

POETRY.

FRAGMENT.

By Miss London.

I know but little of her history, For feelings are veiled records, which lie deep Within the heart that beats with them. She was Rich:—yon proud castle, with its ivied towers, And this fair park, and yonder spreading woods, Nature's old sanctuaries, were hers:—and young—I think that twenty summers were the most That she had numbered:—and, oh beautiful— A creature like a memory for the heart;— Hair black as is the thunder cloud—a lash Yet blacker still, and out large eyes, where light And darkness met: the outline of her face Was as a Grecian statue, but more sweet, More feminine, from gentle smiles that seemed Its nature:—and her name was as a chord That wakened music—so much was she loved. The last of all her race: one after one Had died of strange and terrible disease, The red insanity—and she at length Was struck like all her house; her radiant eye Lost its humanity; the fine clear brow Was darkened with a shadow; and her lip Lost rose and smile together. She was sad, Silent, and restless; and what time the moon Filled her pale urn with golden light, vague fears And unreal terrors haunted her sacred nights, And shadows seemed to compass her, and sounds To which she made wild answers: other time Past away sad, but quiet; she would sit For hours beside this fountain, while its flow, Like music, calmed and entered in her soul. This did not last; she visibly declined; Flushed the rose hectic on her crimson cheek, And her eyes filled with strange and passionate light, As if they burnt themselves away. She died— But peacefully: 'twas like an angry child, Whose troubles end in sleep. She went to join The pure fine spirit which I must believe Had sought its heaven before. L. E. L.

From Hood's Whims and Oddities.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"'Twas in the middle of the night, To sleep young William tried, When Mary's ghost came stealing in, And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear! O William dear! My rest eternal ceases; Alas! my everlasting peace Is broken into pieces!

I thought the last of all my cares Would end with my last minute; But though I went to my long home, I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come, And made a snatch at me; It's very hard them kind of men Won't let a body be.

You thought that I was buried deep, Quite decent like and chary, But from her grave in Mary-Bone They've come and honed your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm Is took to Dr. Vyse; And both my legs are gone to walk The Hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand, But fate gives us denial; You'll find it there at Dr. Bell's, In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet You used to call so pretty, There's one, I know, in Bedford Row, The other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone, But Doctor Carpué cau; As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P. And say me such a riddle; I don't half like the outside place, They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone! My William we must part! But I'll be your's in death, although Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave, And think that there I be; They haven't left it atom there, Of my automic."

EPITAPH ON MR. JOSEPH KING.

How lies a man than whom no better's walking, Who was when sleeping even always tall king, A King by birth was he, and yet was no king, In life was thin king, and in death was Jo-King.

From Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches.

MURDER OF CAPTAIN O'FLAHERTY.

Captain O'Flaherty, was a most respectable gentleman, residing in Clare street, Dublin, exactly opposite my father's house. He had employed a pe-son of the name of Lanegan, as tutor to the late John Burke O'Flaherty, and his other sons. But after some little time Lanegan became more attentive to Mrs O'Flaherty, the mother, than to her boys.

This woman had certainly no charms either of appearance or address, which might be thought calculated to captivate any one; and there was something indescribably repulsive in her general manners, in consequence whereof all acquaintance between her and our family soon terminated. She was not satisfied with the occasional society of Mr. Lanegan, whilst he continued in the house as tutor, but actually proceeded to form a criminal intercourse with him, and, in order to free herself from all restraint, meditated the very blackest of human crimes, which she determined to perpetrate by giving the unfortunate Captain a rice pudding for his dinner, by virtue whereof he might at any rate be saved the trouble of ever making another for him.

Mr. Lanegan was with this view sent by her to several apothecaries shops; at each of which, to avoid suspicion, he asked for a very little stuff to kill the rats; and thus, by small portions, they ultimately procured a sufficient quantity to kill not only the rats, but the husband into the bargain.

The murder scheme was carried into execution by Mrs. O'Flaherty herself, and the Captain was found dead in his bed! Some misgivings, however, were generated from the appearance of the body, which swelled and exhibited black spots; and these, with other unequivocal signs, conspired to prove that the rats (for they were actually dealt with) had not been the only sufferers. The Coroner's Inquest, indeed, soon decided the matter by a verdict of "Poisoned by Arsenic."

Mrs. O'Flaherty and Mr. Lanegan began now to suspect that they were in rather a ticklish situation, and determined to take a private journey into the country, until they should discover how things were likely to go. The adulterous wife, full of crime and terror, conceived a suspicion that Lanegan, who had only purchased the poison by her directions, and had not administered it (except to the rats) might turn king's evidence, get the reward, and save himself by convicting her. Such a catastrophe she therefore determined, if possible to prevent.

