

The nomad life must vanish before the march of civilization. Another generation will probably efface from England a people illustrious, at least, for their sorrows. Their present number in England is from twelve to fifteen thousand.

In the meanwhile can anything be done to ameliorate their condition? Strange to say there have been few organizations for the benefit of these wanderers. Philanthropy has generously undertaken every other form of want and sorrow. It has almost ignored the Gipsies. The late Rev. George Crabb and others met with little encouragement in their endeavors to modify the nomadic habits of the race—habits utterly inconsistent, of course, with civilization. A very few were induced to renounce a vagabond life; but some of these, impatient of restraints, relapsed into their native ways. There seems little hope of entirely breaking the chain of habit among the adult Gipsies. The hope lies with the children, if they can be torn, at an early age, from their perilous associations. Education alone, and persuasion, and gentle measures, can reunite them to the native population, reconcile them with a home, and attach them to the soil."

MADNESS.—There is a certain degree of madness connected with anger. This is so wherever we see it; whether in the conduct of a Xerxes, who flogged the waves, and cast fetters into the sea to bind it, or in its constant outbreaks around us.

DANDIES may become useful in the same manner as those slaves of Sparta who were made drunk in order to inspire children with a horror of intoxication.

An old Scotch preacher said of a young opponent, that he had "a great deal of the young man, not a little of the old man, and very little of the new man."

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

BY MISS LONDON.

I live by the side of the greenwood tree,
The elm and the ash are companions for me;

Through the shadowy leaves with the summer I roam,
And the hedge, with the hawthorn in bloom, is my home!

I know where the primrose first welcomes the south,
Like a love-kiss—the last from a pale, sweet mouth,
Which dies in its sorrow, and dying reveals,
Too late and too vainly, the love which it feels!

The earliest violet's breath, through the grass,
A message that woos me to stay as I pass,
For I am the first in the spring to discover
Their blue eyes, that laugh as they welcome a lover.

The morning is glad and the morning is fair,
Song, sunshine, and fragrance awake in the air;
I feel like a flower that rejoices in light—
Yet dearer to me is the presence of night.

For then I am conscious of knowledge and power—
I see the clear planets cast bright in its power—
I look in the depth of their light for a sign—
I ask of the future and know it for mine.

I trace on the cards what the stars of night tell;
The past is before me—the heart is my spell:
To me, the sweet hope—the fond secret is known,
The feelings of others are read by my own.

Nay, fear not, fair lady! your life's coming hours,
They are clear as the stars, and fair as the flowers;
There is one for whose sake to the greenwood you came;
Oh! lady, you blush; shall I whisper his name?