All the old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date of 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling in his own pocket.

The magistrate soon began to suspect that the mint master would have the best of the bargin. They offered him a large sum of money, if he would give up that 20th shilling, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, in a few years, his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine tree shillings. This was probably the case, when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and as he worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself on.

When the mint master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do no know; but we will call her Betsey. Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding. With this round rosy Miss Betsey, Samuel Sewell fell in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in business, and a member of the church, the mint master very readily gave his consent.

'Yes—you may take her,' said he, in his rough way, 'and you will find her a heavy burden enough.'

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest Hull dressed himself in a plain colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine tree shillings. The buttons of his waiscoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; and being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room between her bride maids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full bloom peony, a great red apple or any other round and scarlet object.

There was the bridegroom dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold lace waiscoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and custome would allow him to put on. His hair was cropt close to his head, because Gov. Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridemaids, and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hall whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing; bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

'Daughter Betsey,' said the mint-master, 'go into one side of the scales.'

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any questions of why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, she had not the least idea.

'And now,' said honest John Hull to his servants, 'bring that box hither.'

The box to which the mint master pointed, was a huge, square, oaken chest; it was big enough my children, for all four of you to play hide-and-seek in.

The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hall then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! It was full to the brim of bright pine shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachussetts Treasury. But it was only the mint-master's share of the coinage.

Then, the servants, at Capt. Hall's command, heaped double handful of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

'There, son Sewell!' cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair, 'take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly and thank heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!'

'Well, grandfather,' remarked Clara 'if wedding portions now a days were paid as Miss Betsey's was young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure as many of them do.'

From Cruikshank's Omnibus.

LOVE SEEKING A LODGING.

At Lelia's heart, from day to day,
Love, boy-like, knocked, and ran away;
But love grown older, seeking then
"Lodgings for single gentlemen,"
Return'd unto his former ground,
And knock'ed, but no admittance found—
With his rat, tat, tat.

His false alarms remember'd still,
Love, now in earnest, fared but ill;
For Lelia in her heart could swear,
As still he knock'd, "There's no one there."
A single god, he then essay'd
With single knocks to lure the maid—
With his single knock

Each passer by, who watch'd the wight,
Cried, "Love, you wont lodge there to night."
And love, while listening, half confess'd
That all was dead in Lelia's breast.
Yes, lest that light heart only slept,
Bold love up to the casement crept—
With his tip, tap, tap.

No answer.—"Well," cried Love, "I'll wait,
And keep off Envy, Fear, and Hate;
No other passion there shall dwell,
If I'm shut out, why here's a bell!"
He rang; the ring made Leila start,
And Love found lodgings in her heart—
With his magic ring.

NEW WORKS.

The Zincali; or, an Account of the Gypsies of Spain. With an original collection of their Songs and Poetry, and a copious Dictionary of their Language.

Here is a glance at them in their mountain fastnesses:—

It was not uncommon for a large band or tribe to encamp in the vicinity of a remote village scantily peopled, and to remain there until, like a flight of locusts, they had consumed everything which the inhabitants possessed for their support; or until they were scared away by the approach of justice, or by an army of rustics assembled from the surrounding country. Then would ensue the hurried march; the women and children, mounted on lean but spirited asses, would scour along the plains fleeter than the wind; ragged and savage looking men, wielding the scourge and goad, would scamper by their side or close behind, whilst perhaps a small party on strong horses, armed with rusty matchlocks or sabres, would bring up the rear, threatening the distant foe, and now and then saluting them with a hoarse blast from the Gypsey horn:—

O, when I sit my courser bold,
My bantling in my rear,
And in my hand my musket hold—
O how they quake with fear.