On their journey she told him that, upon full consideration, she conceived there could be no possibility of bringing conclusive evidence against them, inasmuch as it would appear most probable that the Captain had, by accident, taken the poison himself—and that she was determined to return and take her trial as soon as possible, recommending Mr. Lanegan to do the same. It was the result of this decision, as they passed near the town of Cowran, County Kilkenny, she said, "There is the gate of a Magistrate; do you go up this, put on a bold face, assure him of your entire innocence, and say that as numerous and false reports have been spread both of yourself and me, you have expressly to surrender and take your trial;—and that you could not live in society under such vile imputations! Say, also, that you fear Mrs. O'Flaherty intends likewise to surrender the self in the evening, and requests that he will be at home to receive her.

Lanegan suspecting no fraud followed these instructions literally—he was secured, though without roughness, and preparations were made for his being taken to Dublin next day in custody. The magistrate waited for Mrs. O'Flaherty, but she did not appear; he sent down to his Gate house, to know if any lady had passed by; the porter informed him that a lady and gentleman had passed near the gate in a carriage, in the morning, and that the gentleman got out and went up the avenue to the house, after which the lady had driven away.

It now appearing that they had been actually together, and that Lanegan had been telling falsehoods respecting his companion, strong suspicions arose in the mind of the magistrate. His prisoner was confined more closely, sent under a strong guard to Dublin, indicted for murder, and tried at the ensuing assizes.

Positive evidence was given of Lanegan's criminal connexion with Mrs. O'Flaherty, accompanied with the strongest circumstantial proof against him. He had not the courage boldly to deny the fact, and being found guilty, was sentenced to be hanged and quartered; the former part of which sentence having been carried into execution, and his body cut on each limb, it was delivered up to his mother for burial. Mrs. O'Flaherty escaped beyond sea, and has, I believe, never been heard of in the country.

Such is the history which forms the prelude to an occurrence in which I was a party, several years after, and which may be regarded as a curious illustration of stories of supposed ghosts.

A tempter and a friend of mine, Mr. David Lander, a soft, fat, good humoured, superstitious young fellow, was sitting in his lodgings, Devereux-court, London, one evening at twilight. I was with him, and we were agreeably employed in eating strawberries and drinking Madeira. While thus chatting away in cheerful mood, and laughing loudly at some remark made by one of us,

my back being towards the door, I perceived my friend's colour suddenly change—his eyes seemed fixed and ready to start out of his head—his lips quivered convulsively—his teeth chattered—large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead, and his hair stood nearly erect.

As I saw nothing calculated to excite these emotions, I naturally conceived my friend was seized with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not regard my movements in the least, but seizing a knife which lay on the table, with the gut of a palisad man, retreated backwards—his eyes still fixed to the distant part of the room, where he stood shivering, and attempting to pray; but not at the moment recollecting any prayer, he began to repeat a *ca echum*, thinking it the next best thing he could do:—"What is your name? David Lander! Who gave you that name? My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism!" &c. &c.

I instantly concluded the man was mad; and turning about to go for some assistance, I was myself not a little startled at sight of a tall, rough-looking personage, many days unshaved, in a very shabby black dress; and altogether of the most uncouth appearance.

"Don't be frightened, Mr. Lander," said the figure, "sure 'tis me that's here."

When Davy Lander heard the voice, he fell on his knees, and subsequently flat upon his face in which position he lay in it a less.

The spectre (as I now began to imagine it) walked towards the door, and I was in hopes he intended to make his exit thereby; instead of which, however, having deliberately shut and bolted it, he sat himself down in the chair which I had previously occupied, with a countenance nearly as full of horror as that of Davy Lander himself.

I was now totally bewildered; and scarce knowing what to do, was about to throw a jug of water about my friend, to revive him if possible, when the stranger, in a harsh croaking voice, cried—

"For the love of God, give me some of that,—for I am perishing!"

Accordingly I did so, and he took the jug and drank immediately.

My friend Davy now ventured to look up a little, and perceiving that I was becoming so familiar with the goblin, his courage somewhat revived, but still his speech was difficult; he stammered, and gazed at the figure for some time, but at length made up his mind that it was tangible and mortal. The effect of this decision on the face of Davy was as ludicrous as the fright had been. He seemed quite ashamed of his former terror, and affected to be wondrous as a lion, though it was visible that he was not yet at his ease. He now roared out in the broad, coarse Kerry dialect; "Why then, blood and thunder! is that you, Lanegan?"

"Ah, very speak easy," said the wretched being. "How the devil," resumed Davy, "did you get your four quarters stretched together again, after being hanged out them off of you at Stephen's Green?"

"Ah, Gentlemen!" exclaimed the poor culprit, "speak low; have mercy on me, Master Davy, you know it was I taught you your Latin: I'm a-going to death!"

"You shall not die in that way, you villainous scoundrel!" said Davy, pushing towards him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine that stood on the table.

