

TO GIPSYLAND.

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I.

INTRODUCTION: A PHILADELPHIAN ADVENTURE.



IT was from Philadelphia that I first wandered into gipsyland. In those days the town seemed so dull. Now that I have been many years away, I feel the charm of its prim streets lined with endless red brick and white marble and green shutters, the charm of the fine colonial mansions long since forsaken by fashion, the charm of the old churches with their little strip of green graveyard, or the quiet meeting-houses overshadowed by great trees, where gray-shawled women Friends, their sweet faces looking mildly from plain bonnets, and men Friends, in broad-brimmed hats and plain coats, linger when meeting is out on First Day morning. I feel it all now, until my own city seems lovelier and more picturesque than many a more world-famed town. But then I knew little else, and I wearied of it, as all good Philadelphians do. I wanted something new, something strange, something different, to give it the touch of romance, which I believed it lacked so sadly. And this novelty, this romance, this contrast, I thought I found in the gipsies. I was young: in my eyes they brought with them all the glamour of the East, all the mystery of the unknown.

We used to go to see them, the Rye and I, when we knew their tents were pitched in pretty woodland or lonely field near the city. The Rye is my uncle, Hans Breitmann (Mr. Charles G. Leland), whom all the Romanies know. His gipsy lore was great; mine, all gleaned from him, was infinitely less, but even he, I think, did not love the Romany better than I. If the gipsy has cast his spell over many a wise man,—over a Borrow in England, an archduke in Austria, a Hermann in Hungary,—why should I be ashamed to say that in the years so long past the curl of the white smoke among the trees could set my heart to beating; that the first glimpse of the gay green van, with the pillows, white and ruffled, hanging from the window, could thrill me with joy? Have I not

said I was young when I first wandered into gipsyland?

Often J—— was with us when we went gipsying; indeed, he too was greeted as a friend by every traveler on the road to whom he wished "*Sarshan!*" the mystic password of these freemasons from the home of strange secret brotherhoods.

When the first sweet days of spring came, and blossoming fruit-trees lighted up many a trim side-yard, and trailed in purple glory over the second-story veranda, and the smell of the ailantus was strong in the streets, and sparrows were busy eating up the measuring-worms, then we would walk far out Broad street, through the dripping darkness of the public buildings, past the Masonic Temple and the Academy of Fine Arts, past the big, pretentious houses of the rich up-town people, to where a bit of meadow-land between the built-up squares showed that we were well in the suburbs. For it was there that, in Oakdale Park, just behind the Rising Sun, but shut in by hedge and trees, the Costelloes, traveling northward after their winter in Florida, pitched their tents. And nowhere, from one end of Philadelphia to the other, were we more welcome than under this brown canvas roof, where, sitting on the carpeted ground,—for the Costelloes were swells,—they offered us beer in silver mugs, each marked with different initials, and gave us the gossip of the roads, while the dogs and babies tumbled in the long grass outside, and the pet goat strayed into the tent to rub himself against the old man, and the horses browsed under the apple-trees.

But in the autumn, when the wind blew cold and fresh, and the country was aflame with scarlet and gold, and brilliant chrysanthemums and scarlet sage filled the borders of our grass-plots with their wealth of color, it was over to Camden we went, out to the reservoir beyond the town, where Davy Wharton and the Boswells had their camp. And of all, this, as I look back, is the gipsy tramp I like the best. For sometimes we would walk down Spruce street, silent and asleep at all hours, by the old Pennsylvania Hospital, getting one glimpse into its garden, lovelier and quainter, it seems to me now, than any I have seen in England, and then up Seventh street to Washington

Square, where a few gray-haired men shared the seats under the trees with the nurses and children, across Independence Square, through Independence Hall, and so on along the noisiest business streets to Market street and the Camden Ferry. Or else we would go at once over to Chestnut street, at the hour when it was gay with shoppers and sunshine, when we knew we would always meet, first, George H. Boker, Philadelphia's only poet, as he called himself, white-haired, white-mustached, distinguished, and handsome, belonging there as essentially as the statue of George Washington in front of the old State-house, so that the street will never seem the same to me again, now that he has taken his last walk there; and next, further on, we would pass George W. Childs walking home with "Tony" Drexel, and between them the inevitable stray prince, or author, or clergyman from England. And whichever way we took we knew that, as likely as not, we would find Walt Whitman on the ferry, or sitting in his favorite big chair by the fruit-stand at the foot of Market street, or just getting out of the street-car. He always had a friendly greeting for us, a friendly word about the travelers who made their autumn home so near his. I can never think of idle Davy Wharton or pretty Susie Boswell, lounging on the sunlit grass, without seeing the familiar figure of the good, gray poet, leaning on his stick, his long white beard hiding and showing the loose open shirt, his soft, gray felt hat shading the kindly eyes.

Now and then, in crowded street, we caught the gleam of the gipsy smile; now and then, in country walks, we came suddenly upon a tent by the wayside, and these chance meetings had all the delight of the unexpected. And there were great occasions when we left Philadelphia far behind, and went down to a country fair in some New Jersey town. It was on one of these, I remember, that I was first introduced to the Lovells.

I thought nothing could be more enchanting than the life these people led, wandering at will from the pine forests of Maine to the orange groves of the far South; pitching their tents now in blossoming orchard, now under burning maple; sleeping and fiddling and smoking away their days while the rest of the world toiled and labored in misery and hunger. But if I said this to the Rye, he would laugh, and wish that I could see the Hungarian gipsies. They were wilder and freer, and all the strange beauty and poetry of their lives they put into their music when they played. There was magic in it.

One memorable day in Chestnut street — it was Sunday morning, and the stores were shut, and the street-cars without their bells

rattled down at longer intervals, and every one, in Sunday clothes, was walking home from church or meeting — we met three of the wildest, most beautiful creatures I had ever imagined. They were tall and lithe and muscular, and their dark faces, with the small, delicate, regular features, were as lovely as those that look out from many an old Florentine picture of Christ and the saints. Their hair hung in black curls to their shoulders, they wore high black sheepskin caps, a row of silver buttons adorned their short blue jackets, and they carried large bags of coarse canvas. They seemed as out of place in our proper Chestnut street as ghosts at midday. The Rye stopped and spoke to them. They were gipsies from Hungary, and a light came into their eyes, and they showed their pretty white teeth, at the first word of Romany. But at once a crowd of idlers gathered. "Who are they? what are they? what do they say?" we were asked on every side. It was unbearable, and with a grasp of their hands we let them go.

This was the beginning of it. After that meeting I felt that I never could be content until I had gone to the real gipsyland — to Hungary, where

Free is the bird in the air,
And the fish where the river flows;
Free is the deer in the forest,
And the gipsy wherever he goes.
Hurrah!
And the gipsy wherever he goes.

When next I sat with the Costelloes in the tent at Oakdale Park, when next I gossiped with Davy Wharton in the woods near the Camden reservoir, I thought that something — I could hardly say what — had gone from them forever.

A year later, when summer came, the Rye went northward, where, in scented pine woods, within sound of the sea, he spent long hours in Indian wigwams, while Towah told him tales of Gloscap and his wicked brother. But I was in Chestnut Hill, with nothing more exciting to listen to than the song of the crickets through the warm evening in our garden, sweet with roses and honeysuckle.

And then it was that one morning I saw in the "Ledger's" column of advertisements that Hungarian gipsies were to play at the Männerchor, the up-town beer-garden where no self-respecting Philadelphian living within the correct radius of the old rime of the streets,

Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine,

would willingly be seen. To go there was considered "fast" in those days; but it was nothing to me where the gipsies were to be found; that they were to play was all I cared to know.

II.



THE July night was warm and close when Ned, my brother, and I took an early evening train for the Männerchor. A faint breeze was blowing over the fields to the piazza of the old farmhouse where my family sat fanning and rocking themselves in the fading light. But there was not a breath of air to cool the stifling

Ninth and Green street station, not a breath to stir in the trees of the near garden. Glaring gas-jets parched the leaves on the lowest branches, and threw hot reflections on the tiny grass-plots between the narrow gravel walks and on the plants in tubs, which strove with pathetic failure to imitate the real country, as I then thought; but which now seem to me a very fair copy of the beer-gardens of the Fatherland.

When Ned and I first passed through the turnstile no one as yet sat at the little tables ranged in order under the trees; no one was in the great shell-shaped band-stand at the far end, where lights blazed brightest and hottest. It was not much more than half-past seven; the gipsy concert did not begin until eight.

The waiters, idling where shadows made the garden least hot, looked at us, the first comers, with lazy curiosity as we walked over to a table close to the music-stand. Presently two or three dark men lounged out from the house. They wore no sheepskin caps or silver buttons, their hair was uncurled, but I knew them. They were darker, swarthier than Seth Lovell or Davy Wharton, and I saw the gipsy in their eyes and in their every feature.