Let us for a moment suppose some unfortunate traveller, mounted on a handsome mule or beast of some value, meeting, unarmed and alone, such a rabble rout at the close of eve, in the wildest part, for example, of La Mancha; we will suppose that he is journeying from Seville to Madrid, and that he has left, at a considerable distance behind him, the gloomy and horrible passes of the Sierra Morena; his bosom which, for some time past, has been contracted with dreadful forebodings, is beginning to expand; his blood, which had been congealed in his veins, is beginning to circulate warmly and freely, he is fondly anticipating the still distant Pasoda and savoury omelet. The sun is sinking rapidly behind the savage and uncouth hills in his rear; he has reached the bottom of a small valley, where runs a rivulet at which he allows his tired animal to drink; he is about to ascend the side of the hill: his eyes are turned upwards; suddenly he beholds strange and uncouth forms at the top of the ascent—the sun descending slants its rays upon red cloaks, with here and there a turbaned head, or long streaming hair. The traveller hesitates, but reflecting that he is no longer in the mountains, and that in the open road there is no danger of banditti, he advances. In a moment he is in the midst of the Gypsey group, in a moment there is a general halt; fiery eyes are turned upon him replete with an expression which only the eyes of the Roma possess, then ensues a jabber in the language of jargon which is strange to the ears of the traveller, and at last an ugly urchin springs from the crupper of a halting mule, and in a lisping accent entreats charity in the name of the Virgin and the Majoro. The traveller, with a faltering hand, produces his purse, and is proceeding to loosen its strings, but he accomplishes not his purpose, but struck violently by a huge knotted club in an unseen hand, he tumbles headlong from his horse. Next morning a naked corpse, besmeared with brains and blood, is found by an arriero, and within a week a simple cross records the event, according to the custom of Spain.

Below there in the dusky pass
Was wrought a murder dread,
The murdered fell upon the grass,
Away the murderer fled.

It may be readily supposed that in such a country as Spain, the Gypsies migh easily obtain an influence over the superstitious feelings of families: and hence we find them, partly through the agency of their dark-eyed beauties, and partly through their skill in fortune-telling, enabled to laugh at justice. It seems that they used to have Gitanerias, or quarters, in many of the towns, which became the resort of idle and dissolute youths, upon whose imagination the Gypsy girls always made a deep impression. But the whole of this passage is very curious; discovering to us, amongst other things, that the Gypsies, whatever their crimes may be in other respecs, preserve a Roman virtue in respect to the intercourse of the sexes:—

In these Gitanerias, therefore, many Gypsy families resided, but ever in the Gypsy fashion, in filth and in misery, with little of the fear of man, and nothing of the fear of God before their eyes. Here the swarthy children basked naked in the sun before the doors; here the women prepared love draughts or told the buena ventura; and here the men plied the trade of the blacksmith, a forbidden occupation, or prepared for sale, by disguising them, animals stolen by themselves, or their accomplices. In these places were harboured the strange Gitanos on their arrival, and here were discussed in the Rommany language, which, like the Arabic, was forbidden under severe penalties, plans of fraud and plunder, which were perhaps intended to be carried into effect in a distant province and in a distant city.

* * * *

The Gitanerias at evening fall were frequently resorted to by individuals widely differing in station from the inmates of these places,—we allude to the young and dissolute nobility and hidalgos of Spain. This was generally the time of mirth and festival, and the Gitanos, male and female, danced and sang in the Gypsy fashion beneath the smile of the moon. The Gypsy women and girls were the principal attractions to these visitors; wild and singular as these females are in their appearance, there can be no doubt, for the fac has been frequently proved, that they are capable of exciting passion of the most ardent description, particularly in the bosom of those who are not of their race, which passion of course becomes the more violent when the almost utter impossibility of gratifying it is known. No females in the world can be more licentious in word or gesture, in dance and in song, than the Gitanas; but there they stop: and so of old, if their titled visitors presumed to seek for more, an unsheathed dagger or gleaming knife speedily repulsed those who expected that the gem most dear amongst the sect of the Roma was within the reach of a Busno.

Such visitors, however, were always encouraged to a certain point, and by this and various other means, the Gitanos acquired connexions which frequently stood them in good stead in the hour of need. What availed it to the honest labourers of the neighbourhood, or the citizens of the town, to make complaints to the corregidor concerning the thefts and frauds committed by the Gitanos, when the sons perhaps of that very corregidor frequented the nightly dances at the Gitaneria, and were deeply enamoured with the dark-eyed singing-girls? What availed making complaints, when perhaps a Gypsy sibyl, the mother of those very girls, had free admission to the house of the corregidor at all times and seasons, and spaed the good fortune to his daughters, promising them counts and dukes, and Andalusian knights in marriage, or prepared philters for his lady by which she was always to reign supreme in the affections of her husband? And, above all, what availed it to the plundered party to complain that his mule or horse had been stolen, when the Gitano robber, perhaps the husband of the sibyl and the father of the black-eyed Gitanilles, was at that moment actually in treaty with my lord the corregidor himself, for supplying him with some splendid thick-maned, long-tailed steed, at a small price, to be obtained, as the reader may well suppose, by an infraction of the laws? The favour and protection which the Gitanos experienced from the people of high rank, is alluded to in the Spanish laws, and can only be accounted for by the motives above detailed.