The miserable creature having eat the bread with avidity, and drank two or three glasses of wine, the lump of life once more seemed to brighten up. After a pause, he communicated every circumstance relating to his sudden appearance before us. He confessed having bought the arsenic at the desire of Mrs. O'Flaherty, and that he was aware of the application of it, but solemnly protested that it was she who had seduced him; he then proceeded to inform us that after having been duly hanged, the sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner had given a cut on each limb, to save the law; which cuts bled profusely, and were probably the means of preserving his life. His Mother conceived that the vital spark was not extinct, and therefore had put him into bed, dressed his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued this process, and accompanied it by pouring warm brandy down his throat, in the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but experienced horrid pains for several weeks before his final recovery. His Mother filed the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham burial ground, as it ashamed to inter him in the open day. For a long time he was unable to depart, being every moment in dread of discovery; at length, however, he got off by night in a smuggling boat which landed him on the Isle of Man, and from thence he contrived to reach London, bearing a letter from a priest at Kerry to another priest who had lived in the monastery in France. But he found the Southwark priest was dead; and though he possessed some money, he was afraid even to buy food, for fear of detection; but recollecting that Mr. Lander, his old scholar, lived somewhere in the Temple, he got directed by a porter to the lodging.

My friend Davy, though he did not half like it, suffered this poor devil to sit in the chamber till the following evening. He then procured him a place in the night coach to Rye, from whence he got to St. Vallery, and was received, as I afterwards learnt from a very grateful letter which he sent to Lander, into the monastery of La Trappe, near Abbeville,

where he lived in strict seclusion, and died some years since.

This incident is not related as a mere isolated anecdote, unconnected with any serious general considerations; but rather with a view to show how many deceptions a man's imagination may hastily subject him to; and to impress the consideration that nothing should be regarded as supernatural, which can by possibility, be the result of human interference.

In the present case, if Lanegan had withdrawn before Lander had arisen and spoken to him, no reasoning upon earth could have ever convinced the Templar of the materiality of the vision. As Lanegan's restoration to life after execution, had not at that time been spoken of, nor even suspected, Lander would have willingly deposed, upon the Holy Evangelists that he had seen the actual ghost of the schoolmaster who had been hanged and quartered in Dublin a considerable time before; his identification of the man's person being rendered unequivocal from the circumstance of his having been formerly Lanegan's pupil. And I must confess that I should myself have seen no reason to doubt Lander's assertions, had the man withdrawn from the chamber before he spoke to me, in which, under the circumstances, it was by no means improbable fear might have induced him.

Thus one of the "best authenticated ghost stories ever related" has been lost to the history of supernatural occurrences. The circumstances, however, did not cure David Lander in the least of his dread of apparitions, which was excessive.

MASTER NOAKES, THE CALCULATING BOY.

—One of those natural prodigies, a child possessing astonishing powers of calculation, is at present on a visit to this town; and we have had the pleasure to witness some of his extraordinary performances. He is only seven years of age, and can neither read nor write; he is the son of poor parents, and his calculating powers having been discovered, he has been for several months before the public, but no education is given to him, as it was found, in the case of young Bieder, that his peculiar faculty was destroyed by the general cultivation of his mind. Master Noakes is a spightly and alert boy, and seems to perform his calculations with such care and ease and instinctive certainty, as to amuse at the same time that he astonishes. Whilst ordinary persons can recollect but a few figures at once, and can perform only very simple arithmetical questions without the use of visible signs, the mind of this child grasps the largest numbers, hundreds of thousands and millions, multiples, adds, divides, and subtracts them, with the rapidity of intuition, and without ever losing sight of the sums even in long and complicated operations. He performs all his calculations by a method of his own, perceiving in an instant the relation which different sums bear to each other, so as greatly to shorten and simplify the operations. A gentleman in our presence set him a rule of three sum, offering at the same time to work it himself, that he might try which performed it most quickly; the lad cheerfully accepted the challenge, and in a few seconds exclaimed, "I snal beat you—I snal beat you—I've done already;" he accordingly finished it in a quarter of the time that was taken by his challenger. We saw several surprising specimens of his powers; and in other places, as at the university of Oxford and Cambridge he has answered questions like the following: What is the value of 19,170 pairs of gloves, at 2s. 4d per pair?—Answer, £2276 13s 6d. How many portions of time, each consisting of 29 minutes, are there in 12 years, (365 days 6 hours to the year)?—Answer, 217,688 and 18-29. A stone falling from the top of a tower, falls 16 feet in the first second, 3 times 16 in the 2d second, 5 times 16 in the third, 7 times 16 in the fourth, 9 times 16 in the fifth, and so on. The stone is eight seconds in falling. How high is the tower?—Answer 1024 feet. It is said that the professors of Cambridge failed to pose the boy, and the gentleman who accompanies him professes not to know any hint to his calculating powers.—LIVERPOOL ADVERTISER.

Love, Honour, and Obedy.—A preacher in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up her good qualities, added, "that she always reached her husband his hat, when he called for it, without muttering."

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