The hands of the clock over the door pointed to ten minutes to eight; the waiters had roused themselves at last, and were rushing past us with glasses of beer; the German patrons of the garden were fast filling the chairs around the little tables. Then some one brought a big bass viol and turned up the lights still higher in the stand. There was no time to lose. Had not the Rye, had not every book I had read about them, told me that half the pleasure in the music of the Hungarian gipsies was in their playing for you alone, "into the ear," as the saying is? And I was eager that on this, their first night in Philadelphia, their music should be for me; they must know me as a gipsy sister and not as a mere stranger, like the Germans who were already busy with their pipes and beer.

"Do go and speak to them," I said to Ned. The next minute he was addressing them

politely in his most fluent Ollendorf: "I wish with the gipsies to speak."

But they shook their heads, smiled, and shrugged their shoulders. He took one by the hand, and drew him to where I sat. The others followed.

"*Rakessa tu Romānis?*" (which is good gipsy for "Do you speak Romany?") I asked breathlessly.

They looked puzzled; they half understood, but though the words had a familiar sound, they could not quite make them out. When they spoke, it was the same with me. Three or four others of the dark-faced men sauntered up and surrounded us. Five minutes to eight: what was to be done?

"*Rakessa tu Romānis?*" I repeated in despair.

They were now as eager as I. Suddenly a youth, with wild eyes and wilder hair, raised his left hand close to my face, and, with his right, pointed to each finger in turn. Was it inspiration? "*Yeck, dui, trin*" ("One, two, three"), I began.

It was enough. A dozen hands were stretched out to shake mine. White teeth glistened, dark eyes flashed. Torrents of unintelligible welcome were poured upon me. Yes: this was far better than the gossip in Oakdale Park, than the afternoon greeting by Camden Reservoir.

But it was time for them to go. First they led me to the table that faced the band-stand, while the Germans under the pear-trees stared, and even the waiters stopped with their trays to look in puzzled amazement. In the hot glare of the gas-lights the gipsies took their seats and lifted their violins. The leader stood in front, with bow raised. He looked to me and bowed; the eyes of all his musicians were fixed upon my face.

It began. I did not know then, as I do now, that it was a *Czárdás* they played. I only felt—felt the fierce passion and unutterable sadness, the love and rage in the voice of violin and cymbal. In it was all the gipsy beauty, all the gipsy madness, I had ever dreamed, and more. And the music swept through me until I lived again whatever sorrow and gladness had come into my life. It is easier to let one's self go when one is young, when one has one's own romance to kindle the blood and to warm the heart. All around me stolid Germans were drinking beer; occasional groups of young men from the sacred quarter, with the consciousness of evil in their smiles, were sucking sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps through long straws; glasses rattled, and now and then the bells of passing horse-cars jingled in the street beyond. But what matter? There was the starlit sky above, the trees hid the near houses, the dingy

beer-garden was glorified by music divine and passionate, which was all for me alone. Is it any wonder that I lost my head a little as I sat there in the warm summer night, with the wail and rapture of the Czárdás sweet in my ears?

And yet it was only the ordinary band that one hears in every town of Hungary: a pair of cymbals, a flageolet, half a dozen violins, a bass viol, and a cello. They played without notes, and the leader, really the first violin, now faced his audience, now turned to his musicians, first to one, then to the other, sometimes merely swaying his body, again fairly dancing in time.

When the gipsies left the band-stand they came to where I sat, while all the Germans stared the harder. The players saw the pleasure in my eyes, and they were glad. I could talk fast enough with the English gipsies; as well as they could I make my jest at the *gorgio*—the silly Gentle—standing by. But now I learned to my cost that the Hungarian Romany has a fair show of grammar and construction, while my English friends had none. But every Romany word I said was hailed with joy, and was a new bond of friendship. To table and chair, to violin and tree, they pointed: its Romany name, as I said it, was an open sesame to their hearts. Then one spoke atrocious French; another better German. It was the youth with the wild eyes and hair who knew the language hated of the Hungarian, and, because of the strength of his desire to talk with me, he understood my halting phrases.

Did they take me for a Romany? I think not. The gipsy knows his people too well. There is in him a mystery never yet fathomed by the *gorgio*. He, like the freemasons, has a mystic sign by which he recognizes his own. But, sensitive as they are, quick to feel, they felt that I was their friend. The leader, as if to give me formal recognition, brought his wife, who was traveling with him, to sit at my side; and then with the grace which is half the gipsy's charm, and after the pleasant custom of Hungary,—like the music, it was new to me then; I understand it better now,—he sent for beer, and, standing about my table, they clinked glasses with me and with Ned, and solemnly pledged their friendship and good-fellowship. And now, how the Germans stared!

The gipsy music was an uncertain experiment in Philadelphia, where life is ordered in straight lines like the streets. To avoid failure that first evening, Karl Sentz's orchestra came and took their places in the band-stand after the first interval. The gipsies stayed with me while ordinary waltzes and overtures were played in the ordinary way, and the Germans

placidly puffed at their pipes and drank their beer. As Levy blew himself red in the face over his cornet, the youth with the wild eyes and hair—Rudi, he told me his name was—leaned close to my chair and whispered in slow German: "They play from notes, these men; but we—we play from our hearts!" This is the difference, for the gipsy is not the wanderer, that hath no hope, of the Roumanian ballad, singing

Without a heart to suffer what he sings.

He has a heart when he plays; that is why, if you too have one, it beats in answer.

Well, they played again, and again it was for me alone. One Czárdás after another filled this quiet Philadelphia corner with unaccustomed tears and laughter woven into sweet, strange sounds. The longer they played, the more intense was their joy in it: their black eyes glowed, their cheeks were aflame; when the frenzy seized them, they shouted with their violins, and then their voices were hushed as the sudden wild, low wail stilled their glad ecstasy. In the end they were as men drunk with music. To their feet they sprang as they fairly beat out of violins and cymbals the fierce, stirring summons of the Rakotzy.

But scarce had the last note been struck when Rudi, eyes like burning coals, was at my side.

"Come," he said, and he took my hand, and we ran through the garden, Ned at my heels,—the Germans dragging their heads out of their mugs to look,—through the bar, through a passageway, to a long hall with a row of closets on each side.

He left without a word. But in a second he was dancing back, waving over his head a pair of high boots, and, as if they were a Lenten offering, placed them at my feet. Again he was gone, again he was pirouetting back, red breeches flying aloft flagwise; a third time, and a blue coat swung in the air and was lowered with the tributes before me. Earlier in the evening, remembering those beautiful wild creatures in Chestnut street, and their silver buttons and sheepskin caps, I had asked if he had no special costume; this was the uniform which the Hungarian gipsy always wears abroad, never at home, except when he serves as conscript.

The others had followed fast behind, and gathered close about me. The fever of the Rakotzy was still in their faces, still coursed through their veins. They shook my hand again, they patted me on the shoulder, they laughed aloud. And I laughed with them; my hand went out to meet theirs in a warm, hearty grasp as I said good night; for at Ninth and Green a train waited, the last that night to Chestnut Hill. But the wonder of the music

stayed with me as the cars steamed out of Ninth street, even while the men coming home from their evening in town snored serenely in their seats, and the conductor, who knew them all only too well, rudely shook each in turn as his station was reached; it lent a new loveliness to the wide dew-drenched meadows, dim and shadowy in the starlight, as I saw them now from the window, to the silent, deserted lanes of Chestnut Hill, when I walked back to the old house and the garden, the cool air full of the scent of honeysuckles and roses, and the crickets still chanting. It was the gipsies who had given this new, rare beauty to the summer night, and yet, as I lingered on the piazza among the flowers, too excited to go to bed, it was not of them I was dreaming!

This was but the beginning of a long summer of music and beauty. Week after week the gipsies played in the Männerchor Garden, and night after night I turned my back upon Chestnut Hill, just as the afterglow began to fade, and the first stars came out, and the wind blew fresh and pure over the meadows, to go in the hot cars to the hotter town, and then to sit in the glare of many lights, breathing rank tobacco-laden air among the beer-drinkers in the little garden which was a paradise to me once the gipsies played. Their concerts, strangely enough, proved a success. There was soon no need for Karl Sentz's orchestra to divide the evening with them. All Philadelphia, from down-town, from up-town, from the suburbs, came to crowd the Männerchor. Perhaps a few really cared; more likely lights and movement and gaiety helped them to forget the heat better than darkened parlors and lonely porches. It was a chance. Another season, another year, their violins might have sung, their cymbals been beaten, in vain. But the summer was dull; they appeared at the right moment; they were made the fashion. Their blue coats and red breeches were seen at many a correct Germantown garden-party; proper young ladies strummed the Rakotzy on their pianos; large parties from

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spent the evening at the Männerchor, and their numbers saved their reputations.

