial ones; the following relates to]

## ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITIONS RESEMBLING NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.

M. Vaucanson, by his fluting automaton, first delighted and surprised the ingenious in Paris and in London. It was a human figure which played on the German flute. He invented a similar image which played on the pipe and tabor. To these little miracles of art, he accomplished another, more singular. It was an artificial duck; inwards he formed all the intestines which are employed in eating, drinking, and digestion. He says, in his letter to the Abbé de Fontaines, "The duck stretches out its neck to take corn out of the hand; it swallows it, digests it, and discharges it digested by the usual passage. The duck drinks, plays in the water with her bill, picks her feathers, and makes a garrulous noise like a living duck." A more particular account of these singular automata may be found in a pamphlet translated by J. T. Desaguliers, 1742. In that year these figures were exhibited in the Hay-market. At Paris in 1776, was exhibited an automatical operation of the most surprising nature. The ingenious artist, James Drotz, was a young native of Switzerland. His celebrated figure was a child of

two years, seated on a stool before a desk, and writing on paper. The child dipped his pen, shook the ink, and wrote whatever the spectator dictated. It placed properly the initials and capital letters; left a proper interval between the lines, and, in a word, wrote with beauty and correctness, and kept its eyes fixed on the paper. When the work was finished, he brought it to the ingenious artist, and laid it beside him. Vaucanson was present at this exhibition; it formed his admiration and despair. He was astonished at the exact and rapid execution of this machine, which appeared to have no communication with its author. The stranger offered to reveal the mystery to him, but Vaucanson refused. Other curious automata, imitative of the human form, are noticed in Vol. I. p. 500, 3d edition, to which I add what follows. The Greek in one of their festivals had a ship equipped with sails, and a thousand oars, which passed through the streets, to the Eleusinian temple: certain springs, concealed in the bottom of the ship, gave motion to the oars, and glided on the vessel. The statue of Nysa, the nurse of Bacchus, was twelve feet in height; seated in a car, it rose of itself, and after having poured libations of milk from a golden phial, it seated itself again. The art of clock-work was certainly known in the age of Homer. He has thus described some automata in the 18th Book of the Iliad. Vulcan is attended by such images, as well as the moving tripods:

The monarch's steps, two female forms uphold,  
That mov'd and breath'd, in animated gold;  
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given,  
Of work divine, (such wonders are in heaven.)

POPE.

The famous glass sphere of Archimedes, in which it is said the motions of the heavenly bodies were represented, is probably fictitious; it is one of those popular errors of which the ancients had not sufficient knowledge to perceive the improbability. His other celebrated invention of burning-glasses, which destroyed the ship of Marcellus, at the siege of Syracuse, is more credible; although this has not been treated with more respect by philosophers than his glass sphere. Buffon has proved the probability of such a wonderful force in burning-glasses. He had a set made similar to that of Archimedes. It was composed of near four hundred plane glasses, of half a foot square. It melted lead and tin at the distance of one hundred and forty feet, and kindled wood at a far greater distance. The burning-glasses of Archimedes are certainly not to be regarded as chimeras; and shew, with other machines which his imagination and his science produced, that of all men he had most a right to exclaim, as he did to Hiero, his king and his kinsman, "That if he had another earth on which to fix his machines, he would move this which we inhabit."

It is most gratifying to the curious to observe the earliest attempts of those ingenious artists, who by the force of their own genius first sketched plans which appeared incredible to their contemporaries; and which at length have been perfected. In Robert Hooke's Philosophical Collections, 1682, p. 14, will be found an account of the Sieur Besnier's mode of flying in the air; this indeed has been frequently attempted, but never brought to any degree of perfection. The danger is so great, that it will be sufficient to impede every human exertion. Besnier began first by springing from a stool, then from the top of a table, next from a pretty high window, then from a window in the second story, and at last from a garret, from whence he flew over the houses of his neighbours.

The succeeding article is far more worthy of our admiration. It is taken from an Italian book called *Prodromo*, by P. Francesco Lana, of which some account is given in the Philosophical Transactions. He calls it, 'A Demonstration, how it is practically possible to make a Ship, which shall be sustained by the Air, and may be moved either by Sails or Oars.'

