WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

BRITISH GIPSIES.

The Chief American Authority on Them Interviewing Nomads Gives Information Concerning Their Ways and Wanderings—Their Condition Contrasted with That of American Gipsies.

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London, Nov. 21.—Having wandered among gipsies in America for more than a quarter of a century, and for the past five years having given much time and attention to a study of the gipsies as I have found them in different parts of Ireland, Scotland and England, I feel that something like a survey of these British nomads, with a few points of contrast between them and their American brethren, would have interest to many American readers.

At the outset I am forced to confess that my good friend, George Smith, of Chatville, is interested in gipsies in a vastly broader, deeper and more evangelical way than myself. He seeks them out in their tents of their wont, and the wood of time, unearthing the secrets of their lives in and near large cities and then, bearing with them the spirit of Christ, he tries to enroll no mere good citizens, names all England with his rugged eloquence, insisting that the very wild stock still which have are passed for their complete amalgamation and civilization.

I am not worthy to live in the same country with this gipsy, for I have a prejudice against gipsies and some for gipsies are measured. I am theirs and they are mine, in America, because with them I have known each week and years as the world has shown me never given. Because with them the warm heart-feel of nature has come tenderly near. Because among them I have found the simple, generous, hospitable true and loyalty stored, (because wherever I go, by hill or dale, by sea or city, they love me, and I love me too long ago, "Gipsy Chief" goes with me as the soul and reminder of the thousand enchanting experiences, and thrills and joys of the years, as a magnet hearts, hearts of wanderers though they be. And because, perhaps, there is the blood of gipsy blood in my own veins that brings me to my over.

I say theirs and they are mine in this land, because rough and smooth men have received me over where as a brother and as trusted guest, hospitable sons vines, with hands every, as if to unity every article, stories, have discovered with Rinding eyes to the world I have brought, stories from kindred across the sea, great holding points, meeting with open eyed wonder, and tears, mixed with joy and sorrow, had and the streaming gipsy tears, with arms around their neighbor shoulders, and yet with the strangest evidences of gipsies, have rolled glances at the stranger, seeming to look beyond him with jealousy eye to his foil, for money, where gipsies have come to do business in and out from plains of silver, while from for gipsy children tugging at my knees have searched my most pockets, stained hose or arms and calico dress—that he stood as in the stranger peering, after all, the young seems to the gipsy heart and home. It is sure the gipsy with a sensational way that I have known in all lands the almost Romany race, and be sure of it I have not overstock and to proof of this.

There are not all told—and the tinkers shunning city Romany, unknown in their home, concealed in a country of the size—upward of 3,000 gipsies in Ireland, of whom barely 1,000 follow the migration but wandering from the road. Their Orthodoxy and particularly the instinct of the peasantry, without exception, hold them in something like a terrible detestation.

But all a gipsy wanderer Scotsman tinker sons who live in Irish cabin and lodging are of no lands as conjuring, the smoke of war will not rise above that sun. Calling on all the tin mines of Scotland, the strict and stately tenth of spoil, the Irish tinker without the gipsy that to such a wildness of sentiment as not to hold for half a league away. The very tinkering would be pulled from the nail, if necessary, to spend the fare the battle for the long spoil of a particular gipsy. And my gipsy friends the world over know this fact as well and fitterly that universally with their race. Their heart is braced in resignation of the barrenness for their purposes, selfish folly, or the subtlety and so-called revenge.

There is a marked difference in Scotland. In proportion to its population there are more gipsies in the land of oaks than in England. Scotch tinkers, tents and tinkers, especially the ballad poetry of Scotland, are full of gipsy country side lore and superstitions which have been the conversation of a very quiet and close relation between gipsies and Scotch peasantry. Gipsy blood is known to course in the veins of many of the Scotch nobility. Those people actually entered the counties, if not the force, of James IV. James V entered into a league with "John Faw, lord and king of little Egypt," in 1505, directing all to authority to its realm to compel the others to Faw's allegiance all those Egyptians who had rebelled against him, and that all others should assist in detaining and punishing those people "in conformity with his laws," as Faw, in the other hand, "has said John have no cause of complaint in time coming."

This Faw, whose sleeveless stamped the gipsies gipsy into his character, was the progenitor of the many tribes of Faws, Faas or Falls, who, with the Dallas, have been the most noted and numerous of Scotch gipsies, whose descendants I have found in respectable numbers and conditions throughout the United States.

The surroundings of Edinburgh and Glasgow are full of gipsies who are far superior in physique to their English brethren about London, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool. In Tweedside, Annandale and Nithsdale are many families of gipsies whose respectability and individual means, although they lead a roving life, would compare favorably with those of the small farmers of the same regions. The gipsies whom I have met in Annandale and Nithsdale are not so well off, but are much fed and always welcomed among the peasantry.

Within a few years much good fortune, from a pecuniary standpoint, has come to Scotch gipsies through the vast increase of tourists, Americans as well as English, to the highlands and islands of Scotland. They resort to the vicinity of Oban, Rothesay, Inverary, even cross to the Outer Hebrides, and are found in every romantic place in the Trossachs and along the highland lakes. These are gradually abandoning the life of tents for the green and quicker profits of "show" gipsies in summer, and during the winter seek lodgings in cities.

The smallest and largest collection of gipsies I ever found in Scotland were encountered in the far north and at the very northern boundary. The latter was discovered one early morning in July. I was coming with an eminent northern Presbyterian divine from grand Scotch scenery on their mount, from Dunrobin Lady Gloy Cathedral, to Brownsbanks by Loch Ness side, the one of the few wood houses of a Highland stand a solitary tree, tree-like, my mission fond of the tree Romany. The tents were checked close. The tinkers were asleep. It was the tinker, tinker, tinker,