But it was always for me the gipsies waited, always for me they reserved the table facing their stand, always for me their violins and cymbals sang. I met them no longer merely as "the gipsies." Each had his distinct individuality. Of the half-dozen Sandors among them, there was first the leader, handsome, graceful, but growing too plump with Philadelphia prosperity: at a month's end his fine blue coat scarce met over his portly stomach. And there was Herr Josef, who played the cymbals, whose

fingers flashed with opals and diamonds, who wore velvet when the others went clad in cloth, and who spoke a weird tongue he called French. And Rudi—I think I knew him best, he was so enthusiastic in his friendship; he was never from my side when he was not playing, and he was learning an English that rivaled Herr Josef's French: "Goot eefnin! I lof you! ferry vell! 'ow de do!" was his stock in trade. Then there was the large man who played the bass viol, and who said nothing, but chuckled loud when he patted me on the shoulder; he was father of the little fellow, the pretty parody of his elders in his red breeches and high boots. Another, only a few years older, was as beautiful as the youths in Del Sarto's pictures: St. John we called him. The cello-player never spoke to me; a deep scar marked his cheek, and sometimes he would lean his face close to his cello and whisper to it, and I thought there was mystery in his silence. Near him sat a small man with pathetic eyes, which seldom left my face, but who was as shy as the flageolet-player was fearless in his tender pantomime. And last the thin, tall gipsy like a mulatto, who, one evening, with much solemnity gave me his photograph and a letter; for my answer he still waits. It was in Hungarian; I could not read it; I was afraid to try to find some one who could.

July passed, and August came. At the Männerchor the gipsies had been engaged for one month only. But Philadelphians had not yet tired of them, and they went to the park to play, to Belmont Mansion.

To Belmont I followed. It was further from Chestnut Hill. But in the August afternoon it was pleasant in the park, and on the river in the little steamboat, starting just as shells and skiffs and canoes were launched from the row of pretty boat-houses on the banks. Some evenings Ned was with me; on others it was with J—— (who already knew his way, as well as I, to the tents of the Costelloes and the Whartons) that I walked up the cool glen to Belmont Hill. I liked to sit there as the evening grew fresher, looking to where the river, in shadow, went wandering toward the million eyes of Philadelphia's "magnificent mediocrity" blazing in the hot glare of the sunset. People were dining in the mansion and on the wide porch; others were drinking beer at the little tables on the lawn; and when the sun had set, and faint lights glimmered here and there on the water below, or floated upward on passing barge or boat, and bicycle-lamps like fireflies flitted by in the valley, the gipsies played.

Their music seemed more impassioned and wilder here in the open night. The voice of nature and freedom, what had it to do with stuffy halls and close town gardens?

I consumed the deep green forest,
 With all its songs:
 And now the songs of the forest
 All sing aloud in me.

All the storms and the sunshine through which they and their fathers have wandered sang aloud in the Czárdás that now went wailing and sighing, rejoicing and exulting, over the hillside down the glen. They were conscious, I think, of the difference. Their violins grew more plaintive, fiercer. They could scarce tear themselves from the music; again and again when the last note was struck their bows would sweep the strings anew, and the cymbals beat a new summons, and they were once more whirling in the dance, or weeping their hearts away. There was magic now in their playing to hold the most indifferent, to wake tears and laughter at will.

They waited for me at Belmont as they had in the Männerchor; they came and sat with me during the short intervals; and sometimes we walked homeward together through the dark, silent park. We grew friendlier in those long walks. It was the hour and the place for confidence, and then they would talk of the broad Hungarian plain and the wild Karpethian valleys they loved, of the vintage on the sunny hillsides, and the dance in the white road. And it was then, too, that Rudi first spoke of his sweetheart in Hungary: Marie was her name. He took her photograph from his pocket, Sandor struck a match on his red breeches, and I had a glimpse of a young face framed in great masses of hair. The little flame flickered and died. "Marie! Marie!" cried Rudi in the starlight, and his voice was as sweet as his violin. During another of these long walks Rudi said they wanted me to come the next evening, when they would play as they never had played before; I had not yet heard all their violins could tell. They were going from Philadelphia in a week now. Yes; it made them sad. Not for many months could they turn their faces toward the Hungarian plain, and Marie, and the "deep green forests." They must play first in other American towns, and it would be lonely for them when I was not near. Would I come? Would I listen?

There was only one answer to make as we walked together under the stars, with the last passionate cry of the Czárdás still ringing in my ears. I was infatuated with the gipsies, my friends told me in reproach. Perhaps I was.

They went back to the Männerchor for their last week. It was near the shell-shaped bandstand, in among the plants in tubs, where we had first met, that they were waiting when I—and I passed through the turnstile. The leader,

with unwonted ceremony, stepped forward to greet me and to lead the way to the table they called mine. His wife was sitting there.

I knew them so well now that before they spoke I was conscious of their state of unusual excitement. When they spoke it was with strangely boisterous gaiety; their eyes shone with a new light; there was triumph in their smiles. The little soft-eyed man for the first time wished me "*Latcho ratti*," while Rudi, speechless, danced about my chair. The gipsy with the scar was as gay as were the others.

What did it mean? I cannot explain why I was uneasy; I was not afraid, not distrustful. And yet, instinctively, I wished that I had not come. The evening would not pass as had the many I had spent dreaming my own dreams, my thoughts far away in other gardens, on other hillsides, while I listened to their music: of this I was sure before I had been with them ten minutes. And when they played? Rudi was right. Never before had I heard all that violins and cymbals could tell.

Their music was entirely Hungarian. One Czárdás after another quickened into frenzy in the warm, still night while the waiters rushed in and out among the tables, and the Germans drank deep and long from their beer-mugs. But now the wail of sorrow was at once silenced by a pæan of joy. They came to me again during the first interval, and the Czárdás had not quieted them. The leader sent for a bottle of Hungarian wine. Was it that and not the music which had gone to their heads? I stilled the suspicion as disloyal even before it took definite shape. Indeed, had theirs been ordinary intoxication it would have troubled me less. There was something far more alarming in the solemnity with which the leader filled the glasses, and all, clinking mine, drank to me in the wine of their country, and cried aloud their "*Servus! Viva! Eljeu!*"

I grew more uneasy at these uncanny sounds, which I have since learned are harmless. Even as they drank, I determined to leave the garden as soon as the gipsies returned to the bandstand, and not to wait for the last friendly farewell after the Rakotzy had beaten a dismissal. Again they played a Czárdás, all fire and passion.

But I rose to go. Without seeing, I knew that their eyes followed my every movement. "*Latcho ratti!*" I said to the leader's wife, who could speak only Hungarian.

Sitting with her were two fellow-countrymen, not gipsies, whom she had met for the first time that night. She was talking with them, and at my "good night" turned in surprise. She took both my hands, and forced me into my chair.

I told her in English, though I knew she could not understand, that I must catch a

train, that I could not wait. And I struggled to get up. She protested almost with tears. She held my hands tight, she looked to Sandor, she half rose, hesitated, and then suddenly spoke to the Hungarians at her side, while all the while the gipsies watched, and played a remonstrance. One of the Hungarians lifted his hat. "She begs you not to go," he said.

"Tell her, please, that I have a train to catch."

There was despair in her face, and she clung to my hands. Again he translated: "She says Sandor has something of importance to talk to you about. You cannot go."

"But I must! I must!" I cried. The more she insisted, the more eager was I to be gone — not to hear that something Sandor had to say. I could not draw my hands from hers, and again she spoke to her interpreter, fast and earnestly, never once looking from me. There was a twinkle in his eye, but he said, gravely and respectfully:

"Madam, she implores that you stay. Sandor to-night will ask for your hand in marriage for his brother. He is wealthy. He plays well. He will take you to many lands, to his beautiful Hungary. You will be rich; you will have the gipsy music with you always."

This, then, was what it meant. I had been living my own romance in their music; they had been making one for me.

"It's impossible," I said. "I must catch my train. It's all a dreadful mistake. I cannot stay another minute. I'm so sorry!"

