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Name of the traveler and title of travelogue:

Gerard, Emily: *The Land Beyond the Forest: Facts, Figures and Fancies from Transylvania*, Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1888.

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| Name of the city/region:Transylvania |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: | “It is, in fact, only within the last half-dozen years that some attempt has been made to unlock the long range of lofty mountains which tower so invitingly over the Transylvanian plains, and render practicable the access to many a wild, rocky gorge and secluded loch hitherto unknown save to wandering Wallachian shepherds.” (p. 366) |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: | “One florin (about 1s. 8d.) being the usual tax for a horse per diem, and the same for a man, the daily outlay thus amounts to five shillings only—a very small investment indeed for the enjoyment to be derived from a peregrination across the mountainous parts of the country.” (p. 367)„Here we may walk from sunrise to sunset without meeting other sign of life than some huge bird of prey hovering in mid-air above a lonely valley; and once accustomed to the daily companionship of eagles, one is apt to feel very exclusive indeed, and to regard most other society as commonplace and uninteresting.” (p. 367) |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): | “Our Wallachian guides proved thoroughly satisfactory in every way—active, obliging, and full of inventive resources. They were very particular about keeping their fast-days as prescribed by the Greek Church, and would refuse all offers of food at such times. When not fasting they were easily made happy by any scraps of cheese or bacon left over from our meals, or by a glassful of spirits of wine judiciously adulterated with water.” (p. 385)„The Roumanians have, like the Poles, a certain inbred sense of courtesy totally wanting in their Saxon neighbors; it shows itself in many trifling acts—in the manner they rise and uncover in the presence of a superior, and the way they offer their assistance over the obstacles of the path.” (p. 386)„The Roumanian peasant, however rigorously he may adhere to the forms of his Church, has, as I said before, no inordinate respect for the person of his clergyman, whose infallibility is only considered to last so long as he is standing before the altar; once outside the church walls he becomes an ordinary man to his congregation, and not necessarily a particularly respected or respectable individual. This particular popa was, as it appeared, not only accustomed to serve as driver, but likewise as beast of burden himself—as he genially volunteered to carry all the mosses and ferns we collected on the way.” (p. 387) |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: | “The night of St. George, the 24th of April (corresponding to our 6th of May), is of all others the most favorable in the year for such researches, and many Roumanian peasants spend these hours in wandering about the hills, trying to probe the earth for the gold it contains; for in this night (so say the legends) all these treasures begin to burn, or, to speak in technical, mystic language, “to bloom,” in the bosom of the earth, and the light they give forth, described as a bluish flame, resembling the color of burning spirits of wine, serves to guide favored mortals to their place of concealment. The conditions to the successful raising of a treasure are manifold and difficult of accomplishment. In the first place, it is by no means easy for a common mortal who has not been born on a Sunday, nor even at mid-day when the bells are ringing, to hit upon a treasure at all. If he does, however, chance to catch sight of a flame such as I have described, he must quickly pierce through the swaddling rags of his right foot with a knife, and then throw it in the direction of the flame seen. If two people are together during this discovery, they must on no account break silence till the treasure is raised; neither is it allowed to fill up the hole from which anything has been taken, for that would entail the death of one of the finders. Another important feature to be noted is that the lights seen before midnight on St. George’s Day denote treasures kept by good spirits, while those which appear at a later hour are unquestionably of a pernicious nature.” (p. 229-230)“Sometimes the power of finding a particular treasure is supposed only to be possessed by members of some particular family. A curious instance of this was lately recorded in Roumania, relating to an old ruined convent, where, according to a popular legend, a large sum of gold is concealed. A deputation of peasants, at considerable trouble and expense, found out the last surviving member of the family supposed to possess the mystic power, and offered him unconditionally a very handsome sum merely for the benefit of his personal attendance on the spot. The gentleman in question being old, and probably sceptical, declined the offer, to the peasants’ great disappointment. There is hardly a ruin, mountain, or forest in Transylvania which has not got some legend of a hidden treasure attached to it. These are often supposed to be guarded by some animal, as a serpent, turkey, dog, or pig; or sometimes the devil himself, in the shape of a black buffalo, haunts the place at night and carries off those who attempt to raise the treasure. Out of the many such tales there afloat I shall here quote only a few, which have been collected and written down from the words of old villagers in different places:” (p. 231)“THE TREASURE OF DARIUS is one of the principal treasures supposed to be somewhere concealed on Transylvanian ground. It is said to be of immense value, and is believed to have been secreted when the Persian king was compelled to fly before the Scythian forces; but opinions are divided as to the exact locality where it lies. One version, which places the treasure in a forest in the neighborhood of Hamlesch, relates of it that fifty years ago a poor German workman, sleeping in the forest one night, discovered the treasure, and being versed in the formalities to be observed on such occasions, laid upon it some article of clothing marked with his name in token of taking possession. Then, as he did not trust the country people, he went off to Germany to fetch his relations to assist him in raising the treasure. But, hardly arrived at his house, he fell ill and died; and though on his death-bed he exactly described the place where he had seen the gold, and gave directions for finding it, his relations were never able to hit upon the place. Another story declares the treasure to have been hidden in the Sacsorer Burg, an old ruined fortress, where some centuries ago it was discovered by six Hungarian burghers, who swore to keep the secret among themselves; and once in each year they went and carried off a sack of gold and silver pieces, which they divided. Only after five of them had died did the last survivor in his testament leave directions how to reach the place. To approach the treasure (so runs the legend), one must pass through a strong iron door lying towards the west. This door can be opened from the outside, but whoever is not in possession of the secret is sure to fall down through a trap-door into a terrible abyss, where he will be cut to pieces by a thousand swords set in motion by machinery; therefore it is necessary to bridge over the trap-door with several stout planks before entering. After this a second iron door is reached, in front of which are lying two life-sized lions of massive silver. This second door leads into a large hall, where round a long table are sitting the figures of King Darius, and of twelve other kings whom he had vanquished in battle. King Darius himself, who sits at the head of the table, is formed of purest gold, while the other monarchs, six on either side, are of silver. This hall leads into a cellar, where are ranged twenty-four barrels bound with hoops of silver; half of these barrels contain gold, the other half silver pieces. It is likewise asserted that towards the end of the last century a Wallachian hermit was known to reside in those same ruins, in whose possession were often seen gold and silver coins stamped with the image of King Darius, but that when questioned on the subject he would never reveal how he had come by them. Finally, it is said that within the memory of people still living there came hither from Switzerland three men with an ancient parchment document, out of which they professed to have deciphered the directions for finding the treasure of Darius, but after spending several days in digging about the place they had to go empty-handed away. After writing those lines I have unexpectedly come across a new version of the treasure of Darius, as I read in a current newspaper, dated November 24, 1886, that only a few weeks ago an old Roumanian peasant woman formally applied to the Government at Klausenburg for leave to dig for the treasure of Darius, which, as a sorcerer had revealed to her, lay buried at Hideg Szamos. The directions she had received were to dig, at the spot indicated, as deep as the height of the Klausenburg church steeple, when stone steps and an iron door would be disclosed. The latter can be opened by a blow from an axe which had been dipped in holy-water. A large stone vault with twelve more iron doors will then appear. Twelve golden keys hang on the wall, and each door being opened will lead to a chamber filled to overflowing with solid gold-pieces. Three people only were permitted to dig simultaneously for the treasure, the sorcerer himself disinterestedly disclaiming any part in the matter, as he professes to have renounced all earthly goods. The prosaic Klausenburg officials could not, however, be induced to share the woman’s enthusiasm, and tried to convince her of the folly of such search; but all in vain, for, dispensing with the permission she had failed to obtain, she has now engaged three daylaborers, who since the 15th of November, 1886, are said to be engaged on this stupendous task. Perhaps we shall some day hear the result of their labors.” (p. 232-233)„THE TREASURE OF DECEBALUS is also among those to which Transylvania lays claim. When Trajan went forth for the second time against the Dacian king, Decebalus, vanquished in the fight near his capital, Zarmiszegthusa, retired to a stronghold in the mountains, where he was again pursued by the conqueror, and, after a second defeat, perished by his own hand, in order to escape the ignominy of captivity. But before these reverses Decebalus had taken care to secure his immense riches. For this purpose he caused the river Sargetia, which flowed past his residence, to be diverted from its course at great toil and expense; in the dry river-bed strong vaulted cellars were constructed, in which all the gold, silver, and precious stones were stowed away, the whole being then covered up with earth and gravel, and the river brought back to its original course. The work had been executed by prisoners, who were all either massacred or deprived of their eyesight to avoid betrayal. But a confidant of the Dacian king, Bicilis, or Biculus, who afterwards fell into Roman captivity, revealed to the Emperor what he knew of it, and Trajan thus succeeded in appropriating a considerable portion of the secreted treasure, but not the whole, it is said. In the year 1543 some Wallachian fishermen, when mooring their boat on the banks of the river Strell, became aware of something shining in the water at the place where a tree had lately been uprooted. Pursuing the search, they brought to light more than forty thousand gold-pieces, each of them as heavy as three ducats, and stamped with the image of King Decebalus on one side, and that of the Goddess of Victory on the other. This treasure was delivered up to the monk Martinuzzi, the counsellor of Queen Isabella, and the most powerful man in Transylvania of that time. Part of the money was sent to the Roman emperor, Ferdinand I.; but many people declare the treasure of Decebalus not to be exhausted even now, and prophesy that we have not yet heard the last of it.” (p. 233-234)“THE TREASURE ON THE KOND. The Kond is a gloomy wooded plain near to the town of Regen. Great riches are said to be here concealed, but they are difficult to obtain, for the place is haunted by coal-black buffaloes, which may be seen running backward and forward at night, especially about the time of St. George and St. Thomas. A citizen named Simon Hill, who once caught sight of the subterraneous fire, marked the place, resolving to raise the treasure the following night. But distrusting his own strength and courage, he confided his purpose to a neighbor called Martin Rosenau, asking him to come to the place that night at twelve o’clock. This neighbor, however, was faithless, being one of those who pray against the Catechism; so he resolved to cheat his friend. Instead, therefore, of waking his neighbor, as had been agreed, at ten o’clock, he repaired alone to the spot, where, digging, he found nothing but a horse’s skull filled with dead frogs. Full of anger at his bad-luck, he took the skull and flung it along with the frogs in at the open window of his sleeping friend. But what was the surprise of this latter when, waking in the morning, he found the whole room strewn with golden ducats, and in the midst the horse’s skull, likewise half full of gold. Happy beyond measure, Simon Hill ran to his neighbor to tell him the joyful news how God had sent him the gold in his sleep; but the faithless Martin, on hearing the tale, was so seized with grief and anger that a stroke of apoplexy put an end to his life.” (p. 234-235)“GOLD-DUST. An old man at Nadesch relates how in his youth he missed a chance of becoming a rich man for life. Going once to the forest, he saw on the steep bank near a stream the handle of some sort of earthen-ware jar peeping out of the soil. Curious to investigate it, he climbed up the steep bank; but hardly had he seized the handle and drawn the heavy jar out of the earth, when, the ground giving way under his feet, he rolled to the bottom of the incline still holding the jar in his hand. But finding that it contained nothing but a dull yellow dust, which had partly been spilled in falling, he threw it as worthless into the stream. Often in later days did he regret this rash act, for, as he was told by others, this yellow powder could have been nothing else but gold-dust. Other ancient vessels which have been sometimes discovered filled with ashes are believed by the people to have contained golden treasures, thus changed by the devil to ashes. There is a plant which is believed by both Saxons and Roumanians to possess the virtue of opening every lock and breaking iron fetters, as well as helping to the discovery of hidden treasures. The Roumanians call it jarbe cherului (iron grass or herb), and it is only efficacious when it has sprouted at the spot where a rainbow has touched the earth. The rainbow is the bridge on which the angels go backward and forward between earth and heaven, and the flower grows there where an angel has dropped his golden key of Paradise on to the earth. The Germans call the flower schlüssel blume (key-flower), and it may be recognized by having a heart-shaped leaf on which is a spot like a drop of gold or blood. There are several places in Transylvania where the plant is supposed to grow, but he who walks over it unheeding will be sure to lose his way. In order to find it, it is recommended to go out at daybreak and creep on all fours over the grass. Who finds it should cut open the ball of his left hand and let the leaf grow into the wound; he will then have power to break fetters and open locks. The celebrated robber F—— is said to have been in possession of such a leaf, till the police destroyed his powers by cutting it out of his hand. Horses whose fore-legs are tethered together by chains are sometimes set free when they happen to tread on the jarbe cherului; and in the village of Heltau a Saxon peasant once hit upon the device of putting his wife in chains and thus driving her over the fields, expecting to find the flower where the fetters should fall off. Whoever sells land in certain parts of the country where gold is supposed to be buried is always careful to indorse the reservation of eventual treasures to be found on the spot. But the people say that it is rarely good to seek for hidden treasures, for much of the gold buried in the country has been secured by a heavy curse, so that he who raises it will be pursued by illness or misfortune to himself and his family, unless he is descended in direct line from the man who buried the treasure. Only such treasures as lie above-ground exposed to the light of day may be appropriated without misgiving. Many men have lost their reason, or have become crippled or blind, but few indeed were ever made happy by gold dug out of the earth.” (p. 235-236) |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): | “A most praiseworthy institution, somewhat on the principle of the Alpine Club, has been formed, thanks to whose energy suitable guides have been secured and rough shelter-houses erected at favorable points. All this, however, is still in a very primitive state, and the difficulties and inconveniences attending a Transylvanian mountain excursion are yet such as will deter any but very ardent enthusiasts from the attempt.” (p. 366)„Our shelter-hut, roughly put together of boards, consisted of a small entrance-lobby with stamped earth floor, and of one moderate-sized room about six paces long. All down one side, occupying fully half the depth of the apartment, ran a sort of shelf covered with straw, supposed to act as bed, where about a dozen persons might have room lying side by side. A long deal table, a wooden bench, and a row of pegs for hanging up the clothes completed the furniture. Besides the wooden shutters, there were movable glass windows, which were regularly deposited in a hiding-place under the foot-boards, lest they should be wantonly broken by the all-destroying Wallachians.” (p. 372)„This particular shelter-hut is an exceptionally well-built and luxurious one, most such being devoid of windows, and often closed on one side only.” (p. 372)„Our next care was to prepare our sleeping-couches, for here there was not even a sprinkling of straw to soften the hard boards. Luckily, these forests contain an endless supply of patent spring mattresses, and a few armfuls of fresh-cut fir-branches, with a rug spread over, makes as good a bed as any one need desire.” (p. 398) |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: | “Of the household animals the sheep is the most highly prized by the Roumanian, who makes of it his companion, and frequently his oracle, as by its bearing it is often supposed to give warning when danger is near.” (p. 197)“The swallows here, as elsewhere, are luck-bringing birds, and go by the name of galinele lui Dieu—fowls of the Lord. There is always a treasure to be found where the first swallow has been espied.” (p. 197)“The crow, on the contrary, is a bird of evil omen, and is particularly ominous when it flies straight over the head of any man.” (p. 197)“The magpie, when perched on a roof, gives notice of the approach of guests, but a shrieking magpie meeting or accompanying a traveller denotes death.” (p. 197)“The cuckoo is an oracle to be consulted in manifold contingencies. This bird plays a great part in Roumanian poetry, and is frequently supposed to be the spirit of an unfortunate lover.” (p. 197)“It is never permissible to kill a spider, but a toad taking up its residence in a cow-byre should be stoned to death, as assuredly standing in the service of a witch, and sent there to purloin the milk.” (p. 197)“The same liberty must not, however, be taken with the equally pernicious weasel, and when these animals are found to inhabit a barn or stable, the peasant endeavors to render them harmless by diverting their thoughts into a safer channel. To this end a tiny thrashing-flail is prepared for the male weasel, and a distaff for his female partner, and these are laid at some place the animals are known to frequent.” (p. 197-198)“Those houses which can boast of a house-snake are particularly lucky. Food is regularly placed for it near the hole; and killing it would entail dire misfortune to the family.” (p. 198)“The skull of a horse placed over the gate of the court-yard, or the bones of fallen animals buried under the door-step, are preservatives against ghosts.” (p. 198)“The place where a horse has rolled on the ground is unwholesome, and the man who steps upon it will be visited by eruptions, boils, or other skin diseases.” (p. 198)“Black fowls are always viewed with suspicion, as possibly standing in the service of a witch; and the Brahmapootra fowl is, curiously enough, believed to be the offspring of the devil and a Jewish girl.” (p. 198)“The best remedy for a murrain among the cattle is with an axe to behead a living pig, hoisting up its head on the end of a long pole at the village entrance. This, however, is only efficacious when it is the cattle or sheep which are thus afflicted; and should an illness have broken out among the swine themselves, the only remedy for it will be for the herd, divested of his clothes, to lead his drove to pasture in the early morning.” (p. 198)“A cow that has wandered can be insured against wolves if the owner recollect to stick a pair of scissors in the centre cross-beam of the dwelling-room.” (p. 198)“A whirlwind always denotes that the devil is dancing with a witch, and whoever approaches too near to the dangerous circle may be carried off bodily to hell, and sometimes only barely escapes by losing his cap.” (p. 198)“The finger which points at a rainbow will be seized by a gnawing disease, and a rainbow appearing in December always bodes misfortune. Pointing at an approaching thunder-storm is also considered unsafe, and whoever stands over-long gazing at the summer lightning will go mad.”(p. 199)„If a house struck by lightning begins to burn, it is not allowed to put out the flames, because God has lit the fire, and it were presumption for man to dare meddle with his work. In some places it is supposed that a fire kindled by lightning can only be extinguished with milk.” (p. 199)„An approved method for averting the lightning from striking a house is to form a top by sticking a knife through a loaf of bread, and spin it on the floor of the loft while the storm lasts. The ringing of bells is also efficacious in dispersing a storm, provided, however, that the bell in question has been cast under a perfectly cloudless sky.” (p. 199)“As I am on the subject of thunder-storms, I may as well here mention the scholomance, or school, supposed to exist somewhere in the heart of the mountains, and where the secrets of nature, the language of animals, and all magic spells are taught by the devil in person. Only ten scholars are admitted at a time, and when the course of learning has expired, and nine of them are released to return to their homes, the tenth scholar is detained by the devil as payment, and, mounted upon an ismeju, or dragon, becomes henceforward the devil’s aide-de-camp, and assists him in “making the weather”—that is, preparing the thunder-bolts.” (p. 199)“Whoever turns three somersaults the first time he hears the thunder will be free from pains in the back during a twelvemonth; and the man who wishes to be insured against headache has only to rub his forehead with a piece of iron or stone on that same occasion.” (p. 200)“A comet is sign of war; and an earthquake denotes that the fish on which the earth is supposed to rest has moved. Another version informs us that originally the world was balanced on the backs of four fishes, one of which was drowned in the flood, so that the earth, now lacking support at one corner, has sunk down and is covered by the sea.” (p. 200)“The Slav custom of decking out a girl at harvest-time with a wreath of corn-ears, and leading her in procession to the house of the priest or the landed proprietor, is likewise practised here, with the difference that, instead of the songs customary in Poland, the girl is here followed by loud shouts of Prihu! Prihu! or else Priku! and that whoever meets her on the way is bound to sprinkle her with water. If this detail be neglected, the next year’s crops will assuredly fail. It is also customary to keep the wreaths till next sowing-time, when the corn, if shaken out and mingled with the grain to be sown afresh, will insure a rich harvest.” (p. 200)„Every fresh-baked loaf of wheaten bread is sacred, and should a piece inadvertently fall to the ground, it is hastily picked up, carefully wiped and kissed, and if soiled thrown into the fire—partly as an offering to the dead, and partly because it were a heavy sin to throw away or tread upon any particle of it.” (p. 200)„It is unfortunate to meet an old woman or a Roumanian popa, but the meeting of a Catholic or Protestant clergyman is indifferent, and brings neither good nor evil.” (p. 200)„To be met by a gypsy the first thing in the morning is particularly lucky.” (p. 200)„It is bad-luck if your path be traversed by a hare, but a fox or wolf crossing the way is a good omen.” (p. 200)„Likewise, it is lucky to meet a woman with a jugful of water, while an empty jug or pail is unlucky; therefore the Roumanian maiden meeting you on the way back from the well will smilingly display her brimming pitcher as she passes, with a pleased consciousness of bringing good-luck; while the girl whose pitcher is empty will slink past shamefacedly, as though she had a crime to conceal.” (p. 201)„The Roumanian is always very particular about the exact way he meets any one. If he happens to be placed to the right of the comer, he will be careful not to cross over to the left, or vice versa. Should, however, his way lead him straight across the path of another higher in rank, he will stop and wait till the latter has passed. These precautions are taken in order not to cut or disturb the thread of a person’s good-luck.” (p. 201)„Every orthodox Roumanian woman is careful to do homage to the wodna zena, or zona, residing in each spring, by spilling a few drops on the ground after she has filled her jug, and it is regarded as an insult to offer drink to a Roumanian without observing this ceremony. She will never venture to draw water against the current, for that would strike the spirit home and provoke her anger, nor is it allowable, without very special necessity, to draw water in the night-time; and whoever is obliged to do so should nowise neglect to blow three times over the brimming jug to undo all evil spells, as well as to pour a few drops on to the glowing embers.” (p. 201)„The vicinity of deep pools of water, more especially whirlpools, is to be avoided, for here resides the dreadful balaur, or the wodna muz—the cruel waterman who lies in wait for human victims.” (p. 201)„Each forest has likewise its own particular spirit, its mama padura, or forest mother. This fairy is generally supposed to be good-natured, especially towards children who have lost their way in the wood.” (p. 201)„Less to be trusted is Panusch, who haunts the forest glades and lies in wait for helpless maidens.” (p. 201)„In deep forests and wild mountain-gorges there wanders about a wild huntsman of superhuman size and mysterious personality, but rarely seen by living eyes. Oftenest he is met by huntsmen, to whom he has frequently given good advice. He once appeared to a peasant who had already shot ninety-nine bears, and warned him now to desist, for no man can shoot the hundredth bear. But the passion for sport was too strong within the peasant; so, disregarding the advice, he shot at the next bear he met, and missing his aim, was torn to pieces by the infuriated animal. Another hunter to whom he appeared learned from him the secret that if he loaded his gun on New-year’s night with a live adder, the whole of that year he would never miss a shot.” (p. 201-202)„Another and more malevolent forest-spectre is the wild man—or, as the Roumanian calls him, the om ren—usually seen in winter, when he is the terror of all hunters and shepherds. Whoever may be found dead in the forest is supposed to have fallen a prey to his vengeance, which pursues all such as venture to chase his deer and wild-boar, or approach too near the cavern where he resides. His rage sometimes takes the form of uprooting pinetrees, with which to strike dead the intruder; or else he throws his victims down a precipice, or rolls down massive rocks on the top of them.” (p. 202)„Oameni micuti (small men), as the Roumanian calls them, are gray-bearded dwarfs, who, attired like miners, with axe and lantern, haunt the Transylvanian gold and silver mines. They seldom do harm to a miner, but give warning to his wife when he has perished by three knocks on her door. They are, however, very quarrelsome among themselves, and may often be heard hitting at one another with their sharp axes, or blowing their horns as signal of battle.” (p. 202)„Also the mountain monk plays a great part in mining districts, but is to be classed among the malevolent spirits. He delights in kicking over water-pails, putting out lamps, and breaking tools, and will sometimes even strangle or suffocate workmen to whom he has taken aversion. Occasionally, but rarely, he has been known to help distressed miners in replenishing the oil in their lamps, or guiding those who have lost their way; but woe to the man who relates these circumstances, for he will be sure to suffer for it.” (p. 202)„The gana is the name of a beautiful but malicious witch who presides over the evil spirits holding their meetings on the eve of the first of May. Gana is said to have been the mistress of Transylvania before the Christian era. Her beauty bewitched many; but whoever succumbed to her charms, and let himself be lured into quaffing mead from her ure-ox drinking-horn, was doomed. Once the handsome Maldovan, the Roumanian national hero, when riding home from visiting his bride, waylaid by the siren, and beguiled into drinking from the horn, reached his mountain fortress a sick and dying man, and was a corpse before next morning.” (p. 202-203)„Ravaging diseases like the pest, cholera, etc., are attributed to a spirit called the dschuma, to whom is sometimes given the shape of a toothless old hag, sometimes that of a fierce virgin, only to be appeased by the gift of clothing of some sort. Oftenest the spirit is supposed to be naked and suffering from cold, and its complaining voice may be heard at night crying out for clothing whenever the disease is at its highest. When this voice is heard, the inhabitants of a village hasten to comply with its summons by preparing the required clothing. Sometimes it is seven old women who are to spin, weave, and sew a scarlet shirt all in one night, and without breaking silence; sometimes the maidens are to make garments and hang them out at the entrance of the afflicted village. Mr. Paget mentions having once seen a coarse linen pair of trousers suspended by means of a rope straight across the road where he was driving, and on inquiring being informed that this was to pacify the cholera spirit.” (p. 203)„Some places, moreover, can boast of a perpetually naked spirit, who requires a new suit of clothes every year. These are furnished by the inhabitants, who on each New-year’s night lay them out in readiness near some place supposed to be haunted by the spirit.” (p. 203)„In a Wallachian village in the county of Bihar, during the prevalence of the cholera in 1866, the following precautions were taken to protect the village from the epidemic: six maidens and six unmarried youths, having first laid aside their clothes, with a new ploughshare traced a furrow round the village, thus forming a charmed circle, over which the cholera demon was supposed to be unable to pass.” (p. 203)„When the land is suffering from protracted and obstinate droughts, the Roumanian not unfrequently ascribes the evil to the Tziganes, who by occult means procure the dry weather in order to favor their own trade of brickmaking. In such cases, when the necessary rain has not been produced by soundly beating the guilty Tziganes, the peasants sometimes resort to the papaluga, or rain-maiden. This is done by stripping a young Tzigane girl quite naked, and dressing her up with garlands of flowers and leaves, which entirely cover her, leaving only the head visible. Thus adorned, the papaluga is conducted round the village to the sound of music, each person hastening to pour water over her as she passes. The part of the papaluga may also be enacted by Roumanian maidens, when there is no particular reason to suspect the Tziganes of being concerned in the drought. The custom of the rain-maiden is also to be found in Serbia, and I believe in Croatia.” (p. 203-204)„Killing a frog is sometimes effectual in bringing on rain; but if this also fails in the desired effect, then the evil must evidently be of deeper nature, and is to be attributed to a vampire, who must be sought out and destroyed, as before described.” (p. 204)„The body of a drowned man can be recovered only by sticking a lighted candle into a hollowed-out loaf of bread, and setting it afloat at night on the lake or river: there, where the light comes to a stand-still, the corpse will be found. Till this has been done the water will continue to rise and the rain to fall.” (p. 204)„At the birth of a child each one present takes a stone and throws it behind him, saying, “This into the jaws of the strigoi”—a custom which would seem to suggest Saturn and the swaddled-up stones. As long as the child is unbaptized it must be carefully watched over for fear of being changed