

hill though covered here and there with tawny heath, joined with the most majestic relics of the old forest; aged oaks whose shadows fell over the slopes of the hill, proudly displayed their gnarled limbs, and their scanty but gloomy foliage. The sun was setting on the right, in the horizon of hills whose torn flanks preserved the traces of old torrents that had disappeared. Nothing is more strange than the sight of a Gipsy camp amid this solitude and majesty of nature. Half a dozen tents were arranged in a semi-circle; and I noticed they were so arranged as to receive the rays of the rising sun. The men and women were seated on the ground around a fire, which, fed with green wood, produced more smoke than flame. . . . No one was busied with anything. Kettles hanging from a species of hook, under poles fixed in the ground, were singing the song of waters beginning to boil. A few mangy dogs displayed their heads among the bushes and began barking, though feebly, at the *Georgio*. The Gipsies kept up their indifferent and motionless attitude, they are like the savages, who notice everything, while appearing to have seen nothing. Two little girls of five or six, lively and black as demons, alone left the party, and came to ask alms of me.

Curious to know something of the art of fortune-telling, and to learn whether it had any principle or method, M. Esquiros withstood the charms of these lovely girls of the demon type, and was led into the presence of the guide's mother, an old woman who "would have gladdened the hearts of Rembrandt, Teniers or David Wilkie;" but who, notwithstanding certain traces of an ancient beauty, was hideous and ugly.— Either by a liberal use of those compliments which a Frenchman so well knows how to pay, or by the prospect of a more substantial benefit, our traveller succeeded in persuading her to

admit him to the inner circle of the camp, which contained about thirty persons. On entering the circle he was invited to take a seat on the grass, the only chair in the community being occupied by a Gipsy woman at least a hundred years old. Three old men whose "heads the winters had whitened," and one of whom "resembled the statue of Silence," were warming their hands at the wretched fire. A fine fellow of forty, with an intelligent face, wearing a somewhat superior costume, as the chief of the band and a few ill-tempered looking women, with "gloomy flashing eyes," completed the picturesque circle.

The old sorceress, true to the inspiration of her age, began to draw a sketch of the good old times, when tents might be pitched anywhere without interference; and when donkeys and horses might regale themselves on the grass-lands of the farmer. Times, however, had so wofully altered, that it was next to impossible for the Gipsies to live; and in proof of the straits to which they were reduced, the old lady asserted that they had nothing for supper but a hedgehog, which had been found on the wayside. At this part of the recital, an unhappy chicken, imprisoned in a neighboring tent, lifted up its voice, to the dismay of the whole party, and to the special confusion of the old sorceress. Relieving her irritation by a few maledictions on the head of the offending fowl, she proceeded to state that the bird in question was being kept for the marriage of one of the daughters of the tribe. M. Esquiros gracefully relieved the general embarrassment by the gift of a crown, with which a boy was despatched apparently to a neighboring farm. He soon returned bearing a fowl in his arms, the very fowl of the ill-timed chuck. This they proceeded to cook for supper, in the following fashion:

"A square piece of turf was re-