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## Poetry.

### A WISH.

In some lone place I wish to dwell,  
Like the silent hermit's cell,  
Where all is wreathed in gentle peace,  
And life is spent in happiness;  
Where all is beautiful and fair,  
And freed from sight of worldly care,  
Where zephyrs doth bear upon his wings,  
All nature's fair imaginings;  
Where the soft and murmuring rill,  
Whistles gently o'er the verdant mill;  
Where the playful fishes gleam,  
Like bubbles in the purling stream;  
Where amid the orange grove,  
The mild and benignant turtle dove,  
Carols in sweetest notes of love,  
Where varied flowers in their bloom,  
Disseminate fragrant, sweet perfume;  
That the mild zephyrs waft along  
With the merry breath of song!  
Where dwell in calmest solitude  
The cuckoo and her gentle brood,  
Where the willow droops its head  
O'er the purple violet's bed!  
Where the rays of noon-day sun,  
Are mildly felt, are seen to come,  
Where the trembling aspen leaf  
Beats lovely to the zephyr's breath;  
Where no human voice is known,  
Save the echo of my own;  
Whence the star of eve is seen,  
Glimmering from a sky serene,  
When night doth spread her gloomy veil,  
O'er lake and flood, o'er hill and dale;  
And whence the silvery moon on high  
Appears in all her majesty—  
A world of riches would I give,  
If I with Nature thus could live,  
O'er sweet Vallonia's can't thou tell,  
For there would I live and love to dwell.

J. H. D.

## Literature.

### ANNALS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE.

THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY AND  
A GIPSEY CURR.

It has been tritely, because truly said, that the boldest efforts of human imagination can not exceed the romance of real life. The best written tale is not that which most resembles the ordinary chain of events and characters, but that, which by selecting and combining them, conceals those inconsistencies and deficiencies that leave, in real life, our sense of sight unsatisfied. An author delights his reader when he exhibits incidents distinctly and naturally, according with moral justice, his portraits delight us when they resemble our fellow-creatures without too accurately tracing their moles and blemishes. This elegant delight is the breathing of a purer spirit within us, that asserts its claim to a nobler and more perfect state; yet another, though an austerer kind of pleasure arises, when we consider how much of the divinity appears in man's most erring state, and how much of "goodliness in evil."

In one of those drear midnights that were so awful to travellers in the highlands soon after 1745, a man wrapped in a large coarse plaid, strode from a stone ledge on the border of Lochmond into a boat which he had drawn from its covert. He rowed resolutely and alone, looking carefully to the right and left, till he suffered the tide to bear his little

bark into a gorge or gulf, so narrow, deep, and dark, that no escape but death seemed to await him. Precipices, rugged with dwarf shrubs and broken granite, rose more than a hundred feet on each side, undented only by the stream, which a thirsty season had reduced to a sluggish and shallow pool. Then poising himself erect on his staff, the boatman drew three times the end of a strong chain which hung among the underwood. In a few minutes a basket descended from the pinnacle of the cliff, and having moored his boat, he placed himself in the wicker carriage, and was safely drawn, into a crevice high in the wall of a rock, where he disappeared.

The boat was moored, but the adventurer had not observed that it contained another passenger. Underneath a plank, laid artfully along its bottom, and shrouded in a plaid of the darkest grain, another man had been lurking more than an hour before the owner of the boat entered it, and remained hidden by the darkness of the night. His purpose was answered. He had now discovered what he had sacrificed many perilous nights to obtain, a knowledge of the mode by which the owner of Drummond's Keep gained access to his impregnable fortress unsuspected. He instantly unmoored the boat, and rowed slowly back across the loch to an island near the centre. He rested on its oars, and looked down into the transparent water. "It is there still!" he said to himself; and drawing close among the rocks, leaped on dry land. A dog of the true shepherd's breed sat waiting under the bushes, and ran before him till they descended together under an archway of stones and withered branches. "Watch the boat!" said the highlander to his faithful guide, who sprang immediately away to obey him. Meanwhile his master lifted up one of the grey stones, took a bundle from beneath it, and equipped himself in such a suit as a trooper of Cameron's regiment usually wore, looked at the edge of his dirk, and returned to his boat.

