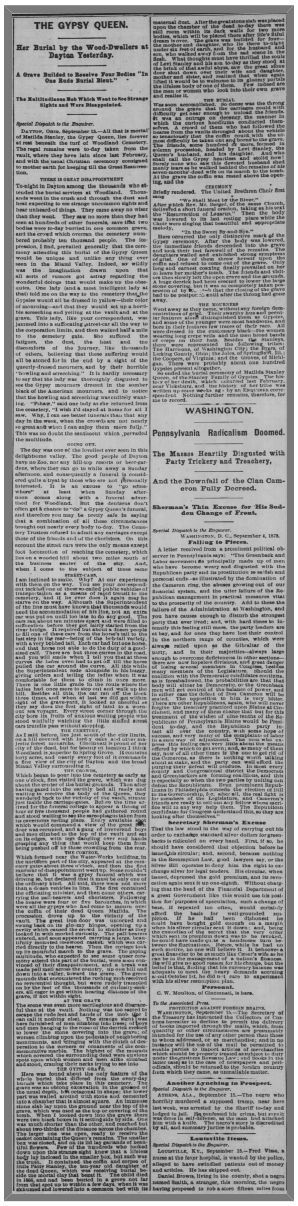
Newspapers.com

Downloaded on Jan 22, 2015



THE GYPSY QUEEN.

Her Burial by the Wood-Dwellers at Dayton Yesterday.

A Grave Builded to Receive Four Bodies "In One Rude Burial Bier."

The Ridiculous Rub Which Went to See Strange Sights and Were Disappointed.

Special Dispatch to the Enquirer.

DAYTON, OHIO, September 15.—All that is mortal of Matilda Stanley, the Gypsy Queen, lies forever at rest beneath the turf of Woodland Cemetery. The regal remains were to-day taken from the vault, where they have lain since last February, and with the usual Christian ceremony consigned to mother earth for keeping till the Great Resurrection.

THERE IS GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT

To-night in Dayton among the thousands who attended the burial services at Woodland. Thousands went in the crush and through the dust and heat expecting to see strange uncouth sights and hear unheard-of things. They came away no wiser than they went. They saw no more than they have seen at hundreds of other funerals, save that two or three hundred people, more than usual, and the crowd which crowds the cemetery were, herded probably ten thousand people. The impression, I find, persisted generally that the ceremony attending this burial of the Gypsy Queen would be unique and unlike any thing ever seen in the Miami Valley. Indeed, we wilful people who have gone to Dayton to see, in all sorts of, camps, got, among expecting the wonderful things that would make up the closing curtain. One lady (and a most intelligent lady she) told me on the way to the cemetery that the Gypsies would all be dressed in jullies—their color of mourning—and that they would set up a heavy wailing and howling, and do, in fact, all sorts of queer. This lady, like your correspondent, was jammed into a suffocating street-car all the way to the suburban limits, and then walked half a mile to the cemetery gate. She suffered the indignity, he does, the heat, and suffocation of the journey, the thousands assembled at the cemetery, and the crowd, all to accord for in the end by a sight of the quietly-dressed mourners, and by their horrible howling and screeching." It is hardly necessary to say that the lady was thoroughly disgusted to see the Gypsy mourners dressed in the sober black of the American mourners, and to notice that they did not howl and screech and howl howling. "Pshaw," said one lady as she returned from the cemetery, "I wish I'd stayed at home for all I saw. Why, I can see better funerals than that any day in the week, when the crowds are not nearly so great and when I can enjoy them more fully." This was no doubt the sentiment which pervaded the multitude.

GOING OFF.

The day was one of the loveliest ever seen in this delightsome valley. The good people of Dayton have no Zoo, nor any bill-top concts or beer-gardens, where they can go to while away a Sunday afternoon, and consequently a funeral is considered a good thing to go to when the spirit moves. It is an excuse to "go school where" at least when Sunday afternoon comes along with a funeral advertised for Woodland. But the destitute dust-and-heat-and-crowd-and-no-fun-and-disappointment-and-disgust-and-howling-and-screeching-and-howling-and-howling-and-howling