or harmed by a witch. A piece of iron or a broom laid beneath the pillow will keep spirits away.” (p. 204)„Even the Roumanian’s wedding-day is darkened by the shadow of superstition. He can never be sure of his affection for his bride being a natural, spontaneous feeling, since it may just as well have been caused by the influence of a witch; and he lives in anticipated dread lest the devil, in shape of a fiery comet, may appear any day to make love to his wife. Likewise at church, when the priest offers the blessed bread to the new-made couple, he will tremblingly compare the relative sizes of the two pieces, for whoever chances to get the smaller one will inevitably be the first to die.” (p. 204)„Although it has been said of the Roumanian that his whole life is taken up in devising talismans against the devil, yet he does not always endeavor to keep the evil one at arm’slength—sometimes, on the contrary, directly invoking his aid, and entering into a regular compact with him.” (p. 204)„Supposing, for instance, that a man wishes to insure a flock, garden, or field against thieves, wild beasts, or bad weather, the matter is very simple. He has only to repair to a cross-road, at the junction of which he takes his stand in the centre of a circle traced on the ground. Here, after depositing a copper coin as payment, he summons the demon with the following words: “Satan, I give thee over my flock [garden, or field] to keep till —— [such and such a term], that thou mayst defend and protect it for me, and be my servant till this time has expired.” He must, however, be careful to keep within the circle traced until the devil, who may very likely have chosen to appear in the shape of a goat, crow, toad, or serpent, has completely disappeared, otherwise the unfortunate man is irretrievably lost. He is equally sure to lose his soul if he die before the time of the contract has elapsed. As long as the contract lasts, the peasant may be sure of the devil’s services, who for the time being will put a particular spirit—spiridusui—at his disposal. This spirit will serve him faithfully in every contingency; but in return he expects to be given the first mouthful of every dish partaken of by his master.” (p. 204-205)„Apothecaries in the towns say that they are often applied to for an unknown magic potion called spiridusch (that is, I suppose, a potion compelling the services of the demon spiridusui), said to have the property of disclosing hidden treasures to its lucky possessor.” (p. 205)„Besides the tale of the Arghisch monastery which I have quoted in a former chapter, there are many other Roumanian legends which tell us how every new church, or otherwise important building, became a human grave, as it was thought indispensable to its stability to wall in a living man or woman, whose spirit henceforth haunted the place. In later times, people having become less cruel, or more probably because murder is now attended with greater inconvenience to those concerned, this custom underwent some modifications, and it became usual, in place of a living man, to wall in his shadow. This is done by measuring the shadow of a person with a long piece of cord, or a tape made of strips of reed fastened together, and interring this measure instead of the person himself, who, unconscious victim of the spell thus cast upon him, will pine away and die within forty days. It is, however, an indispensable condition to the success of this proceeding that the chosen victim be ignorant of the part he is playing, wherefore careless passers-by near a building in process of erection may chance to hear the warning cry, “Beware lest they take thy shadow!” So deeply ingrained is this superstition that not long ago there were still professional shadow-traders, who made it their business to provide architects with the victims necessary for securing their walls. “Of course the man whose shadow is thus interred must die,” argues the Roumanian, “but being unaware of his doom, he feels neither pain nor anxiety, so it is less cruel than to wall in a living man.”” (p. 205-206)“For the comfort of less favored mortals who do not happen to have been born either on a Sunday nor to the sound of bells, I must here mention that these deficiencies may to some extent be condoned for and the mental vision sharpened by the consumption of mouldy bread; so that whoever has, during the preceding year, been careful to feed upon decayed loaves only, may (if he survive this trying diet) become the fortunate discoverer of hidden treasures.” (p. 230)„They brought us of their sheep’s milk and cheese. The latter, called here brindza, was very palatable, and the milk much thicker and richer than cow’s milk, but of a peculiar taste which I failed to appreciate.” (p. 384)„Ham, sausages, and bread and cheese, formed the staple of our nourishment in this as in other Transylvanian mountain excursions—for after the first day, of course, no fresh meat could be procured. Also, the Hungarian paprica speck—viz., raw bacon prepared with red pepper—is useful on these occasions, as it gives much nourishment in a very small compass.” (p. 385) |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): | “But it is surprising to note to what a very minimum the necessary dose of sleep can be reduced on such occasions; the body, renovated as by a magic potion, seems unaccountably delivered from all physical weakness; even the sore throat we had brought with us from the lower world has vanished in the pure atmosphere of the upper regions.” (p. 372-373) |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): | “It is not here a question, as in Switzerland, of more or less hard walking or clambering before you can reach a good supper and a comfortable bed. Here the walking is often hard enough, but with this essential difference— that no supper, whether good or bad, can be obtained by any amount of effort; and that the bed, if by good-luck you happen to reach a hut, consists at best of a few rough boards with a meagre sprinkling of straw. You cannot hope to purchase so much as a crust of bread on your way, and the crystal water which gurgles in each mountain ravine is the only beverage you will come across. Everything in the way of food and drink, as well as cooking utensils, knives, forks, cups, and plates, along with rugs and blankets for the night, must be carried about packed on baggage-horses.” (p. 366-367) |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: | “It was to be a large cavalcade—about twenty persons in all— the ladies in Roumanian dress and riding in men’s saddles. “Perhaps it is because of this you refuse,” said my hostess. “I have heard that you English are always so very particular; but here everybody rides so—even the Queen herself has no other saddle.”” (p. 365)„I shall never forget the shock to my feelings when, shortly after leaving Transylvania, I went to spend the summer months in the much-famed Wienerwald near Vienna. In former years I had often visited this neighborhood, and had even retained of it very pleasant recollections; but now, fresh from the wild charm of undefiled and undesecrated nature, the Wienerwald and everything about it appeared in the light of a pitiable farce. In fact, I do not think I had ever rightly appreciated the Transylvanian mountain scenery till forced to compare it with another landscape.” (p. 378)„Dress and fashion, uniforms and coffee-houses, the wearisome chit-chat of a little country town, as well as the intricacies of European politics, had all passed out of our lives as though they had never existed, leaving no regret, scarcely even a memory. It seemed hardly possible to believe that such useless and unnatural things as false hair, diamond ear-rings, military parades, cream-laid note-paper, calling-cards, sugar-tongs, intrigue, envy, and ambition existed somewhere or other about the world. Were there really other forms of music extant than the lullaby of the water-fall, and the wild pibroch of the wind among the fir-stems? other sorts of perfumes than the pine wood fragrance and the breath of wild thyme?” (p. 384)„I never myself succeeded in reaching the point demanded by Hungarian enthusiasm for this favorite national food; so that all I can conscientiously say for it is that, given the circumstances of a keen appetite, bracing mountain air, and no other available nourishment, it is quite eatable, and by a little stretch of indulgence might almost be called palatable. The Magyars, however, pronounce this bacon to be of such superlatively exquisite flavor as only to be fit for the gods on a Sunday! So I suppose it can only be by reason of some peculiarly ungodlike quality in my nature that I am unable to appreciate this Elysian dish as it deserves.” (p. 385)1 | 1Here Gerard talks about the “paprika speck” (=paprikas/abált szalonna). |
| Others: |  |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Saxons in Transylvania |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: | “In former days, however, people in Transylvania were by no means inclined to “leave alone” those suspected of such occult proficiency, and witch-burning was a thing of quite every-day occurrence. In the neighborhood of Reps alone, in the seventeenth century, the number of unfortunates who thus perished in the flames was upwards of twenty-five; and in 1697, Michael Hirling, member of the Schässburg Council, has, with significant brevity, noted down in his diary under such and such a date, “Went to Keisd, burned a witch,” just as a sportsman of to-day might note down in his game-book that he shot a hare or a pheasant. The widow of the Saxon Comes and Royal Judge Valentin Seraphim had a similar fate in 1659 at Hermanstadt, and there is mention of another witch destroyed in 1669 in the same town. The very last witch-burning in Transylvania took place at Maros-Vasharhely in 1752. The following is an extract from the account of a witch’s trial at Mühlbach in the last century: “A woman had engaged two laborers by the day to assist her in working in the vineyard. After the mid-day meal all three lay down to rest a little, as is customary. An hour later the workmen got up and wanted to wake the woman, who lay there immovable on her back, with open mouth; but their efforts to rouse her were all in vain, for she neither seemed to feel them when they shook her, nor to hear them shouting in her ear. So the men let her lie, and went about their work. Coming back to the spot about sunset, they found the woman still lying as they had left her, like a corpse. And as they gazed at her wonderingly, a big fly came buzzing past, which one of the men caught and shut up in his leathern pouch. Then they renewed their attempts to awake the woman, but with no better success than before. After about an hour they released the fly, which straightway flew into the mouth of the sleeping woman, who immediately woke up and opened her eyes. On seeing this the two workmen had no further doubt that she was a witch.” (p. 210-211)“Also, in the year 1734, an Austrian officer who had been in Transylvania related the following story as authentic: Once when the roll was called on Sunday morning a soldier was missing. The corporal being sent to fetch him, the soldier called down from the window of the house where he was billeted, “I cannot go to church, for I have only one boot.” Hereupon the corporal went up-stairs, and the soldier explained how, seeking for something wherewith to grease his boots in the absence of the Saxon housewife, he had found some ointment in an old broken pot concealed in a corner; but scarcely had he rubbed the first boot with it, when the boot flew out of his hand and straight up the chimney. In the corporal’s presence the soldier now proceeded to grease the second boot, which disappeared in the same way as the first. The corporal reported these circumstances to his officer, “who had no difficulty in discerning the Saxon housewife to be a dangerous and malignant witch, of whom there are but too many in the land.” The woman, called to account, consented to pay for new boots for the soldier, but warned the officer against prosecuting her, “else he should repent it.”” (p. 211-212)„My old village oracle told me many stories about a man she had known, who used to go about the country with a small black bag in which were a book, a little stick, and a bunch of herbs. Whenever a storm was brewing he was to be seen standing on some rising piece of ground, and repeating his formulas against the gathering clouds. “People used to abuse him,” she said, “and to say that he was in league with the devil; but I never saw him do any harm, and now that he is dead there are many who regret him, for since then we have had heavier hail-storms than ever were known in his time.” We are also told that many years ago, in the village of Wermesch, there lived a peasant who, whenever a thunder-storm was seen approaching, used to take his stand in front of it armed with an axe, by which means he always turned the storm aside. One day, when an unusually heavy storm was seen approaching, the weather-maker, as usual, placed himself in front of it, and hurled the axe up into the clouds. The storm passed by, but the axe did not fall down to the earth again. Many years later, the same peasant, taking a journey farther into the land, entered the hut of a Wallachian, and there to his astonishment found the axe he had thrown into the thunder-clouds several years previously. This Wallachian was a still greater sorcerer in weather-making than the Wermesch peasant, and had therefore succeeded in getting the axe down again from the sky.” (p. 212)„There are many old formulas and incantations bearing on this subject to be found in ancient chronicles, of which the following one bears a date of the sixteenth century: And the Lord went forth down a long and ancient road, and there was met by an exceeding large black cloud; and the Lord spoke thus to it, “Where goest thou, thou large black cloud? Where dost thou go?” Then spoke the cloud, “I am sent to do an injury to the poor man—to wash away the roots of his corn and to throw down the corn-ears; also to wash away the roots of his vines, and to overthrow the grapes.” But the Lord spoke, “Turn back, turn back, thou big black cloud, and do not wander forth to do an injury to the poor man, but go to the wild forest and wash away the roots of the big oak-tree and overthrow its leaves. St. Peter, do thou draw thy sharp sword and cut in twain the big black cloud, that it may not go forth to do an injury to the poor men.” Underneath this incantation the writer has put the following memorandum, “Probatum an sit me latet probet quicunque vult.”” (p. 212-213)„On this last subject an anecdote is told of a peasant of the village of Petersdorf, who returned one day from the town of Bistritz, bearing two hundred florins, which he had received as the price for a team of oxen. Reaching home in a somewhat inebriated state, he wished to sleep off his tipsiness, and laid himself down behind the stove, but took the precaution of first hiding the money in a hole in the kitchen wall. Next morning, on waking up, the peasant searched for his money, but was unable to find it, having completely forgotten where he had put it in his intoxication; so, in the firm belief that some one had stolen the two hundred florins, he went to consult an old Wallachian versed in magic, and begged him to take up the black fast against the man who had abstracted the money. Before long people began to notice how the peasant himself grew daily weaker and seemed to pine away. At last, by some chance, he hit upon the place where the money was hidden, and joyfully hurried to the Wallachian to counter-order the black fast. But it was now too late, for the charm had already worked, and before long the man was dead.” (p. 215)1“Another remnant of paganism is the feurix or feuriswolf, which yet lingers in the minds of these people. According to ancient German mythology, the feuriswolf is a monster which on the last day is to open his mouth so wide that the upper jaw will touch the sky and the lower one the earth; and not long ago a Saxon woman bitterly complained in a court of justice that her husband had cursed her over-strongly in saying, “Der Wärlthangd saul dich frieszen!”— literally, “May the world-dog swallow thee!”” (p. 220)„Many old pagan ceremonies are likewise still clearly to be distinguished through the flimsy shrouding of a later period—their origin piercing unmistakably through the surface-varnish of Christianity, thought necessary to adapt them to newer circumstances, and, like a clumsily remodelled garment, the original cut asserting itself despite the fashionable trimmings now adorning it. Thus, for instance, in many popular rhymes and dialogues it has been clearly proved that those parts now assigned to the Saviour and St. Peter originally belonged to the old gods Thor and Loki, while the faithless apostle Judas has had thrust upon him the personification of a whole horde of German demons. As to St. Elias, who in some parts of Hungary, as well as in Roumania, Serbia, and Croatia, is supposed to have the working of the thunder-bolts, there can be little doubt that he is verily no other than the old thunder-god Thor under a Christian mask.” (p. 220) | 1The subject mentioned in this section can be found on the page 215. The line is numbered 15 in a list of superstitions. |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: | “The superstitions afloat among Saxon peasants are of less poetical character than those en vogue with the Roumanians; there is more of the quack and less of the romantic element here to be found, and the invisible spiritual world plays less part in their beliefs, which oftenest relate to household matters, such as the well-being of cattle and poultry, the cure of diseases, and the success of harvest and vintage.” (p. 208)“Some of the Saxon customs are peculiarly interesting, as being obviously remnants of paganism, and offer curious proof of the force of verbal tradition, which in this case has not only borne transmigration from a distant country, but likewise weathered the storm of two successive changes of religion.” (p. 219)„It speaks strongly for the tenacity of pagan habits and trains of thought, that although at the time these Saxon colonists appeared in Transylvania they had already belonged to the Christian Church for over three hundred years, yet many points of the landscape in their new country received from them pagan appellations.” (p. 219)„Innumerable are the recipes for curing the ague, or frīr as it is termed in Saxon dialect. So, for instance: 1. To cover up the patient during his shivering-fit with nine articles of clothing, each of a different color and material. 2. To go into an inn or public-house, and after having drunk a glass of wine go out again without breaking silence or paying, but leaving behind some article of clothing which is of greater value than the wine taken. 3. Drinking in turn out of nine different wells. 4. To go into the garden when no one is looking, shake a young tree, and return to the house without glancing back. The fever will then have passed into the tree. 5. Any article of clothing purposely dropped on the ground will convey the fever to whoever finds it. This method is, however, to be distrusted, we are told by village authorities, for the finder may avert the spell by thrice spitting on the article in question. According to Saxon notions, you can apparently never go wrong in spitting on each and every occasion, this being a prime recipe for averting evil of all sorts. “When in doubt, play trumps,” we are told in the rules for whist; and in the same way the Saxon would seem to say, “When in doubt, spit.” 6. A spoonful of mortar taken from three different corner houses in the village, and, dissolved in vinegar, given to the patient to drink before the paroxysm. If it be a child that is suffering from the fever, it may be rolled at sunrise over the gravemounds in the church-yard, particular formulas being murmured the while. 8. The first three corn-ears seen in spring will, if gathered and eaten, keep off the ague during that whole year. 9. Take a kreuzer (farthing), an egg, and a handful of salt, and with these walk backward to the nearest cross-way, without looking back or breaking silence, and laying them down at the place where the roads join, speak the following words: “When these three things return to me, then may likewise the fever come back.” 10. Or else go to a stream or river, and throw something into it over the shoulder without looking back.” (p. 208-209)„The intermittent fever recurring on every third day is here called the schweins-fieber (swine-fever), and for recovery it is recommended to eat with the pigs out of their trough, and to lie down on the threshold of the pigsty, where the swine may walk over the prostrate body.” (p. 209)“To shake off drowsiness, it is advised to swallow some drops of the water which falls back from the horses’ mouths when they drink at the trough.” (p. 209)“A person afflicted with warts can take as many dried peas as there are warts, and, standing before the fire, count backward, thus: “Five, four, three, two, one, none,” and with the last word throw all the peas on to the glowing embers, running away quickly, so as not to hear the crackling sound of the bursting peas, which would counteract the spell. Another method is to lay a piece of bacon on the top of a hedge or paling, saying these words: “This meat I give to the crow, That away the warts may go.”” (p. 209)“An approved love-charm is to take the two hind-legs of a green tree-frog, bury these in an ant-hill till all the flesh is removed, then securely tie up the bones in a linen cloth. Whoever then touches this cloth will be at once seized with love for its owner.” (p. 209)“Rheumatism is cured by wearing a little bag filled with garlic and incense, or putting a knife under the pillow; and water taken from the spot where two ditches cross is good for sore eyes.” (p. 209)„Still more infallible is it to procure a piece of stocking or shoe-lace of the person you desire to captivate, boil it in water, and wear this token night and day against your heart. This recipe has passed into a proverb, for it is here said of any man known to be desperately in love, that “she must have secretly boiled his stockings.”” (p. 209)“It is usually considered lucky to dream of pigs, except in some villages, where there is a prevalent belief that such a dream is prognostic of a death in the family.” (p. 210)“To avert any illnesses which may occur to the pigs, it is still customary in some places for the swine-herd to dispense with his clothes the first time he drives out his pigs to pasture in spring. A newly elected Saxon pastor, regarding this practice as immoral, tried to prohibit it in his parish, but was sternly asked by the village Hann whether he were prepared to pay for all the pigs which would assuredly die that year in consequence of the omission. The same absence of costume is recommended to women assisting a cow to calve for the first time.” (p. 210)“When the cows are first driven to pasture in spring they should be made to step over a ploughshare placed across the threshold of the byre. Three new-laid eggs, deposited each at the junction of a different cross-road, will likewise bring luck to the herd.” (p. 210)“If a swallow flies under a cow feeding in the meadow it is believed that the milk will turn bloody. In some villages the skin of a weasel is kept in every byre, with which to rub the udder when the milk is bloody.” (p. 210)“The ancient belief that certain old village matrons have the power surreptitiously to purloin their neighbors’ milk is prevalent throughout Transylvania, as I have had occasion over and over again to learn. “They mostly do it out of revenge,” I was informed by a village oracle, to whom I owe much information on this and other subjects, “and are apt to molest those houses whose children have mocked at or played tricks upon them; but just leave them alone, and they are not likely to do you any harm.”” (p. 210)“In many houses it is still customary to burn juniper-berries during a thunder-storm, or to stick a knife in the ground before the house. Like the Roumanian, the Saxon also considers it unsafe to point at an approaching thunder-storm; but this is a belief shared by many people, I understand.” (p. 213)„The cat, dedicated to Frouma, Frezja, or Holda, in old German times, still plays a considerable part in Saxon superstition. Thus, to render fruitful a tree which refuses to bear, it will suffice to bury a cat among its roots. Epileptic people may be cured by cutting off the ears of a cat and anointing them with the blood; and an eruption at the mouth is healed by passing the cat’s tail between the lips. When the cat washes its face visitors may be expected, and as long as the cat is healthy and in good looks the cattle will likewise prosper. A runaway cat, when recovered, must be swung three times round the hearth to attach it to the dwelling; and the same is done to a stolen cat by the thief who would retain it. In entering a new house, it is recommended to throw in a cat (sometimes also a dog) before any member of the family step over the threshold, else one of them will die.” (p. 213-214)„The dog is of less importance than the cat, except for its power of giving warning of approaching death by unnatural howling.” (p. 214)“1. Who can blow back the flame into a candle will become pastor. 2. New servants must be suffered to eat freely the first day they enter service, else their hunger will never be stilled. 3. Who visits a neighbor’s house must sit down, even were it but for a moment, or he will deprive the inhabitants of their sleep. (Why, then, do Saxon peasants never offer one a chair? or is a stranger too insignificant to have the power of destroying sleep?) 4. It is dangerous to stare down long into a well, for the well-dame who dwells at the bottom of each is easily offended. But children are often curious, and, hoping to get a look at her face, they bend over the edge, calling out mockingly, “Brannefrà, Brannefrà, zieh mich än de Brännen” (Dame of the well, pull me down into the well); but quickly they draw back their heads, afraid of their own audacity, lest their wish be in truth realized. 5. It is not good to count the beehives, or the loaves when they are put in the oven. 6. Neither is it good to whitewash the house when the moon is decreasing, for that produces bugs. 7. Who eats mouldy bread will live long. 8. Licking the platter clean at table brings fine weather. 9. On the occasion of each merrymaking, such as weddings, christenings, etc., some piece of glass or crockery must be broken to avert misfortune. 10. Salt thrown on the back of a departing guest will prevent him from carrying away the luck of the house. Neither salt nor garlic should ever be given away, as with them the luck goes. 11. A broom put upside down behind the door will keep off the witches. 12. It is bad-luck to lay a loaf on the table upside down. 13. When foxes and wolves meet in the market-place, their prices will rise (of course, as these animals could only be thus bold during the severest cold, when prices of eggs, butter, etc., are at their highest). 14. A piece of bread found lying in the field or road should never be eaten by the finder; nor should he untie a knotted-up cloth or a rag he chances to discover, for the knot perhaps contains an illness. 15. Whoever has been robbed of anything, and wishes to discover the thief, must select a black hen, and for nine consecutive Fridays must, together with his hen, abstain from all food. The thief will then either die or bring back the stolen goods. This is called taking up the black fast against a person.” (p. 214-215)„Of the plants which play a part in Saxon superstition, first and foremost is the fulsome garlic—not only employed against witches, but likewise regarded as a remedy in manifold illnesses and as an antidote against poison. Garlic put into the money-bag will prevent the witches from getting at it, and in the stables will keep the milk from being abstracted, while rubbed over the body it will defend a person against the pest.” (p. 215-216)„To the lime-tree are also attached magic qualities, and in some villages it is usual to plant a lime-tree before the house to keep witches from entering.” (p. 216)„Much prized is the lilac-bush. Its blossoms, made into tea, are good for the fever; and the bush itself is often reverently saluted with bent knee and uncovered head. Many of the formulas against sickness are directed to be recited while walking thrice round a bush of lilac.” (p. 216)„The first strawberry-blossom, if swallowed by whoever finds it, will keep him free from sickness during that year.” (p. 216)„The four-leaved shamrock here, as elsewhere, is considered to confer particular luck on the finder, but only when he carries it home without having to cross over water of any sort. Laid in the prayer-book, a four-leaved shamrock will enable its possessor to distinguish witches in church.” (p. 216)„The common houseleek, here called donnerkraut (thunder-herb), will protect from lightning the roof on which it grows” (p. 216)„Animals beaten with a switch of privet or dog-wood will die or fall sick.” (p. 216)„Larkspur hung over the stable door will keep witches from entering.” (p. 216)„The Atropa belladonna (called here buchert) renders mad whoever tastes of it, and in his madness he will be compelled blindly to obey the will of whoever has given him of this herb to eat; therefore it is here said of a man who behaves insanely that “he must have eaten buchert.”” (p. 216)„Whoever kills an adder under a white-hazel bush, plants a pea in the head of this adder, and then buries it in the earth so that the pea can strike root, has only to gather the first flower which grows from the pea and wear it in his cap in order henceforward to have power over all witches in the neighborhood. But let him beware of the witches, who, knowing this, are ever on the lookout to catch him without the pea-flower and to do him an injury.” (p. 216)„A particular growth of vine-leaf, whose exact definition I have not succeeded in rightly ascertaining, is eagerly sought for by Saxon girls in some villages. Whoever finds it sticks it in her hair, and thus decorated she has the right to kiss the first man she meets on her homeward way. This will insure her speedy marriage. A story is related of a girl who, meeting a nobleman driving in a handsome four-in-hand carriage, stopped the horses, and begged leave to kiss him, to the gentleman’s no small astonishment. He resigned himself, however, with a good grace when he had grasped the situation, and gave the kiss as well as a golden piece to the fair suppliant. The proper romantic dénouement of this episode would have been for the gentleman to lead home as bride the maiden thus cast in his path by fate, but we are not told that he pushed his complacence quite so far.” (p. 216-217)„A whole volume might be written on the subject of agrarian superstition, of which let a few examples here suffice. In many villages it is customary for the ploughman, going to work for the first time that year in the field, to drive his plough over a broomstick laid on the threshold of the courtyard. The first person who sows each year will have meagre crops. During the whole sowing-time no one should give a kindling out of the house. It is never allowable to sow in Holy Week. To insure the wheat against being eaten by birds, the sowing should be done in silence before sunrise, and without looking over the shoulder. Also earth taken from the churchyard will keep birds off the field. Whoever lies down to sleep in a new-ploughed furrow will fall ill; nor must the women be allowed to sew or spin in the cornfield, for that would occasion thunder-storms; while washing the hands in the field will cause the house to burn. In obstinate droughts it is customary in some places for several girls, led by an old woman, and all of them absolutely naked, to repair at midnight to the court-yard of some neighboring peasant, whose harrow they must steal, and with it proceed across the field to the nearest stream, where the harrow is put afloat with a burning light on each corner. The harvest will be bad if the cuckoo comes into the village and cries there. In bringing in the corn a few heads of garlic bound up in the first sheaf will keep off witches.” (p. 217)„The most important days in Saxon superstition are Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday. Whoever wears a shirt sewed by his mother on a Sunday will die. According to another version, however, a shirt which has been spun, woven, and sewed entirely on Sundays is a powerful talisman, which will render all enemies powerless against the wearer, and bring him safely through every battle. Wood cut on a Sunday serves to heat the fire of hell. Sunday children are lucky, and can discover hidden treasures. In some districts no cow or swine herd would lead his animals to pasture on any other day but a Tuesday. Thursday is in many places the luckiest day for marriages, also for markets. On Friday the weather is apt to change. It is a good day for sowing and for making vinegar, but a bad one for baking, or for starting on a journey. In some places it is considered unsafe to comb the hair on a Friday—therefore the village school on that day presents a somewhat rough and unkempt appearance. Rain upon Good Friday is a favorable omen. On Easter Monday the lads run about the towns and villages sprinkling with water all the girls and women they meet. This is supposed to insure the flax growing well. On the following day the girls return the attention by watering the boys. On Easter Monday the cruel sport of cock-shooting is still kept up in many Saxon villages. The cock is tied to a post and shot at till it dies a horrible lingering