The author says, 'I whose genius hath always prompted me to endeavour to find out difficult inventions, do hope at length, I have light upon a way of making such an engine, as shall not only by its being lighter than the air raise itself in the air, but together with itself, buoy up, and carry into the air, men, or any other weight.' He confirms his scheme by experiments, and demonstrations drawn from the eleventh book of Euclid. Our ingenious father, after having concluded his explanations, and felicitated himself on his success, is terribly alarmed at the dreadful consequences which may ensue from this discovery. No city can be secure against the attacks of aerial warriors, and nations of barbarians may disturb, uninjured themselves, the civilized world. He says that this ship may discharge soldiers into a city by night unobserved; destroy by artificial fires the sails and men of other ships, while the aerial enemy shall be out of the reach of gunshot. Mr. Hooke is however of opinion that our author need not feel such pious alarms, and attempts to overturn his scheme by some philosophical arguments, for which I refer the curious to the original.—What would Hooke have thought had he lived to see our modern

## AIR-BALLOONS?

There is one moral observation I shall make.—When our inventor persuaded himself he had discovered so diabolical a machine, why did he reveal it to the world? He preferred his own glory, to its happiness. The great Roger Bacon acted more nobly in his discovery of gunpowder, for he concealed it.

One Dupré, about twenty years ago, by force of chymical combinations had found the lost invention of Greek fire; a fire that kindles in the water, and acquires by it a greater activity. The French government, to whom he had offered his secret, had the wisdom not to employ this dreadful mode of increasing the destruction of men, and at the same time gave him a pension, that he should not dispose of the secret to any other power.

## ON THE ADJECTIVE 'PRETTY.'

'A young man,' says a critic, 'told me, the other day, that the Verses of Mr. Gray, were "pretty." They are

more than "pretty," I answered him: you are like him, who having, for the first time in his life seen the Sea, should exclaim—it was a pretty thing! It was thus also a puny officer, in talking of the Duke of Marlborough, said, after the battle of Ramillies, he was a pretty man. The father of the young officer, who was present, turned to him, with an austerity in his countenance he was little accustomed to wear—"And you are a pretty fool, thus to characterize the greatest man in England." The sterling weight of words is not always known to our juvenile critics.

On and Upon.—We have two words which we use indifferently; on and upon. It appears to me that those who study elegance, by which I always mean precision and correctness, may show it here. I would say upon a tower; on the same principle, I would say on a march. There would, indeed, be no harm in saying on a tower; but there would be an impropriety in saying upon a march; for up, whether we are attentive or inattentive, whether we have been a thousand times wrong, or never, means somewhat high, somewhat to which we ascend, I should speak correctly if I said "Dr. Johnson flew upon me," incorrectly, if I said "he fell upon me." Custom is a rule for every thing but contradiction.—Athenæum.

## CROMWELL.

In the Funeral Oration of Henrietta, Queen of England, the character of Cromwell is delineated by a pencil of which the strokes are firm, though delicate—

'A man was seen with a profundity of mind that exceeds our belief. As finished a Hypocrite as he was a skillful Politician; capable of undertaking any thing, and of concealing what he undertook; equally indefatigable and active in peace as in war; who left nothing to Fortune which he could seize from her by foresight and prudence; but for what remained, always so vigilant and so ready, that he never failed to improve the occasions she presented him. In a word, he was one of those daring and adventurous minds which seem born to change the affairs of the world.'

The ambassador from the French Court in the day was an able Minister; and that he was, at the same time, a fine Writer, the following sketch of Cromwell evinces. It has the advantage of being given by one who was a witness to what he observes—

'He was gentle and cruel when either was necessary for his interests. He had no faith in religion, no honour in his professions, no fidelity to his friends, than as the semblance of these virtues served towards his aggrandizement. He knew better than any man to put into practice all the pious grimaces and insinuating manners of the false votarists of religion; and to conceal, under an humble air and popular address, an unmeasurable ambition. In a word, he possessed, in the supreme degree, all the qualities of a great Politician; and there was nothing wanting to complete his good fortune, but to have acquired his success by better means, to have lived longer, and to have had children worthy of succeeding him.'

"NEVER NO MORE!" is a term, the meaning of which is well known among plumbers, and it arose from the following circumstance:—Two plumbers had been working at the house of a gentleman on the Surrey side of the Thames.—On leaving their work at night, and before proceeding home across the river, each of them secreted a large piece of lead over the front of their bodies, and by way of securing it in its place, attached to each corner a nail, the other end of which was stuck into their braces, a mode of stealing technically called 'breaching a pin,' so that no casual observer could detect in their appearance any thing to excite suspicion. As, however, they were passing over the water in the boat, it chanced that one of them by some means fell overboard. The waterman seeing the remaining plumber much terrified said:—"Don't be alarmed, my man, your friend will come up in a minute." "Never no more!" replied the disconsolate operative, with most rueful countenance, "for he had half a hundred weight of lead on his breast." Sure enough the lead kept the man snug in the water, as the confession did his companion in goal. From his trial the appellation, "Never no more!" has become proverbial among plumbers.—Brighton Gazette.

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 SEGEL.

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