

might come to receive them, and, on expenses being paid, to convey them to their own country.

This was only a shrewd bit of maneuvering on the part of King Faw, who, being pressed to take himself and tribe out of the country, pretended to his followers' rebellion against him, and secured this unique edict in his favor to give color of necessity to prolonging his and his people's stay in Scotland. This Faw, whose shrewdness stamped the genuine Gipsy upon his character, was the progenitor of the many tribes of Faws, Faas, or Falls, who with the Baillies (formerly Bailiows, the present Gipsy Baileys of America) have been the most numerous and noted of Scottish Gipsies, and whose descendants, as Faws and Falls, I have found in respectable numbers and condition throughout the United States.

The most noted royal Gipsies of Scotland were King Anthonius Gawino, previously referred to, the Bailiows, afterwards the Baillies, and old King John Faw. Many members of the Faa family have attained wealth and political preferment in Scotland. The once wealthy Falls, merchants of Dunbar, are Gipsies. One of the Falls became a colonel in the British army. Another served a term in parliament. Hosts have been and are under-sheriffs and bailiffs. Lady Anstruther, wife of the late Sir John Anstruther, of Elie, was Jenny Faa, a Gipsy woman of great wit and beauty. These Falls or Faas, of Dunbar, are also connected by marriage with the great banking family of Coutts, widely known in America through the frequent social intelligence concerning the noted Baroness Burdette Coutts. While the celebrated poem, "The Gipsy Laddie" commemorates the abduction by the then Gipsy King, John Faa, in 1643, of Lady Casillis, wife of the Earl of Casillis, "a sullen and ill-tempered mau, more given to theology than to ilka-day goodness," who was absent on a deputation to ratify the solemn league and covenant of that year at Westminster.

This noted line of British Gipsy royalty still exists in direct descent in the person of the most hopeless outcast of all outcasts, an outcast Gipsy, whose acquaintance I have the honor to possess; although the same is esteemed almost a dishonor from even a Gipsy point of view; and the same royal line, in distributed strains, is still proudly recognized in nearly seventy families or tribes I personally know in England, Scotland and America. All these tribes hold to the right of succession within their separate tiny kingdoms of population rather than territory with the same tenacity and sacred inviolability as any European monarchical dynasty. Where the line becomes extinct, which seldom occurs, it is nearly always reintroduced by marriage with members of other tribes where the hereditary line is superabundant. In instances where it is permitted to become and remain extinct, a king or queen or both are always chosen by popular election. In nearly all such cases the sovereign is selected from a family possessing the next requisite to royal blood—age without taint of crime. Thus it will be seen that both British and American Gipsies, while purely communistic in actual application of tribal government, are among the most exacting of all strictly monarchical people in holding to the principle of royal heredity.

The climax of visible British Gipsy royalty was undoubtedly reached at ancient Kirk Yetholm, just across the English border, among the Cheviot Hills, at about the middle of the present century. At the death, at Kirk Yetholm, in 1847, of the King of all the Scottish and many of the English Gipsies, William Faa, or "Auld Wull Faa," as he was familiarly known, they mustered from Yetholm and its immediate neighborhood 500 Gipsies and 300 asses as an escort for his remains from Coldstream to the parish burying-ground at Yetholm. Shortly after his death, on the sudden decease of Charles Blythe, King William's immediate successor, a remarkable contest took place between the late Faa's two daughters, Princess Esther and Princess Helen.

The Blythe line was extinct in Scotland; and no one could be found to dispute the royal line reverting to one or the other of the two Faa princesses. Helen, the younger, urged her claims on the well-known and often expressed wish of the dead king that she should eventually succeed him. Esther, the elder, claimed the succession on the grounds of seniority. For months the liveliest imaginable political canvass was waged throughout the Gipsy camps of Scotland and England. At last the contest waged so bitter that these sisters of royal blood came to blows, the first and last breach of the peace ever accredited to Gipsies in Yetholm.

They were both women of powerful frame, and that encounter has been described to me by an eye witness now living as having been of the most savage and ferocious character. Esther was victorious, and Helen, or black-bearded Nell, as the villagers called her, "got hersel weel lickit." This affray apparently decided the contest; for when "testing-day," or Shrove Tuesday, on which the famous Bowmont games are still notably celebrated, Princess Helen and her followers urged no objection to Princess Esther's election and coronation.

