

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### WHY DON'T HE COME?

BY H. F. GOULD.

From the *Taken and Atlantic Souvenir* for 1834.

The ship has anchor'd in the bay!  
They've dropp'd her weary wings, and some  
Have mann'd the boats and come away;  
But where is he? why don't he come?

Among the throng, with busy feet,  
My eye seeks him it cannot find;  
While others haste their friends to greet;  
Why, why is he so long behind?

Because he bade me dry my cheek,  
I dried it, when he went from us—  
I smiled with lips that could not speak;  
And now, how can he linger thus?

I've felt a brother's parting kiss,  
Each moment since he turn'd from me,  
To lose it only in the bliss  
Of meeting him—where can he be?

I've rear'd the rose he bade me rear—  
I've learned the song he bade me learn,  
And nursed the bird, that he might hear  
Us sing to him, at his return.

I've braided many a lovely flower,  
His dear, dear picture to inwreath,  
While doating fancy, hour by hour,  
Has made it smile and seen it breathe.

I wonder if the flight of time,  
Has made the likeness now untrue:  
And if the sea or foreign clime,  
Has touched him with a darker hue.

For I have watch'd until the sun  
Has made my longing vision dim,  
But cannot catch a glimpse of one  
Among the crowd, that looks like him.

How slow the heavy moments waste,  
While thus he stays! where, where is he!  
My heart leaps forth—haste, brother! haste!  
It leaps to meet and welcome thee!

Thou lovely one! the mournful tale  
That tells why he comes not, will make  
Thy heart to bleed, thy cheek look pale!  
Death finds no tie too strong to break!

The bird will wait his master long,  
And ask his morning gift in vain:  
Ye both must now forget the song  
Of joy, for sorrow's plaintive strain.

The face whose shade thy tender hand  
Has wreathed with flowers, is changed! but see,  
Nor sun, nor air, of foreign land  
Has wrought the change, for where is he?

Where? ah! the solemn dead, that took  
His form, as with their sad farewell  
His brethren gave their last, last look,  
And leav'd him down—that deep must tell!

But ocean cannot tell the whole—  
The part that death can never chill,  
Nor fads dissolved—the living soul,  
Is happy, bright, and blooming still.

And nobler songs than e'er can sound  
From mortal voices, greet his ear;  
Where sweeter, fairer flowers are found  
Than all he left to wither here.

This, this is why he does not come,  
Whom thy fond eyes have sought so long!  
Wait till thy days have fill'd their sum;  
Then find him in an angel throng!

## VARIETIES.

### THE MURDER HOLE.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

Ah, frantic Fear!  
I see, I see thee near;  
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye,  
Like thee I start, like thee I disorder'd fly!

COLLINS.

In a remote district of country belonging to Lord Casillis between Ayrshire and Galloway, about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance; not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—not a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One "lonesome desert" reached the horizon on every side, with nothing to mark that any mortal had visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre; and a road, or rather pathway, for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction. At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy. Strange rumours arose, that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this "blasted heath," and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent. When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the enquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation; but though the officers of justice were sent to scour the country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question, nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless or desperate to bide in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions. Some declared that the death-like stillness of the night was often interrupted by sudden and preternatural cries of more than mortal anguish, which seemed to rise in the distance; and a shepherd one evening, who had lost his way on the moor, declared he had approached three mysterious figures, who seemed struggling against each other with supernatural energy, till at length one of them, with a frightful scream, suddenly sunk into the earth.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary and mysterious spot. Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups to protect each other, and if night overtook them, they usually stopped at the humble cottage of the old wo-

man and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where, over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the more timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions, connected with this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds, as they winged their way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage died away into silence, and he groped along with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promise of Scripture occurred to his memory, and revived his courage. "I will be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as an hiding-place in the storm." Surely, thought he, though alone, I am not forsaken; and a prayer for assistance hovered on his lips.

