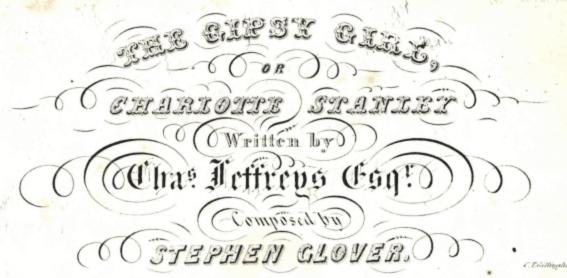
TNE GIPSEY GIRI Charlotte Stanley



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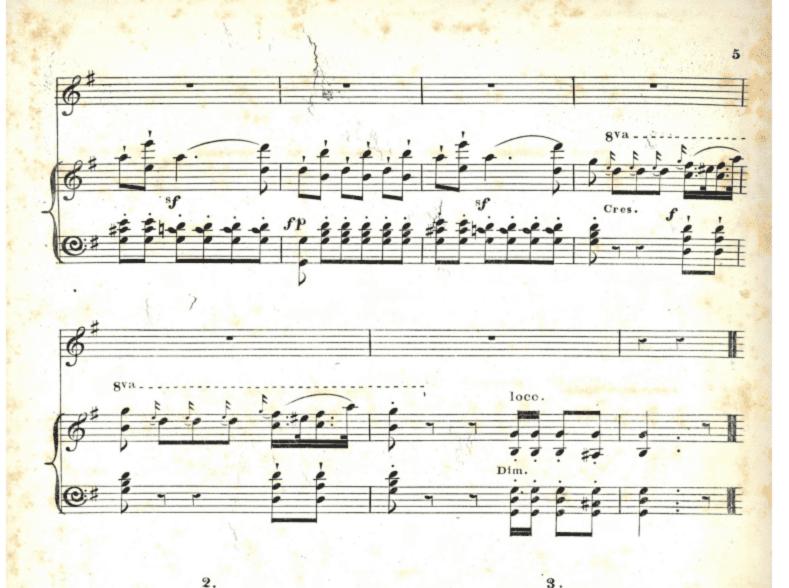
A Lady of rank and fortune, who happened to have no children, had taken so great a liking to a beautiful little gipsy girl, that she took her home, had her educated, and at length adopted her as her daughter. She was called Charlotte Stanley, received the education of a young English Lady of rank, and grew up to be a beautiful, well informed, and accomplished girl. In the course of time a young man of good family became attached to her, and wished to marry her. The nearer, however, this plan approached the period of its execution, the more melancholy became the young Hindostanee bride; and one day to the terror of her foster mother and betrothed husband, she could no where be found. It was known there had been gipsies in the neighbourhood; a search was set on foot, and Charlotte Stanley was discovered in the arms of a gipsy, the Chief of the band. She declared she was his wife, and no one had a right to take her away from him, and the benefactness and the bridegroom returned inconsolable. Charlotte afterwards came to visit them, and told how, as she grew up, she had felt more and more confined within the walls of the Castle, and an irresistable longing had at length seized her to return to her wild gipsy life, nor could she, although suffering many cruelties from her gipsy husband, ever be induced to abandon the roving life to which she had returned.

I saw the portrait of Charlotte Stanley, which was preserved by a friend of her youth. Her story is a kind of inversion to that of Precioso, and might make an interesting romance.









They gave me gems to bind my hair,

I long'd the while for flow'rs

Fresh gather'd by my gypsy freres

From Nature's wildest bow'rs.

They gave me books,—I lov'd alone

To read the starry skies;

They taught me songs, the songs I lov'd

Were Nature's melodies.

I never heard a Captive bird,

But panting to be free,

I long'd to burst his prison door,

And share his liberty.

'Twas kindly meant, and kindly hearts

Were theirs who bade me roam

From Nature and her forests free,

To share the city's home.

The woods are green, the hedges white

With leaves and blossoms fair;

There's music in the forest now

And I too must be there:

O do not chide the Gypsy girl,

O call me not unkind;

I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend,

As her I leave behind.