

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,

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,

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,

The body-snatcher 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 t'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 saye me such a rido;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took'dr 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, ex-
actly opposite my father's house. He had em-
ployed 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 a
something indescribably repulsive in her general
manner, 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 an-
other 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 bar-
gain.

The murderous scheme was carried into execu-
tion 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 Cor-
oner'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 situa-
tion, 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 re-
ward, 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 pos-
sibility of bringing conclusive evidence against
them, inasmuch as it would appear most prob-
ably 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, recom-
mending 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 inno-
cence, and say that as numerous and false reports
have been spread both of yourself and me, you
came expressly to surrender and take your trial;—
and that you could not live in society under such
vile imputations! Say, also, that you had Mrs.
O'Flaherty intend likewise to surrender the self-
same evening, and requests that he will be at home
to receive her.

Lanegan suspecting no fraud followed these in-
structions literally—he was secured, though with-
out 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 av-
enue 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 false-
hoods 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 crim-
inal connexion with Mrs. O'Flaherty, accom-
panied 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 be-
yond 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 emo-
tions, I naturally conceived my friend was seized
with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not re-
gard my movements in the least, but seizing a
knife which lay on the table, with the gut of a
palsied 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 cacemum, thinking it the next best
thing he could do: as—"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 my-
self 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 un-
couth 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 flung upon his face in
which position he lay in it a less.

The spectre (as I now began to imagine it) walk-
ed towards the door, and I was in hopes he in-
tended 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 pre-
viously occupied, with a countenance nearly as
full of horror as that of Davy Lander himself.

I was now totally bewildered; and scarce know-
ing what to do, was about to throw a jug of
water about my friend, to revive him if possi-
ble, 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
sensible 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?"

"An, very speak easy," said the wretched being,
"Flow the devil," resumed Davy, did you get
your four quarters stitched together again, after
be hanged and cut them off of you at Stephen's
Green?"

"An, Gentlemen!" exclaimed the poor cul-
prit, "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
schemer of!" 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 lamp of life once more seemed to bright-
en 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 pro-
tested 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
was 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 mon-
astery 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 suspec-
ted, 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 be-
fore; 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 with-
drawn 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 intelligent boy, and
seems to perform his calculations with such care-
less 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 ques-
tions 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, per-
ceiving 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 se-
conds 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 uni-
versity of Oxford and Cambridge he has answer-
ed 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 ac-
companies him professes not to know any hint to
his calculating powers.—LIVERPOOL ADVER-
TISER.

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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