A light now glimmered in the distance which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman; and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before, it was in company with a large party of travellers, who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of terror. He recollected, too, how anxiously the old woman and her sons had endeavoured to detain him when the other travellers were departing; and now therefore, he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheering reception. His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatural visitants of whom the old lady talks so much, thought the boy, approaching a window, where the light within showed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations; the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy, in a frolicsome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up with consternation so strongly depicted on their countenances, that he shrunk back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of apprehension; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of the men suddenly darted out at the door, and seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage. "I am not what you take me for," said the boy, attempting to laugh, "but only the poor pedlar who visited you last year." "Are you alone?" inquired the old woman, in a harsh deep tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension. "Yes," said the boy, "I am alone here; and alas!" he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, "I am alone in the wide world also! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night." "Then you are welcome!" said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension, rather than of cold, that the boy drew towards the fire, and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain; and terrors which he could neither combat nor examine imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least not to increase the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion, and were still left rusty and broken.

It was long ere the pedlar attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest; but at length his senses began to "steep themselves in forgetfulness," though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality. He fancied himself again wandering on the heath, which appeared to be peopled with spectres, who all beckoned to him not to enter the cottage, and as he approached it, they vanished with a hollow and despairing cry. The scene then changed, and he found himself again seated by the fire, where the countenances of the men scowled upon him with the most terrifying malignity, and he thought the old woman suddenly seized him by the arms, and pinioned to his side. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers, by what sounded to him a cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed, but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavoured to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when, on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along

the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to his door, through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright he could watch unsuspected what ever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived it was only a goat that they had been slaughtering; and he was about to steal into his bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aghast with terror to the spot.

"This is an easier job than you had yesterday," said the man who held the goat. "I wish all the throats we've cut were as easily and quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night! It was well we had no neighbour within a dozen miles, or they must have heard his cries for help and mercy."

"Don't speak of it," replied the other; "I was never fond of bloodshed."

"Ha! ha!" said the other with a sneer, "you say so, do you?"

"I do," answered the first gloomily; "the Murder Hole is the thing for me—that tells no tales—a single scuffle—a single plunge—and the fellow is dead and buried to your hands in a moment. I would defy all the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief there."

"Ay, Nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water, and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it conceals more than forty people who have met their deaths there?—it sucks them in like a leech!"

"How do you mean to despatch the lad in the next room?" asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her assign to be silent, and pointed to the door where their trembling auditor was concealed; while the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed his bloody knife across his throat.

The pedlar boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now roused to desperation, but in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed his best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one desperate effort broke the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down without noise or difficulty. This betokens good, thought he, pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation what direction to take. This momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of the men calling aloud. "The boy has fled—let loose the blood-hound!" These words sunk like a death knell on his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves seemed to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and helpless and terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters, he fled across the heath. Soon the baying of the blood-hound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of its masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavoured to accelerate its speed, panting and breathless the boy pursued his hopeless career, but every moment his pursuers seemed to gain upon his failing steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness which was to him so impenetrable, and its noise rung louder and deeper on his ear, while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed, the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb.—With one cry to Heaven for assistance, he continued prostrated on the earth, bleeding, and nearly insensible. The hoarse voices of the men, and the still louder baying of the dog, were now so near, that instant destruction seemed inevitable.—Already he felt himself in their fangs, and the bloody knife of the assassin appeared to gleam before his eyes.—Despair renewed his energy, and once more, in an agony of affright, that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward so rapidly that terror seemed to have given wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending his flight. The hound had stopped at the place where the pedlar's wounds bled so profusely, and deeming the chase now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain the men beat it with frantic violence, and tried again to put the hound on the scent,—the sight of blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, and with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time. The pedlar boy in the meantime paused not in his flight till morning dawned—and still as he fled, the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins still sounded in the distance. Ten miles off he reached a village, and spread instant alarm throughout the neighbourhood—the inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation—several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman and her sons, who were nearly torn to pieces by their violence. Three gibbets were immediately raised before their execution to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder Hole which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crimes. The bones of several murdered persons were with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country people that it is unfathomable. The scene of these