And I wrenched my hands from hers. Without a look at the band-stand, though I felt all their eyes upon me, and trembled at the madness of the Czárdás, I fled from the garden and the gipsies to Ninth and Green streets, through the station, into the cars. The train had not started before I regretted my flight. Was ever yet woman's curiosity put to so cruel a test? I had a lover among the gipsies: so much I knew. But which one of these swarthy men was Sandor's brother, and, indeed, which Sandor was it who had a brother? Rudi loved the dark-eyed Marie in his Karpathian home, but, then, one or two more wives to a Hungarian gipsy would be no great matter. Herr Josef, with the flashing opals and the velvet coat, seemed the Cræsus of the band. Was it he whom I had refused with such reckless incoherence? Or was it the big bass-viol player who wanted a new mother for his boy? Or the flageolet-player the full tenderness of whose pantomime I had not grasped? Or that soft-eyed, shy creature? Or the mysterious one with the scarred cheek? I could not go back and ask. Never now would I know the lover with whom I might have

wandered from land to land, at whose side, under the starlit skies of Hungary, I might forever have listened to the gipsy music.

III.



NATURALLY, from that day forward I was full of a longing for Hungary. Within a week the gipsies had gone to a far Western city; the Männerchor was left once more to up-town Germans; and nobody who was anybody was willingly seen there again.

But even if the young lady across the turnpike had not strummed the Racotzy on her piano from morning till night, I could not easily have got the gipsies out of my head.

Who has not been foolish once, and the better for his folly? I began to dream of Hungary as a sort of earthly paradise, where the real gipsy, with long, black hair curling to his shoulder, and silver buttons on his coat, wandered, violin in hand, through the cool wood and over the vine-clad hillside, or sometimes into the towns, above all to Budapest, which, in my fancy, was an enchanted city of the East, with domes and minarets, with marble terraces and moonlit waters—a Venetian Cairo on the Ganges. It was a trifle romantic and silly, I admit. But in our time we have all, like Stevenson's lantern-bearers, carried our farthing dip, and exulted as if it were a ten-thousand-candle-power electric light.

Not at once did my chance come to journey in search of this real gipsy to the land where my unknown lover so gladly would have taken me. He and his brother Sandor returned no more to Philadelphia. The next winter another gipsy band gave a few concerts in town and in the suburbs. They had passed through Boston, however, and there was culture in their Czárdás; besides, they played on the stage in the Academy of Music, while I sat, one of many, in the parquet, and the music was not for me.

Soon after this J—— went abroad.

One day from him came a letter telling me how in Paris he had gone to the Eden Theater, and there in the foyer he had heard that low, sweet wailing to which together we had listened many a summer night at the Männerchor, and had seen the Romany faces, the red breeches, and the blue coats. They were very like our friends, and, for the sake of old times, he had gone up and said, "*Latcho divvus Prali!*" and they had kissed him, and wel-

comed him as a brother, and played for him alone, played until he once more saw the lights blazing in the shell-shaped band-stand, and heard the cry of "*zwei bier*" under the withering trees, and the jangling of the street-car bells up Eighth street. It made me homesick, as I read, for the Hungary I had never seen.

Another year, and J—— and I had joined fortunes, and were abroad together. We had been in London only a few days, and its roar—like the roar of the loom of time, as Lowell once said—still fell loud and strange on our ears. I remember it was Sunday afternoon: we had been to the Langham to see the Rye, and were walking down Regent street, where I wondered at the great, heavy shutters in front of the store windows, so old-fashioned after our Chestnut street stores, which make as gay a display on the first as on any other day of the week, and still more at the girls, on this pleasant July day, with big fur capes over their lawn dresses, and at the soldiers, with the funny little caps stuck on one side of their heads, and at the policemen, who surely belonged by rights to the "Pirates of Penzance" and Gilbert and Sullivan. We were staring at any and every thing, as if London were a big show got up for our benefit. And so, when, on the ladder of a passing bus, a man suddenly appeared, wildly waving his arms in our direction, we walked slower to see what new thing would happen now. One or two other people stopped. The man flew down the ladder, tumbled off the last two steps, and started to run. The conductor dashed after him: he had not paid. He fumbled in his pocket with one hand, the other he waved toward us. More people lingered, and in a minute there was quite a crowd. At last he found his penny, and then with a bound he was at our side, both hands outstretched. It was Herr Josef—Herr Josef, smiling and laughing and crying, opals and diamonds flashing on his fingers, talking now his old, bad French, now his new, worse English. We all three walked down the street; before we parted he promised to come to us at our hotel, and we gave him our card. Of course he never appeared, which, perhaps, was fortunate, for if he had I do not know what we should have done with him. From that day to this we have not laid eyes on Herr Josef, who played the cymbal so well, and who may have been my lover.

Another evening while London was still our wonderland, J—— and I had been dining in a shabby foreign restaurant in Leicester Square, the name of which I have forgotten, with a French actress studying her lines, and an oily Jew staring out of the window, through which we could see the statue of Shakspeare in the little greenspace, and the women and children whom

the most famous dynamiter in fiction wanted to blow up. The dinner was bad, and we left the place cross and still hungry. Close by the door a small dark man in red breeches and blue coat came sauntering quietly round the corner, but at sight of us he gave a sudden war-whoop of joy, seized J——'s embarrassed hands, and kissed him again and again. He was one of the gipsies from the Eden Theater, and his ecstasy soon drew a large and not over-reputable crowd. Two policemen bore down upon it, and in the confusion we escaped.

But amusing as were these meetings, my real gipsy was not to be found in London streets. I was no nearer to him in England than I had been at home. Sometimes I seemed further away, for here the poor Romany had been exploited, and traveling up and down the roads in fine vans with valets in attendance were gentlemen gipsies—save the mark! As if every gipsy was not a gentleman; as if any gentleman could hope to be a gipsy. It was no better when with the Rye I went to see the Romany at Epsom on Derby Day, or to Hampden for the Costermongers' Race. How they all begged, these English Coopers and Stanleys, Boswells and Lovells!—all save old Mattie Cooper, with face as dark as Herr Josef's or Rudi's, and eyes as wild. He asked for nothing, but, the day I met him in the soft English sunshine by Thames's side, gave me a great bunch of sweet carnations with the bow of a prince. But there is only one Mattie Cooper in England.

As the years passed, now and then we listened to Hungarian Romanies at London garden-parties or receptions, where, among the people enjoying themselves in the solemn British way, they seemed like the bird of their song caged, the deer brought to bay. We came across them at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, but what charm was there in music played to the Cook's tourists sweltering in the heat of the Champ de Mars, covered with its gray dust?

At last, suddenly and unexpectedly, as all good things happen, we were called to Hungary. The parks were green and gay in London, and the may and laburnum were in bloom, when we packed up everything in the little Westminster house, and gave the keys to the landlord: once we had met my gipsy, who might say when we would come back again? For the time we too must be free as he to go and to come.

IV.

ONE Sunday morning early, on the way to Hungary, we wheeled our bicycles into Pirna, the little Saxon town on the Elbe, for, as gipsies should, we were traveling by road. The



CAMPED OUT.

day was bright, church bells were ringing softly, people were idling in the steep, sunny streets. As we came into the great square, under the heavy walls of the old town-hall, out upon the summer air, drowning the church bells, stirring the whole place into sudden life, beat the first call of the Rakotzy. What if it were only the town band playing there, men in top hats and black coats, with none of the gipsy fire in their Saxon faces? The Rakotzy was still the music to hear when one's eyes were turned toward gipsyland.

Not many days after we were in the Austrian hills, near Ischl, climbing a high mountain between endless pine forests. In the dense woodland it was already twilight, and the air had the freshness of night, though, when we passed a clearing among the trees and looked down, far below, a lake, lying there encircled by hills, was warm and golden in the sunset. And just here, the loveliest spot in all that wild mountain-pass, two gipsy tents were pitched. The Romany makes his camp where there is most beauty by the wayside, as instinctively as the bee flies to the sweetest blossom in a flower-garden.

"*Latcho divvus!*" we called as we passed.

"*Latcho divvus!*" came the quick answer,

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and an old woman and a man sprang to their feet. But we kept on. We had a long climb before us, and it was getting uncomfortably dark among the trees. Besides, would we not pass the same camp every day in Hungary, would we not in many sit and listen to cymbal and violin? Besides—well, we did not know these gipsies, and the night was black, and we had not lost all our common sense even if we were gipsy-hunting. They were the first and last we met in Austria.