The crowning of Queen Esther—whose full name was Esther Faa Blythe Rutherford—the Blythe and Rutherford addenda coming from marriages with worthless men of her race—was an affair of great note at Yetholm. Her majesty was attended by a royal brother, several princess and princesses of the blood, Prince Robert her son, to whom I have previously referred, and a great retinue of over 300 Gipsies and as many townspeople and gentry of the surrounding country. The cavalcade proceeded to the Yetholm Cross. A jolly old blacksmith named George Gladstone, who had performed a like office for Charles Blythe, and thus secured the title of "Archbishop of Yetholm," wrought a resplendent coronet of tin, sustaining a tremendous Scotch thistle. In presence of the great multitude he made proclamation of his right to exercise the high office, and, having in the most solemn fashion set the emblem of royalty upon her head, proclaimed the swarth heroine "Her Royal Majesty, Esther Faa Blythe Rutherford, Sovereign and Queen of all the Gipsies in the Kingdom of Scotland—Challenge who dare!" Addresses of congratulation were read from loyal subjects in the different shires, from the citizens of Kelso and other near cities and villages, and from Yetholm townsfolk; after which a levee was held at the "royal palace," a thatched cottage with a hard clay floor, and the night

was passed in all manner of rustic revelries.

Queen Esther, whose life-sized portrait in oil is one of my most prized of Gipsy relics, died at Kelso, a dozen miles to the north of Yetholm, in July, 1883. Her cortege from Kelso to Kirk Yetholm, where she was buried beside hundreds of her race, was a memorable one. Thousands of people came to Yetholm. Upon the coffin lay the royal red cloak of the Queen, and an enormous white wreath of roses, sent by Lady John Scott, of Spottiswood, surmounted this. Both were interred with the body of the Queen. The Rev. Mr. Davidson, for thirty-two years minister of the Kirk Yetholm church, tells me he never witnessed a more remarkable scene than at this burial. The services were held at Kelso; but such vast crowds massed about the grave at Yetholm that though Mr. Davidson made effort to reach it to say a few words over the body, the grief of the Gipsies and the density of the crowd prevented.

At the death of Queen Esther, British Gipsy royalty, in its large, old-time sense, came to an end. No one ever aspired to her regal honors. Prince Robert, her son, had become a worthless vagabond; and even old Princess Helen, with whom I was once quite a favorite, told me that she was so "weel and fairly lickit" in the original contest for succession that she had completely lost all ambition for royal life. Four years ago the present summer a study in oil of Queen Esther's face, done by some vagrant artist, was hanging in a tobacconist's shop in Leith Walk, Edinburgh. Attracted by the picture I entered, secured permission to examine it, and, just as I was turning to depart, I encountered about as forbidding a looking tramp as I ever set eyes upon in Scotland. Some similarity between his pox pitted face and that of the dead queen's caused me to regard him intently. Leering at me as he followed me into the street, he touched my shoulder with one dirty paw and with the thumb of the other prodding backwards towards the shop asked me with royal familiarity.

"D'ye ken me noo?"

I told him flatly that I did not wish to "ken" him at all.

"Then ye'r nae *Gorgio chal*, (Gipsy's friend) that ye're famed," he replied as bluntly. "Dinna be ill to thole!" (difficult to get along with) he continued whiningly.

I was a little alarmed by his ruffianly persistence; but he had given me a Gipsy challenge surely, and I told him to "Jaw the drom for a Romany chor," which in plain English meant he should "Get out for a Gipsy thief!"

"Mon, mon," he exclaimed as if expecting instant arrest, "I'm nae chor; I'm Prince Robert—kung o' a' Nokkums (provincial Yetholm Romany for Gipsies) if I had my ain!"

It was Prince Robert surely. Tenderly enough now I took him with me down among the fishermen of New Haven; tenderly still heard his maudlin tale of a beggarly tramp's life and the earthwide ostracism of his own people; of his countless adventures on the borderland of law; of his familiarity with the *staripen* or prison-loaf of every parish jail in Scotland—never for crime, but for endless peccadillos in which he held a hopeless pride; tenderly still filled his paunch with bitter ale, his tab-jacket with sausages and his trousers pockets with huge