events still continues nearly as it was 300 years ago. The remains of the old cottage, with its blackened walls, (haunted of course by a thousand evil spirits,) and the extensive moor, on which a more modern inn (if it can be dignified with such an epithet) resembles its predecessors in every thing but the character of its inhabitants; the landlord is deformed but possesses extraordinary genius; he has himself manufactured a violin, on which he plays with untutored skill,—and if any discord be heard in the house, or any murder committed in it, this is his only instrument. His daughter (who has never travelled beyond the heath) has inherited her father's talent, and learnt all his tales of terror and superstition, which she relates with infinite spirit; but when you are led by her across the heath to drop a stone into that deep and narrow gulf to which our story relates,—when you stand on its slippery edge, and (parting the long grass with which it is covered) gaze into its mysterious depths,—when she describes, with all the animation of an eye-witness, the struggle of the victims grasping the grass as a last hope of preservation, and trying to drag in their assassin as an expiring effort of vengeance; when you are told that for 300 years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips, and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the blood-hound,—it is then only that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors of THE MURDER HOLE.

#### Small Debts and Credits, and the habit of trusting and being trusted in small affairs.

"A young man commenced business as a mechanic. He had a few hundred dollars, sufficient to stock his shop and furnish his house. He married, was industrious and economical, his family expenses were small, and for a while he was prosperous and happy. But his customers, though called good, did not pay down. He was obliged by common usage to trust them to the end of the year at least, and to lose ultimately a considerable per centage. Consequently, he was obliged to buy his stock on credit, and to run scores with grocers and others. His debts receivable and payable increased; his family and his cares and anxieties increased. He was compelled to spend much time in collecting and attempting to collect his dues. He sometimes found his customers in idleness and bad places of resort, and he gradually lost his own honest disgust at witnessing scenes of vice. At length he became an idler himself, neglected his business, was intemperate, and failed. Having lost with his industrious habits, all moral courage and self-respect, he sunk with his family to abject pauperism.

The small trader experiences the evil of credits even more than the mechanic; and the farmer, the merchant, and the professional man also suffer. It is not supposed that, in such a community as ours the giving of credits can be entirely suspended; but it is believed, that if the present usage of almost indiscriminate small credits could be abolished, industry, virtue, and happiness would be essentially promoted, while idleness, crime, and poverty would be materially prevented. Is not this subject well worth the attention of the day? In what way could they do more to prevent the dreadful evil they are striving to suppress, than by giving a decided tone to public opinion against one of its greatest incipient causes."—*Mass. Journal.*

**TOOTHACHE.**—Dr. Ryan, a physician of great respectability and extensive practice, gives in the *Medical Journal* for July, the following statement:—"A gentleman who attends my lectures (Mr. Myers of Newington causeway) had frequently applied sulphuric acid to his tooth with some relief; but on one occasion, he in a moment of confusion took down the next bottle to his remedy, which contained nitric acid. To his great surprise he experienced immediate relief. Since that period he has not suffered from toothache, though three years have now elapsed. During the last winter, he informed me of the success of this remedy, which induced me to try it, while laboring under the most intense pain from toothache.—The effect was immediate, and no pain whatever was induced. I have since used it in numerous cases, and invariably with complete success. In some instances the disease does not return for days and weeks, and in others not for months. The best mode for employing it is by means of lint wrapped round a probe, and moistened with the acid which is then to be slowly applied to the cavity of the tooth, care being taken not to touch the other teeth, the gums or the cheeks. On withdrawing the probe, and enquiring how the patient is, the usual reply is, 'the pain is entirely gone.' The mouth is next to be washed in tepid water. The acid should be gradually applied to the whole cavity of the tooth, as otherwise a second application will be required before complete relief will be obtained. This remedy may be used when the gum and cheek are inflamed, so as to preclude the possibility of extraction.—In cases where the diseased fang remains, and when the caries face the adjacent teeth, it obviates the necessity of extraction in all cases of hollow teeth, which all practitioners declared to be desirable, if possible; and it enables the dentist to perform the operation of 'stopping or filling the teeth,' much sooner than he can otherwise accomplish. In a word, it will alleviate a vast deal of human suffering, and supersede a most painful operation. It is not a panacea for all disease of the teeth and gums, though a certain and efficacious remedy for the most common

cause of the toothache. It will be a valuable remedy for children, delicate persons and pregnant women. It does not accelerate the decay of the tooth to which it is applied.—*Tanton Sentinel.*

