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Poetry.

WE ARE GROWING OLD

We are growing old—how the thought will rise—
When a glance is backward cast,
On some long-remembered spot, that lies
In the silence of the past,
It may be a shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far off isle to us
In the stormy sea of years.

While and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart—
And the light of many a brow
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
Oh! friends, we are growing old.

Old in the dimness of the dust
Of our daily toils and cares—
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burthened memory bears.
Each form may wear, to the passing gaze,
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten the latter days
Which the morning never met
But the many changes we have seen
In the far and winding way
The grass in our path that has grown green,
And the locks that have grown grey!
The winter still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold,
But we see their snows upon brighter hair,
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear,
But where are living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
If we've won the wealth of many a clime,
Or the lore of many a page,
Where is the hope that ead in time
But its boundless heritage?
Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom is deep and true,
Our souls might joy in the spring time then,
But the joy was faint and cold,
For it never could give us our youth again—
My friends, we are growing old!

Literature.

THE EPPING GIPSEY.

A TRUE STORY.

In the summer of the year 1793, the Forest of Epping became the resort of a numerous clan of Gipseys, whose depredations on the surrounding farm-houses rendered them exceedingly obnoxious to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, by whom they were viewed with considerable apprehensions, not only on account of their disposition to plunder, but from the well known ferocity of a portion of the gang. Scarcely a night passed without a robbery having been committed; and so daring were the marauders, that farmers were attacked on the public highway, and robbed and ill-treated at noon-day. The magistrates of the county were applied to without effect; for the local constables, who acted under their directions, and who were generally petty farmers, were too timid to enter the precincts of these formidable freebooters, either to search for stolen property, or to execute a warrant of arrest; so that the gipseys had little to apprehend from the power of the

law. Indeed, the best policy under the circumstances seemed to be, to wink at the loss of a stray sheep or a few geese, to treat a chance member of the gipsy camp with a cup of your home-brewed ale, or to toss a few halfpence amongst their little ragged, sun-burnt children, who would often wander to the neighbouring villages to seek for what they could pick up. Thanks to the excellent arrangement of our police, and our able efficient magistracy, things are now in a better state.

The gipseys, although in many parts of England and Scotland they are still to be seen hovering on the outskirts of society, are a declining race, and in a few years more will, in all probability, become totally extinct. Aware that their mode of life is unlawful, and that they are rather endured than protected in a country where good order is so strongly enforced, they are cautious how they commit the least excess, lest they should draw upon their heads the terrors of the law. But up to the close of the last century, the name of gipsy was generally coupled with that of robber, and every species of excess was committed by these reckless vagrants.

The leader of the formidable gang, to which we have just referred, was named George Young, whose first breath was drawn in a gipsy tent, and whose limbs, from that moment to the hour of his death, never rested on a softer bed than that which the bare earth afforded. His temper and habits partook naturally of the wild life in which he had been reared. He was bold, determined, and ferocious, added to which, he possessed a constitution of robust health, and a frame of great muscular strength and activity. Unaided as he was by the advantages resulting from education, he at times displayed no mean capacity; and he had something in his demeanour and appearance, which seemed to raise him far above those with whom he was associated. He appeared ardently attached to the life he had chosen; and he has been known to declare, that he would not exchange his condition for a bed of down or a home of luxury. According to the most authentic account which we have been enabled to gather of his person, he was nearly six feet in height, and his frame was one of uncommon strength. His usual dress was a loose coat of gray frieze, fastened round the middle with a leather belt; a broad leaved hat which he usually wore slouched over his sun-burnt features; bare legs, and strong shoes. The only weapon, offensive or defensive, which appeared upon his person, was a huge ash staff, which he used when walking. It was believed, however, that he was provided with weapons of a more destructive nature.

It happened that, whilst the terror raised by the depredations of the gipseys was at its height, a poor lone woman who inhabited a miserable cottage on the borders of the forest, was robbed of her little all, consisting of three guineas and some silver, which she had carefully hoarded up to purchase a cow. Her lamentations excited the sympathy of a young

man, a wheel-wright, named Dorkins, to whom she made known her loss, and he readily determined to proceed to the gipseys' haunt, and demand restitution in the name of the poor woman, whom they had so cruelly robbed. Dorkins was a young man of considerable spirit, and having acquired some celebrity in the neighbourhood for his strength and agility, felt, perhaps, no small degree of confidence in his bodily powers, should the gipseys attempt to assault him. He would have endeavoured to prevail on one of his companions to accompany him in his enterprise, but that he knew how useless would be the attempt, besides, having a dash of the romantic in his composition, he was unwilling to share the fame of the exploit with another. The truth is, the young man was in love, and having a rival, though not a very successful one, he was anxious to distinguish himself in the eyes of his mistress, in order to gain her good opinion. Bent on this hazardous undertaking he left his home, and directed his steps on the evening of a fine summer's day, towards the gipseys' tents, which were pitched in the centre of the forest, which at this time was nearly as unfrequented, excepting by gamekeepers and poachers, as many of the woods of America are at the present day. Young Dorkins entered the thickets with a fearless heart, but never returned to tell the result of his adventure.

Three days having elapsed since the evening on which he was missed from home, his family and friends, and indeed the entire neighbourhood, expressed the most serious apprehensions for his safety; nor were these apprehensions at all diminished by the sudden disappearance of the gipseys. Not a straggler was now to be seen on the outskirts of the forest; and the tops of their tents, which could till now be distinguished from the high grounds of Epping that overlooked a portion of the wooded scenery, were no longer visible. The fears of the neighbours were further confirmed by the old woman—the unhappy cause of the young man's rash undertaking. She related the nature of her conference with him on her loss, and mentioned his promise to see her righted. A conclusion was soon drawn. The brave young man, impelled by his generous spirit, had, it was determined, sought the haunt of the gipseys, and there fell a victim to their cold and cruel treachery.

Dorkins was a general favorite, and his companions, mustering together to the amount of ten or twelve young men, with two of the forest-keepers, and a parish constable at their head, resolved to explore the forest, and recover, if possible, the body of the young man, alive or dead. They sallied forth accordingly, and proceeded directly to the gipseys' haunt, which they found completely deserted; although, from the hurried manner in which the removal appeared to have been effected, it was evident that some strong and sudden motive had urged their departure. Not a trace, however, could here be discovered of the object of their search; but being determined not to return without gaining some clue to the fate of