But a week later we were in Hungary. It was noon: we had come to the end of the long street, lined with white cottages, turning their gable-ends to it, and with rows of well-poles like masts along a quay, which, in the single morning's ride from Pressburg, we had learned to be the typical Hungarian village; beyond, under a group of trees overshadowing two quiet pools,—of course the prettiest, greenest, shadiest oasis in the uninteresting stretch of cultivated plain,—we saw the first Hungarian camp. Out from the tents rushed men in the loose white drawers, or divided skirts, of the Hungarian peasant, women in ragged petticoats and bare feet, boys and girls as naked as God made them, funny little black things on the dazzling white road. They



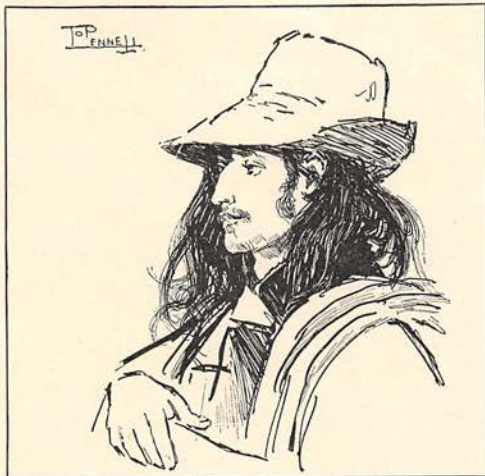
CURIOSITY ON BOTH SIDES.

seemed free enough to match their song — free, indeed, not only as the bird in the air, but as the savage in desert or jungle. But we had been pushing our bicycles for hours through the sand-tracks which in lower Hungary pass for highways, and we were too tired to care who or what they were. We did not speak, and the wretched things ran after us begging, whines their only music.

By the time we got to Raab we were twice as tired. Our supper eaten, we went at once to bed, without a look at the town, without ask-

ing whether in it were the gipsies we had come all the way from London to meet. We caught a glimpse of the familiar red breeches and blue coat in front of the hotel, but they were worn by the soldierly driver of a carriage with a coronet on the door. He might have been the one and only gipsy left in Hungary, and he could not have kept us on our feet another minute. But as we were falling into our first sleep, a sweet wail broke upon the night's stillness—a wail we knew and loved, and it rose and fell, now low, now loud, and louder, until it burst into the full frenzy of the Czárdás. Gipsies were playing somewhere below, and they played there for hours, while we listened in the darkness, half sleeping, half waking, thinking of the old evenings in the Männerchor long ago, of the beautiful evenings that were to come. And I liked it so best on our first night in Hungary; to hear without seeing them, as if we still dreamed, and yet to know all the time that we were really in gipsyland.

We gave up the fight with the sand the next day, and took the boat at Grau, the Rome of Hungary, with the sham St. Peter's on the hill-top, and we steamed all afternoon down the Danube, which is blue only in Strauss's waltz, between low hills, past long rafts steered by strange creatures in loose white, with wild hair hanging to their shoulders from under broad-brimmed black hats. As we sat under the awning of the upper deck, the opening wail of a Czárdás startled us; it was a weak, shaky,



A BEAUTY, YET A BEGGAR.

puny little wail from the violin of a tiny gipsy boy perched atop a pile of boxes on the lower deck, where he was surrounded by a crowd of those strange creatures in white, who wrapped themselves in shaggy sheepskins as the evening grew cooler. He fiddled away while the sun fell below the western hills, while the grayness of twilight stole over the river, while one by one lamps were lighted on the shadowy banks, until, in a blaze of light, Budapest came out of the darkness. It seemed, now that we were in gipsyland, that we were always making excuses not to speak to the Romany. But we knew the scene that would follow if we went down and talked to the child, and still we bided our time. And then, he too was begging for kreutzers.

Five minutes after we had heard the last sweep of the lad's bow over the strings of his violin, a burst of the same music, but strong and steady and loud, greeted us as we came to the Hotel Hungaria. The river flowed below the windows of the room into which we were shown. When we leaned out, we could see the brilliant embankment,—the Corso they call it,—with the chairs under the trees, and the people eating ices. It needed but an illuminated barge, like those which float on Venetian waters, but the twang of a lute, the beat of cymbals, out there in the summer night, and we should have been in that Cairene Venice on the Ganges, that town of Oriental splendor and ceaseless music, which was the



A VAGABOND.

Budapest of our imagining. But the gipsies were in the dining-room, which we found—for we went down-stairs almost at once—was the court covered in by a glass roof, but, with its shrubbery and flowers, looking like a garden—and a garden on a feast-day, so many were the colored lights among the leaves, so gay the blue and gold of the Hungarian officers, so elaborate the dress of the full-blown Hungarian beauties. At the end of the room, opposite the door, in a bower of palms and

oleanders, were the gipsies, correct and commonplace in stiff linen and black coats, the leader, with his violin, facing the audience, and grinning as if in bored resignation.

Every table in the large court was crowded, but behind the musicians ran a slightly raised gallery where there were fewer people. Here, between the palms, we could watch the musicians sitting around the cymbals in their bower. They stopped playing as we took our places; the leader turned, they all drew close together as from underneath a table he brought out a plate piled high with gulden notes and small silver coins. Eagerly they bent over as he counted the money and laid it to one side. Then, on the empty plate he put one gulden note—fifty cents—as a decoy, and, stepping down, passed from table to table, smiling and bowing, actually



OFF TO THE FIELDS.

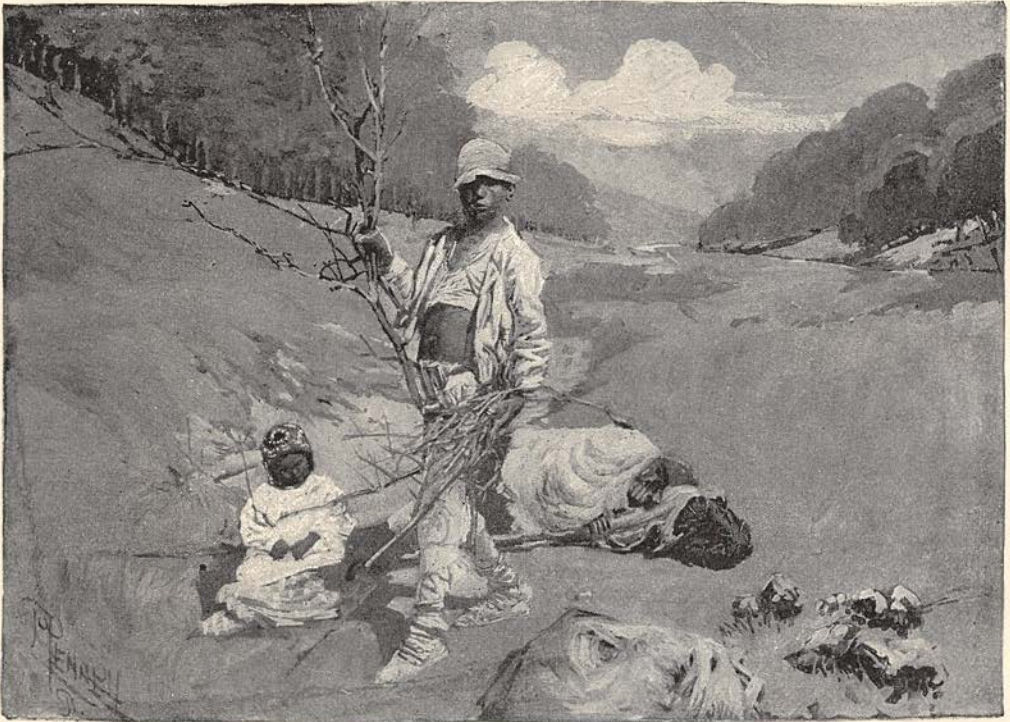
begging! The real gipsy, who calls no man master, who plays only for his own delight, begging in the *boro ketchema* of the *gorgio!*

He came to us in our turn, when, instead of a rapturous Romany greeting, we gave him a twenty-kreutzer piece. I almost wished he would throw it back in our faces: but he did not; he bowed and smiled superciliously as the coin fell silently on the pile of notes.

The collection over, they played again; but there was no magic in music bought for a few kreutzers. It was dull and lifeless. A party of unmistakable English tourists came into the room, and in a second they had struck up "God save the Queen," quickly turned into a combination of "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," to make quite sure. This completed our disenchantment.

But for the next week or two we went through a steady process of disenchantment.

ing when the sun shone on the hills of Buda, and glorified even the long yellow wall and green shutters of the royal palace that was so much more like an Atlantic City or Cape May hotel; a marvel of color when the same hills were black against the sunset. And there was a suggestion of the East in the dark, half-naked men in long white tunics or wide drawers, or scarce more than a cloth about their loins, who unloaded the barges in sight of the elegant idlers drinking coffee on the Corso. And we found the East again further down the embankment, where market-women in gay dresses sat by their piles of melons and peaches, *paprikas* and tomatoes, under the big umbrellas which the progressive Hungarian is eager to change for one unbroken roof; and by the riverside, where were always the fishermen's boats with the high Greek prow and the gaudy Christ or saint on the gilded cabin door.



GETTING DINNER.