death. Sometimes the sport is diversified by blindfolding the actors, who strike at their victim with wooden clubs. Between Easter and Pentecost none should either marry or change their domicile. On Pentecost Monday it is sometimes customary to elect three of the girls as queens, who, dressed up in their finest clothes, preside at church and at the afternoon dance. In one village it is usual on Pentecost Sunday at mid-day, when the bells are ringing, to encircle each fruit-tree with a rope made of twisted straw. The fires on St. John’s Day, and the belief that hidden treasures are to be found, are also prevalent among the Saxons. No one should bathe or wade into a river on the 29th of June, Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, for fear of drowning, it being supposed that this day requires the sacrifice of a human victim. Before the 24th of August no corn should be garnered, because only after that date do the thunder-storms cease, or as the people say, “the thunder-clouds go home.” The night of St. Thomas (December 21st), popularly considered to be the longest night in the year, is the date consecrated by Saxon superstition to the celebration of the games which elsewhere are usual on All-Halloween. Every girl puts her fate to the test on that evening, and there are various ways of so doing, with onions, flowers, shoes, etc. One way of interrogating Fate is with a sharp knife to cut an apple in two. If in doing so no seed has been split, then the wish of your heart will be fulfilled. Similar games are also practised on Sylvester night (December 31st), which night is also otherwise prophetic of what is to happen during the coming year. If it be clear, then the fowls will lay many eggs that year, and bright moonlight means full granaries. A red dawn on New-year’s Day means war, and wind is significant of the pest or cholera.” (p. 217-219)„One of the most striking of the aforementioned Christianized dramas is the Tod-Austragen, or throwing out the Death—a custom still extant in several Transylvanian villages, and which may likewise still be found existing in some remote parts of Germany.” (p. 220)„The Feast of the Ascension is the day on which this ceremony takes place in a village near Hermanstadt, and it is conducted in the following manner: After forenoon church on that day all the school-girls repair to the house of one of their companions, and there proceed to dress up the “Death.” This is done by tying up a thrashedout corn-sheaf into the rough semblance of a head and body, while the arms are simulated by a broomstick stuck horizontally. This being done, the figure is dressed in the Sunday clothes of a young village matron, and the head adorned with the customary cap and veil, fastened by silver pins. Two large black beads or black-headed pins represent the eyes; and thus equipped the figure is displayed at the open window, in order that all people may see it on their way to afternoon church. The conclusion of the vespers is the signal for the girls to seize on the figure and open the procession round the village. Two of the eldest school-girls hold the “Death” between them; the others follow in regular order, two and two, singing a Church hymn. The boys are excluded from the procession, and must content themselves with admiring the Schöner Tod (beautiful Death) from a distance. When the whole village has been traversed in this manner from end to end, the girls repair to another house, whose door is locked against the besieging troop of boys. The figure of Death is here stripped of its gaudy attire, and the naked straw bundle thrown out of the window, whereupon it is seized by the boys and carried off in triumph, to be thrown into the nearest stream or river. This is the first part of the drama; while the second consists in one of the girls being solemnly invested with the clothes and ornaments previously worn by the figure, and, like it, being led in procession round the village to the singing of the same hymns as before. The ceremony terminates by a feast at the house of the parents whose daughter has acted the principal part, and from which, as before, the boys are excluded.” (p. 220-221)„According to popular belief, it is allowed to eat fruit only after this day, as now the “Death”—that is, the unwholesomeness—has been expelled from them. Also, the river in which the Death has been drowned may now be considered fit for public bathing. If this ceremony be ever neglected in the village where it is customary, such neglect is supposed to entail death to one of the young people, or loss of virtue to a girl. This same custom may, as I have said, be found still lingering in various other parts, everywhere with slight variations. Thus there are places where the figure is burned instead of drowned; and Passion Sunday (often called the Dead Sunday), or else the 25th of March, is the day sometimes fixed for its accomplishment.” (p. 221)„In some places it was usual for the figure to be attired in the shirt of the last person who had died, and with the veil of the most recent bride on its head. Also, the figure is occasionally pelted with stones by the youths of both sexes—those who succeed in hitting it being secured against death for the coming year.” (p. 223-224)„At Nuremberg little girls dressed in white used to go in procession through the town, carrying a small open coffin in which a doll was laid out in state, or sometimes only a stick dressed up, and with an apple to represent the head.” (p. 224)„Some German archæologists have attempted to prove the Death in these games to be of more recent introduction, and to have replaced the winter of former times, so as to give the ceremony a more Christian coloring by the allusion to the triumph of Christ over death on his resurrection and ascension into heaven. Without presuming to contradict the many well-known authorities who have taken this view of the question, I cannot help thinking that it hardly requires such explanation to account for the presence of Death in these dramas. Nowadays, when civilization and luxury have done so much towards equalizing all seasons, so that we can never be deprived of flowers in winter nor want for ice in summer, it is difficult to realize the enormous gulf which in olden times separated winter from summer. In winter not only were all means of communication cut off for a large proportion of people, but their very existence was, so to say, frozen up; and when the granaries were scantily filled, or the inclement season prolonged by some weeks, death was literally standing at the door of millions of poor wretches. No wonder, then, that winter and death became identical in their minds, and that they hailed the advent of spring with delirious joy, dancing round the first violet, and following about the first cockchafer in solemn procession. It was the feast of Nature which they celebrated then as now—Nature mighty and eternal, always essentially the same, whether decked out in pagan or in Christian garb.” (p. 224-225)„Another drama of somewhat more precise form is the Königslied, or Todtentanz (King’s Song, or Dance of Death), a rhymed dialogue still often represented in Saxon villages all over Transylvania. Dramatic representations of the Dance of Death were first introduced into Germany before the fifteenth century by the Dominican order, but do not seem there to have taken any very firm root, since we hear no more mention of such performance existing after the middle of the fifteenth century. It is therefore probable that this drama was transmitted, as long as five hundred years ago at least, to the Transylvanian Saxons, who thus have retained it intact long after it had elsewhere fallen into disuse. The personages consist of an Angel, robed in white, and with a golden wand; the King, attired in purple or scarlet cloak, crown, and sceptre, and followed by a train of courtiers; then Death, who is sometimes clothed in black, sometimes in a white sheet, and who either bears a scythe or a bow and arrows in his hand. On either side of him, by way of adjutants, stand two mute personages, a doctor and an apothecary—the first with powdered head, hanging plait, tricorn hat, and snuffbox in his hand; the latter bearing a basket containing medicine phials. The whole is sung, and the Angel opens the performance with these lines: (…) Grimm is of opinion that this drama is also allegorical of the triumph of spring over winter, which opinion he chiefly supports by the incident of the King’s resurrection, and of the allusion to the garden. This view has, however, been strongly combated by other authorities, who remind us that in many old pictures Death is often represented as a gardener, and armed with bow and arrows.” (p. 225-229)„“Herodes” is the name of a Christmas drama acted by the Transylvanian Saxons; but as, though undoubtedly ancient, it is totally wanting in humor and originality, I do not here reproduce it. Most probably such qualities as this drama may once have possessed have been pruned away by the over-vigorous knife of some ruthless reformer. The Song of the Three Kings, beginning, “Through storm and wind, through weather wild, We come to seek the new-born child,” is sung by little boys, who at Christmas-time go about from house to house with tinsel crowns on their heads, one of them having his face blackened to represent the negro king, and who expect a few coins and some victuals as reward for their performance. At Hermanstadt these three kings threatened to become somewhat of a nuisance in Christmas-week, there being several sets of them who were continually walking uninvited into our rooms. At last one day when we had already received the visit of several such royal parties, our footman opened the door and inquired in a tone of mild exasperation, “Please, madam, the holy three kings are there again; had I not better kick them down-stairs?”” (p. 229) |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): | „Of course I would return to the world some day or other; but that day need not have come just yet, I now told myself, and I should have liked to spend one more summer in face of that glorious chain of mountains I had got to love so dearly.” (p. 401) |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): | „I had indeed often longed to be back again in the world; I had yearned to be once more within reach of newspapers and lending-libraries, and to be able to get letters from England in three days instead of six.” (p.400) |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: | „And now we have chased the Death away, And brought in the summer so warm and gay— The summer and the month of May. We bring sweet flowers full many a one, We bring the rays of the golden sun, For the dreary Death at last is gone.” Or else: “Come all of you and do not tarry, The evil Death away to carry; Come, spring, once more, with us to dwell— Welcome, O spring, in wood and dell!” And there is no doubt that similar rhymes used also to be sung in Transylvania, until they were replaced by Lutheran hymns after the Reformation.”3 (p. 224) “Yet the thought of the shaggy visitor who might at any moment be expected to drop in upon us went a long way towards enhancing the romance of the situation.” | 3 „In most of these places the rhymes sung apply to the departure of winter and the advent of summer, such as the following:” (p. 224) |

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| Name of the city/region:Tziganes |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): | “Among the many writers who have made of this singular race their special study, none, to my thinking, has succeeded in understanding them so perfectly as Liszt. Other authors have analyzed and described the gypsies with scientific accuracy, but their opinions are mostly tinged by prejudice or enthusiasm; for while Grellman approaches the subject with evident repugnance, like a naturalist dissecting some nauseous reptile in the interest of science, Borrow, on the contrary, idealizes his figures almost beyond recognition. Perhaps it needed a Hungarian to do justice to this subject, for the Hungarian is the only man who, to some extent, is united by sympathetic bonds to the Tzigane; he alone has succeeded in identifying himself with the gypsy mind, and comprehending all the strange contradictions of this living paradox. I cannot, therefore, do better than quote (in somewhat free translation) some passages from Liszt’s valuable work on gypsy music, which, far more vividly than any words of mine, will serve to sketch the portrait of the Hungarian Tzigane. “There started up one day betwixt the European nations an unknown tribe, a strange people of whom none was able to say who they were nor whence they had come. They spread themselves over our continent, manifesting, however, neither desire of conquest nor ambition to acquire the right of a fixed domicile; not attempting to lay claim to so much as an inch of land, but not suffering themselves to be deprived of a single hour of their time: not caring to command, they neither chose to obey. They had nothing to give of their own, and were content to owe nothing to others. They never spoke of their native land, and gave no clew as to from which Asiatic or African plains they had wandered, nor what troubles or persecutions had necessitated their expatriation. Strangers alike to memory as to hope, they kept aloof from the benefits of colonization; and too proud of their melancholy race to suffer admixture with other nations, they lived on, satisfied with the rejection of every foreign element. Deriving no advantage from the Christian civilization around them, they regarded with equal repugnance every other form of religion. “This singular race, so strange as to resemble no other—possessing neither country, history, religion, nor any sort of codex—seems only to continue to exist because it does not choose to cease to be, and only cares to exist such as it has always been. GYPSY TYPE. “Instruction, authority, persuasion, and persecution have alike been powerless to reform, modify, or exterminate the gypsies. Broken up into wandering tribes and hordes, roving hither and thither as chance or fancy directs, without means of communication, and mostly ignoring one another’s existence, they nevertheless betray their common relationship by unmistakable signs—the self-same type of feature, the same language, the identical habits and customs. “With a senseless or sublime contempt for whatever binds or hampers, the Tziganes ask nothing from the earth but life, and preserve their individuality from constant intercourse with nature, as well as by absolute indifference to all those not belonging to their race, with whom they commune only as far as requisite for obtaining the common necessities of life. “Like the Jews they have natural taste and ability for fraud; but, unlike them, it is without systematic hatred or malice. Hatred and revenge are with them only personal and accidental feelings, never premeditated ones. Harmless when their immediate wants are satisfied, they are incapable of preconceived intention of injuring, only wishing to preserve a freedom akin to that of the wild horse of the plains, and not comprehending how any one can prefer a roof, be it ever so fine, to the shelter of the forest canopy. “Authority, rules, laws, principles, duties, and obligations are alike incomprehensible ideas to this singular race—partly from indolence of spirit, partly from indifference to the evils engendered by their irregular mode of life. “Such only as it is, the Tzigane loves his life, and would exchange it for no other. He loves his life when slumbering in a copse of young birch-trees: he fancies himself surrounded by a group of slender maidens, their long floating hair bestrewed with shining sapphire stones, their graceful figures swayed by the breeze into voluptuous and coquettish gestures, as though each were trembling and thrilling under the kiss of an invisible lover. The Tzigane loves his life when for hours together his eyes idly follow the geometrical figures described in the sky overhead by the strategical evolutions of a flight of rooks; when he gauges his cunning against that of the wary bustard, or overcomes the silvery trout in a trial of lightning-like agility. He loves his life when, shaking the wild crab-apple-tree, he causes a hail-storm of ruddy fruit to come pouring down upon him; when he picks the unripe berries from off a thorny branch, leaving the sandy earth flecked with drops of gory red, like a deserted battle-field; when bending over a murmuring woodland spring, whose grateful coolness refreshes his parched throat as its gurgling music delights his ear; when he hears the woodpecker tapping a hollow stem, or can distinguish the faint sound of a distant millwheel. He loves his life when, gazing on the gray-green waters of some lonely mountain lake, its surface spellbound in the dawning presentiment of approaching frost, he lets his vagrant fancy float hither and thither unchecked; when reclining high up on the branch of some lofty forest-tree, hammock-like he is rocked to and fro, while each leaf around him seems quivering with ecstasy at the song of the nightingale. He loves his life when, out of the myriads of ever-twinkling stars in the illimitable space overhead, he chooses out one to be his own particular sweetheart; when he falls in love, to-day with a gorgeous lilac-bush of overwhelming perfume, to-morrow with a slender hawthorn or graceful eglantine, to be as quickly forgotten at sight of a brilliant peacock-feather, with which, as with a victorious war-trophy, he adorns his cap; when he sits by the smouldering camp-fire under ancient oaks or massive beeches; when, lying awake at night, he hears the call of the stag and the lowing of the respondent doe; when he has no other society but the forest animals, with whom he forms friendships and enmities—caressing or tormenting them, depriving them of liberty or setting them free, revelling in the treasures of Nature like a wanton child despoiling his parent’s riches, but well knowing their wealth to be inexhaustible. “What he calls life is to inhale the breath of Nature with every pore of his body; to surfeit his eye with all her forms and colors; with his ear greedily to absorb all her chords and harmonics. Life for him is to multiply the possession of all these things by the kaleidoscopic and phantasmagorial effects of alcohol, then to sing and play, shout, laugh, and dance, till utter exhaustion. “Having neither Bible nor Gospels to go by, the Tziganes do not see the necessity of fatiguing their brain by the contemplation of abstract ideas; and obeying their instincts only, their intelligence naturally grows rusty. Conscious of their harmlessness they bask in the rays of the sun, content in the satisfaction of a few primitive and elementary passions—the sans-gêne of their soul fettered by no conventional virtues. “What strength of indolence! what utter want of all social instinct must these people possess in order to live as they have done for centuries, like that strange plant, native of the sandy desert, so aptly termed the wind’s bride, which, by nature devoid of root, and blown from side to side by every breeze, yet bears flower and fruit wherever it goes, continuing to put out shoots under the most unlikely conditions! “And whenever the Tziganes have endeavored to bring themselves to a settled mode of life and to adopt domestic habits, have they not invariably sooner or later returned to their hard couch on the cold ground, to their miserable rags, to their rough comrades, and the brown beauty of their women?—to the sombre shades of the virgin forests, to the murmur of unknown fountains, to their glowing camp-fires and their improvised concerts under a starlit sky?—to their intoxicating dances in the lighting of a forest glade, to the merry knavery of their thievish pranks—in a word, to the hundred excitements they cannot do without? “Nature, when once indulged in to the extent of becoming a necessity, becomes tyrannical like any other passion; and the charms of such an existence can neither be explained nor coldly analyzed—only he who has tasted of them can value their power aright. He must needs have slumbered often beneath the canopy of the starry heavens; have been oft awakened by the darts of the rising sun shooting like fiery arrows between his eyelids; have felt, without horror, the glossy serpent coil itself caressingly round a naked limb; must have spent full many a long summer day reclining immovable on the sward, overlapped by billowy waves of flowery grasses which have never felt the mower’s scythe; he must often have listened to the rich orchestral effects and tempestuous melodies which the hurricane loves to draw from vibrating pine-stems, or slender quaking reeds; he must be able to recognize each tree by its perfume, be initiated into all the varied languages of the feathered tribes, of merry finches, and of chattering grasshoppers; full often must he have ridden at close of day over the barren wold, when the rays of the setting sun cast a golden glamour over the atmosphere, and all around is plunged in a bath of living fire; he must have watched the red-hot moon rise out of the sable night over lonely plains whence all life seems to have fled away; he must, in short, have lived like the Tzigane in order to comprehend that it is impossible to exist without the balmy perfumes exhaled by the forests; that one cannot find rest within stone-built prisons; that a breast accustomed to draw full draughts of the purest ozone feels weighed down and crushed beneath a sheltering roof; that the eye which has daily looked on the rising sun breaking out through pearly clouds must weep, forsooth, when met on all sides by dull, opaque walls; that the ear hungers when deprived of the loud modulations, of the exquisite harmonies, of which the mountain breeze alone has the secret. “What have our cities to offer to senses surfeited with such ever-varied effects and emotions? What in such eyes can ever equal the bloody drama of a dying sun? What can rival in voluptuous sweetness the rosy halo of early dawn? What other voice can equal in majesty the thunder-roll of a midsummer storm, to which the woodland echoes respond as the voice of a mighty chorus? What elegy so exquisite as the autumn wind stripping the foliage from the blighted forest? What power can equal the frigid majesty of the cruel frost, like an implacable tyrant bidding the sap of trees to stand still, and rendering silent the voices of singing birds and babbling streams? To those accustomed to quaff of this bottomless tankard, must not all other pleasures by comparison appear empty and meaningless? “Indifferent to the minute and complicated passions by which educated mankind is swayed, callous to the panting, gasping effects of such microscopic and supercultured vices as vanity, ambition, intrigue, and avarice, the Tzigane only comprehends the simplest requirements of a primitive nature. Music, dancing, drinking, and love, diversified by a childish and humorous delight in petty thieving and cheating, constitute his whole répertoire of passions, beyond whose limited horizon he does not care to look.” Having begun this chapter with the words of Liszt, let me finish it with those of the German poet Lenau, who, in his short poem, “Die Drei Zigeuner” (“The Three Gypsies”), traces a perfect picture of the indolent enjoyment of the gypsy’s existence: “One day, in the shade of a willow-tree laid, I came upon gypsies three, As through the sand of wild moorland My cart toiled wearily. “Giving to naught but himself a thought, His fiddle the first did hold, While ’mid the blaze of the evening rays A fiery lay he trolled. “His pipe with the lip the second did grip, A-watching the smoke that curled, As void of care as nothing there were Could better him in the world. “The third in sleep lay slumbering deep, On a branch swung his guitar; Through its strings did stray the winds at play, His soul was ’mid dreams afar. “With a patch or two of rainbow hue, Tattered their garb and torn; But little recked they what the world might say, Repaying its scorn with scorn. “And they taught to me, these gypsies three, When life is saddened and cold, How to dream or play or puff it away, Despising it threefold! “And oft on my track I would fain cast back A glance behind me there— A glance at that crew of tawny hue, With their swarthy shocks of hair.”” (p. 237-243)“In every other country where the gypsies made their appearance they were oppressed and persecuted—treated as slaves or hunted down like wild beasts. So in Prussia in 1725 an edict was issued ordering that each gypsy found within the confines of the country should be forthwith executed; and in Wallachia, until quite lately, they were regarded as slaves or beasts of burden, and bought and sold like any other marketable animal. Thus a Bucharest newspaper of 1845 advertises for sale two hundred gypsy families, to be disposed of in batches of five families—a handsome deduction being offered to wholesale purchasers. In Moldavia, up to 1825, a master who killed one of his own gypsies was never punished by law, but only if he killed one which was the property of another man—the crime in that case not being considered to be murder, but merely injury to another man’s property. In Hungary alone these wanderers found themselves neither oppressed nor repulsed, and if the gypsy can be said to feel at home anywhere on the face of the globe it is surely here; and although Hungarians are apt to resent the designation, Tissot was not far wrong when he named their country “Le pays des Tziganes,” for the Tziganes are in Hungary a picturesque feature—a decorative adjunct inseparable alike from the solitude of its plains as from the dissipation of its cities. Like a gleam of dusky gems they serve to set off every picture of Hungarian life, and to play to it a running accompaniment in plaintive minor chords. No one can travel many days in Hungary without becoming familiar with the strains of the gypsy bands. And who has journeyed by night without noting the ruddy light of their myriad camp-fires, which, like so many gigantic glowworms, dot the country in all directions? At the present time there are in Hungary above one hundred and fifty thousand Tziganes, of which about eighty thousand fall to the share of Transylvania, which therefore in still more special degree may be termed the land of gypsies. The Transylvanian gypsies used to stand under the nominal authority of a nobleman bearing the title of a Gypsy Count, chosen by the reigning prince; as also in Hungary proper the Palatine had the right of naming four gypsy Woywods. To this Gypsy Count the chieftains of the separate hordes or bands were bound to submit, besides paying to him a yearly tribute of one florin per head of each member of the band; and every seventh year they assembled round him to receive his orders. The minor chieftains were elected by the votes of the separate communities; and to this day every wandering troop has its own self-elected leader, although these have no longer any recognized position in the eyes of the law. The election usually takes place in the open field, often on the occasion of some public fair; and the successful candidate is thrice raised in the air on the shoulders of the people, presented with gifts, and invested with a silver-headed staff as badge of his dignity. Also, his wife or partner receives similar honors, and the festivities conclude with much heavy drinking. Strictly speaking, only such Tziganes are supposed to be eligible as are descended from a Woywod family; but in point of fact the gypsies mostly choose whoever happens to be best dressed on the occasion. Being of handsome build, and not over-young, are likewise points in a candidate’s favor; but such superfluous qualities as goodness or wisdom are not taken into account. This leader—who is sometimes called the Captain, sometimes the Vagda, or else the Gako, or uncle—governs his band, confirms marriages and divorces, dictates punishments, and settles disputes; and as the gypsies are a very quarrelsome race the chief of a large band has got his hands pretty full. He has likewise the power to excommunicate a member of the band, as well as to reinstate him in honor and confidence by letting him drink out of his own tankard. Certain taxes are paid to the Gako; also, he is entitled to percentages on all booty and theft. In return it is his duty to protect and defend his people to the best of his ability, whenever their irregularities have brought them within reach of the law. Whether, besides the chieftains of the separate hordes, there yet exists in Hungary a chief judge or monarch of the Tziganes, cannot be positively asserted; but many people aver such to be the case, and designate either Mikolcz or Schemnitz as the seat of his residence. In his hands are said to be deposited large sums of money for secret purposes, and he alone has the right to condemn to death, and with his own hands to put his sentence into execution. No Tzigane durst ever accept the position of a gendarme or policeman, for fear of being obliged to punish his own folk; and only very rarely is it allowed for one of them to become a game-keeper or wood-ranger. Only the necessity of obtaining a piece of bread to still his hunger, or of providing himself with a rag to cover his nakedness, occasionally obliges the Tzigane to turn his hand to labor of some kind. Most sorts of work are distasteful to him—more especially all work of a calm, monotonous character. For that reason the idyllic calm of a shepherd’s existence, which the Roumanian so dearly loves, could never satisfy the Tzigane; and equally unpalatable he finds the sweating toils of the agriculturist. He requires some occupation which gives scope to the imagination and amuses the fancy while his hands are employed— conditions he finds united in the trade of a blacksmith, which he oftenest plies on the banks of a stream or river outside the village, where he has been driven by necessity. The snorting bellows seem to him like a companionable monster; the equal cadence of the hammer against the anvil falls in with melodies floating in his brain; the myriads of flying sparks, in which he loves to discern all sorts of fantastic figures, fill him with delight; horses and oxen coming to be shod, and the varied incidents to which these operations give rise, are nevertiring sources of interest and amusement. Instinctively expert at some sorts of work, the Tzigane will be found to be as curiously awkward and incapable with others. Thus he is always handy at throwing up earthworks, which he seems to do as naturally as a mole or rabbit digs its burrow; but as carpenter or locksmith he is comparatively useless, and though an apt reaper with the sickle he is incapable of using the scythe. All brickmaking in Hungary and Transylvania is in the hands of the Tziganes, and formerly they were charged with the gold-washing in the Transylvanian rivers, and were in return exempted from military service. They are also flayers, broom-binders, rat-catchers, basketmakers, tinkers, and occasionally tooth-pullers—dentist is too ambitious a denomination. Up to the end of the sixteenth century in Transylvania the part of hangman was always enacted by a gypsy, usually taken on the spot. On one occasion the individual to be hanged happening to be himself a gypsy, there was some difficulty in finding an executioner, and the only one produced was a feeble old man, quite unequal to the job. A table placed under a tree was to serve as scaffold, and with trembling fingers the old man proceeded to attach the rope round the neck of his victim. All his efforts were, however, vain to fix this rope to the branch above, and the doomed man, at last losing patience at the protracted delay, gave a vigorous box on the ear to his would-be hangman, which knocked him off the table. Instantly all the spectators, terrified, took to their heels; whereon the culprit, securely fastening the rope to the branch above, proceeded unaided to hang himself in the most correct fashion. When obliged to work under supervision, the Tzigane groans and moans piteously, as though he were enduring the most acute tortures; and a single Tzigane locked up in jail will howl so despairingly as to deprive a whole village of sleep. The Tzigane makes a bad soldier but a good spy; his cowardice has passed into a proverb, which says that “with a wet rag you can put to flight a whole village of gypsies.” The Tziganes are by no means dainty with regard to food, and have a decided leaning towards carrion, indiscriminately eating of the flesh of all fallen animals, or, as they term it, whatever has been killed by “God,” and consider themselves much aggrieved when forced at the point of the bayonet to abandon the rotting carcass of a sheep or cow, over which they had been holding a harmless revelry. A hedgehog divested of its spikes is considered a prime delicacy; likewise a fox baked under the ashes, after having been laid in running water for two days to reduce the flavor. Horse-flesh alone they do not touch. The only animals whose training the gypsy cares to undertake are the horse and bear. For the first he entertains a sort of respectful veneration, while the second he regards as an amusing bajazzo. He teaches a young bear to dance by placing it on a sheet of heated iron, playing the while on his fiddle a strongly accentuated piece of dance music. The bear, lifting up its legs alternately to escape the heat, unconsciously observes the time marked by the music. Later on, the heated iron is suppressed when the animal has learned its lesson, and whenever the Tzigane begins to play on the fiddle the young bear lifts its legs in regular time to the music. Of the tricks practised upon horses, in order to sell them at fairs, many stories are told of the