

or play must be painted in quick, bold strokes, in strong light and shade; they must say that which they would never have said, and do that which they would never have done. Thus the highest truth must be sacrificed to that which shall be most distinguishing and striking, to bring out that inner nature of man which in life is rarely brought out in deeds and words. For, did it take us as long to find out men in works of fiction as in real life, the novel would be a biography, the drama, long and wearisome as life itself.

The Gypsy of the present day is indeed a sad relic of barbarism; he wears but the very rags and tatters of humanity; yet such is our faith in that wondrous and indestructible texture, that we willingly believe his to be made of the same stuff as our own. We would fain regard him in his present position as the mere wreck and vestige left by one of those mighty principles, which, having slowly raised to themselves a monument from the crude material of mind and matter, pass on in their eternal march, leaving the mass to crumble and return to nothingness, to be one day recombined into new form and grandeur by the Master workman of the universe. We would find in the distinguishing traits of his character some remnants of barbaric virtue. We would hope that he learned to steal when the whole human race was one mighty horde of robbers; that his vindictiveness of spirit was not at first an unprovoked hostility to the rest of mankind, but the impulse of resentment awakened by some cruel injury and outrage; that his indifference to the pleasures of sense, his strong attachment to his own race, and his native cunning, have one day deserved the names of austere temperance, of true patriotism, of deep sagacity. Of these qualities there remain few traces at the present day. The world itself has changed for the better, and these people have not changed with it,—the great tide of barbaric life has ebbed, and has left these to wither on the shore,—the mass of mankind around them have risen, and stand erect, while these still retain their crouching and recumbent posture, clinging to their mother earth, until those who have combined to trample and weigh them down shall lend them

a helping hand, and bid them, as he of old, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, to arise and walk.

The religion of the Gypsies appears to have been originally the Brahminism of India, a dim and mystical creed, of which they retain nothing save a belief in their own immortality, and in the existence of a God, whom, however, they have ceased to worship. Mr. Burney anathematizes this wild and imperfect faith, and terms this god of the Brahmins "the father of all imposture;" but this view seems to us unjust. The deity of the wildest savage, abominable as may be his worship and degraded his attributes, is yet but a defaced representation of the true God who has written his name upon every heart. The hymn to Brahma or to Budd, which our author has annexed to his translations of Gypsy rhymes, has in it some views so just and noble, that we are tempted to quote it partly for the sake of overthrowing his position. We cannot speak of the correctness of the translation, yet we wish that the poem had not been rendered into English doggerel—brief blank lines would have given a better idea of the wild measure and language of the original:

"Should I Foutsa's force and glory,
Earth's protege, all unfold,
Through more years would last my story,
Than has Gangee sands of gold.
Him the fitting reverence showing
For a moment's period, brings
Conceless blessings, overflowing,
Unto all created things.
If, from race of man descended,
Or from dragon's kingly line,
Thou dost dread, when life is ended,
Deep in sin to sink and pine,
If thou seek great Foutsa ever,
With a heart devoid of malice,
He the mists of sin shall sever,
All before thee bright shall smile.
Whoso'er his parents losing,
From his earliest infancy,
Cannot guess, with all his musing,
Where his brethren now may be;
He who sister dear, nor brother,
Since the sun upon him shone,
And of kindred all the other
Shoots and branches ne'er has known—
It of Foutsa Grand the figure
He shall shape and color o'er,
Gaze upon it rapt and eager,
And with fitting sites adore,
And through twenty days shall utter
The dread name with reverent fear;