Our Budapest of the marble terraces and Oriental dirt seemed a very Chicago or Denver of the *pusztas*, a brand-new town with boulevards and electric street-cars, and the sanitary engineering and other things which won the praise of Dr. Albert Shaw. It was well enough so long as we stayed by the river: from our windows we always looked at a beautiful picture, a *nocturne* in blue and gold when the lamps were lighted; dazzling in the early morn-

Once we went from the river, we might have been in our own far Western towns instead of in the capital of Attila's land; except when in broad daylight barefooted, short-skirted peasant girls danced the *Czárdás* on the steps of a railway-station; except at night when the watchman, in sheepskins, his halberd over his shoulders, made his rounds. But the newness of the place itself was aggressive. Not an old building anywhere, but a church done up to look as

new as the rest, a real Turkish bath restored and working, and a tomb of some old sheik, to which we never went. Why should we? In this modern city we knew it would be as impressive as the obelisk in Central Park.

And the people were in keeping with their town. The men were tailor-made from London, the women, well-dressed Parisiennes transported from the banks of the Seine to the Danube. If the wild Hun had been tamed until all character had gone from him, it was no wonder that the fire had died from the Romany's music, that his violin had lost something of its power and charm.

For though we heard the gipsies again at the Hungaria, and at every other hotel where they played, at the big Café de l'Opéra in the Andrassy-strasse, and at the smaller restaurants where, on Sunday evenings, artisans and soldiers grew noisy over their half liter, always they seemed spiritless and subdued. There was no difference except that at the café and the cheap restaurants, when the leader made his rounds, his plate was filled with coppers.

We thought perhaps it was playing indoors that oppressed them, playing in close cafés and hotel courts when half Budapest was drinking coffee in flower-scented gardens and on the oleander-shaded pavement, or eating suppers in the middle of the street, and on the sidewalks where at every table candles spluttered and sparkled in the darkness. Not even in France or Italy do people live more in the open air than in Hungary. And so, when the friends we made in Budapest told us that gipsies played at the Margaretheninsel, the island in the Danube which the Archduke Josef, its owner, has turned into a public park, we took the little steamboat late one hot September day, and steamed up against the current under the suspension bridge, past the huge pile of the new Parliament buildings, past the gay Kaiser Bad, with its brazen German band, to the pretty green island. Till twilight we walked along the trim, well-kept paths and by the sweet flower-garden, its roses still in blos-

(To be continued.)



A FINE TYPE.

som, and by the ruins of an old nunnery, to the restaurant at the upper end. There are baths here, as there are at every turn in Budapest and all Hungary, and hotels where people come for the summer, and the crowd was the same one sees at the sea-shore or in the mountains anywhere. The gipsies were already in the band-stand: among them were several who looked like Jews, and it seemed to us that the plate was passed oftener than at the Hungaria or the Café de l'Opéra.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

TO ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"IS this (you asked) the recompense of art?
And will the work, alas! that I have done
Out of the overflowing, eager heart,
Be like these frost-flowers in the melting
sun?
Will all the little songs that I have wrought
In love and hope, as swiftly come to naught?"

Nay—for to other hearts as well as mine,
O poet-spirit, fine, and pure, and strong,
To us unknown who loved and made no sign,
Dear has the singer been for the true song:
It lives in souls uplifted, comforted,
While you are what our ignorant speech calls
dead.

Mary Bradley.

TO GIPSYLAND.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



IN DÉES.

v.

ANOTHER afternoon we went to the Volksgarten. There was a homelike intensity in the September heat which made it impossible to walk, and it was in one of the old-fashioned busses, with the hood in front,

that we rattled up the wide Andrassy-strasse, where no two houses, proud citizens boast, are alike, though there is only one, the big Café Reuter, which might with artistic profit have served as model for the others. We had left immaculate business men eating ices among the geraniums of the Kiosk on the Danube; we found their more immaculate wives and children eating ices and concocting scandal under the trees of the Volksgarten, and, though the sun was still high in the heavens, the music had begun. There were Jews among the gipsies here too, we thought, and before our ice was finished, the plate had been passed twice.

It mattered little whether they tuned their violins in doors or out; we missed the old swing and rhythm that had set us to dreaming dreams in the shabby Männerchor. And why were all so bent on wearing the ugly clothes of the *gorgio*? We would have liked better the old red breeches and blue coats, even if they were but half soldier's uniform, half servant's livery. There were days when in our disappointment we wondered sadly whether the fault lay with us, whether it was because our time had come

to creep in close about the fire
And tell gray tales of what we were, and dream
Old dreams and faded.

It was after the visit to the Volksgarten that we heard of Budapest's yearly market, which lasts for a week, and from the far Karpathians often attracts families of gipsies, who bring wooden spoons and platters for sale. The city has grown up about the market-place where the fair is held. From the modern streets, with the well-dressed people, the electric cars, and the mounted policemen waiting in the quiet

rings for the traffic's rush and crush, which it is hoped that the years and Dr. Shaw's article and ours will bring, it was only a step to the open fields, now covered with tents and booths, and filled with strange peoples in stranger garments — Hungarian peasants, the men in white divided skirts, high boots, and jackets brave with silver buttons; the women with bright ribbons braided in their hair, their many skirts, one over the other, standing out like crinoline, swaying at every step like a ballet-dancer's, showing bare feet or high boots; Slovaks from the mountains, unkempt hair in disorder about their shoulders, loose skirts confined by enormously wide, brass-studded leather belts, embroidered sheepskin jackets; greasy Polish Jews, the single curl over each ear and the long caftans; soldiers in blue tights slipped inside their shoes; policemen, like the peasants, in high boots, a cockade falling on one side over the straight brim of their stiff felt hats; Serbs in baggy blue Turkish trousers and fez; every kind of delightful creature save a gipsy.

We had walked again and again in the brilliant sunshine, up and down between the booths, as characterless as the fine shops in the Waitzen or the Andrassy-strasse, the ground strewn with rind of the watermelons, upon which every one had breakfasted, when, toward noon, a sound of music brought us back to our starting-place. Two rows of tent restaurants, shut earlier in the morning, were now open, and from each came strange smells and deafening noises. In some were Serbs with a curious little instrument, half mandolin, half violin; but in the greater number were gipsies, who had come into that vast crowd without our seeing them, though they alone wore a dress that would have passed unnoticed in the Bowery or in Whitechapel.

We went into one of the tents; it made little difference which, for there was really no choice. But the Romanies, we thought, looked a trifle darker and wilder. Two or three were as yellow as Hindus, and in their eyes was the true gipsy gleam; all had the regular, refined features of their race. But the mud of weeks was on their boots and trousers; the greasy Jews in the rear booths would have scorned their coats and hats; their linen had not been changed for days. They were not even picturesque in their dirt and rags. The leader was

gravely tipsy, but he steadied himself as we came in, and with a show of style began to lead a shrill, screechy Czárdás that set our very teeth on edge. I had believed that every Hungarian gipsy plays by instinct, as a bird sings;

leader kissed my hand, while his greedy eyes followed J——'s every movement. They even came and made a circle about the table, and "played into our ear." It would have been funny had it been less tragic; for their



ARE THERE ANY GIPSIES AROUND HERE?

but the music of these men was as forlorn as themselves.

J—— ordered beer, for we could not sit there without eating or drinking, and he got out a gulden note, as he had no small change, to pay. There was the glare of a starved wild beast in the leader's eyes when he saw it; I think he must have pounced upon it had not the proprietor of the restaurant captured it in time. We could not stand that glare: there were in it hunger and thirst, the story of a long spell of bad luck. We did not like to offer food, though I doubt if they would have objected, but we had to do something for our own comfort, and J—— asked them to have a glass of beer with him. Then we said a few words in Romany in half-hearted fashion. We did not want to, but it was foolish to keep on waiting indefinitely for the proper kind of gipsy, who gave no sign of existence. They tried to pretend to be pleased, but it was a hollow mockery all around. The flageolet-player, in a burst of confidence, showed me how his instrument had worn away his upper teeth. The tipsy

playing was abominable, and it was the proprietor who bade them play. It was he too who signaled to them to strike up the Rakotzy when, heartsick, after the leader had snatched our money, we started to go. Then we saw why it had been to his interest to keep us: people had gathered outside, others looked over the canvas walls of the tent. Like the man who beats the drum at the side-show, we were drawing the crowd. We passed by the other tents without stopping.