**SINGULAR FACT.**—There is at present living in Dow-street, Sunderland, a child that was born with the mark of a butterfly upon its face, which is subject to the following remarkable changes:—In the summer season the resemblance of the head is prominent, the wings, legs, &c. highly coloured, the whole of a considerable greater degree of heat than any other part of the child's body; in winter, the wings, legs, &c. are scarcely perceptible, the head diminishes to a mere speck, and the whole is of a death-like coldness.—*York Herald.*

#### A DERBYSHIRE TALE.

About twenty or thirty years since, a gentleman named Webster, who lived in the Woodlands, a wild uncultivated barren range of hills in Derbyshire, bordering upon the confines of Yorkshire, had occasion to go from home. The family, besides himself, consisted of the servant man, a young girl, and the housekeeper. At his departure he gave his man a strict charge to remain in the house, along with the females, and not on any account to absent himself at night, until his return. This the man promised to do; and Mr. Webster proceeded on his journey. At night, however, the man went out, notwithstanding all the earnest entreaties and remonstrances of the housekeeper to the contrary, and not coming in, she and the servant girl at the usual time went to bed. Sometime in the night, they were awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The housekeeper got up, went down stairs, and inquired who was there, and what was their business? She was informed that a friend of Mr. Webster being benighted and the night wet and stormy, requested a night's lodging. She forthwith gave him admittance, roused up the fire, led the horse into the stable, and then returned to provide something to eat for her guest, of which he partook, and was then shown to his chamber. On returning to the kitchen, she took up his great coat in order to dry it, when perceiving it to be as she thought, very heavy, curiosity prompted her to examine the pockets, in which she found a brace of loaded pistols, and their own large carrying knife! Thunderstruck by this discovery, she immediately perceived what kind of a guest she had to deal with, and his intentions. However, summoning up all her courage and resolution, she proceeded softly up stairs, and with a rope fastened as well as she could, the door of the room in which the villain was; then went down, and in great perturbation of mind awaited the event. Shortly after, a man came to the window, and in a low but distinct tone of voice, said, are you ready? She grasped one of the pistols to his face—and fired! The report of the pistol alarmed the villain above, who attempted to get out of the room, but was stayed in his purpose by her saying, "Villain, if you open the door, you are a dead man. She then sent the servant girl for assistance, while she remained, with the other pistol in her hand, guarding the chamber door. When help arrived, the villain was taken into custody; and on searching without, they found the servant man shot dead. Another villain was taken shortly after, met with his deserts; and the housekeeper, who had acted with such fidelity, and such unparalleled intrepidity, was soon after united to Mr. Webster.

**LONGEVITY.**—The oldest man of modern times we believe, was Jenkins, a Yorkshireman, who died at the age of 160 in 1690. Two years since a man died in Russia, at the supposed age of 165; Surridge, a Norwegian, lived to be 160; Parr, the Englishman 152; and several other Europeans, within half a century from 140 to 150. The oldest man who has deceased in this country, within our knowledge, is Henry Francisco, who died at 139, not a great while since, in Vermont. There is said to be a woman, at this time, in the N. Y. Alms-House, aged 133.—*Am. pap.*

An auctioneer's lady produced twins to her spouse the other day, which bore so much of a likeness to each other, that it was hard to tell which was which. So he determined to christen one of the lot, *Idid*, and the other *Ditto*, from his own catalogue.—*London Paper.*

Who was Jesse?—An old master, who usually heard his pupils once a week through Watt's Scripture History, and asked them promiscuously such questions as suggested themselves to his mind, one day desired a young urchin to tell him who Jesse was? when the boy briskly replied: "The flower of Dunblane, sir."

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