gypsies. Sometimes, it is said, they will make an incision in the animal’s skin, and blow in air with the bellows in order to make it appear fat; or else they introduce a living eel into its body under the tail, which serves to give an appearance of liveliness to the hind-quarters. For the same reason live toads are forced down a donkey’s throat, which, moving about in the stomach, produce a sort of fever which keeps it lively for several days. The gypsies are attached to their children, but in a senseless animal fashion, alternately devouring them with caresses and violently ill-treating them. I have seen a father throw large, heavy stones at his ten-year-old daughter for some trifling misdemeanor—stones as large as good-sized turnips, any one of which would have been sufficient to kill her if it had happened to hit; and only her agility in dodging these missiles—which she did, grinning and chuckling as though it were the best joke in the world—saved her from serious injury. They are a singularly quarrelsome people, and the gypsy camp is the scene of many a pitched battle, in which men, women, children, and dogs indiscriminately take part with turbulent enjoyment. When in a passion all weapons are good that come to the gypsy’s hand, and, faute de mieux, unfortunate infants are sometimes bandied backward and forward as improvisé cannon-balls. A German traveller mentions having been eye-witness to a quarrel between a Tzigane man and woman, the latter having a baby on the breast. Passing from words to blows, and seeing neither stick nor stone within handy reach, the man seized the baby by the feet, and with it belabored the woman so violently that when the by-standers were able to interpose the wretched infant had already given up the ghost. The old-fashioned belief that gypsies are in the habit of stealing children has long since been proved to be utterly without foundation. Why, indeed, should gypsies, already endowed with a numerous progeny, seek to burden themselves with foreign elements which can bring them no sort of profit? That they frequently have beguiled children out of reach in order to strip them of their clothes and ornaments has probably given rise to this mistake; and when, as occasionally, we come across a light-complexioned child in a gypsy camp, it is more natural to suppose its mother to have been the passing fancy of some fair-haired stranger than itself to have been abstracted from wealthy parents. Tzigane babies are at once inured to the utmost extremes of heat and cold. If they are born in winter they are rubbed with snow; if in summer, anointed with grease and laid in the burning sun. Though trained to resist all weathers, the Tzigane has a marked antipathy for wind, which seems for the time to weaken his physical and mental powers, and deprive him of all life and energy. Cold he patiently endures; but only in summer can he really be said to live and enjoy his life. There is a legend which tells how the gypsies, pining under the heavy frosts and snows with which the earth was visited, appealed to God to have pity on them, and to grant them always twice as many summers as winters. The Almighty, in answer to this request, spoke as follows: “Two summers shall you have to every winter; but as it would disturb the order of nature if both summers came one on the back of the other, I shall always give you two summers with a winter between to divide them.” The gypsies humbly thanked the Almighty for the granted favor, and never again complained of the cold, for, as they say, they have now always two summers to every winter. Another legend relates how the Tziganes once used to have cornfields of their own, and how, when the green corn had grown high for the first time, the wind caused it to wave and shake like ripples on the water, which seeing, a gypsy boy came running in alarm to his parents, crying, “Father, father! quick, make haste! the corn is running away!” On hearing this the gypsies all hastened forth with knives and sickles to cut down the fugitive corn, which of course never ripened, and discouraged by their first agricultural essay the gypsies never attempted to sow or reap again. Both Maria Theresa and her son Joseph II. did much to induce the Transylvanian gypsies to renounce their vagrant habits and settle down as respectable citizens, but their efforts did not meet with the success they deserved. The system of Maria Theresa was no less than to recast the whole gypsy nature in a new mould, and by fusion with other races to cause them by degrees to lose their own identity; the very name of gypsy was to be forgotten, and the Empress had ordained that henceforward they were to be known by the appellation of Neubauer (new peasants). With a view to this all marriages between gypsies were forbidden, and the Empress undertook to dot every young gypsy girl who married a person of another race. The Tziganes, however, too often accepted these favors, and took the earliest opportunity of deserting the partners thus forced upon them; while the houses built expressly for their use were frequently used for the pigs or cattle, the gypsies themselves preferring to sleep outside in the open air. A gypsy girl, who had married a young Slovack peasant some years ago, used to run away and sleep in the woods whenever her husband was absent from home; while in another village, where the Saxon pastor had with difficulty induced a wandering Tzigane family to take up their residence in a vacant peasant house, he found them oddly enough established in their old ragged tent, which had been set up inside the empty dwelling-room. A story is also told of a gypsy man who, having attained a high military rank in the Austrian army, disappeared one day, and was later recognized with a strolling band. There is, I am told, a certain method in the seemingly aimless roamings of each nomadic gypsy tribe, which always pursues its wanderings in a given circle, keeping to the self-same paths and the identical places of bivouac in plain or forest; so that it can mostly be calculated with tolerable accuracy in precisely how many years such and such a band will come round again to any particular neighborhood. Nowadays the proportion of resident gypsies in towns and villages is, of course, considerably larger than it used to be, and nearly each Saxon or Hungarian town and village has a faubourg of miserable earth-hovels tacked on to it at one end. It is not uncommon, in these gypsy hovels, to find touches of luxury strangely out of keeping with the rest of the surroundings: pieces of rare old china, embroidered pillow-cases, sometimes even a silver goblet or platter of distinct value—to which things they often cling with a sort of blind superstition, always contriving to reclaim from the pawnbroker whatever of these articles they have been compelled to deposit there in a season of necessity. In the same way it is alleged that many of the wandering gypsy hordes in Hungary and Transylvania have in their possession valuable gold and silver vessels (some of these engraved in ancient Indian characters), which they carry about wherever they go, and bury in the earth wherever they pitch their temporary camp. In order to count the treasures of one of the resident gypsies, it suffices to watch him when there is a fire in the village; ten to one it will be his fiddle which he first takes care to save, and next his bed and pillows—a soft swelling bed and numerous downy pillows being among the principal luxuries to which he is addicted. Characteristic of the Tzigane’s utter incomprehension of all social organization and privileges is an anecdote related by a Transylvanian proprietor. “In 1848,” he told me, “when serfdom was abolished in Austria, and the gypsies residing in my village became aware that henceforward they were free, they were at first highly delighted at the news, and spent three days and nights in joyful carousing. On the fourth day, however, when the novelty of being free had worn off, they were at a loss what use to make of their novel dignity, and numbers of them came trooping to me begging to be taken back. They did not care to be free after all, they said, and would rather be serfs again.” Of their past history the only memory the Tziganes have preserved is that of the disastrous day of Nagy Ida, when a thousand of their people were slain. This was in 1557, when Perenyi, in want of soldiers, had intrusted to a thousand gypsies the fortress of Nagy Ida, which they defended so valiantly that the imperial troops beat a retreat. But, intoxicated with their triumph, the Tziganes called after the retreating enemy, that but for the lack of gunpowder they would have served them still worse. On hearing this the army turned round again, and easily forcing an entrance into the castle cut down the gypsies to the last man. All Hungarian gypsies keep the anniversary of this day as a day of mourning, and have a particular melody in which they bewail the loss of their heroes. This tune, or nota, they never play before a stranger, and the mere mention of it is sufficient to sadden them. Only the higher class of Tzigane musicians (of which hereafter) are fond of calling themselves Hungarians, and of wearing the Hungarian national costume. This reminds me of a story I heard of a gypsy player who, brought to justice for a murder he had committed, obstinately persisted in denying his crime. “Come, be a good fellow,” said the judge at last, fixing on the weak side of the culprit; “show what a good Hungarian you are by speaking the truth. A true Hungarian never tells a lie.” The poor gypsy was so much flattered at being called a Hungarian that he instantly confessed the murder, and was, of course, hanged as the reward of his veracity. Though without any regular social organization, the Hungarian gypsies may yet be loosely divided into five classes, which range as follows: 1. The musicians. 2. The gold-washers, who also make bricks and spoons. 3. The smiths. 4. The daily laborers, such as whitewashers, masons, etc. 5. The nomadic tent gypsies. If, however, we reverse the order of things, and turn the social ladder upside down, these latter may well be ranked as the first, and so they deem themselves to be, for do they not enjoy privileges unknown to most respectable citizens?—free as the birds of the air, paying no taxes, acknowledging no laws, and making the whole world their own!” (p. 243-250)“Sometimes, but rarely, the Tzigane is capable of violent and enduring love; and cases where lovers have killed their sweethearts out of jealousy are not unknown. The Tziganes assimilate more easily with the Roumanians than with any of the neighboring races; and marriages between them, although not frequent, yet sometimes take place.” (p. 259-260)„There is no doubt that the gypsy fortune-tellers in Transylvania exercise considerable influence on their Saxon and Roumanian neighbors, and it is a paradoxical fact that the self-same people who regard the Tziganes as undoubted thieves, liars, and cheats in all the common transactions of daily life, do not hesitate to confide in them blindly for charmed medicines and love-potions, and are ready to attribute to them unerring power in deciphering the mysteries of the future. The Saxon peasant will, it is true, often drive away the fortune-teller with blows and curses from his door, but his wife will as often secretly beckon her in again by the back entrance, in order to be consulted as to the illness of the cows, or beg from her a remedy against the fever.” (p. 265) „Hungarian music and the Tzigane player are indispensable conditions of each other’s existence. Hungarian music can only be rightly interpreted by the Tzigane musician, who for his part can play none other so well as the Hungarian music, into whose execution he throws all his heart and his soul, all his latent passion and unconscious poetry—the melancholy and dissatisfied yearnings of an outcast, the deep despondency of an exile who has never known a home, and the wild freedom of a savage who never owned a master.” (p. 267)„Devoid of printed notes the Tzigane is not forced to divide his attention between a sheet of paper and his instrument, and there is consequently nothing to detract from the utter abandonment with which he absorbs himself in his playing. He seems to be sunk in an inner world of his own; the instrument sobs and moans in his hands, and is pressed tight against his heart as though it had grown and taken root there. This is the true moment of inspiration, to which he rarely gives way, and then only in the privacy of an intimate circle, never before a numerous and unsympathetic audience. Himself spellbound by the power of the tones he evokes, his head gradually sinking lower and lower over the instrument, the body bent forward in an attitude of rapt attention, and his ear seeming to hearken to far-off ghostly strains audible to himself alone, the untaught Tzigane achieves a perfection of expression unattainable by mere professional training. This power of identification with his music is the real secret of the Tzigane’s influence over his audience. Inspired and carried away by his own strains, he must perforce carry his hearers with him as well; and the Hungarian listener throws himself heart and soul into this species of musical intoxication, which to him is the greatest delight on earth. There is a proverb which says, “The Hungarian only requires a gypsy fiddler and a glass of water in order to make him quite drunk;” and indeed intoxication is the only word fittingly to describe the state of exaltation into which I have seen a Hungarian audience thrown by a gypsy band. Sometimes, under the combined influence of music and wine, the Tziganes become like creatures possessed; the wild cries and stamps of an equally excited audience only stimulate them to greater exertions. The whole atmosphere seems tossed by billows of passionate harmony; we seem to catch sight of the electric sparks of inspiration flying through the air. It is then that the Tzigane player gives forth everything that is secretly lurking within him— fierce anger, childish wailings, presumptuous exaltation, brooding melancholy, and passionate despair; and at such moments, as a Hungarian writer has said, one could readily believe in his power of drawing down the angels from heaven into hell!” (p. 268-269)„Listen how another Hungarian has here described the effect of their music: “How it rushes through the veins like electric fire! How it penetrates straight to the soul! In soft, plaintive minor tones the adagio opens with a slow, rhythmical movement: it is a sighing and longing of unsatisfied aspirations; a craving for undiscovered happiness; the lover’s yearning for the object of his affection; the expression of mourning for lost joys, for happy days gone forever: then abruptly changing to a major key the tones get faster and more agitated; and from the whirlpool of harmony the melody gradually detaches itself, alternately drowned in the foam of over-breaking waves, to reappear floating on the surface with undulating motion—collecting as it were fresh power for a renewed burst of fury. But quickly as the storm came it is gone again, and the music relapses into the melancholy yearnings of heretofore.”” (p. 269)„Of course the gypsy bands in large towns are not composed of the ragged, unkempt individuals who haunt the village pothouses or the lonely csardas[65] on the puszta. Their constant intercourse with higher circles has given them a certain degree of polish, and they mostly appear in Hungarian costume; but intrinsically they are ever the same as their more vagabond brethren, and their eye never loses the semi-savage glitter reminding one of a half-tamed animal.” (p. 270)„The calling of musician has often become hereditary in certain families, who thus feel themselves to be interwoven with the fates of the nobility for whom they play; and vice versa, for the youth of both sexes in Hungary the recollection of every pleasure they have enjoyed, the dawn of first love, and every alternation of hope, triumph, jealousy, or despair, is inextricably interwoven with the image of the Tzigane player. As Mr. Patterson says, “The Tzigane is a sort of retainer of the Magyar, who cannot well live without him—the insolent good-nature of the one just fitting in with the simple-hearted servility of the other; hence the Tzigane is most commonly found in those parts of the country where Hungarians and Roumanians are in the majority. He does not find the neighborhood of the hardworking, money-loving Suabians profitable to him.” Those who are successful musicians gain a sort of abnormal social status far above their fellows. The proverb, “No entertainment without the gypsies,” is acted upon by peasant and prince alike. Those nobles who have squandered their fortunes would, if they took the trouble to analyze the causes of their ruin, find the Tzigane player to form one of the heaviest items. As to the peasant there is a popular rhyme which says that if the Tzigane plays badly he gets his head broken with his own fiddle; but should he succeed in touching the feelings of the excitable peasant, the latter will give him the shirt off his own back.” (p. 270-271)„The words “Tzigane” and “musician” have become almost synonymous in Hungary, and to say “I shall call in the Tziganes” is equivalent to saying “I shall send for the musicians.”” (p. 272)„Almost every one of the dancers has his or her favorite air—their nota, as it is here called— and it is meant as a delicate attention when the Tzigane band-master, smiling or winking at a passing dancer, strikes into his air of predilection. The gypsy’s memory in thus retaining (and never confounding) the favorite airs of each separate person in a large society is marvellous; and not only this, but he will likewise remember to a nicety which air was your favorite one three or four years ago, and all the attendant circumstances to which the former melody played accompaniment. Thus, whirling past in the mazes of your favorite valse, with the girl you adore on your arm, you may catch the dark eye of the Tzigane player fixed expressively upon you, and in the next moment the music has changed; it is a long-forgotten melody they are playing now—a melody once familiar to your ears at a by-gone time, when you had other thoughts, other hopes, another partner on your arm; when wood-violet, not patchouly, was perchance the scent you loved best, and fair ringlets had more charm than raven tresses. For a moment the present scene has faded from your eyes, and in its place you see a vanished face and hear a voice grown strange to your ears. That valse, once to you the most entrancing music on earth, now sounds like the gibings of some tormenting spirit, and you breathe an involuntary sigh for a time that is no more! Thus the Tzigane player, unlike the hired musicians in other countries, has an intimate and artistic connection with his dancers. In England or Germany the musician is simply the machine which plays, no more to be regarded than a barrel-organ or a musical-box; in Hungary alone he is something more, his power of directing being here not limited to the feet, but may almost be said to extend to the fancies and feelings of his audience—feelings which it is his delight to share and sway, with actual power to stimulate love or jealousy, and reawaken grief and remorse, at the touch of his magic wand.” (p. 272-273)„Very little genuine Tzigane poetry has penetrated to the outer world, and many songs erroneously attributed to the gypsies (by Borrow among others) are proved to be adaptations of Spanish or Italian canzonets picked up in the course of their wanderings, while of those few which are undoubtedly their own productions hardly any exceed the length of six or eight lines.” (p. 274)„“We sing only when we are drunk,” was the answer given by an old gypsy to a collector of folk-songs, which pithy and concise definition of gypsy literature would seem to be a tolerably correct one—though, on the other hand, it might be urged with some show of reason that the gypsy, being often drunk, we might naturally expect his poetical effusions to be proportionately numerous. And perhaps they are in fact more numerous than is generally supposed, only that for lack of a recording pen to take note of them as they arise their momentary inspirations pass by unheeded, leaving no more mark behind than does the song of some wild forest-bird when it has ceased to wake the woodland echoes. The conditions of the gypsy’s life render all but impossible the task of a scribe, who has little chance of picking up anything of interest unless prepared for the time being to become almost a gypsy himself. Nor have there been wanting ardent folk-lorists (if I may coin a word) who have gone this length; so, for instance, Dr. Heinrich von Wlislocki, who, in the summer of 1883, spent several months as member of a wandering troop of tent gypsies in Transylvania and Southern Hungary, and has lately published a volume of gypsy fairy tales, the fruit of his laborious expedition. Yet on the whole the harvest is a meagre one, if we take account of the time and trouble spent on its realization; and even this energetic collector has declared that he would hardly have the courage a second time to face the deceptions and fatigues of such an undertaking. To his pen it is that we owe the first poem contained in this chapter; the second one, entitled, “The Black Voda,” interesting as being an almost solitary instance of a consecutive gypsy ballad, was communicated to me by the courtesy of Professor Hugo von Meltzl, of Klausenburg, another Transylvanian authority in the matter of folk-lore, who, in his “Acta Comparationis Literarum Universum,” has given many interesting details bearing on these subjects. The other sixteen specimens of the Tzigane muse are so simple as to call for no explanation, though in one or two cases not wholly devoid of poetical merit.” (p. 274-275)„Among the females I remarked a young woman of about twenty-five, with splendid eyes, skin of mahogany brown, and straight-cut regular features like those of an Indian chieftainess. She wore a tattered scarlet cloak, and had on her breast a small baby as brown as herself, and naked, in spite of the sharp November air. One of the gendarmes approached her, and with a coarse gesture would have removed her cloak (apparently her sole upper garment) to search beneath for the missing purse; but with the air of an outraged empress she waved him off, and raising full upon him her large black eyes, she broke into a torrent of speech.” (p. 308)„Her voice was of a rich contralto, as she poured forth what seemed to be the maledictions of an oppressed queen cursing a tyrant. Her gestures had an inbred majesty, and her attitude was that of an inspired sibyl. I thought what a glorious tragic actress she would have made—perfect as Lady Macbeth, and divine as Azucena in the “Trovatore.”” (p. 308) |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: | “There is no such thing as a gypsy church, and a legend current in Transylvania explains the reason of this: “Once upon a time,” so it runs, “the Tziganes had a right good church, solidly built of brick and stone like other churches. The Wallachs, who had neither stones nor bricks, had at that same time built themselves a church out of cheese and bacon, with sausage rafters and pancake roof. “This building filled the greedy Tziganes with envy, causing them to lick their lips whenever they passed that way, and at last they proposed an exchange of churches to the Wallachs, who gladly accepted the bargain. But when the winter came the hungry Tziganes began to nibble at the pancake roof of their church; next they attacked the rafters, and there soon remained nothing more of the whole building. That is why since that time there has never been a Tzigane church, and why the gypsies, whenever they go to any place of worship at all, prefer to go to the Roumanian church, because, as they say, they like to remember that it once belonged to them.” This story has passed into a proverb, used to describe a man without religion, by saying, “He eats his faith, as the gypsies ate their church.”” (p. 256-257)„Some twelve or fifteen years ago, an Austrian officer, garrisoned in a small Transylvanian town, fell violently in love with a beautiful gypsy girl belonging to a wandering tribe. He carried his infatuation so far as to offer to marry her. The beautiful bohemian, however, refused to abandon her roving comrades; and at last the lover, seeing that he could not win her in any other way, and being convinced that he could not possibly exist without her, gave up his military rank, and for her sake became a gypsy himself, wandering about with the band, and sharing all their hardships and privations. How this peculiar union turned out in the end, and whether à la longue the gentleman remained of opinion that the world was well lost for love, is unknown; but several years later the cidevant officer was recognized as a member of a roving band of gypsies somewhere in northern Greece. A touching instance of a young girl’s devotion was related to me on good authority. Her lover had been confined in the village lockup, presumably for some flagrant offence; and looking out of the small grated window, on a burning summer’s day, he was bewailing his unhappy fate and the parching thirst which devoured him. Presently his dark slender sweetheart, attracted by the sound of his voice, drew near, and standing at the other side of a dried-up moat, she could see her lover at the grated window. She held in her hand a ripe juicy apple; but the only way to reach him lay through the moat. The girl was naked, not having the smallest rag to cover her brown and shining skin, and the moat was full of prickly thistles and tall stinging nettles. She hesitated for a moment, but only for one; then plunging bravely into the sea of fire, she handed up the precious apple through the close grating. When she regained the opposite bank, the gypsy girl’s skin was all blistered, and bleeding at places; but she did not seem to feel any pain, in the delight with which she watched her captive lover devour the apple..” (p. 260)“There is a Transylvanian legend telling how a mother once pronounced on her son a curse, the effect of which should continue until he succeeded in giving a voice to a dry piece of wood. The son left his mother, and went sorrowing into the pine forest, where he cut down a tree, and made a fiddle on which he played; and his mother, hearing the sound, came running by and took the curse from off his head. This story must surely have been written of a gypsy boy, for of none other could it have been equally appropriate; and if to the gypsy woman is given a certain power over the minds of her fellow-creatures, the male Tzigane—at least in Hungary—is not without his sceptre, and this sceptre is the bow with which he plies his fiddle.” (p. 266-267)„Did the Tziganes bring their music ready-made into Hungary, or did they find it there and merely adopt it? is a question which has occasioned much learned controversy. Liszt inclines to the former opinion, which would mean that no Hungarian music existed previous to the Tziganes’ arrival in the country in the fifteenth century. That this music is essentially of an Asiatic character is, however, no positive proof in favor of this theory, for are not the Hungarians themselves an out-wandered Asiatic race? and what more natural than the supposition that one Asiatic race should be the best interpreter of the music of a kindred people? More likely, however, this music is an unconscious joint production of the two, the Tzigane being the artist who has sounded the depths of the Hungarian nature and given expression to it.” (p. 267) |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): | “This particular encampment turned out to be of the very poorest and most abject description: one miserable tent, riddled with holes, and patched with many-colored rags, was propped up against a neighboring bank. Alongside, a semi-starved donkey, laden with some tattered blankets and coverings, was standing immovable, and in the foreground a smoking camp-fire, over which was slung a battered kettle. There was very little fire and a great deal of smoke, which at first obscured the view, and prevented me from understanding why it was that the gypsies, usually so quick to mark a stranger, gazed at me with indifference: not a hand was stretched forth to beg, nor a voice raised in supplication. The men were standing or reclining on the turf in listless attitudes, while the women, crowded round the fire, were swaying their bodies to and fro, as though in bodily pain.” (p. 307) |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: | “Though rarely believing in the immortality of the soul, the Tzigane usually holds with the doctrine of transmigration, and often supposes the spirit of some particular gypsy to have passed into a bat or a bird; further believing that when that animal is killed, the spirit passes back to another new-born gypsy. However miserable their lives, the Tziganes never commit suicide; only one solitary instance is recorded by some traveller, whose name I forget, of an old gypsy woman, who, to escape her persecutors, begged a shepherd to bury her alive. When a Tzigane dies, men and women assemble with loud howling, and the corpse, after having been prepared for burial, is carried on horseback to the grave, which is made in some lonely spot, often deep in the forest. A chieftain is buried with much pomp, his people tearing their hair and scratching their faces in sign of mourning. The abrupt transitions of joy to grief, and vice versâ, so characteristic of the Tzigane nature, are nowhere more apparent than in their rejoicings and their mournings. Thus each funeral ends with dancing and joyful songs, while every wedding terminates in howling and moaning. The relations between the sexes are mostly free, and unrestrained by any attempt at morality. Unions oftenest take place without any attendant formalities, but in some hordes a sort of barbaric ceremony is kept up. The man, or rather boy—for he is often not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age—selects the girl happening to please him best, without any particular regard for relationship, and leads her before the Gako, where she breaks an earthen-ware jar or dish at the feet of the man to whom she gives herself. Each party collects a portion of the broken pieces and keeps them carefully. If these pieces are lost, either by accident or voluntarily, then both parties are free, and the union thus dissolved can only be renewed by the breaking of another vessel in the same manner. The number of pieces into which the earthen-ware has been shattered is supposed to denote the number of years the couple will live together; and when the girl is anxious to pay a compliment to her bridegroom she stamps upon the fragments, in order to increase their number.” (p. 258-259) |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): | “When the dancers are limp and indolent the Tzigane musician loses interest as well, and plays carelessly and without spirit; but when he sees dancing con amore, and more especially if his playing be praised, then he knows neither hunger nor fatigue. He executes every sort of dance music with spirit, and his power of identifying himself with the dancers renders the gypsy’s playing far superior to that of other professional musicians; but his real triumph is the csardas. The band-master is fond of secretly selecting a couple from among the dancers, and at these directing his music—aiming it at them, if one may thus express it—following their every movement, and identifying himself with their every gesture. To watch a pair of lovers dancing is the gypsy player’s greatest delight, and for them he exerts himself to the utmost, throwing his whole soul into the music, breathing the softest sighs and the most passionate rhapsodies of which his instrument is capable.” (p. 272) |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): | „Walking across the country one breezy November day, I was attracted by the sight of a gypsy tent pitched on a piece of waste-land some hundred yards off my path—motive enough to cause me to change my direction and approach the little settlement; for these roving caravans have always had a peculiar fascination for me, and I rarely pass one by without nearer investigation.” (p. 307) |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: | “English people are apt to misunderstand the position of these Tzigane musicians, which is in every way a peculiar one—the intimacy with the upper classes thus brought about by their calling implying, however, no sort of equality. The Tzigane remains the gypsy fiddler, while the Magyar never forgets that he is a nobleman; and the barrier between the two classes is as absolute as that between Jew and gentleman in Poland. Although it is no uncommon sight in the streets of any Hungarian town, towards the small hours of the morning, to see distinguished members of the jeunesse dorée (their spirits, no doubt, slightly raised by wine) going home affectionately linked arm-in arm with these brown fiddlers, yet no Hungarian could fall into the amusing mistake of an English nobleman, who, making a point of lionizing all celebrities within reach, invited to dinner the first violin of a gypsy band starring in London some years ago. The flattering invitation occasioned the most intense surprise to the distinguished artist himself, who, though well used to many forms of enthusiasm called forth by his genius, was certainly not accustomed to be seriously taken in the sense of a civilized human being. It is said, however, that the gypsy’s quickness of perception, doing duty for education on this occasion, enabled him to pass through the formidable ordeal of a London dinner-party without further breaches of our rigid etiquette than are quite permissible on the part of a barbarous grande” (p. 271-272) |  |