Often in our evening prowls in the streets we heard the same screechy Czárdás coming from those smaller drinking-places which hang out the primitive paintings of a bottle of yellow wine and a loaf of yellower bread with a knife stuck in it, always more intelligible to us than the signs in Magyar, which looked so barbarous in print and sounded so musical when spoken. We never went inside, where we knew we should see the same poor starved wretches, where we should be looked upon as intruders by the people, as a bank to be broken by the gipsies, who could not be supposed to understand that

our only capital was much devotion to them, for which they did not care, and little money, for which they did care to a degree that we took as an offense. We did not mind the begging of the wandering gypsies that we met one day on the road near the old Roman Aquincum, they were so jolly about it. It was their little game in life, the one art they cultivated, and the whining of the tiny naked black boys and girls, turning somersaults in the hot sunshine, meant no more than the wheedling of the English gipsy woman who wants to tell your fortune. But those others who pretended to be musicians when they were beggars all the time were too dead in earnest. They would have bartered all the freedom of the deer in the forest, had they possessed it, for kreutzers.

It was no better in the near villages, to which we went once or twice on Sunday afternoons. We found peasants dancing the Czárdás in the stuffy inn, but when we came the gypsies stopped playing and began to beg.

They were every bit as much in earnest in

who had got to know us so well that he bowed and smiled when we entered or left the dining-room — as, however, we discovered afterward, he smiled and bowed to any one seen for the second time. But this evening, if he passed us by in the beginning, his next collection began at our table; of course he got twice as much for his politeness, as of course he knew he would.

I remember one evening, after he had made us believe that he was thinking of nobody in the room but ourselves, and was playing for us alone, and we were ready to shower untold wealth upon him, he stepped from his green bower (I can still feel myself smiling complacently as he came) and, with never a glance at us, went to a near table to "play into the ear" of a Hungarian whose head was bowed, whose face was tear-stained, whose bottle of *szomorodin* was half empty, and who was enjoying himself thoroughly. And then he went back to the bower with a handful of notes — not ours.



A REAL EGYPTIAN.

the big hotels, but there they were prosperous, and, after the first shock it gave me to see my unknown lover's kinsmen passing round the plate like respectable vestrymen in church, we enjoyed the humor of it. The gypsies are graceful in whatever they do. If these musicians swindled us, it was with a style that won our hearts. For example, if you had just sat down when the collection began, the leader on his rounds had a pretty way of not handing you the plate. The first time we thought he was paying us a personal compliment. For it happened to be the leader with the face of a Jew,

More than that once, in a crowded dining-room, did we see a strong, full-grown man with his elbows on the table, his hands clutching his head convulsively, crying like a child without shame or restraint, and thrusting piles of gulden notes into the hands of the gipsy at his side. They were really not like other men, after all. It is not in every country that you see people weeping bitterly when they are merriest.

And by and by we discovered that, despite the English tailors, there was a special Hungarian type, though how much the little strip of narrow side-whisker worn as close to the



ON THE MARCH.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

ear as possible had to do with making it, we could never quite determine. And then we began to find the gipsy.

It had grown so hot with September, and the nights were so close and still, that for a week we had been dining at one of the little groups of tables, each with its single candle, ranged in the middle of the street, when one evening, with friends, we went again to the brilliant green hotel court. We came in late, the place was crowded, and the music had long since begun. It may have been something in our mood, but for the first time it seemed to us that there was the right ring in violin and cymbals.

Racz Pal was leading—there was a different leader every night. He was one of the thirty-three sons of the more famous gipsy of the same name who had fought for his country, and had been an exile with Kossuth, Pulszky, Teleky and all the other patriots of 1848. His name was known from one end of Hungary to the other, and to his funeral, but a few years since, great magnates had gone as to that of a prince.

The entire width of the court separated our table from the musicians, but we had not been in the room five minutes before Racz Pal knew as well as we ourselves did that we felt his music, that it had struck a responsive chord.

The gipsies for so many generations have swayed the souls of men with their violins, that now they can tell by instinct when their charm has worked. He watched us as we sat there, mostly silent; one does not care to talk when the gipsies are really playing. When he came with the plate, which he did soon enough, he asked what he must play for us. For the first time I wished to speak in the old way to the gipsy. It was almost unconsciously, almost as if it were the one natural thing to do, that I said a word or two of Romany. He answered in far better English as he stood there, plate extended, correct and dignified. But when he went back among the oleanders and took up his violin, he played only the *Czárdás*, the waltzes, and the overtures to which we had listened in the stifling *Männerchor* or on the airy hill at Belmont. Then, at times, I had dreamed dreams of Hungary; but now it was in the past I lived. We are young only once. Had I had a little of the Hungarian simplicity I too could have put my head down and cried for my lost youth and its romance.

The music stopped only when now and then Racz Pal came to ask what next his violin must sing for us. And every great joy of that long-lost summer sprang into life again as they played; my heart was breaking with its every sorrow. There was the scent of dried rose-

leaves in their music, the windings of the river in the moonlight, the voice of love.

I think the diners must have gone without my knowing it, for the waiters began putting out the lights here and there, until all the court was in darkness except in our corner. But still the gipsies played.

Presently Racz Pal, always playing, came slowly through the darkness to my side, his violin close to my ear, its every note thrilling me with pain that was almost unendurable in its sweetness. One by one the others, always playing, crept down until all stood around us among the shadows. I do not know whether we gave them more money; I do not think they knew either. But they played on and on, exulting in their power. Was it with tears my cheeks were wet, I wonder? Was there really some one opposite with head bent low, his clenched fists beating the table, singing like mad? And who was sober enough to push back his chair and break the charm? Not I: the violin was too sweet in my ear. And these wild creatures, with flaming eyes and faces aglow, who kissed my hands, were they the musicians who had seemed so cold and passionless as they sat among the palms and oleanders?



A LOOK AT THE GORGIOS.

When we came to our senses the next morning in the sunlight that was pouring in hot cheerfulness on the hills of Buda, and while the only music was the puffing and whistling of the little steamboats across the Danube, and it was possible to think as well as feel, we decided that it was worth waiting three weeks for one such night of beauty, and that if Racz Pal and the others had only worn curls and silver buttons, and had been playing like that in their camp by quiet stream or in lonely woodland, and we



TALKING OVER THINGS.

had come upon them by chance, why then our ideal had been realized, our quest over. It was then, too, that for the first time it occurred to me how very little Racz Pal had cared for my Romany—such as it was. Every time I had spoken it he had answered in English or German.

But another evening that same week, J— had gone somewhere, and I was dining alone in a small room next to the large court, where, at a table under the light, I could now read my book, now listen to the music. I had not looked to see who was leading. But when collection-time came, there was a step on the stairs to my quiet retreat, and Racz Pal, plate in hand, appeared in the doorway. He dropped the plate on the first table, and with hands outstretched ran to where I sat, and, now that I was alone, poured forth a torrent of Romany so fast and inexhaustible that I could not follow it. "Then you do talk Romany?" I said. Why, of course; he talked nothing else at home with his own people. The Tziganyies of Hungary were still true Roms. Wherever we might journey, in the plain, or, better still, in Transylvania, where there were so many *Romany chals*, we would hear the soft-flowing speech of their fathers. After J— and I had talked this over, we got our map of Hungary, and studied it. We might as well be off in the woods while the September sun was still hot, the September sky still cloudless. We arranged to start from Budapest on the next Monday.

On Sunday afternoon we went for the last time to the high villa on the Blocksberg where our every Sunday had been spent. But this was an occasion in itself. It was some popular saint's day, and all the morning in Pest we had seen flowers borne through the streets to those named in honor of the saint; among them was



AN INVALID.

our friend, the mother in the villa. And so, when we sat down to supper, there were great bunches of roses and carnations and gladioli on the long tables that ran around three sides of the large dining-hall, and all her friends had come to bring their good wishes. Nor were we the only foreigners, for at the villa Americans were as welcome as prodigals, and many, with us, have carried away golden memories of the gay hours spent there. There were toasts after supper over the amber wine of Hungary. The colonel, straight and erect and soldier-like, as in the days long past when he defended his country's freedom at Kossuth's side, made his sonorous Magyar speech to the mother, and then proposed our health in English,—for during years of exile he lived in England,—and praised me—I blush a little now, remembering it—as the brave sportswoman who had cycled all the way from Calais to Budapest. Above the loud cries of *Egen*, and *Servus*, and *Mahlzeit*, as everybody shook hands with everybody else, rose the gipsy music, for gipsies with their violins and cymbals sat at the door. What would a feast in Magyarland be without them?

When we went into the garden, hanging lanterns burned among the trees, and the moonlight lay white and wide on the plain and on the river far below. The gipsies followed to the terrace, where there was light enough for men who play from their hearts, as Rudi said. One by one the wandering couples began to dance, until at

last all were stamping and whirling and shouting in the mad *Czárdás*. When there was a pause in the playing, from the road at the foot of the hill came a faint echo answering the violins in the garden; for lights there too flickered among the trees, and in the silver dust other dancers stamped and whirled. And they danced and danced down there in the open road, and up above in the garden, while the moon rose higher and higher.

