

view with the Queen Regent Christina, who, they doubted not, would forthwith pardon the culprit, provided they had an opportunity of assailing her with their gypsy discourse; for, to use their own words, 'they knew well what to say.' I, at that time, lived close by the palace, in the street of Santiago, and daily, for the space of a month, saw them bending their steps in that direction.

"One day, they came to me in a great hurry, with a strange expression on both of their countenances. 'We have seen Christina, *hijo,*' (my son,) said Pepita to me.

"Within the palace?' I inquired.

"Within the palace, oh child of my *garielchin,*' answered the sybil: 'Christina at last saw and sent for us, as I knew she would. I told her *boti* (fortune), and Chieharona danced the *Romalis* (gypsy dance) before her.'

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her many things," said the hag, "many things which I need not tell you: know, however, that amongst other things, I told her, that the *chaberi*, (little queen,) would die, and then she would be Queen of Spain. I told her, moreover, that within three years she would marry the son of the King of France, and that it was her *boti* to die Queen of France and Spain, and to be loved much, and hated much."

"And did not you dread her anger, when you told her these things?"

"Dread her, the *Busnee?*" screamed Pepita: "no, my child, she dreaded me, far more; I looked at her so—and raised my finger so—and Chieharona clasped her hands, and the *Busnee* believed all I said, and was afraid of me; and then I asked for the pardon of my son, and she pledged her word to see into the matter, and when we came away, she gave me this barin of gold, and to Chieharona this other, so at all events we have *hakkonoed* (unbugged?) the Queen. May an evil end overtake her body, the *Busnee!*"

The female Gypsy, is, according to Mr. Bocrow's account, the better half of her race. She still retains, wild and untaught though she be, some of the best and strongest instincts of woman's nature. As a maid, she is inviolable; as a wife, true and devoted; as a mother, tender and watchful. She has a sense of the beautiful, and feels perhaps the dignity, factitious though it be, which hangs around one who is thought to have some knowledge of the unseen world, and to interpret rightly its hidden purposes. She stands

forth, at times, bright flashes of genius. There is poetry in her soul, as well as in her form and mien. True, she is an impostor, but her imposture has descended to her from many generations; the equivocal trade which she follows is almost respectable from its antiquity; the very lie she tells is, as it were, old enough to be true. Her deceit, too, is but partial, and of a superficial kind, for in her unconscious looks and gestures you read her as she is, a free and fearless creature, with more of nature and perhaps of truth in her, than most civilized women. She is so cultivated and developed flower, but

"A weed of glorious feature,"

whose hardy fibres and brilliant hues might be envied by the more refined beauties of the *parterre*.

It must not be supposed that these better characteristics are always confined to the Gypsy woman; there are traits in the man, also, which command our respect. His is indeed a dark picture, but it too is not without its brighter side. There is in him a dignity and independence of character, joined to great courage, a quick and subtle intelligence, and a certain loyalty to the laws of his fathers, and to the brothers of his race. He, however, has coarser tasks, a grosser fraud to practise, and is often not only hardened, but brutalized, by desperate crime.

The following description of a *Gipsa* will give those who have not seen such a person some idea of the form which envelopes this wild, erratic spirit:

"She is of the middle stature, neither strongly nor slightly built, and yet her every movement denotes agility and vigor. As she stands erect before you, she appears like a falcon about to soar, and you are almost tempted to believe that the power of volitation is hers; and were you to stretch forth your hand to seize her, she would spring above the house-tops like a bird. Her face is oval, and her features are regular, but somewhat hard and coarse, for she was born among rocks in a thicket, and she has been wind-blasted and sun-scorch'd for many a year, even like her parents before her; there is many a speck upon her cheek, and perhaps a scar, but no dimples of love; and her brow is wrinkled over, though she is yet young. Her complexion is more than dark, for it is almost that of a molesto; and her hair, which hangs in long locks on either side