| Others: | “The word Tzigane is used throughout Hungary and Transylvania as an opprobrious term by the other inhabitants whenever they want to designate anything as false, worthless, dirty, adulterated, etc. “False as a Tzigane,” “Dirty as a Tzigane,” are common figures of speech. Likewise to describe a quarrelsome couple, “They live like the gypsies.” And if some one is given to useless lamentation, it is said of him, “He moans like a guilty Tzigane.” Of a liar it is said that “he knows how to plough with the Tzigane,” or that “he understands how to ride the Tzigane horse.” To call any one’s behavior “gypsified” is to stamp it as dishonest. “He knows the Tzigane trade” is “he knows how to steal.” A showery April day is called “Tzigane weather;” adulterated honey, “Tzigane honey;” coriander-leaves, “Tzigane parsley;” a poor sort of wild-duck is the “Tzigane duck;” the bromus scalinus is the “Tzigane corn;” but why the little green burrs are called “Tzigane lice” is not very evident, for surely in this case the imitation has decidedly the advantage of the genuine article. These phrases must not, however, be taken to express hatred, but rather a good-natured sort of contempt and indulgence for the Tzigane as a large, importunate, and troublesome child, who frequently requires to be chastised and pushed back, but whose vagaries cannot be taken seriously, or provoke anger. The Tziganes are rarely wanting in a certain sense of humor and power of repartee, which often disarms the anger they have justly provoked. In a travelling menagerie the keeper, showing off his animals to a large audience, pointed to the cage where a furious lion was pawing the ground, and pompously announced that he was ready to give a thousand florins to whoever would enter that cage. “I will,” said a starved-looking gypsy, stepping forward. “You will!” said the keeper, looking contemptuously at the small, puny figure. “Very well; please yourself, and walk in,” and he made a feint of opening the door. “Step in; why are you not coming?” “Certainly,” said the Tzigane; “I have not the slightest objection, and am only waiting till you remove that very unpleasant-looking animal which occupies the cage at present.” Of course the laugh was turned against the showman, who, in his speech, had only spoken of the cage without mentioning the lion. A peasant, accusing a Tzigane of having stolen his horse, declared that he could produce half a dozen witnesses who had seen him in the act. “What are half a dozen witnesses?” said the gypsy. “I can produce a whole dozen who have not seen it!” A starving and shivering Tzigane once, craving hospitality, was told to choose between food and warmth. Would he have something to eat; or did he prefer to warm himself at the hearth? “If you please,” he answered, “I would like best to toast myself a piece of bacon at the fire.” When asked which was his favorite bird a Tzigane made reply, “The pig, if it had only wings.” Another gypsy, asked whether, for the remuneration of five florins, he would undertake the office of hangman on a single victim, answered, joyfully, “Oh, that is far too high a price! For five florins I would undertake to hang all the officials into the bargain!” Some Tzigane proverbs are as follows: “Better a donkey which lets you ride than a fine horse which throws you off.” “Those are the fattest fishes which fall back from the line into the water.” “It is not good to choose women or cloth by candlelight.” “What is the use of a kiss unless there be two to share it?” “Who would steal potatoes must not forget the sack.” “Two hard stones do not grind smooth.” “Polite words cost little and do much.” “Who flatters you has either cheated you or hopes to do so.” “Who waits till another calls him to supper often remains hungry.” “If you have lost your horse, you had better throw away saddle and bridle as well.” “The best smith cannot make more than one ring at a time.” “A pleasant smile smooths away wrinkles.” “Nothing is so bad but it is good enough for some one.” “Do we keep the fast-days? Yes, when there is neither bread nor bacon in the cupboard.” “It is of no use to teach science to children, unless we explain it by means of the broomstick.” “Let nothing on earth sadden you as long as you still can love.” “It is easier to inherit than to earn.” “As long as there are poorer people than yourself in the world, thank God even if you go about with bare feet.” “When the bridge is gone, then even the narrowest plank becomes precious.” “Only the deaf and the blind are obliged to believe.” “Bacon makes bold.” “After misfortune comes fortune.” “Who has got luck need only sit at home with his mouth open.” “Never despair of your luck, for it needs only a moment to bring it.”” (p. 254-256)“Their religion is of the vaguest description. They generally agree as to the existence of a God, but it is a God whom they fear without loving. “God cannot be good,” they say, “or else he would not make us die.” The devil they also believe in to a certain extent, but consider him to be a weak, silly fellow, incapable of doing much harm. (….) A gypsy condemned to be hung bethought himself at the last moment of asking to be baptized. He wished to die a Christian, he said, having professed no religion all his life. His plan was successful, for the execution was suspended, and all sympathies enlisted in his favor. When, however, all was ready for the baptism, the gypsy occasioned much surprise by asking to be received into the Calvinistic faith. Why not choose the Catholic religion, which was that of the place, he was asked, since there was no apparent reason to the contrary. “No, no,” returned the cautious Tzigane; “I will keep the Catholic religion for another time.”” (p. 257-258)“”The gypsy woman, herself well acquainted with all the signs and workings of passion, distinguishes à coup d’œil the cause of the sallow cheek and the fevered eye of such another woman; she can feel instinctively whether the hand from which she is expected to decipher a fate be stretched towards her with the hasty gesture of hope or with the hesitation of fear. Without difficulty she reads in disdainfully curled lips or ominously drawn brows whether the youth before her be chafing under a yoke or planning revenge; whether he craves love or has already lost it. She can further distinguish at a glance the delusive presumption of youth and beauty—the false security of possession which thinks to defy misfortune. She knows the annihilating blows of fate and the vulnerability of the human heart too well not to mistrust the smile of over-conscious happiness, and prophesy misfortune to those who refuse to believe in the instability of the future. “She cannot be called a hypocrite, for she herself has faith in her own diagnosis; believing that each man carries within him the germ of his own fate, she is convinced that sooner or later her prognostics must be fulfilled. Her only care is therefore to clothe her predictions in a form which, easily captivating the imagination, and thereby impressed on the memory, will spring again to life, along with the image of the prophetess, whenever the latent emotions she has detected, having reached their culminating point, bring about the success or the catastrophe foreseen from the investigation of a hand and a heart.” (p. 253-264) |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Szeklers and Armenians |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): | “The Szekler villages, of a formal simplicity, are as far removed from the Roumanian poverty as from Saxon opulence. The long double row of whitewashed houses, their narrow gable-ends all turned towards the road, have something camp-like in their appearance, and have been aptly compared to a line of snowy tents ready to be folded together at the approach of an enemy. The Magyar has a passion for whitewashing his dwelling-house, and several times a year, at the fixed dates of particular festivals, he is careful to restore to his walls the snowy garment of their lost innocence. This custom of whitewashing at stated periods is still said to be practised among the tribes dwelling in the Caucasian regions.” (p. 285)„In the midst of the village stands the church, whitewashed like the other houses. It is slender and modest in shape, neither surrounded by fortified walls like the Saxon churches, nor made glorious with color like those of the Roumanians. Near to the entrance of the village is the church-yard, and in some places it is still customary to bury the dead with their faces turned towards the east.” (p. 285)  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): | “Of the Hungarians in general, who constitute something less than the third part of the total population of Transylvania, it is not my intention to speak in detail. Hungary and Hungarians have already been exhaustively described by abler pens, and I wish here to confine myself chiefly to such points as are distinctively characteristic of the land beyond the forest. Under this head, therefore, come the Szeklers, as they are named—a branch of the Magyar race settled in the east and north-east of Transylvania, and numbering about one hundred and eighty thousand.” (p. 280)““At the frontier,” or “beyond,” is the signification of the Hungarian word Szekler, which therefore does not imply a distinctive race, but merely those Hungarians who live beyond the forest—near the frontier, and cut off from the rest of their countrymen. One Hungarian authority tells us that the word Szekler, meaning frontier-keeper or watchman, was indiscriminately applied to all soldiers of whatever nationality who defended the frontier of the kingdom.” (p. 283)“Like the other Magyars, the Szeklers are an inborn nation of soldiers, and rank among the best of the Austrian army. It was principally on the Szeklers that the brunt fell of resisting attacks from the many barbarous hordes always infesting the eastern frontier. When the Wallachians fled to the mountains at the approach of an enemy, and the Saxons ensconced themselves within their well-built fortresses, the Szeklers advanced into the open plain and ranged themselves for battle, rarely abandoning the field till the ground was thickly strewn with their dead.” (p. 284)“The Szekler, who has usually more children than his Hungarian brother, is well and strongly built, but rarely over middle size. His face is oval, the forehead flat, hands and feet rather small than large. With much natural intelligence, he cares little for art or science, and has but small comprehension of the beautiful. Even when living in easy circumstances, he does not care to surround himself with books like the Saxon, nor does he betray the latent taste for color and design so strongly characterizing the Roumanian. His inbred dignity seems to place him on a level with whoever he addresses. He is reserved in speech, with an almost Asiatic formality of manner, and it requires the stimulus of wine or music to rouse him to noisy merriment; but on occasions when speech is required of him, he displays inborn power of oration, speaking easily and without embarrassment, finding vigorous expressions and appropriate images wherewith to clothe his meaning. The Hungarian language has no dialect, and each peasant speaks it as purely as a prince.” (p. 284)1“The Hungarian’s character is a singularly simple and open one; he is simple in his love, his hatred, his anger, and revenge, and though he may sometimes be accused of brutality, deceit can never be laid to his charge, while flattery he does not even understand. It is his inherent dignity and self-respect which makes him thus open, scorning to appear otherwise than he really is. You will never see a Hungarian bargaining for his money with clamorous avidity like the Saxon, nor will he accept an alms with humble gratitude like the Roumanian.” (p. 284)“He uncovers his head courteously to the master of his village, but he will not think of uncovering for a strange gentleman, even were it the greatest in the land. Hospitality is with him not a virtue but an instinct, and he cannot even comprehend the want of it in another.” (p. 284)“The greater number of Szeklers have remained Catholics, the population of the western district only having adopted the Reformed faith, while the Unitarian sect, which has made of Klausenburg its principal seat, and counts some fifty-four thousand members, is chiefly composed of Hungarians proper.” (p. 286)“There are not above a dozen really wealthy Hungarian nobles in Transylvania, and of many a one it is jokingly said that his whole possessions consist of four horses, as many oxen, and a respectable amount of debts. The same sort of open-handed hospitality which has ruined so many Poles has also here undermined many fortunes.” (p. 286)“The conjugal relations are somewhat Oriental among the lower classes, the position of the wife towards the husband involving a sense of social inferiority; for while she addresses him as kend (your grace), and speaks of him as uram (lord or master), he calls her thou, and speaks of her as felsegem (my consort). In walking along the road it is her place to walk behind her lord and master; and at weddings men and women are usually separated, and if the house have but a single room it is reserved for the men to banquet in, while the women, as inferior creatures, are relegated to the cellar or to a stable or byre cleared for the purpose. Bride and bridegroom must eat nothing at this banquet, and only in the evening is a separate meal served up for them, and, like the other guests, the new-married couple must spend this day apart.” (p. 286)” In the men the pure Asiatic type is yet more clearly marked—the fine-shaped oval head, arched yet not hooked nose, black eyes, jetty beard, and clean-cut profiles betraying their nationality at the first glance. In manner they are singularly calm and self-possessed, never evincing emotion or excitement. They are much addicted to card-playing. In many parts of Hungary the Armenians have so completely amalgamated with the Magyars as to have forgotten their own language, but where they live together in compact colonies it is still kept up. There are two languages—the popular idiom and the written tongue, the language of science and literature. Their religion is the Catholic one, but their services are conducted in their own language instead of Latin. Like the Hebrews, the Armenians have great natural aptitude for trade; and it is chiefly due to their influence that the Jews have not here succeeded in getting the reins of commerce into their hands. The bankers and money-lenders in Transylvania are almost invariably Armenians.” (p. 288) | 1 Thanks to Ferenc Kazinczy’s works, the dialect spoken in the eastern parts of Hungary got popular amongst the whole Hungarian population – thus Gerard only got acquainted with this dialect, which happens to be closely similar to the vernacular one. |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: | “There are many versions to explain the origin of the Szeklers, and some historians have supposed them to be unrelated to the great body of Magyars living at the other side of the mountains. They are fond of describing themselves as being descended from the Huns. Indeed one very old family of Transylvanian nobles makes, I believe, a boast of proceeding in line direct from the Scourge of God himself, and there are many popular songs afloat among the people making mention of a like belief, as the following: A noble Szekler born and bred, Full loftily I hold my head. Great Attila my sire was he; As legacy he left to me A dagger, battle-axe, and spear; A heart, to whom unknown is fear; A potent arm, which oft has slain The Tartar foe in field and plain. The Scourge of Attila the bold Still hangs among us as of old; And when this lash we swing on high, Our enemies are forced to fly. The Szekler proud then learn to know, And strive not to become his foe, For blood of Huns runs in him warm, And well he knows to wield his arm.” (p. 280-281)„There is also a popular legend telling us how Csaba, son of Attila, retreated eastward with the wreck of his army, after the last bloody battle, in which he had been vanquished. His purpose was to rejoin the rest of his tribe in Asia, and with their help once more to return and conquer. On the extreme frontier of Transylvania, however, he left behind him a portion of his army, to serve as watch-post and be ready to support him on his return some day. Before parting the two divisions of troops took solemn oath ever to assist each other in hour of need, even though they had to traverse the whole world for that purpose. Accordingly, hardly had Csaba reached the foot of the hills, when the neighboring tribes rose up against the forlorn Szeklers; but the tree-tops rustling gently against one another soon brought news of their distress to their brethren, who, hurrying back, put the enemy to flight. After a year the same thing was repeated, but the stream ran murmuring of it to the river, the river carried the news to the sea, the sea shouted it onward to the warriors, and again quickly returning on their paces they dispersed the foe. Three years went by ere the Szeklers were again hard pressed by their enemies. This time their countrymen were already so far away that only the wind could reach them in the distant east, but they came again, and a third time delivered their brethren. The Szeklers had now peace for many years; the nut-kernels they had planted in the land beyond the forest had meanwhile sprouted and developed to mighty trees with spreading branches and massive trunks; children had grown to be old men, and grandchildren to arms-bearing warriors; and the provisionary watch-post had become a well-organized settlement. But once again the neighbors, envying the strangers’ welfare, and having forgotten the assistance which always came to them in hour of need, rose up against them. Bravely the Szeklers fought, but with such inferior numbers that they could not but perish; they had no longer any hope of assistance, for their brethren were long since dead, and gone where no messenger could reach them. But the star of the Szeklers yet watched over them, and brought the tidings to another world. The last battle was just being fought, and the defeat of the Szeklers seemed imminent, when suddenly the tramp of hoofs and the clank of arms is heard, and from the starlit vault of heaven phantom legions are seen approaching. No mortal army can resist an immortal one. The sacred oath has been kept; once more the Szekler is saved, and silently as they came the phantoms wend back their way to heaven. Since that time the Szekler has obtained a firm hold on the land, and enemies molest him no more; but as often as on a clear starry night he gazes aloft on the glittering track[68] left of yore by the passage of the delivering army, he thinks gratefully of the past, and calls it by the name of the hadak utja (the way of the legions).” (p. 281 -282)“Recent historians have, however, swept away these theories regarding the Szeklers’ origin, and explained it in different fashion. The most ancient records of the Magyars do not date farther back than the sixth century after Christ, when they are mentioned as a semi-nomadic race living on the vast plains between the Caucasian and Ural mountains. A portion of them quitted these regions in the eighth and ninth centuries to seek a new home in the territory between the rivers Dnieper and Szereth. From here a small fraction of them, pressed hard by the Bulgarians, traversed the chain of Moldavian Carpathians, and found a refuge on the rich fertile plains of Eastern Transylvania (895), where, living ever since cut off from their kinsfolk, they have formed a people by themselves. According to the most probable version, these fugitives would seem to have been the women, children, and old men, who, left unprotected at home in the absence of the fighting-men of the horde, had thus escaped the vengeance of Simeon, King of Bulgaria.” (p. 282)“Later, when the greater body of Hungarians had established their authority over this portion of the territory as well, the two peoples fraternized with each other as kinsfolk, descended indeed from one common family tree, but who had acquired certain dissimilarities in speech, manner, and costume, brought about by their separation; and despite sympathy and resemblance on most points, they have never quite merged into one nationality, and the Szeklers have a proverb which says that there is the same difference between a Szekler and a Hungarian as there is between a man and his grandson—meaning that they themselves came in by a previous immigration. The Szeklers had this advantage over their kinsfolk in Hungary proper, of never at any time having been reduced to the state of serfdom. They occupied the exceptional position of a peasant aristocracy, having, among other privileges, the right of hunting, also that of being exempted from infantry service and being enlisted as cavalry soldiers only; whereas the ordinary Hungarian peasant was, up to 1785, attached to the soil under conditions only somewhat lighter than those oppressing the Russian serf. Curiously enough, though the system of villanage had already been formally discarded by King Sigismond in 1405, it was taken up again some years later; and, in point of fact, up to 1848 there was scarcely any limit to the services which the Hungarian peasant was bound to render to his master” (p. 283)“Persecuted and oppressed in Moldavia during the seventeenth century, the Armenians were offered a refuge in Transylvania by the Prince Michael Apafi, and came hither about 1660, at first living dispersed all over the land, till in 1791 the Emperor Leopold granting them among other privileges the right to establish independent colonies, they founded the settlements of Szamos-Ujvar (Armenopolis) and Elisabethstadt, or Ebesfalva. This latter town, which counts to-day about twenty-five hundred Armenian inhabitants, is renowned for the good looks of its women—pale, dark-eyed beauties, with low foreheads and straight eyebrows, whose portraits might be taken in pen and ink only, without any help from the palette. They have the reputation—I know not with what reason—of being very immoral, but in a quiet, unostentatious fashion.” (p. 288)“A Saxon legend explains the origin of the Armenians by saying that when God had created all the different sorts of men, there remained over two little morsels of the clay of which he had respectively moulded the Jew and the gypsy; so, in order not to waste these, he kneaded them up together, and formed of them the Armenian.” (p.288) |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: | “There are few Roumanian villages in Szekler-land, neither do we find here the inevitable outgrowth of Roumanian hovels tacked on to each village, as is usual in Saxon colonies. The Roumanians do not thrive alongside of their Szekler neighbors, because these do not require their aid and will take no trouble to learn their language. The Szekler cultivates his own soil without help from strangers, whereas the Saxon, whose ground is usually larger than he can manage himself, and obliged to take Roumanian farm-servants, is compelled to learn their language; and it has often been remarked that a whole Saxon household has been brought to speak Roumanian merely on account of one single Roumanian cow-wench.” (p. 285) |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Frontier Regiments |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: | “The south-west of Transylvania used to form part of the territory called the Militär-Grenze (military frontier)—a peculiar institution now extinct, which, interesting as being to some extent of Roman origin, may here claim a few lines of notice.” (p. 289) |  |
| Geographical environment: | “Many of the points selected for the erection of these military establishments lay amid the wildest and most beautiful mountain scenery, and for a keen sportsman, or an ardent lover of nature, the lot of an Austrian officer in one of these beautiful wildernesses must have been a very El Dorado.” (p. 293)“One of the most beautiful, and from a military point of view, most important, of these military cordon stations was the Rothenthurm Pass (Pass of the Red Tower), so named from the color of a fortress-tower whose ruins may yet be seen beside the road. This lovely mountain-gorge, traversed by the river Aluta, and to be reached in a pleasant two hours’ drive from Hermanstadt, has been the scene of much cruel strife in by-gone days. Many a time have the wild devastation—bringing hordes poured into the land by this narrow defile; and here it was that in 1493 George Hecht, the burgomaster of Hermanstadt, obtained a signal victory over the Turks, whom he butchered in wholesale fashion, dyeing the river ruddy red, it is said, with the blood of the slain. Nowadays the river Aluta flows by peaceably enough, and the primitive little inn which stands at the boundary of the two countries offers an inviting retreat to any solitary angler who cares to study the characters of Transylvanian versus Roumanian trout.” (p. 293) |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: | “When the Roman conquerors had taken possession of the countries north of the Danube, they found it necessary to organize a sort of standing rampart of troops to be always at hand, ready to oppose unexpected attacks from the barbarian hordes on the other side. These soldiers, who might be designated as military agriculturists, found their sustenance in cultivating the ground assigned to each of them, and, being always ready on the spot, could be speedily formed in line at the slightest alarm of an enemy. Similar circumstances caused the Hungarian kings to imitate these institutions, and organize the population of the southern frontier to that purpose, allotting to them the task of protecting the country against the frequent invasions of Turks. Not content, however, with resisting attacks from without, these troops often adopted an offensive line of action, making raids over the frontier to plunder, burn, and massacre in the enemy’s country. The continual state of skirmishing warfare resulting from these arrangements kept up the martial spirit of the population, and many are the legends recorded of doughty deeds accomplished at that time. After the fall of the Hungarian kingdom in 1526, the noblemen subscribed among themselves to keep up the frontier in the same fashion, often availing themselves of the assistance of these troops in their attempted insurrections against Austria.” (p. 289)„Of these frontier regiments, altogether fourteen in number, six were created in Transylvania. Of these two infantry and one dragoon regiment were recruited from the Wallachian population; the remaining three, two infantry and one hussar, from the Hungarians.” (p. 290)“Among the Wallachians whole villages emigrated in order to evade these new laws. Those who declined to serve, and were not inclined to leave their homes, were driven from their huts at the point of the bayonet, and replaced by other settlers brought from a distance. Much cruelty was resorted to in order to compel their obedience, the Austrians sparing neither fire nor sword to gain their ends; and the year 1784 in particular was most disastrous to those poor people, who, after all, were only trying to escape from unjustifiable tyranny. Also, a few years later, when some of these troops had risen in insurrection, declaring themselves only obliged to defend the frontier, not to espouse foreign quarrels in which Austria alone had a personal interest, whole regiments were decimated, shot down by the cannon; and the place is still shown where the bodies of the victims of this wholesale butchery repose under two giant hillocks.” (p. 290-291)„In former days, when the country was in a state of semi-barbarism, this system answered well enough; the military discipline was in itself an education, and the bribe of becoming landed proprietors induced many, no doubt, to accept the conditions involved. Later on, however, when all peasants obtained possession of the soil they tilled, the tables were turned, and the frontier soldier found himself to be considerably worse off than his neighbor. Likewise, the original reason of these institutions no longer existed; the Ottoman power was rapidly decreasing, and surprises at the frontier were no more to be looked for. The spirit, the adventure, the poetry of warfare (which alone had caused these people to accept their lot) had departed, and they could no longer be induced to let themselves be led to butchery in distant climes to gratify a stranger’s whim. Therefore, in the reorganization of the Austrian army after the disastrous campaign of 1866, these frontier regiments were, like other antiquated institutions, finally abolished, and have left no other trace behind but here and there a ruined watch-tower standing deserted in a mountain wilderness.” (p. 292-293) |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: | “When serving against an enemy their pay was equal to that of the regular troops, while in time of peace they received no pay except a few kreuzers per day whenever a soldier was on duty—that is, whenever he had frontier inspection.” (p. 291)1 | 1Here Gerard refers to the payment of the men from the “Frontier Regions”. |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: | “From an Austrian point of view, no doubt this institution was a most excellent and practical one; eighty thousand trained men, who cost but little in time of peace, were ready at a moment’s notice for war. Before the officer’s dwelling-house at each station stood a high pole, wound over with ropes of straw and other combustible matter, which was set fire to at the slightest alarm of an enemy. The signal being thus taken up and repeated from station to station, the whole frontier was speedily marked out in a fiery line, and the men collected and in arms in an incredibly short space of time.” (p. 291)„On these troops devolved the duty of keeping in order all roads, buildings, etc., within their circuit, and nowhere in Hungary and Transylvania were to be found such excellent, wellkept roads, bridges, and buildings as those within the territory of the military frontier. The men could not marry without permission of their superiors, their sons being, so to say, enrolled as soldiers before their birth; while daughters could only inherit their share of the father’s land on condition of marrying a soldier.” (p. 291) |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Gyergyó Szent Imre (Görgényszentimre, Görgen) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |   |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: |  |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: | “The number of bears shot in Transylvania in the course of the year 1885 was about sixty. Eight of these fell to the share of the Crown-prince Rudolf of Austria, who for the last few years has rented a chasse at Gyergyó Szent Imre, in one of the most favorable bear-hunting neighborhoods.” (p. 293-294) |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Szent Mihaly (Szentmihály) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: |  |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: | “Only a couple of summers ago two Hungarian gendarmes were patrolling near Szent Mihaly where each of them, walking at a different side of a deep ravine, could see, without being able to reach, his comrade. As one of them came round a point of rock, he was suddenly confronted by a bear carrying a sheep in his mouth. In this case, also, man and bear stared at each other for some seconds; then the bear turned away in order to carry off his booty to a safe place. The gendarme, recovering from his surprise, fired at the retreating bear, which, wounded, gave a loud roar. A second shot likewise took effect, for now the bear, dropping the sheep, raised himself on his hind-legs, and advanced on his assailant. By the time a third shot was fired the bear had come up close and seized the muzzle of the gun. A fearful struggle now began between man and beast. The gendarme was holding on convulsively to his gun, when, his foot catching in a tree-root, he stumbled and fell to the ground. Already he saw the dreadful jaws of the bear close to his face, and gave himself up for lost. However, the bear was getting weaker, and let go its hold on the gun to seize the leg of the man, who, with a last desperate effort, struck the animal on the breast with the butt-end of his rifle. This turned the scale, and the animal fled down the ravine to hide itself in the stream. In the mean time the second gendarme, who from the other side had been spectator of the scene, arrived, along with some shepherds armed with clubs and pickaxes, and pursued the bear into his retreat. The animal received them with terrific roars, and began to pick up large stones, which he hurled at his adversaries with such correct aim as severely to wound one of the shepherds on the head. Finally the beast was killed, and his stomach discovered to be full of fresh ox-flesh. The wounded gendarme had to be conveyed home on horseback, and his gun was found to have been completely bent in the struggle” (p. 295-296) |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Hermanstadt |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: | “Besides the population of 13,000 Germans, 3737 Roumanians, 2018 Magyars, 238 Jews and Armenian gypsies, and 443 infants, shown by the latest statistical return of the town, Hermanstadt could boast of something else—namely, one Englishman; and on this one solitary countryman all my hopes were accordingly fixed.” (p. 390) |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: | “Our party consisted of four