That island had once belonged to the heritage of the Gordons, whose ancient family, urged by old prejudices and hereditary courage, had been foremost in the ill-managed rebellion of 1715. One of the clan of Argyle then watched a favorable opportunity to betray the laird's secret movements, and was commissioned to arrest him. Under pretence of friendship he gained entrance to his strong hold in the isle, and concealed a posse of the King's soldiers at Gordon's door. The unfortunate laird leaped from his window into the lake, and his false friend seeing his desperate efforts throw him a rope, as if in kindness to support him, while a boat came near. "That rope was meant for my neck," said Gordon, "and I leave it for a traitor's!" With these words he sank. Cameron saw him, and the pangs of remorse came into his heart. He leaped himself into a boat, put an oar towards his drowning friend with real oaths of fidelity, but Gordon pushed it from him, and abandoned himself to death. The waters of the lake are singularly transparent near that isle, and

Cameron beheld his victim gradually sinking, till he seemed to lie among the broad weeds under the waters. Once, only once, he saw or thought he saw him lift his hand as if to reach his, and that dying hand never left his remembrance. Cameron received the lands of the Gordons as a recompense for his political services, and with them the tower called Drummond's Keep, then standing on the edge of a hideous dolic, formed by two walls of rock beside the lake. But from that day he had never been seen to cross the loch except in darkness, or to go abroad without armed men. He had been informed that Gordon's only son, made desperate by the ruin of his father and the Stuart cause, had become the leader of a gipsy gang, the most numerous and savage of the many that haunted Scotland. He was not deceived. Andrew Gordon, with a body of most athletic composition, a spirit sharpened by injuries, and the vigorous genius created by necessity, had assumed dominion over two hundred ruffians, whose exploits in driving off cattle, cutting drover's purses, and removing the goods brought to fairs or markets, were performed with all the audacious regularity of privileged and disciplined thieves. Cameron was the chosen and constant object of their vengeance. His Keep or Tower was of the true scottish fabric, divided into three chambers; the highest of which was the dormitory, the second or middle served as a general refectory, and the lowest contained his cattle, which required this lodgment at night, or very few would have been found next morning. His enemy frequented the fairs on the North side of the Forth, well mounted, paying at inns and ferries like a gentleman, and attended by bands of gillies of young pupils, whose green coats, cudgols, and knives, were sufficiently feared by the visitors of Queensferry and Dumfermline. The Gipsy Chieftain had also a grim cur of the true black faced breed, famous for collecting and driving off sheep, and therefore distinguished by his own name. In the darkest cloths of ravines, or in the deepest snow, this faithful animal had never been known to abandon the stolen flock committed to his care, or to fall in tracing a fugitive. But as sight and strength failed him, the four-footed chieftain was deposed, imprisoned in a byelost, and finally sentenced to be drowned. From this trifling incident arose the most material crisis of his patron's fate.

Between the year 1715 and 1745, many changes occurred in Captain Gordon and his enemy. The Laird of Drummond-Keep lost his only son in the battle of Preston-Pans, and was now lingering in a desolate old age,

The Lochgellie and Linlithgow gipsies were very distinguished towards the middle of the last century, and had separate settlements at Rosyth near Stirling, and in the shire of Mearns. J. Izzy Brown and Ann McDonald, were the leading Anatomists of these tribes, and their authority and skill in treating boys to thievery were educationally systematic. As the poor of Scotland derive their maintenance from usage rather than law, and chiefly from begging, (as the poor of some small communities on the Continent never exceeding 2d. in the pound,) a set of vagrants will depend on ordinary work, and are suffered to obtain it by going from house to house in families or groups, with a little of the costume, and a great deal of the cant and thievery of ancient gipsies.