The dress of these people is not so peculiar as it has been sometimes represented. They have fallen very nearly into the costume of the country:—

What can be said of the Gypsy dress, of which such frequent mention is made in the Spanish laws, and which is prohibited together with the Gypsy language and manner of life? Of whatever it might consist in former days, it is so little to be distinguished from the dress of some classes amongst the Spaniards, that it is almost impossible to describe the difference. They generally wear a high-peaked, narrow-brimmed hat, a zamarra of sheep skin in winter, and, during summer, a jacket of brown cloth; and beneath this they are fond of exhibiting a red plush waistcoat, something after the fashion of the English jockeys, with numerous buttons and clasps. A faja, or girdle of crimson silk, surrounds the waist, where, not unfrequently, are stuck the cachas, which we have already described. Pantaloons of coarse cloth or leather descend to the knee; the legs are protected by woolen stockings, and sometimes by a species of spatterdash, either of cloth or leather; stout high-lows complete the equipment.

Such is the dress of the Gitanos of most parts of Spain. But it is necessary to remark that such also is the dress of the chalanes, and of the muleteers, except that the latter are in the habit of wearing broad sombreros as preservatives from the sun. This dress appears to be rather Andalusian than Gitano; and yet it certainly beseems the Gitano better than the chalan or muleteer. He wears it with more easy negligence or jauntiness, by which he may be recognised at some distance, even from behind.

It is still more difficult to say what is the peculiar dress of the Gitanas; they wear not the large red cloaks and immense bonnets of coarse beaver which distinguish their sisters of England; they have no other head gear than a handkerchief, which is occasionally resorted to as a defence against the severity of the weather; their hair is sometimes confined by a comb, but more frequently is permitted to stray dishevelled down their shoulders: they are fond of large ear-rings whether of gold, silver, or metal, resembling in this respect the poissardes of France. There is little to distinguish them from the Spanish women save the absence of the mantilla, which they never carry. Females of fashion not unfrequently take pleasure in dressing a la Gitana, as it is called, but this female Gypsy fashion, like that of the men, is more properly the fashion of Andalusia, the principal characteristic of which is the saya, which is exceedingly short, with many rows of flounces.

The eye of the Gypsy has a peculiar expression. It is called emphatically the Gypsy glance. Mr. Barrow endeavours to give a description of this peculiarity:—

There is something remarkable in the eye of the Rommany; should his hair and complexion become fair as those of the Swede or the Finn, and his jockey gait as grave and ceremonious as that of the native of Old Castile, were he dressed like a king, a priest, or a warrior, still would the Gitano be detected by his eye, should it continue unchanged. The Jew is known by his eye, but then in the Jew that feature is peculiarly small; the Chinese has a remarkable eye, but then the eye of the Chinese is oblong, and even with the face, which is flat; but the eye of the Gitano is neither large nor small, and exhibits no marked difference in its shape from eyes of the common cast. Its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange staring expression, which to be understood must be seen, and in a thin glaze, which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light. That the Gypsy eye has sometimes a peculiar effect, we learn from the following stanza:

A Gypsy's stripling's glossy eye
Has pierced my bosom's core,
A feat no eye beneath the sky
Could e'er effect before.

The Gypsies have a poetry of their own. It is more properly called Rhymes. The subjects are such as belong literally to their lives—such as cattle-stealing, escapades of all sorts, and their own peculiar customs and superstitions. A glance of tenderness breaks in sometimes, but for the most part it is insipid, flat, and worthless. Of these rhymes Mr Borrow gives us the following description:—

This Gypsy poetry consists of quartets or rather couplets, but two rhymes being discernible, and those generally imperfect, the vowels alone agreeing in sound. Occasionally, however, sixains or stanzas of six lines are to be found, but this is of rare occurrence. The thought, anecdote, or adventure described, is seldom carried beyond one stanza, in which every thing is expressed which the poet wishes to impart. This feature will appear singular to those who are unacquainted with the character of the popular poetry of the south, and are accustomed to the redundancy and frequently tedious repetition of a more polished muse. It will be well to inform such that the greatest part of the poetry sung in the south, and especially in Spain, is extemporary. The musician composes it at the stretch of his voice, whilst