gentlemen and two other ladies besides myself, and a six hours’ drive had taken us from Hermanstadt to the foot of the hills, (…)” (p. 369) |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): | “Among the crooked, irregular houses, low-storied and unpretentious, which form the streets of Hermanstadt, there is one which stands out conspicuous from its neighbors, resembling as it does nothing else in the town. This is the Bruckenthal palace, a stately building which might right well be placed by the side of some of the most aristocratic residences at Vienna, and of which even the Grand Canal at Venice need not be ashamed—but here absolutely out of place and incongruous. Looking like a nobleman amid a group of simple burghers, everything about this building has an air thoroughly aristocratic and grand seignior: the broad two-storied façade richly ornamented, the fantastically wrought iron gratings over the lower windows, the double escutcheon hanging above the stately entrance, even the very garret windows looking out of the high-pitched triple roof, have the appearance of oldfashioned picture-frames which only want to be filled up with appropriate rococo figures” (p. 310)“As we step through the roomy porte-cochère into a spacious court, we glance round half expecting to see a swelling porter or gorgeously attired Suisse prepared to challenge our entrance, and instinctively we fumble in our pocket for our card-case; but no one appears, and all is silent as death. Passing over the grass-grown stones which pave the court, we step through a capacious archway into a second court as large as the first, and surrounded in the same manner by the building running round to form another quadrangle. Here apparently are the stables, as a stone-carved horse’s head above a door at the farther end apprises us, and hither we direct our steps in hopes of finding some stable-boy or groom to guide us, and tell us to whom this vast silent palace belongs.” (p. 310)“A stable it is undoubtedly, as testify the carved stone cribs and partitioned-off stalls—six stalls on the one side, six on the other, roomy and luxurious, fit only for the pampered stud of a monarch or of an English fox-hunter, but which now, deserted of its rightful occupants, has been usurped by a collection of plaster casts and terra-cotta copies of ancient statues. Where majestic Arabs used formerly to be stabled, now stands a naked simpering Venus, and the Dying Gladiator writhes on the flag-stones once pawed by impatient hoofs.” (p. 311)“The contingency thus provided for having come to pass a dozen years ago, the directors have appropriated different suites of apartments for various purposes of public utility and instruction. Thus the lofty vaulted stables were found to be conveniently adapted for containing the models for a school of design; while up-stairs the gilded ball-room has been converted into a cabinet of natural history. Here rows of stuffed birds, as well as double-headed lambs, eight-legged puppies, and other such interesting deformities, are ranged on shelves against the crumbling gilt mouldings which run round the room; and tattered remnants of the rich crimson damask once clothing the walls hang rustling against glass jars, in which are displayed the horrid coils of many loathsome reptiles preserved in spirits of wine. Truly a sad downfall for these sumptuous apartments, where high-born dames were wont to glide in stately minuets over the polished floor! The picture-gallery, opened to the public on appointed days, contains above a thousand pictures, which, filling fifteen rooms, are divided off into the three schools to which they belong—viz., Italian, Dutch, and German. The greater part of these pictures is said to have been purchased from French refugees at the time of the First Revolution, many families having then sought an asylum in Hungary and Transylvania.” (p. 312) |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): | “In other parts of Transylvania the country-seats of the Hungarian nobility offer a pleasant diversion; but here there is nothing of the sort, all the land about the place being in the hands of Saxon village communities. Social life at Hermanstadt was therefore reduced to a few military families, who either might or might not happen to suit one another; and whoever has experience with this class will know that the cases of non-suitability are, alas! by far the most frequent.” (p. 325) |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): | “Of course, in a small provincial town like Hermanstadt, situated at the extreme east of the Austrian empire, it would be unreasonable to expect to find in a private gallery collected in the eighteenth century priceless chefs-d’œuvres of the kind we travel hundreds of miles to admire in the Louvre or at Dresden.” (p. 313)“The best picture in the gallery, and the most celebrated, is the portrait of Charles I. of England, and of his wife, Henrietta Maria, by Vandyck, which has brought many Englishmen hither in hopes of purchasing it.” (p. 313)“The library, now numbering about forty thousand volumes, is added to each year from part of the legacy attached to the Bruckenthal palace, and is a great boon to the town; for not only does it comprise a comfortable reading-room, to which any one may have gratuitous access, but all sorts of works are freely placed at the disposal of those who wish to study them at home, on condition of signing a voucher by which the party holds himself responsible for loss or damage to the work. The Bruckenthal library is indeed a great and valuable resource to those banished to this remote corner of the globe, and it is only surprising that more people do not avail themselves of the advantages which permit one to enjoy at home, sometimes for two or three months at a time, several valuable works of history, biography, or science. Some of the editions of older classical authors are most beautifully bound and illustrated with fine copperplates—perfect éditions de luxe, such as one rarely sees nowadays. Many curious manuscripts, principally relating to the country, are also here to be found; but the gem of the collection, and by far its most interesting and precious object, is a prayerbook of the fifteenth century, which, written on finest vellum, contains six hundred and thirty pages in small quarto, each page being adorned with some of the finest specimens of the illuminated art to be met with anywhere.” (p. 313-314)“The collection of coins is exceedingly remarkable, containing, as it does, abundant specimens of the ancient Greek, Dacian, and Roman coins, which are continually turning up in the soil, as well as of all the various branches of Transylvanian coinage in the Middle Ages. An assemblage of old Saxon ceramic objects, such as jugs and plates, may also be mentioned, as well as samples of old German embroidery, and some exceedingly beautiful pieces of jewellery belonging to the Saxon burgher, and peasant costumes.” (p. 314)“The least interesting part of the museum is what is called the African and Japanese Cabinet, hardly deserving such a pompous designation, as the objects it mostly contains (savage weapons, dried alligators, etc., added to the collection some thirty years ago) are by no means more interesting or varied than what one is so tired of beholding in any well-furnished English drawing-room.” (p. 314) |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: | „Also, at Hermanstadt we are shown a point in the old town wall where a live student, dressed in ampel and toga, the costume of those days, was walled in, in order to “make fast” the fortified wall.” (p. 207)1“There is a legend attached to the Bruckenthal palace which tells us how an old soldier, who had served his emperor faithfully through many years, took his dismission at last, and, with only three coppers in his pocket, prepared to pilger homeward. On his way he was met by an old white-bearded man, who said, “Give me an alms, for all you have is mine.” The soldier replied, “Your gain will not be great, for see, I have got but three kreuzers, but you are welcome to one of them.” Hereupon the old man took one kreuzer, and the soldier proceeded on his way. Soon, however, he was met by another old man, who in like manner demanded an alms, and received a second copper; and this happened again a third time. But when the soldier had thus divested himself of his last coin the third old man thus spoke: “See, I am one and the same as the two old men who begged from you before, and am no other than Christ the Lord. As, therefore, you have been charitable, and have given of the little you had, so will I reward you by granting any boon you choose to ask.” After the soldier had reflected for a little, he begged for a sack which should have the virtue that, whenever he spoke the words, “Pack yourself in the sack,” man or beast should equally be obliged to creep inside it. “I see,” said the Lord, “that you are a wise man, and do not crave treasures and riches. The sack is yours.” With this magic sack on his back the soldier wandered on till he reached the town of Hermanstadt. Here he found all the population talking of a ghost in the Bruckenthal palace, which had lately been disturbing the place, and whosoever attempted to pass the night in those rooms was found as a corpse next morning. On hearing this the veteran went with his sack to old Baron Bruckenthal, and begged for a night’s lodging in those very rooms. In vain the old gentleman warned him of the danger, and prophesied that assuredly he would lose his life. The soldier persisted in his resolution, begging only for the loan of a Bible and two lighted candles. These were given to him, and likewise a copious supper, with wine and roast-meat. However, he ate and drank but sparingly, for he wished to remain wide-awake and sober; but he opened the Bible between the two candles, and read diligently therein. Shortly before midnight the room began to be unquiet, but the soldier did but read the Bible all the more fervently as the noise increased. Then as twelve o’clock struck there was a sound like the report of a gun, and a leg was seen suspended from the ceiling. The soldier remained quietly sitting, and said to himself, “Where there is one leg, there must be another too,” and verily a second leg became soon visible beside the first. Quoth the soldier then, “Where there are two legs, there must perforce be body and arms as well,” and without much delay these also made their appearance. Then he said, “A body cannot be without a head,” but hardly had he said the words when the entire figure fell down from the ceiling, and rushing at the soldier, began to strangle him. Quickly he cried, “Pack yourself in the sack,” and in the self-same instant the ghost was imprisoned, and plaintively begging to be let out again. The soldier at first only permitted the ghost to put out its head, which was quite gray, but it went on begging to be released, and promising to reveal a mighty secret. Hearing this the soldier opened the sack; but, hardly set free, the spectre again rushed at his throat, so that he had barely time to call out, “Pack yourself in the sack.” Now, being again in his power, the ghost was forced to confess to the soldier that in these walls there were concealed many barrels containing treasures, and over these it was his mission to watch. It promised to make over in writing a portion of this money to the veteran, and for this purpose begged to have its arms released from the sack in order to sign the document. This being granted, the ghost a third time attempted the soldier’s life, who, however, used the magic formula once more, and, determined to show no further mercy to his antagonist, cut off the head of the treacherous phantom. Next morning the inhabitants of Hermanstadt were greatly astonished to find the soldier still alive, and the praise of his valor was in every mouth. Under his directions the walls were now broken open, and within many little barrels were discovered, all containing heavy gold, of which the brave soldier received a handsome portion, sufficient to enable him to live in comfort to the end of his days. It is to this discovery that many impute the great riches of the Bruckenthal family, and were it not for the valiant soldier the fortune they left behind them would hardly have been so great” (p. 314-317)“Curious old legends occur to us while picking our way about the streets, and more than one old house is pointed out as being inhabited by ghosts. Also, Dr. Faust, of famous memory, is said to have long resided at Hermanstadt, and of him a very old woman who died not long ago used to relate as follows: “My grandfather was serving as apprentice at the time when Dr. Faust lived here, and told me many tales of the wonderful things the great doctor used to do. Thus one day he played at bowls on the big Ring (place) with large round stones, which as they rolled were changed into human heads, and became stones again as soon as they stood still. Another time he assumed the shape of the town parson, and as such walked up and down the church roof, finally standing on his head at the top of the steeple, to the terror and amazement of the people below; then when the real parson made his appearance on the Ring, he jumped down among the crowd in guise of a large black cat with fiery eyes, which forthwith disappeared. “Once, also, on occasion of a large cattle-fair, there was suddenly heard the sound of military music, and, lo and behold! in place of the sheep, calves, oxen, and horses, there marched past a regiment of soldiers with flying colors and resounding music. The people rubbed their eyes, scarce believing what they saw and heard; then, as still they stared and gaped, the band-master gave a signal, the music turned to a hundredfold bleating and bellowing, and the sheep, cattle, and horses stood there as before. “At last, as every one knows, Dr. Faust was carried off to hell. Our Lord would gladly have saved him from this doom, for the doctor had always a kind heart, and had done much good to the poor; but to save him was impossible, for he had sold himself by contract to the devil, who kept strict watch over him, and never let him out of sight.” Also, as architect Dr. Faust was renowned throughout Transylvania, but he often played tricks on the people, who grew to distrust him and decline his services. The numerous Roman roads still to be met with all over the country are attributed to Dr. Faust, who, it is said, constructed them with the assistance of the evil one.” (p. 322-323)“In olden times, as we are told, the furrier guild of Hermanstadt was very illustrious. Its members once specially distinguished themselves in a fray with the Turks by delivering their Comes, in danger of being cut down. Since that time the guild enjoyed the distinction of executing the sword-dance on solemn occasions, particularly at the installation of each new Comes. This anecdote occurred to my mind more than once in the course of my otter-hunt; and I sadly reflected that the Comes would probably be left to perish to-day, while the sworddance would be apt to assume somewhat shabby proportions if executed by the four greasy Jews, with their solitary otter, which is all that remains of the once famous guild. (p. 324) | 1The legend mentioned here is the about how Deva’s fortress was built (Komuves Kelemen) |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  | “Samuel Bruckenthal, of Saxon family, was raised alike to the rank of baron and to the position of governor of Transylvania by the Empress Maria Theresa, this being the first instance of a Saxon being thus distinguished. In this capacity he governed the land for fourteen years, from 1773 to 1787, and much good is recorded of the manner in which he filled his office, and of the benefits he conferred on the land. Baron Samuel Bruckenthal was a special favorite of the great empress, who seems to have overpowered both him and his family with riches and favors of all kinds. Besides this splendid palace (truly magnificent for the country and the time when it was built), and which boasted of a picture-gallery and an exceedingly valuable library, the Bruckenthal family became possessed of extensive landed property, some of which was to belong to them unconditionally, other estates being granted to the family for a period of ninety-nine years, afterwards reverting to the Crown. Likewise, villas and manufactories, summer and winter residences, gardens and hot-houses, which have belonged to them, are to be met with in all directions.” (p. 311-312)“Baron Bruckenthal, who died in 1803, had decreed in his last will, dated 1802, that the gallery and museum he had formed were to be thrown open for the benefit of his Saxon townsmen; while his second heir, Baron Joseph Bruckenthal, further decreed, in a will dated 1867, that in the case of the male line of his family becoming extinct, the palace, inclusive of the picture-gallery, library, etc., should revert to the Evangelical Gymnasium at Hermanstadt, along with the interest of a capital of thirty-six thousand florins, to be expended in keeping up the edifice and adding to the collection” (p. 312)“Though the name of Bruckenthal is probably but little known outside Transylvania, and I have failed to find it in several German encyclopædias, yet here it is a word pregnant with meaning; and people at Hermanstadt are wont to swear by the Bruckenthal palace as the most stable and immutable object within their range of knowledge, just as an Egyptian might swear by the Pyramids or the Sphinx. “May you be lucky as long as the Bruckenthal palace stands,” or “Sooner may the Bruckenthal palace fall down than such and such an event come to pass,” are phrases I have frequently had occasion to hear.” (p. 317)„But the memories of the Bruckenthals are not confined to the palace which bears their name. Every vestige of past grandeur or remnant of an extinct luxury, each work of art which comes to light in or about Hermanstadt, may be traced back to this once omnipotent family.” (p. 317)„First and foremost among these I should like to mention our worthy physician Dr. Pildner von Steinburg, to whom I am indebted for many interesting details of Saxon folk-lore. Also, I can count among the people I am glad to have known more than one of the school professors and several village pastors; and I am truly convinced that I might have extended my acquaintance with pleasure and profit considerably had circumstances so permitted. But precisely therein lies the difficulty.” (p. 325) |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): | “Other provincial towns as small as or smaller than Hermanstadt can always show a certain amount of resident families whose hospitable houses are thrown open to strangers living there for a time. Here there is nothing of the sort, the wealthier class being entirely made up of Saxon burghers, who have no notions of friendly intercourse with strangers. It is difficult to explain the reason of this ungracious reserve, for they are neither wanting in intelligence nor in learning. Their education is unquestionably superior to that of Poles or Hungarians of the same class of life; but even when well informed in all branches of science, music, and literature, and on the most intimate terms with Goethe and Schiller, Mozart and Beethoven, they can rarely be classed as gentlefolk, from their total lack of outward polish and utter incomprehension of the commonest rules of social intercourse. Even persons occupying the very highest positions in Church and State are constantly giving offence by glaring breaches of every-day etiquette. This proceeds, no doubt, from ignorance, from want of natural tact, rather than from any intentional desire to slight; but the result is unquestionably that strangers, who might certainly derive much advantage from intercourse with some of these people, are deterred from the attempt by the lack of encouragement with which they are met.” (p. 324-325) |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: | “A small lake, immeasurably deep, and lying high up in the mountains to the south of Hermanstadt, is supposed to be the caldron where is brewed the thunder, under whose water the dragon lies sleeping in fair weather. Roumanian peasants anxiously warn the traveller to beware of throwing a stone into this lake, lest it should wake the dragon and provoke a thunder-storm. It is, however, no mere superstition that in summer there occur almost daily thunder-storms at this spot, and numerous stone cairns on the shores attest the fact that many people have here found their death by lightning. On this account the place is shunned, and no true Roumanian will venture to rest here at the hour of noon.” (p. 199-200)“About the liveliest thing to be done was to go often to the place on market-days, and watch the endless succession of pictures always to be found there. It is the sort of market-place which would be a perfect godsend to any artist in search of models for his studio. No difficulty here in collecting types of every sort: an amazing display of pretty dark-eyed women in rich Oriental costumes; a still greater assortment of shaggy, frowning figures armed with dagger and pistol, representing every possible gradation of the Italian bandit or the mediæval bravo.” (p. 320-321)“There is no great choice of delicacies to be found at this Hermanstadt market-place. Game is but rare, for reasons that I have mentioned before, and the finer sorts of vegetables are entirely wanting. The beef, veal, pork, and mutton, which form the whole répertoire of the butcher’s stall, cannot be compared to English meat, but have the great advantage of being much cheaper—beef about 4d. and mutton 3d. per lb. Eggs and butter are good and plentiful; and as for the milk, let no one pretend to have tasted milk till he has been in Transylvania; so thick, so rich, so exquisitely flavored is the milk of those repulsive-looking and ferocious buffaloes, as good almost as cream elsewhere, and for the rest of your life putting you out of conceit of your vaunted Alderney or short-horn breeds, and making everything else taste like skim-milk by comparison. Some people indeed there are, of superdelicate digestions, who cannot stand buffaloes’ milk, and are deterred by the delicate almond flavor usually considered to be its greatest attraction. The Transylvanian wines have been described and extolled by other authors (Liebig, for instance), and deserve to be yet more widely known. There are, of course, many different sorts and gradations, those from the Kokel valley being the most highly prized. It is mostly white, and even the common vin du pays is distinguished by its rich amber hue, making one think of liquid topazes, if ever topazes could be melted down and sold at sixpence the gallon.” (p. 321-322) |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: | “The shops at Hermanstadt are such as might be expected from its geographical position and the sort of people inhabiting it; in fact, you are agreeably surprised to find here fashions no more ancient than of two years’ date. Shopkeepers here still retain the antediluvian habit of eating their dinner as we hear of them doing some hundred years ago. When twelve o’clock strikes every shop is closed, and you would knock in vain against any of the barred-up doors; the streets become suddenly empty, and a stranger arriving at that hour would be prone to imagine himself to have stepped into a sleeping city. There are two fairly good German booksellers, several photographers, and sufficient choice of most other things to satisfy all reasonable wants. Yet there were people among our acquaintances who, scarcely more reasonable than children crying for the moon, used to fly into a passion, and consider themselves ill-used, because they had failed to procure some fashionable kind of note-paper, or the newest thing out in studs.” (p. 323) |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): | “None of the military families then stationed at Hermanstadt happening to have grown-up daughters, the absence of girls from most social reunions gave them much of the effect of a third-class provincial theatre, where the part of soubrette is performed by a respectable matron of fifty, and where Juliets and Ophelias are apt to be passée and wrinkled.” (p. 326)„People here began to flirt out of very ennui and desolation of spirit; beardless boys at a loss to dispose of their soft green hearts, desperately offered them to women twice their age; couples who had lived happily together in the whirl of a dissipated capital now drifted asunder under the deadening influence of this idyllic tête-à-tête, each seeking distraction in another direction—the result of all this being an amount of middle-aged flirtation exceedingly nauseous to behold. Each evening-party was thus broken up into duets of these elderly lovers, while by daytime every man walked with his neighbor’s wife beneath the bare elm-trees which shaded the only dry walk near the town.” (p. 326)„Every party, therefore, terminated by a Cinderella-like transformation scene—thick wadded hoods, heavy fur cloaks, and monstrous clogs reducing us one and all to shapeless bundles, as we walked home in the starlight over the crisp, crunching snow.” (p. 327)“As the winter advances the social gloom deepens, and the liveliest spirits fall a prey to a sense of mild desperation. I began to realize the possibility of paying endless visits to the seal or the fat lady, and only wondered why no one had as yet hit upon the bright expedient of buying the one or marrying the other, merely by way of bringing some variety into his existence. Some women changed their cooks, and others their lovers, merely for change’s sake; and as there was far greater choice of the latter than of the former article—there being many men, but of cooks very few—any woman known to be capable of roasting a hen or making a plain rice-pudding became the centre of a dozen intrigues woven round her greasy person. A single roe-deer appearing in the market infallibly gave birth to three or four evening-parties within the week. You were invited to sup on its saddle at the general’s, to partake of the right haunch at the colonel’s house, and the left at the major’s, and might deem yourself exceptionally lucky indeed if not further compelled to study its anatomy at some other house or houses—everywhere accompanied by the identical brown sauce, the same slices of lemon, the self-same dresses, cards, and conversation!” (p. 327) |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): | “Life at Hermanstadt always gave me the impression of living inside one of those exquisitely minute Dutch paintings of still-life, in which the anatomy of a lobster or the veins on a vine-leaf are rendered with microscopic fidelity, and where such insignificant objects as half-lemons or mouldy cheese-rinds are exalted to the rank of centre-pieces.” (p. 318)“It is a noticeable and praiseworthy fact that at Hermanstadt there are no beggars. It is the pride of the Saxons to be absolutely without proletariat of the kind which seems as necessary an ingredient of other town populations as rats and mice. Even the Roumanians, though poor, are not addicted to begging, and, excepting the gypsies, I do not recollect one single instance of meeting a beggar in or about the town. Nor can the gypsies be called beggars by profession; no gypsy will in cold blood set himself to go begging from door to door, though he instinctively holds out his hand to any one who passes his tent.” (p. 322) |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): | “The Transylvanian Saxon burgher is a very hard nut indeed to crack, and in order to get at the sound kernel within, one has to encounter such a very tough outside that few people care to attempt it. No doubt much of the imposed code of etiquette of the civilized world is an empty sham which lofty spirits should be able to dispense with; but unfortunately we are so narrow-minded that we cannot entirely divest ourselves of the prejudices in which we were brought up.” (p. 325)„Readers of the foregoing pages will have had occasion to remark that, except when diversified by fire or bloodshed, life at Hermanstadt was not a lively one; (…)” (p. 332)„It was a decided relief to get away from the vulgar monotony of those antiquated flirtations which in Hermanstadt did duty for society, and to be reminded of things one was in danger of forgetting—of fresh young faces, light pretty dresses, and real dancing.” (p. 332) |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: | “Cranford-like, we all walked to and from the social meetings, which took place at alternate houses. The distances were so short as not to make it worth while getting in and out of a carriage, and people who loved their horses did not care to drive them on a cold, dark night over the slippery and uneven pavement of the town.” (p. 327) |  |
| Others: | “If in your country walks you come upon a double row of massive lime-trees, twelve or sixteen perhaps, standing forlorn on the grass, with nothing to explain their presence on a lonely meadow, you are surely informed that these are the last survivors of a stately avenue leading to spacious orangeries in the Bruckenthal time. The orangeries have now disappeared, yet these few old trees linger on with senseless persistency—their snowy blossoms reminding one of powdered heads, their circling branches suggesting wide-hooped skirts setting to each other in the evening breeze, like an ancient quadrille party forgotten in the ball-room, long after the other guests have departed.” (p. 317)„It came to pass, namely, that during the summer of 1883 the town was several times roused by the fire-alarm, and at short intervals more than one barn or stable was partially reduced to ashes. Nobody thought much of this at the time, for, thanks to the energetic conduct of the volunteer fire-brigade, assistance was promptly rendered, and though some few Saxon voices were heard to express a belief that their beloved compatriots the Roumanians were probably at the bottom of this, as of most other unexplained pieces of mischief, the majority of people were of opinion that the unusually dry summer, coupled with some chance acts of negligence, was quite sufficient to account for these conflagrations. In the month of September, however, the entire garrison of Hermanstadt being absent at the military manœuvres, these fires began to assume an epidemic character, and by a strange coincidence they occurred invariably at night. During the week the troops were away there were no less than four or five fires. Vague alarm now began to take possession of the population, and the uneasy feeling that something was wrong took shape in a dozen fantastic rumors, the one more startling than the other. The cook coming back from market brought news of a parcel of combustible materials found concealed in some barn or hay-loft; the boys returned from school full of some mysterious threatening letter, said to have been discovered posted up on a tree of the promenade; and the shopman, while tying up a parcel, sought to enliven us by dark allusions to sinister-looking individuals seen dodging about the scene of conflagration, and apparently regarding their handiwork with fiendish glee. By daytime these rumors certainly tended to break the monotony of our solitude, and, proud of our superior common-sense, we, the bereaved grass-widows of the absent officers, could afford to laugh at the many ridiculous stories which were scaring our weaker-minded attendants. Only when darkness had set in, when the children had gone to bed, and we ourselves prepared to spend a long, lonely evening, did these various reports begin to assume a somewhat more definite shape in our brain, and to appear infinitely less absurd than they had done in broad daylight. We nervously wondered whether again this night we should be roused from sleep by the horrid sound of the tocsin. Though it was autumn, not spring, we could not shake ourselves free from an atmosphere of vague April fools on a large and most unpleasant scale, and dimly began to realize what it must feel like to be a Russian emperor, as quaking we counted the days which must elapse before our natural protectors and the defenders of the town were restored to us. One night, having, as usual, gone to bed with these sensations, I was just dropping into an uneasy sleep, when, sure enough, shortly before midnight the odiously familiar sound of the fire-alarm broke in upon my dream, and, hastily opening the window, I could see the sky all red with the fiery glare, at what appeared to be a very short distance from our house in the direction of the stables where, about a hundred paces farther up the street, our horses were lodged. My husband’s chargers were, of course, away with him at the manœuvres, but the children’s pony and one horse had remained behind; so, afraid of anything happening to them in case the orderly were asleep or absent, I resolved to go and assure myself of their safety. In a few minutes I was dressed, and, accompanied only by my faithful Brick, who was vastly delighted at the idea of a midnight walk, I left the house. Before I had gone many steps I saw that my fears for the horses were groundless, the fire being ever so much farther away than had appeared from the window. However, having taken the trouble to rise and dress, I resolved to go on a little, and see whatever there was to be seen. It was a lovely moonlight night, almost as bright as day, only that the town had a much more lively aspect than I had ever seen it wear by daylight, for every one was afoot, and, like myself, hurrying towards the red glare visible over the high-pointed gables. It proved impossible to get close to the fire raging in a narrow street at the beginning of the Untere Stadt, but any one standing at the top of the steep stone staircase by which this portion of the town is reached could command a good view of the scene, all the more striking from being seen from above. After I had stood there for nearly half an hour watching the tossing flames below me, and choked by occasional puffs of smoke, I began to feel both chilly and sleepy, and thought I might as well go back to bed, since it was nearly one o’clock, and the excitements of this night appeared to be exhausted. I left a large crowd still assembled round the scene of action, while the streets I passed on my homeward way were empty and deserted. Deserted, likewise, was our own street, the Fleischer Gasse, as it lay before me in the moonlight; but as I approached I became aware of the solitary darkclad figure of a slender young man walking on the pavement just in front of our house. He seemed to me well dressed, and in appearance thoroughly respectable—an opinion which Brick, however, failed to share, for he advanced to meet the stranger with a low growl of suppressed but intense disapproval, which compliment the respectable young man returned by savagely hitting the dog with the tightly rolled-up umbrella he carried in his hand. I should probably not have cast a second look at this stranger had not something in the needless brutality of his action attracted my attention, and caused me to scan his features. I thus noticed that he appeared to be little over twenty years of age, had a small sallow face, a sprouting mustache, and dark eyes set rather near together. I rang the house-bell, and my maid came down to let me in, when, to my surprise, the stranger rudely attempted to force himself in behind me; but we slammed the door in his face, and then my servant told me that this same young man had been hanging about here for over half an hour, and had already once endeavored to effect an entrance behind some other person. Two days later the troops came back from the manœuvres, and everything returned to accustomed order and quiet. The officers were, however, one and all far too much engrossed in recollection of those glorious imaginary laurels they had been winning on their bloodless battle-fields to take interest in anything so commonplace as a real fire; so the tale of the terrors we had undergone during their absence fell upon callous ears, and as no more conflagrations ensued to give color of semblance to our story, the matter soon lapsed into oblivion. The usual winter torpor settled down upon the place, and the months wore slowly away towards spring without anything having occurred to disturb their peaceful current, when late on the evening of the 21st of February the almost forgotten sound of the tocsin was again heard in the streets, and simultaneously the news of a fourfold murder spread like wildfire through the town. The house inhabited by a retired military surgeon, Dr. Friedenwanger, had been discovered burning, and some members of the fire-brigade, on forcing an entrance, found his corpse, along with that of his wife, child, and maidservant, still reeking with warm blood, and mutilated in the most disgusting manner. At first everybody was quite at sea as to where to look for the perpetrators of this crime, but by a curious chance, just while Dr. Friedenwanger was being buried, two days later, a bloody knife and some iron crowbars, found concealed in a drain near the cemetery, led to the identification of the murderers in the persons of Anton von Kleeberg and Rudolf Marlin, two young men of respectable burgher families, aged about nineteen and twenty-one. The photographs of these youthful criminals being soon after exhibited in several shopwindows, neither I nor my maid had any difficulty in recognizing that of Kleeberg as the portrait of the mysterious stranger who had tried to enter our house on the night of the fire. Many interesting details, too lengthy to be here recorded, came out at the trial, and a long list of misdeeds was brought home to the culprits, who, among other things, confessed to having laid every one of the fires the previous summer, thus diverting public attention while they proceeded to rob some particular house known to be ill-guarded, or inhabited by women only. There is therefore every reason to suppose that Messrs. Kleeberg and Marlin, well aware of the temporary absence of all masculine element from the household, had selected our house for a visit of this description; and I am likewise firmly convinced that my beloved and sagacious dog Brick, with that delicate sense of perception which so favorably distinguishes the canine from the coarser human race, had instantaneously detected the guilty intentions of the very respectable-looking young man we met in the moonlight before our house that September night. The victim, Dr. Friedenwanger, enjoyed a bad reputation as a usurer, and his murder had been undertaken for the sake of stealing the watches and jewellery he kept in pawn; while by subsequently setting fire to the premises the murderers had hoped to annihilate all traces of their crime. Some of the horrible disclosures at the trial brought, nevertheless, moments of intense satisfaction to more than one female breast, as being so many triumphant vindications of those terrors so cavalierly treated by the other sex a few months before. Did they now realize in what danger we had been last autumn, when they were all away engrossed in their miserable sham-fights? Did they know that their homes might have been reduced to ashes while they were complacently toying with blankcartridges? or that their helpless progeny could easily have been made mince-meat of while they were slaying their legions of visionary Russians or Turks? Such the self-evident arguments with which we were now able to clear ourselves from the base imputation of cowardice, and surely no woman worthy her sex forbore to make use of these handy weapons, or missed such glorious opportunity of turning the tables on her lord and master. Characteristic of Magyar legislation was the circumstance of the whole trial being conducted in Hungarian, though this language was absolutely unknown to the two German prisoners, who were thus debarred the doubtful privilege of comprehending their own death-sentence when finally pronounced about a year after their crime. Like enough, though, its meaning was subsequently made clear to them, for Anton von Kleeberg and Rudolf Marlin were executed at Hermanstadt on the 16th of June, 1885.” (p. 328-332) |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Klausenburg (Kolozsvár, Cluj-Napoca) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): | “The weak side of Klausenburg society at present is a minority of gentlemen, as of late years many members of distinguished families have got to prefer the wider range of excitement offered by a season at Buda-Pesth to the more restricted circle of a purely Transylvanian society which satisfied their fathers and grandfathers.” (p. 334)“The gypsies were everywhere and anywhere to be seen, for most of these social gatherings end in dancing, and without the Tzigane no pleasure is considered complete. Pougracz, the present director of the Tzigane band at Klausenburg, has, so to say, grown up in society, his father having filled the post before him, and he himself, a man well on in middle-age—with such a delightfully shrewd, good-natured, rascally old face—has played for another generation of dancers, fathers and mothers of the young people who now fill the ball-room.” (p. 338) |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: |  |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: | “An old traditional dance, which they here call Écossaise (but which in reality is simply a pot-pourri of several English country-dances), is danced at Klausenburg after midnight on Shrove-Tuesday, or rather Ash-Wednesday morning. This dance having been somewhat neglected of late years, the young people blundered sorely over some of the figures, and the dance would have lapsed into hopeless chaos had not the former generation gallantly thrown themselves into the breach. Respectable fathers of grown-up daughters, and white-haired grandmothers, now started to their feet, instinctively roused to action by vivid recollections of their own youth; and such is the power of memory that soon they were footing it with the nimblest dancers, going through each figure with unerring precision, and executing the complicated steps with an accuracy and grace which did honor to the dancing-masters of half a century ago. One of these figures was the old one of cat and mouse, in which the girl, protected by a ring of dancers, tries to escape the pursuit of her partner, who seeks to break through the line of defenders—the moment when the cat seizes its prey being always marked by the band-master causing his violin to give a piteous squeak, imitating to perfection the agonized death-shriek of a captured mouse. It is de rigueur that the last dance on Ash-Wednesday morning should be executed by daylight. This was about seven o’clock, when, the lights being extinguished and the shutters flung open, the gypsies threw all their remaining energies into a last furious, breathless galop—a weirder, wilder scene than I ever witnessed in a ball-room, to look at this frenziedly whirling mass of figures, but dimly to be descried in the scarcely breaking dawn —gray and misty-looking as ghosts risen from the grave to celebrate their nightly revels, and who, warned by the cock’s crow of approaching daybreak, are treading their last mazes with a fast and furious glee; while the wild strains of the Tzigane band, rendered yet more fantastic by the addition of a monstrous drum (expressly introduced for the purpose of adding to the turmoil), might well have been borrowed from an infernal orchestra.” (p. 335-336)„Each one now rushed to the tea-room to receive the cups of fresh steaming kraut suppe, served here at the conclusion of every ball. It is made of a species of pickled cabbage, and has a sharp acid flavor, most grateful to a jaded palate, and supposed to be supreme in restoring equilibrium to overtaxed digestions.” (p. 336)„The pretty old-fashioned custom of serenades being still here en vogue, sometimes on a dark winter’s night, between two and three o’clock, one may hear the Tzigane band strike up under the window of some fêted beauty, playing her favorite air or nota. The serenade may either have been arranged by a special admirer, or merely by a good friend of the family. Often, too, several young men will arrange to bring serenades to all the young ladies of their acquaintance, going from one house to another. The lady thus serenaded does not show herself at the window, but if the attention be agreeable to her, she places a lighted candle in the casement in token that the serenade is accepted” (p. 339) |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): | “The following evening—Carnival Sunday—assembled the whole society in the salons of the military commander, Baron V——, whose guest I was at the time. There were from thirty to thirty-six dancing couples, and the first thing to strike a stranger on entering the room was, that not a single plain face was to be seen among them. Almost all the young girls were pretty, some of them remarkably so; dark beauties mostly, with a wealth of black plaits, glorious eyes, and creamy complexions, and with the small hand and high-curved instep which characterize Hungarian ladies. The faintest suspicion of a dark shade on the upper lip was not without charm in some cases; and when viewed against a strong light, many of the well-cut profiles had a soft, downy appearance, which decidedly enhanced their piquante effect. Side by side with these, however, were one or two faces fair enough to have graced any English ball-room. What pleased me here to see was, that the married women, as a matter of course, leave the dancing-field to the young girls, and do not attempt, by display of an outrageous luxury in dress, to concentrate attention on themselves: the particular type of exquisite élégante never missing from a French or Polish salon has no place here. This is surely as it should be and as nature intended; pleasure, dancing, flirtation are for the young and the unmarried, and those who have had their turn should be content to stand aside and look on henceforth; but when, as is too often the case, it comes to be a trial of strength between matrons and maidens as to which shall capture the best partners and carry off the greatest number of trophies, the result can only be an unnatural and distorted state of society.” (p. 333)“Of course here, as at every Hungarian ball, the principal feature was the csardas; and it was curious to see how, at the very first notes of this dance, the young people all precipitated themselves to the end of the room where the musicians were placed, jostling one another in their anxiety each to get nearest to the music. To an uninitiated stranger it looks most peculiar to see this knot of dancers all pressed together like herrings in a barrel in one small corner, while fully two-thirds of a spacious ball-room are standing empty; but the Hungarians declare that the Tziganes only play the csardas with spirit when they see the dancers at close quarters, treading on their very toes and brushing up against the violins. Sometimes the band-master, unable to control his excitement, breaks loose from the niche or door-way assigned to the band, and, advancing into the room, becomes himself the centre of the whirling knot of dancers. Whenever the csardas comes to an end there is a violent clapping of hands to make the music resume. Hungarians are absolutely insatiable in this respect, and, however long the dance has lasted, there will always be eager cries for more and more and more.” (p. 334)“On Tuesday we all met again at the Casino for the bachelor’s ball, given by the gentlemen of the place, and where, with the exception of supper and occasional snatches of refreshment, dancing was kept up uninterruptedly till near eight o’clock next morning. At the conclusion of the cotillon each lady received from her partner a pretty white and silver fan, on which her initials were engraved—a souvenir which I have much pleasure in preserving, in remembrance of the happy days I passed at Klausenburg.” (p. 335)“In other Continental towns dancing is brought to an end on Ash-Wednesday morning, and most people would suppose that having danced for three nights running, even the youngest of the young would be glad to take some rest at last. Not so at Klausenburg: nobody is ever tired here or has need of rest, as far as I can make out; and it is a special feature of the place that precisely Ash-Wednesday should be the day of all others when gayety runs the wildest. The older generation, indeed, lament that dancing is no longer what it used to be; for in their time the Shrove-Tuesday party used never to break up till the Thursday morning, dancing being kept up the whole Wednesday and the following night, people merely retiring in batches for an hour or so at a time to repair the damages to their toilets.” (p. 336-337)“Such desperate dissipation has now been modified, in so far as the party, separating towards 8 or 9 a.m., only meet again at 6 p.m., first to dine and then to dance. I could not get any one to explain to me the reason of this Ash-Wednesday dissipation, which I have never come across in any other place. Most of those I asked could assign no reasons at all, except that it had always been the custom there as long as any one could remember; but one version I heard was that in 1848 the Austrian Government took into its head to forbid dancing in Lent. “So, naturally, after that we had to make a point of dancing just on Ash-Wednesday to show our independence,” said my informant. The delicate flavor of forbidden fruit, which, no doubt, adds so much to the sweetness of these Ash-Wednesday parties, is kept up by the Klausenburg clergy, who, after having for years vainly attempted to put a stop to this regularly recurring Lenten profanation, now contents itself with a nominal protest each year against the revellers. Thus, as often as the day comes round, a black-robed figure, sent hither to preach sackcloth and ashes, makes his appearance on the ball-room premises; but, more harmless than he looks, his bark is worse than his bite, and he interferes with no one’s enjoyment. He does not indite maledictions in letters of fire on the wall; neither does he act the part of Banquo’s ghost at the banquet. Probably he has in former years too often acted this part in vain, so finds it wiser now to compromise the matter by accepting a modest sum as alms for his church, and abandoning the sinners to their own devices.” (p. 337) |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): | “Nor was I disappointed in what I saw during my fortnight’s stay at Klausenburg: pretty dresses in plenty; prettier faces, for the girls of the place are justly celebrated for their good looks; and as for dancing—why, I do not think I ever knew before what it was to see real, heartfelt, impassioned, indefatigable dancing. An account of the three last carnival days, as I spent them at Klausenburg, will convey some notion of what is there understood by the word dancing.” (p. 333)“There is a pleasing elasticity about Klausenburg visiting arrangements, people there restricting themselves to no particular hour, and no precise costume for going to see their acquaintances; so that ladies bound for the theatre or a party may often be seen paying two or three visits en route, not at all embarrassed by such trifles as short sleeves or flowers in the hair.” (p. 338)“There is something decidedly refreshing about such frank ovations nowadays, when the lords of creation have become so extremely chary of their precious attentions towards the fair sex. To offer a nosegay to a girl is in some places so fraught with ominous meaning as to be considered equivalent to a marriage proposal, and exquisite young dandies are apt to feel themselves seriously compromised by the gift of a single rose-bud.” (p. 339) |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): | “The weak side of Klausenburg society at present is a minority of gentlemen, as of late years many members of distinguished families have got to prefer the wider range of excitement offered by a season at Buda-Pesth to the more restricted circle of a purely Transylvanian society which satisfied their fathers and grandfathers.” (p. 334) |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: | “What Edinburgh society was to London some fifty years ago, so does Klausenburg stand today with regard to Pesth. As nearly all the people here are connected by ties of blood as well as of friendship, something of the privacy of a family circle marks their intercourse; and while lacking none of the refining touches of modern civilization, a breath of patriarchal sans gêne pervades the atmosphere.” (p. 333-334)“The cotillon, which was kept up till seven in the morning, was much prettier than any I remember to have seen danced before, for Hungarians are as superior to Germans or Englishwomen in point of grace as they are to Poles in the matter of animation—and they executed all the usual figures demanding the introduction of a cushion, a mirror, a fan, India-rubber balls, etc., in a manner equally removed from boisterous romping as from languid affectation.” (p. 334-335) |  |
| Others: |  |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Kronstadt (Brassó, Brașov) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: | „The railway from Hermanstadt to Kronstadt takes us mostly through a rich undulating country, for, leaving the mountains always farther behind us, we near them again only as we approach the end of our journey.” (p. 340)“It needed the sight of beautiful Kronstadt to efface the impression of this ghastly picture— beautiful, indeed, as it clings to the steep mountain-side, looking as though the picturesque houses and turrets had been carved out of the rocks which tower above them.” (p. 349) |  |
| Geographical environment: | “At Hermanstadt the view of the mountain-chain is grander and more sublime, but Kronstadt has the advantage of being in itself part and portion of the mountain scenery, the fashionable promenade winding in serpentine curves up the Kapellen Berg to the back of the town, being but the beginning of an ascent which, if pursued, will lead us to a height of wellnigh seven thousand feet.” (p. 349)“Without, however, going any such desperate distance, merely from the top of the Kapellen Berg or Zinne (thirteen hundred feet above the town), to be reached without perceptible effort, we can enjoy one of the finest views to be seen throughout Transylvania, offering as it does a singularly harmonious blending of wild, uncultured nature and rich pastoral scenery. Not far below the highest point of the Kapellen Berg is a small cave which goes by the name of the Nonnenloch (nun’s hole). A hermit is said to have lived here for many years; but it is more celebrated as having been the haunt of a monstrous serpent, which hence used to pounce down upon inadvertent wanderers. On one occasion it is said to have carried off and devoured a student who was reading near the town-wall; but tormented by thirst after this plentiful repast, the monster drank water till it burst. The portrait of this gigantic snake may still be seen painted on the old town-wall near the barracks.” (p. 349-350) |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): | “The principal church at Kronstadt, dating from the end of the fourteenth century, contains many objects of interest, besides an organ which is of European reputation. In the sacristy are preserved rich old vestments remaining from Catholic times, perfect masterpieces of elaborate embroidery, such as I have not anywhere seen surpassed. Sometimes a cope or chasuble is covered with a whole gallery of figures executed in raised-work, each detail of expression and every fold of the drapery being rendered in a manner approaching the sculptor’s art. In the church itself hang some of the most exquisite Turkish carpets I have ever seen—such tender idyllic blue-green tints, such gloomy passionate reds, such pensive amber shades, as to render distracted with envy any amateur of antique fabrics who has the harrowing disappointment of ascertaining that these masterpieces of the Oriental loom are not purchasable even for untold sums of heavy gold!” (p. 358) |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): | “Kronstadt, or Brasso, as it is called in Hungarian, lying at a height of 1900 feet above the sea-level, is of more mixed complexion than other Transylvanian towns, and is already mentioned in the thirteenth century as having a mixed population of Saxons, Szeklers, and Wallachs. Whereas Klausenburg is exclusively a Hungarian, and Hermanstadt a Saxon city, Kronstadt partakes a little of both characters, and has, moreover, a dash of Oriental coloring about it. In the streets, besides the usual contingent of fiery Magyars, stolid Saxons, melancholy Roumanians, ragged Tziganes, and solemn Armenians, we pass by other figures, red-fezzed, beturbaned, or long-robed, which, giving to the population a kaleidoscopic effect, make us feel that we are next door to the East, and only a few steps removed from such things as camels, minarets, and harems.” (p. 356) |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: | “There is another legend relating to the Kronstadt Kapellen Berg, which, though somewhat lengthy, is too graceful to be refused a place here: “Many, many years ago there lived at the Kronstadt gymnasium a student who was uncommon wise and God-fearing, and who could preach so well that it often happened that he was delegated by any one of the town clergymen, when indisposed with a cold or toothache, to preach in his stead. And this the student did right willingly; for he received for each sermon half a Hungarian florin, which was good pay for those times. But still more for the honor and glory did he like to do it; and the most praiseworthy thing about it was, that he did not copy out his sermons from a book, but that he composed them unaided out of his own mind and learned them by rote; and as, moreover, he had a fine manner of delivery, it was a pleasure to listen to him. Whenever he had to learn a sermon by heart, it was his custom to seek out solitary places where he might be undisturbed, but his favorite haunt used to be the steep, wooded hill behind the town. “Thus one day, having to learn a sermon to be preached on the morrow at the Johannis Kirche (the present Catholic Franciscan church), our student as usual repaired to his favorite haunt. He had just finished his self-allotted task, and was preparing to go home, when he espied a beautiful bird, which, hopping about on an overhanging branch, seemed to be intently gazing at him. The student approached the bird, but when he had reached it so close as almost to touch it with his hand, it flew off some paces farther up the hill, alighting on another branch and gazing on him as before. Again he followed the bird, which, repeating its former manœuvre, led him on by degrees almost to the top of the hill to the spot now known as the Nonnenloch. Here the bird disappeared into a thicket, still followed by the student, who, bending aside the branches, saw a broad cleft in the rock, wide enough to admit a man’s body. He could still descry the bird, which, flying in through the opening, was soon lost to sight in the cavernous depths within. “Wonderingly he entered the cave and penetrated a considerable way into the mountain, not understanding, however, how it was that, though so far removed from the light of day, he was yet perfectly able to distinguish his surroundings as in a sort of twilight. Suddenly at the end of the cave, which had now contracted to a narrow passage, he was confronted by the figure of a dwarf with pale face and long gray beard, who cried in a deep, angry voice, ‘Who art thou? and what seekest thou here?’ “The student felt sorely afraid, but took heart, seeing that his conscience was clear and he had done no harm; so he related to the dwarf how, having come hither to learn his sermon, which by the help of God he hoped to preach next day in the Johannis Kirche, he had been led by the bird ever up the hill and deeper into the forest, till he reached this cave. “At the very first word the manikin’s face grew mild and benevolent. ‘So thou art he?’ he said, in a gentle voice, when the other had finished speaking. ‘Often have I listened to thee reciting thy sermons down in the forest, and have been rejoiced and edified by the beautiful words. I am the berg-geist (mountain-spirit), and the bird which enticed thee hither is in my service, and did so by my order, for I wished to know thee. Thou shalt not repent having come hither, for I will show thee what no mortal eye has seen.’ “At a sign from the dwarf an invisible door at the extremity of the cave flew open, and following his guide, the student gazed about him in speechless wonder. He now found himself in a vault far wider and loftier than the church nave, and though there were here neither windows nor torches, the whole building was pervaded by a rosy, transparent twilight. What a gorgeous and splendid sight now met his eyes! The arches on which the vault rested were of massive silver, and of silver, too, the pillars which supported them. The ribs of the arches were of gold, as likewise the ornaments on the columns. Moreover, these columns were encircled by flower-garlands composed of many-colored precious stones— diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and topazes; while hundreds more of the same stones lay strewn about on the ground. How all this glittered and sparkled before the eyes of the wondering student! “‘See,’ spoke the dwarf, ‘this is a workshop, and there are many more such in the heart of the mountains, where, out of gold, silver, and precious stones, we spirits fashion the flowers that deck the surface of the earth. You foolish mortals no doubt believe the flowers to sprout of themselves in spring to enamel meadow and forest in blue, red, and yellow tints. But learn that this is the work of us, the mountain-spirits, who by order of the Creator wander over the surface of the earth, unseen by men, sowing broadcast the mountain treasures which glitter in the sunshine in manifold shapes and colors. And in autumn, when the flowers wither, we go forth again to gather in the gems we have strewn, and hide them in rocky strongholds till spring comes round again. Thus do we strive to rejoice the hearts of men by letting their eyes feast on the works of the Creator. But,’ he continued, laughing maliciously, ‘we feel but contempt and derision for such foolish mortals as, having become possessed of some stray grains of our flower-seed, which they have perchance discovered in a torrent-bed or rocky fissure, set great store on their possession, decking themselves out with it as though each simple field-flower were not more beautiful by far than the gem from which it has sprung.’ “The words of the mountain-spirit well pleased the student, and he thought of the text of the sermon he was about to preach on the morrow, treating of the lilies of the field, which neither toil nor spin, and are yet more gorgeous than Solomon in all his glory. But at the same time there went through his brain other thoughts of less lofty nature. To a poor devil such as he a pocketful of these glittering stones would be a most acceptable present— sufficient probably to relieve him of all material anxiety, and enable him to go to Germany to finish his studies. Vainly he hoped that the gray-bearded dwarf might tender some such gift, but to his discomfiture the berg-geist betrayed no such intention. “Something more than an hour the student spent in contemplation of the riches of the cavern; then he bethought himself of home, and begged the dwarf to let him out. “‘The little bird,’ spoke the spirit, ‘which brought thee hither will conduct thee back through the cleft.’ But as they neared the entrance of the vault the student made a feint of stumbling, and as he did so, surreptitiously caught up a handful of gems, which he secreted in the pocket of his dolman. The old dwarf said nothing, but smiled sarcastically, and the student deemed his manœuvre to have passed unnoticed. “Suddenly the dwarf had disappeared, and the student found himself again in the cleft of rock where an hour previously the bird had lured him; and here, too, the bird itself was waiting for him, and, hopping cheerfully in front, soon conducted him back to the light of day, whereupon it disappeared into the bushes. “Our student felt heartily thankful to be delivered from the somewhat uncanny surroundings, and to see the blue sky and the golden sunshine once more. But, strange to say, as he pursued his way homeward down the hill to regain the town by the upper gate, several things struck him as unknown and unfamiliar. The people he met were not attired according to the fashion of the day; the path was smoother and better kept; even the very trees seemed changed, and no more the same he had seen growing there when he had gone up the hill that morning. He specially remembered a slender young lime-tree which had been planted only the spring before; where had it now gone to? and how came there to be an aged and majestic tree in its place? “As he entered the town-gate that leads into the Heilig-leichnams Gasse (Corpus Christi Street), many things likewise appeared strange; the houses had foreign shapes, and out of their windows there peeped unknown faces. “While ruminating over these puzzling facts he bethought himself of the treasure he carried in his pocket, and his conscience began to prick him, that he, who until now had been careful to keep the Ten Commandments, had now made himself guilty of breaking the eighth one. It seemed to him as though the purloined gems were burning through the coat into his heart. Thus thinking, he approached the river in order to ease his conscience by throwing in the stolen property. He put his hand into his pocket and drew it out full, but before throwing away the treasure he wished to take a last look at the glittering stones. But what was this? A handful of coarse gravel was all he held. Some witchcraft must be here at work; and a cold shudder ran over his frame, but he was thankful to be rid of the accursed jewels. “At last he had reached the school, and stepped over the threshold of the door. Several students met him in the corridors or coming down the staircase; but he, who knew every one about the place, was surprised to see naught but strange faces, who stared back at him with astonishment equal to his own. “He entered his little bedchamber, but here also all was different: no press, no table, no chair remained of those he had left there that morning; the very bed was another one, and the occupants of the room knew him as little as he knew them. “This was surely a greater wonder than all that had happened to him up yonder at the cavern. It needed all his self-control to keep his faculties together and prevent himself from going mad. And he must keep his reason; for was he not to preach his sermon next day in the Church of St. John? “He fared no better when, hoping to find a way out of his dilemma, he rushed wildly to the rector’s abode. The voice which responded ‘Intra’ to his modest knock was a strange one; and as he, entering, saw a stranger sitting at the writing-table, he timidly said that he wished to speak to the Virum pereximium. ‘I am he,’ was the answer; ‘who are you, and what seek you here? I am acquainted with all the students of the gymnasium. How come you to be wearing their dress?’ “Our student now mentioned his name, and related how he had been delegated by the reverend and worthy minister such-and-such to preach on the following day; how he had gone out early on to the hill to learn his sermon by rote, and all that subsequently happened to him. Everything he related faithfully, excepting the episode regarding the handful of glittering stones, which he thought better to conceal. Then he told how on his return he found everything changed as by an evil charm—how he knew nobody, and was known by none in return. “When the student had first named himself, and likewise mentioned the name of the preacher whose place he was to take next day, an expression of wondering astonishment had dawned on the rector’s face, which grew more intense as the narrative proceeded. When the student had finished his story, he turned round hastily and took from the bookcase behind him an ancient volume in pig-skin binding. “‘Yes; here it stands in the Albo studiosæ juventutis gymnasii, anno Domini 1——: “On the —— of the month of August did the Studiosus Togatus N—— N—— ex ædibus gymnasii, absent himself from here and did not again return, which defalcation caused all the greater consternation as the said studiosus had been delegated to preach next day, being the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, in the church of St. Johannes, and in lieu of the sermon a lectio biblica had to be held instead.” And this happened,’ wound up the rector, turning to the student, ‘exactly a hundred years ago to-day.’ “And so it was in truth; the time he had spent in the cave had seemed but an hour to the young man, and in reality a hundred years had passed! Everything around him had changed except his own self; for the years that had fled had left no mark on him, and he looked young and strong as a youth of scarce twenty years. “It is easy to conceive how this wonderful story was swiftly spread throughout the town, and especially what sensation it caused amid the Kronstadt students, among whom the centenarian youth was now permitted to resume his place. Then as the mid-day bell had just tolled, and our student felt a mighty craving of hunger within him (which was not wonderful, considering that he had fasted for a century), he did not require much pressing to sit down at the dinner-board with his companions. “But oh, wonder of wonders! hardly had he swallowed the first spoonful of the dish before him, when his whole appearance began to change: his dark hair turned gradually white, and fell from his head like snow-flakes; his features shrank perceptibly, and the bloom of his cheek gave place to an ashy pallor; his eye grew dim; and scarcely had his comrades, hastening to support his sinking frame, laid him upon a bed, when with a last deep-drawn breath he expired. “For some years after this many Kronstadt students used to haunt the hill along the town, in hopes that the bird might appear and lead them into the enchanted cavern, secretly resolving well to line their pockets with the riches it contained—for that the jewels were subsequently changed to gravel they had not been informed. But though many have searched for the spot, none ever succeeded in finding it again, so that by degrees the love of reciting sermons on the mountain died out, and the whole story lapsed into oblivion. Also, the page from the Albo scholastico where mention is made of this is said to be missing, so that now but a few old people are acquainted with this legend, and fewer still there are who yet believe it.”” (p. 355)“Kronstadt is said to derive its name from a golden crown found suspended on a broken treestump about the year 1204. A fugitive king—such is one version of the story—had here deposited his head-gear, no doubt finding it inconvenient when flying through the forest. On the spot where the royal insignia was found was raised the present town of Kronstadt, whose arms consist of the image of a crown suspended on a stump. The tree-stump represents the town, we are told, its roots the Burzen, or Wurzel, land, while the crown is figurative of the Hungarian monarch.[78] The original crown is said to have been long treasured up in the guildhall of Kronstadt, and jealously guarded by the citizens, who showed it but rarely, and as special mark of favor to some potentate. An old writer of the year 1605 described this crown as being of gold and decorated with golden plumes, and mentions that it was Gregory, the despotic king of Mœsia, who, obliged to withdraw from the siege of Kronstadt, and defeated by the Turkish pacha Mizetes, laid down his crown on the stump where it was afterwards found by Kronstadt citizens.” (p. 357)“There is another story, which relates that this crown belonged to Solomon, King of Hungary, who died dethroned in the eleventh century, and spent his last years living as a hermit in a romantic valley near Kronstadt which still bears his name. Feeling his death approach, he concealed his golden crown in a hollow beech-tree, where long afterwards it was discovered by some shepherds, when the tree, becoming old and rotten, had fallen to the ground. The Feast of St. John the Baptist (June 24th) was generally regarded as the anniversary of the crown-finding, to commemorate which it used to be customary to hoist up at the end of a high Maypole a crown woven together of ripe cherries, roses, and rosemary, and adorned with gingerbread figures and cakes of various sorts. The youth of both sexes danced round this pole to the sound of music, and whoever succeeded in scaling the height and carrying off the crown received a handsome prize. A dilapidated crown carved in the stone façade of an old house in the Purzelgasse at Kronstadt gives evidence that here King Matthias, once travelling incognito, as was his wont, entered and consumed the frugal meal of six eggs, leaving behind him on the tablecloth a paper on which were written the Latin words: “Hic fuit Matthias rex comedit ova sex.”” (p. 357-358) |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: |  |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Salzburg or Vizakna (Vízakna, Ocna Sibiului) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: | “Salzburg, or Vizakna as it is named in Hungarian, renowned for its salt-mines, is the first station on the line on leaving Hermanstadt—a melancholy, barren-looking place, seemingly engendered by Nature in one of her most stagnant moods. A wearisome stretch of sandy hillocks, their outlines broken here and there by unsightly cracks and fissures, is all that meets the eye; not a tree or bush to relieve the monotony of the short stunted grass, where starved-looking daisies, and spiritless, emaciated chamomiles, are all the flowers to be seen.” (p. 340)“A magnificent echo can be obtained by firing a gun or pistol down the shaft; but it is dangerous to approach the edge, because of earth-slips, for which reason the place is enclosed by a wire railing.” (p. 341) |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): | “No wonder the great white cattle look moody and dissatisfied, as from the sandy cliff above they sullenly gaze down at their own reflections in the dull green waters of the Tököli Bath. This bath, highly beneficial in cases of acute rheumatism, is nothing more than an old salt-mine dating back to the time of the Romans, and which, through some accident or convulsion of nature, has been flooded. The brine it contains is so strong as to bear up the heaviest bodies and render sinking an impossibility, so that, though of tremendous depth, persons absolutely ignorant of swimming can walk about in it in perfect safety, with head and shoulders well above the surface. There are various other baths in the place, all somewhat weaker than the Tököli and other salt-mines, which, only worked in winter, yearly furnish some eighty thousand hundred-weight of salt. But the weirdest and gloomiest spot about Salzburg is an old ruined mine, deserted since 1817, and where over three hundred Honved soldiers found their grave in 1849. They fell in battle against the revolutionary Wallachians, and, as the simplest mode of burial, their bodies were thrown down the old shaft, which is over six hundred feet deep and filled with water to about a quarter of its depth.” (p. 340)  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: |  |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: |  |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Schässburg (Segesvár, Sighișoara) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: | “The prettiest of the Saxon towns we passed on our way to Kronstadt is Schässburg, situated on the banks of the river. Towers and ramparts peep out tantalizingly from luxurious vegetation, making us long to get out and explore the place; particularly inviting is a steep flight of steps leading to an old church at the top of a hill.” (p. 341) |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): | “To the west of the town we catch sight of a solitary turret perched on the overhanging cliff above the river; it is said to mark the place where a Turkish pacha, besieging the town with his army, was slain by a shot fired from the goldsmiths’ tower. The pacha was buried here sitting on his elephant, and this tower raised above them, while that other tower from whence the shot was fired, held ever since in high honor, was decked out with a golden ceiling. This latter has now fallen into ruin, and the inscription on the pacha’s resting-place has become almost illegible (…)” (p. 343) |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: | “It is here that Hungary’s greatest poet, Petöfi, perished in the battle of Schässburg on the 31st of July, 1849, when the revolted Hungarians, led by the Polish general Bem, were crushed by the superior numbers of the Russian troops come to Austria’s assistance. Petöfi’s body was never found, nor had any one seen him fall, and for many years periodical reports got afloat in Hungary that the great poet was not dead, but pining away his life in the mines of Siberia. There seems, however, to be no valid reason for believing this tale, and more likely his was one of the many mutilated and unrecognizable corpses which strewed the valley of Schässburg on that disastrous day.” (p. 341) |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: |  |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Marienburg (Földvár, Feldioara) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: | “These knights, whose order unites some of the conditions of both Templars and Maltese knights, had been founded in Palestine about the year 1190, for the double purpose of tending wounded crusaders, and, like these, combating the enemies of the Holy Sepulchre. Only Germans of noble birth were admitted as members, under condition of the customary vows of chastity and obedience. They had, however, not been long in existence when their position in Palestine began to grow insecure; and casting about their eyes in search of some more tenable position, they were met half-way by the King of Hungary, Andreas II., who, on his side, was in want of some powerful alliance to secure the eastern provinces of Transylvania against the repeated invasions of the Kumanes. The negotiations between the monarch and the Teutonic order seem to have lasted several years, being finally brought to a conclusion in 1211 in a treaty signed by the King in the presence of eighteen distinguished witnesses. This treaty distinctly sets forth that the part of the country called the Burzenland, and whose boundaries are exactly defined, is bequeathed as an irrevocable gift to the knights of the Teutonic order by the King, who, hoping thereby to obtain pardon of his sins and secure eternal salvation for himself and his ancestors likewise, intrusts to them the defence of the eastern frontier of his kingdom against barbaric invasions. In this document, which is lengthy and involved, are likewise set forth all the rights, obligations, privileges, and restrictions of the said knights. They were exempted from all the usual taxes and tributes to the King, who, however, did not resign his claim to the sovereignty of the land, reserving to himself on all occasions the right of ultimate decision in cases of contested justice. Whatever gold or silver was discovered in the soil was to belong, half to the King, half to the order. Though granting the utmost freedom in all matters relating to trade and commerce, the Hungarian monarch retained the sole right of coinage; and while permitting the knights to erect the wooden fortresses and citadels which were amply sufficient to resist attacks from the barbarians, it was distinctly stipulated that they were not to build castles or fortifications of stone. Barring these few restrictions, the land was to be absolutely their own; and had the knights been wise enough to keep to the compact, no doubt the Teutonic order might yet be flourishing to-day in Transylvania, instead of having been ignominiously expelled after scarce a dozen years’ residence.” (p. 345-346)“Many stories, too, are told of their cruel tyranny towards unfortunate serfs—such, for instance, as compelling several hundreds of them to pass whole nights in the marshes round Marienburg, each man armed with a long switch wherewith to flog the troublesome frogs, whose croaking disturbed the slumbers of the holy men up in the castle. King Andreas, who was of a weak, vacillating disposition, was easily persuaded by counsellors antagonistic to the order to revoke the deed of gift, which proclamation was issued in 1221, accompanied by an order to the knights to evacuate the territory and the strongholds they had built. Before, however, this had been effected, the Pope, Honorius III., himself a special protector of the order, intervened, effecting a reconciliation, the result of which was a fresh treaty confirming the previous donation. This renewed deed of gift not only ratified all the terms of the previous document, but actually increased the privileges enjoyed by the knights, granting them among other things the much-coveted right of building stone castles. In spite, however, of some notable victories over the Kumanes in 1224, and the brilliant prospects thereby opened of enlarging their domains, the Teutonic knights were not destined to shine much longer in the land they had thus successfully civilized and made arable. No doubt they hastened their own downfall by the signal short-sightedness of their grand-master, Hermann von Salza, who committed the error of taking upon himself to offer the supremacy of the Burzenland to the Holy See, begging the Pope to enroll this province among the Papal States. Of course the knights had no right thus to dispose of a domain which they only held as subjects of the Hungarian Crown; and though the Pope, as was to be expected, gladly accepted the handsome donation, the King as naturally resented a proceeding which could only be regarded as the blackest high-treason. This time the breach was such as could no longer be bridged over by any attempt at reconciliation. The Teutonic knights had made themselves too many enemies, and especially the King’s eldest son (afterwards Bela IV.) was strenuous in urging his father to eject the order from the land. This sentence was carried out, not without much trouble and bloodshed; for the knights were little disposed to disgorge this valuable possession. Even when at last compelled to turn their backs on Transylvania, which appears to have been about 1225, it was long before they relinquished the hope of ultimately regaining their lost paradise. But all efforts in this direction proved unavailing; for it was decreed that the German knights were to behold the Burzenland no more” (p. 346-347) |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: | “At first the new arrangement seems to have been most beneficial to the country, for we hear of growing prosperity and of flourishing agriculture and commerce; and many German villages which acknowledged the Teutonic knights as their feudal masters were founded at that time.” (p. 346) |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: |  |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Törzburg (Törcsvár, Bran) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): | “Castle of Törzburg, another of those seven fortresses raised by the Teutonic knights during their brief but brilliant reign. This castle, lying south of Kronstadt, at the entrance of the similarly named pass, has, however, lost much of its former romantic appearance. Since 1878, when the Hungarian Government thought necessary to guard the frontier against Roumania, it was converted into a soldiers’ barracks; and though no longer used for that purpose, no steps have yet been taken to restore the edifice to its original form by rebuilding the slender turrets of which it had been divested.” (p. 348) |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: |  |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: |  |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Sinaïa (Szinaja, Sinaia) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: | “From Kronstadt we made an excursion to Sinaïa, a fashionable watering-place and summer residence of the King of Roumania, about two hours’ distance over the frontier.” (p. 358) |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: | “We had provided ourselves with a passport from Hermanstadt, for just at that particular moment the regulations about crossing the frontier were rather strict, in consequence of some temporary coolness between the two crowned heads on either side. Usually the entente cordiale between both countries is most satisfactory, and Austrian officers wishing to pay their respects to his Roumanian Majesty can always count on a gracious reception; but we happened, unfortunately, to have hit off a brief period of international sulks. Austrian officers were forbidden to show themselves in uniform within the kingdom, or, indeed, to cross the frontier at all, and were consequently reduced to the subterfuges of passports and plain clothes.” (p. 359)“It ultimately proved to be much easier to cross from Hungary to Roumania than vice versa; for on our way back that same evening, we were detained an eternity by the suspicious pedantry of the Hungarian officials, contrasting unfavorably with the genial simplicity of arrangements on the other side. The whole route from Kronstadt to Sinaïa is very beautiful, the railway running through a deep valley which sometimes narrows to the dimensions of a close mountain gorge, densely wooded on either side by noble beech forests, bordered by fringes of wild sunflowers, which marked the way in a line of unbroken gold. One might almost have fancied that some munificent fairy had thus chosen to show the way to the King’s abode, by strewing goldpieces along the road.” (p. 359) |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): | “At Sinaïa itself the valley has somewhat widened out, affording room for numerous handsome villas and luxurious hotels which have sprung up there of late years. On a low hill stands the convent where the royal family have taken up their residence till the new-built castle is ready to be inhabited.” (p. 359)“We were walking in the direction of the newly built castle, which, situated on the banks of a torrent at the opening of a steep mountain ravine, and deliciously shrouded in gigantic trees, is the most perfect beau-ideal of a summer chateau I ever saw.” (p. 362)“The castle, now completed, and since 1884 inhabited every summer by the royal family, is built in the old German style, and has, I hear, been fitted up and furnished in most exquisite fashion—each article having been carefully selected by the Queen herself, whose artistic taste is well known. Deeper in the forest, at a little distance from the castle, is a tiny hunting-lodge, where in the hot weather the Queen is wont to spend a great part of the day. It is here that she loves to sit composing those graceful poems in which she endeavors to reflect the spirit and heart of her people; and visitors admitted to this royal sanctuary are sometimes fortunate enough to see the latest rough-cast of a poem, bearing the signature of Carmen Sylva, lying open on the writing-table. The villas about Sinaïa are rather bare-looking as yet, especially on a burning summer day; for parks and gardens have not had time to grow in proportion to the hot-headed mushroom speed with which this whole colony has sprung into existence. The bathing establishment is one of the most delightful I ever saw—a large marble basin, roofed in and lighted from above, framed with a luxuriant fringe of feathery ferns and aquatic plants trailing down on to the surface of an exceptionally clear and crystal-like water. When the Queen comes hither to bathe the walls are further adorned by hangings of Oriental carpets and embroidered draperies.” (p. 363-364) |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): | “Proceeding on our way towards the convent, we were puzzled for a moment by the appearance of the peasant women we met—their surprising richness of costume and profusion of ornament surpassing the limits of even Roumanian gorgeousness. Their straight-cut scarlet aprons were literally one mass of rich embroidery, and each movement of the arm caused the sleeve to glitter in the sun like the scales of gold and silver fish; but why, in place of the customary sandals, did they wear delicate high-heeled chaussure strongly suggestive of Paris? Why, instead of the twirling distaff, did we see Japanese fans in their hands? And why, oh why, as we came within ear-shot, did we make the startling discovery that they were not talking Roumanian at all, but speaking French with more or less successful imitations of a Parisian accent? These various “whys” were soon put to rest by the information that these were not peasants at all, but Roumanian Court ladies, who, following the example of their queen, adopt the national dress for daily wear during the summer months.” (p. 361-362) |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: |  |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  | “It was evident, from the way she was saluted on her passage, that the Queen is a great favorite with people of all classes. The King, whom we came across a little later in the day, seemed of more unapproachable species, and the little incident connected with his appearance savored rather of Russian than of Roumanian etiquette.” (p. 362)„Our beautiful dark-eyed hostess, whose graceful élancée figure seemed made to show off to perfection all the fascinations of the national costume, was kind enough to dress expressly for my benefit before dinner, putting on a profusion of jewellery to heighten the effect of robes fit for Lalla Rookh or Princess Scheherezade. One can hardly wear too much jewellery with this attire: three jewelled belts, one adorned with turquoises, another with garnets, and a third with pearls and emeralds, were disposed across the hips one above the other, like those worn in old Venetian paintings; several necklaces, forming a bewildering cascade of coral and amber over the bosom; a perfect wealth of bracelets; and more jewelled pins than I was able to count held back a transparent veil, further secured by loose golden coins falling low on the forehead.” (p. 364-365) 1“Her father, Prince G——, gave us some interesting details about the foundation of this promising colony, which is the only establishment of the sort in the kingdom. He himself was the principal moving spirit in its foundation, and it was owing to his persuasions chiefly that the King formed the resolution of founding a national watering-place, which, by becoming the resort of the Roumanian noblesse, would keep them at home, instead of spending their money at French or German baths.” (p. 365) | 1Austrian nobleman’s daughter |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): | “There are in the place several good restaurants whose cookery might rival any Vienna or Paris establishment, and, for prices, indeed surpass them. Everything we found to be very dear at Sinaïa. As we were returning to Kronstadt in the evening and intended to walk about all day, we did not engage a bedroom at the hotel, but merely asked for some place where we might deposit our wraps and umbrellas. For this purpose we were given a sort of small closet, semi-dark, being only lighted from the staircase, and containing, besides a broken table, but two deal chairs and an unfurnished bedstead. Yet for this luxurious accommodation, which our effects enjoyed during a period of about eight hours, we were charged the modest sum of fifteen francs.” (p. 364) |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: | “The glimpses of peasant life we got by looking out of the carriage-window already showed us costumes more varied and fantastic than on the Hungarian side; an air of Eastern luxury as well as of Eastern indolence pervaded everything, and it was impossible not to feel that we had entered another country—the land beyond the land beyond the forest.” (p. 360) |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: | “I spent some time at a very fascinating bazaar, where I purchased a few specimens of Roumanian pottery, dainty little red-and-gold cups for black coffee, some grotesque birds, and an impossible dog, which have somewhat the appearance of ancient heathen household gods. There were also carpets for sale, but mostly over-staring in pattern, and of terrifically high prices.” (p. 364) |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Deva |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: | “Similar to the legend of the Arghisch monastery is that told of the fortress of Deva, in Transylvania, which twelve architects had undertaken to build for the price of half a quarter of silver and half a quarter of gold. They set to work, but what they built each morning fell in before sunset, and what they built overnight was in ruins by next morning. Then they held counsel as to what was to be done in order to give strength to the building; and so it was resolved to seize the first of their wives who should come to visit her husband, and, burning her alive, mix up her ashes with the mortar to be used in building. Soon after this the wife of Kelemen, the architect, resolving to visit her husband, ordered the carriage to be got ready. On the way she is overtaken by a heavy thunder-storm, and the coachman, an old family servant, warns her against proceeding, for he has had an ominous dream regarding her. She, however, persists in her resolve, and soon comes in sight of the building. Her husband, on seeing her, prays to God that the carriage might break down or the horses fall lame, in order to hinder her arrival; but all is in vain, and the carriage soon reaches its destination. The sorrowing husband now reveals to his wife the terrible fate in store for her, to which she resigns herself, only begging leave to say farewell to her little son and her friends. This favor is granted, and returning the following day, she is burned. Her ashes mixed with the mortar give solidity to the walls; the building is completed, and the architects obtain the high price for which they had contracted. Meanwhile the unhappy widower, returning home, is questioned by his little son as to where his mother stays so long. At first the father is evasive, but subsequently confesses the truth, on learning which the child falls dead of a broken heart.” (p. 206-207)1 | 1Even Gerard mentions the fact that similar legends can be found amongst other nations as well, like one from Albania, one in Serbia, and even Germany has a tale where somebody was walled-in but kept alive by birds. |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: |  |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Bulea see (Bilea-tó, Lacul Bâlea) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: | “a lake which lies at the foot of the Negoi, 6662 feet above the sea-level, and situated about three hours distant from our shelter-hut.” (p. 373)„There was a steep climb till we had reached the top of the water-fall, and then we found ourselves in a second valley, larger and wider than the first, and of a totally different character. Here were neither moss nor ferns, neither beech nor pine woods—only a deep and lonely valley shut in by pointed rocks on either side, and thickly strewn throughout with massive bowlder-stones, each of which would seem to mark the resting-place of a giant. The only form of vegetation here visible, besides the short scraggy grass sprouting in detached patches betwixt the stones, were the stunted irregular fir-bushes (called krummholz), which, blown by ever-recurring gales into all sorts of fantastic shapes, resemble as many wizened goblins playing at hide-and-seek among the giant tombstones, crawling and creeping into every hollow which can afford them shelter from the inclemency of the winter storm; for now we have entered a third kingdom, and the reign of the pine-tree is at an end. Having once overpassed the height of 1800 metres (5905½ feet), above which fir-trees do not thrive, these once stalwart and overbearing giants have degenerated to the misshapen and crooked goblins we see.” (p. 373)“Two hours more up the lonely valley brought us to our destination. There was one last rocky wall to be overcome, and, having scaled it, we stood with panting breath before the Bulea See, a curiously suggestive little loch, dark greenish-blue in color, which nestles in the stony chalice formed by the rocks around.” (p. 376) |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: |  |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: | “Besides the dogs, there is usually a donkey attached to each shepherd’s establishment. It serves to carry the packs of cheese and milk, or the heavy bunda (sheepskin coat) of the shepherd, and follows the flock about wherever its legs permit.” (p. 375) |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: | “Something of the charm of this desolate stony valley lay no doubt, for me, in its marked resemblance to Scottish scenery, recalling to my mind some of the wilder parts of Arran, the upper half of Glen Rosa, or portions of Glen Sannox, seen long ago but never forgotten; and for a moment I experienced the pleasurable sensation of recognizing the face of a beloved old friend in a strange picture-gallery.” (p. 374) |  |
| Others: | “The brooding melancholy of this solitary spot has a charm all its own. This would be the place, indeed, for a life-sick man to come and end his days, and if there be such a thing as a voluptuous suicide, methinks these were the proper surroundings for it. Death must come so swiftly and so surely in those still green waters, which have such an insinuating glitter; no danger here of being saved and brought back to unwelcome life by a meddlesome log of floating wood, or the officious arm of an out-stretched branch. Everything here seems to breathe of the very spirit of suicide; the cold green waters, the deadly monk’s-hood, the hovering falcon, all seem to agree, “This is the end of life—come here and die!”” (p. 376) |  |

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| Name of the city/region:La Dus |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: | “Our first halt was made at La Dus, a small group of huts tenanted in summer by Hungarian gendarmes, there stationed for the purpose of keeping a lookout on smugglers and possible military deserters, who may hope to evade service by concealing themselves among the shepherds, or going over the frontier into Roumania.” (p. 392-393) |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): |  |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: |  |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: | „A tiny cemetery behind the houses seems to act the part of pleasureground as well; for right in its centre, separating the seven or eight graves into two rows, is a primitive skittle-ground—which curious arrangement can only be explained by the supposition that here the skittles had the right of priority, the dead men being but dissipated interlopers, who, having loved to play at skittles during their lifetime, desired to be united to them even in death.” (p. 393) |  |

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| Name of the city/region:Bistra (Bisztra) |
| Topics: | Quotes: | Your observations: |
| General view of the city/region: |  |  |
| Geographical environment: |  |  |
| Routes/roads and means of transportation: |  |  |
| Buildings (architecture) and places (sights): | “Close to the game-keeper’s lodge there was a dashing mountain torrent of considerable volume, and this point had been selected for the construction of a klause (literally cloister) —or to put it more clearly, a monster dam—across the torrent-bed, with movable sluices.” (p. 394)“This particular klause is not in use at present, as there are similar ones in neighboring valleys; so the little colony of log-huts built for the accommodation of workmen is standing empty, and single huts can be rented at a moderate price by any one who wishes to enjoy some weeks of a delightful solitude in the midst of fragrant pine forests.” (p. 394-395) |  |
| Social and ethnic descriptions (the people. Nationalities: Romanians, Hungarians, Gypsies, Saxons, Szeklers…): |  |  |
| Education and cultural life (museums, theatres, libraries, institutions, casinos, etc.): |  |  |
| Local history (as presented in the journal) and legends: |  |  |
| Local personalities (portraits of aristocrats, for example):  |  |  |
| Accommodation (hotels, inns, private houses, issues of hospitality): |  |  |
| Customs and habits (clothes, food, superstitions, etc.). Family life, daily life: |  |  |
| Commercial and economic situation: |  |  |
| Social events and entertainment (leisure time): |  |  |
| Positive remarks on the city (progress, development): |  |  |
| Negative remarks on the city (backwardness): |  |  |
| Cultural shocks, similarities/differences between English/American and local cultures: |  |  |
| Others: |  |  |