Once the dancers, hot and breathless, trooped into the house to drink long, cooling draughts of the amber wine. And it was then I spoke in Romany to the leader as he stayed there in the moonlight, grave and sad as gipsies so often seem. He said little, but he told me that now, for me, he would play a *tácho Románi gilli*—a real gipsy song. It was as wild and fierce as the moan and roar of the wind through the pine forest at night, this passionate defiance of the weary outcast. They say the Romanies have no music of their own, but never have I heard a song so strange and savage as the *gilli* sung by the violins in the moonlight, among the swinging lanterns.

The dancers came out, and a new *Czárdás* began. They danced and then they sang, and then they danced again, while the moon sank lower and lower; they danced while the first faint gray of the dawn streaked the eastern sky beyond the Danube and the plain of Pest;



A FLIRTATION AT THE FAIR.

they danced till the sun was high in the heavens and the river flowed a stream of gold through the fields—that is, they danced, and the gipsies played, till nine in the morning.

This, our last in Budapest, was the perfect night of our dreams. Only, when we dreamed, the gipsies, wandering in the moonlight, stopped of their own accord where the dancers waited, and played for nothing but the love of playing. Our perfect gipsy was not there; we knew now that we could never find him in cities, but must search for him in his own home on the roads.

VI.

A DAY as hot as midsummer, a burning sky without a cloud, a green country brilliant in blinding light, what could have been better for

to study the country's institutions and progress, for no one in Budapest believed in our interest in the gipsies; and in J——'s pocket, along with his passport, was an impressive paper from the Minister of the Interior—impressive, probably, because we could not read it—which explained to whomsoever it might concern that we were not Russian spies or dangerous characters.

All the afternoon we were crossing the vast treeless plain until dusk and Debreczin came together—Debreczin, where we had been warned we must not fail to stop, because it was such a thoroughly typical Hungarian town, and because the mayor would turn out in his coach and four to show us the sights. But the mayor was not a gipsy, and we stayed only long enough to see the strange women, with their faces half covered in the Eastern fashion, who



THE FAIR.

our start, even if we were stifling in the railway-carriage, filled with people talking now German, now Hungarian, now a totally unknown tongue, evidently sampling some of the three languages of the printed notice above the seats? We were on our way to Transylvania, and our bicycles were in the baggage-car.

That little word of Racz Pal's a few nights before had first turned our thoughts toward the home of Hunyadi Janos, the great Hungarian hero whose name hitherto had meant for us only a very nasty mineral water. Hungary was far too big for an autumn's wanderings to carry one across its entire length and breadth, as we had fondly hoped before we knew anything about it; and we were going to that part where were the most gipsies and the best roads. Our knapsacks were full of letters of introduction which would enable us

crouched in the shadows of the station, and the stranger men, in tall black sheepskin caps and priestlike cloaks, who looked ready to ascend the sacrificial altar, but who were only buying tickets at the office.

Some time during the night we must have journeyed out of the plain, for, when we awoke, mountains shut us in on every side. I shall never forget our arrival at Márámaros Szeget in the pale dawn, when a hundred or more men, like so many savages, in shaggy sheepskins, their hair falling in long tangles, tumbled out of the train, and, suddenly at a word of command, fell into line, and two by two, with military step, marched toward the town. We followed with our bicycles and an escort of Polish Jews in curls and caftans, bent on making us, machines and all, take their old hacks. Into the large square the company in sheep-



THE RETURN FROM THE FAIR.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

skins marched, and there, in long rows, silent and stern, stood more men like them, over their shoulders great scythes black and threatening against the eastern sky, now fiery with the rising of the sun. Was it the beginning of another peasant rebellion away off here in this remote corner of northeastern Hungary?

Seen in broad daylight, the men with the scythes were only laborers waiting to be hired, the savages from the train only reserves come for their summer manœuvres. We found them later in the open streets stuffing their divided skirts into the blue tights of the Austrian infantry uniform, cutting their hair, shaving their beards, and showing how a picturesque peasant can be transformed into a commonplace soldier. But this very explanation made the whole town with its fantastic groups seem still more artificial, like a scene upon the stage. It was the beginning of the East, where men wear impossible costumes; and before the morning was over we discovered such an incredible mixture of races,—Magyars, Wallachs, Ruthenians, Germans, Polish Jews, gypsies,—that the crowd suggested nothing so much as an illustrated ethnological catalogue. It was the same throughout Transylvania, but this first glimpse of the people fairly took away our breath. And

it seemed the more extraordinary because, wild and barbarous as were the peasants in their dress, we were yet in the heart of western civilization. The town with the outlandish name was a Budapest in miniature, with brand-new houses, banks, and hotels.

Not for us in Szeget was it necessary that a kettle should be hung over the fire of brushwood; not for us did smoke go curling up among the trees. Instead of being allowed to find our gipsy, we had to get dressed and go out to dinner in a house full of pictures from Vienna and Paris—one of those long, rambling, single-storied Hungarian houses with the rooms opening into one another, and beds standing around promiscuously where you least looked for them. Had Romanies been there we might have talked a trifle more intelligibly than with our host and his wife and daughter. Still the evening was gay. Only, when we asked if there were Tziganies about the town, they thought perhaps so, somewhere down the road; but what matter? We must come with them tomorrow to the famous salt-mines close by, and the day after J— should go on a bear-hunt got up for his special benefit.

But it was gypsies we wanted, not bears and mines, though, like our friends in Budapest,

they would not believe it. And so, the next morning early, we were off, when only the peasants with their scythes were in the market-place to see our start. In the growing light we rode between the sheepskins, down the long street of the Wallachs, with a well-pole at every cottage gate, past the encampment where the soldiers were already stirring, and then on through little villages where stately Roumanian women in gay aprons stood at the wells with jugs that a Greek designed, through the open country, the peasants working in the fields making lines of white against the dark belts of woodland, and on into the lonely mountains.

What places there were for the tent of the wanderer on that first day's journey!—in the little leafy dell by the brookside under the chestnuts shading the high mountain-pass. But it was only in Telső Bánya, in the kitchen of the one inn in the town, that we found him. A woman was cooking at the large stove, another, in the caged-in corner to which we got so used in small Transylvanian inns, was

drinking nothing, doing nothing, and their talk, as it reached us, was all of kreutzers and guldens, guldens and kreutzers, which, however, no one came to give them. We waited and waited, and still we were the only guests, still the violins lay untouched on the table. We were so sleepy after our long ride in the hills that at last we went to bed and left them there to their endless talk of guldens and kreutzers, which had killed within us the desire to speak.

I do not know how late it was when we woke with a start in the great bare, stone guest-chamber with the gratings at the window that gave upon the street; we had been sleeping soundly, though J——'s only bed was a shabby sofa with sheets and blankets thrown loosely over it. There was a crash of music, struggling with fierce voices; at last, rising above them, the Czárdás again; a scuffling, a string of good strong Romany oaths, the banging of doors and—silence. It was a common tavern brawl, for which one need not travel to Hungary.



A FAMILY MOVING.

chopping melons with a hatchet,—for the pigs, probably,—and at the far end of the room sat a group of men whose features we could not distinguish in the darkness. But as the landlord, a stanch Magyar who spoke no German, brought us his dishes that we might make our choice, we heard a few words of Romany, and, as the lamps were lighted, we saw the violins on the table, and the dark faces. They were eating nothing,

And yet the gipsies had played, and we had been sleeping!

We never knew what happened in the night; for we could speak no word to the landlord when, in the morning, he came smiling with our bill chalked up on a slate; and the women in sheepskins, selling tomatoes and big red *paprikas*, and the white oxen lazily chewing the cud in the market-place, were still in shadow when



WAITING TO BE HIRED.

we set out down the valley, following the river, riding past the white-robed peasants going to the gold-mines, and the carts with Wallachs in sheepskins low in the bottom, like us on the way to Nagy Bánya.

It was the day of the weekly market there, and the square was a solid mass of sheepskins and white oxen. We never ceased to marvel at these markets with their extravagant display of costume, always differing, if only slightly, according to town or village from which the peasants came. For us they never lost their freshness and infinite variety. But now I think I remember best those we saw first, when everything was so new and strange. And it was stranger in Nagy Bánya to step across centuries of civilization, from the midst of the wild sheepskins, into a house where etchings by Rembrandt, and drawings by Victor Hugo, and rare old tapestries hung on the walls; where the latest books lay within easy reach, and where London tailors and Paris milliners had set the fashion. For in this pretty town, lying low among the hills, our pile of letters was lowered by one, and we were welcomed to it, as none but Hungarians can give you welcome, by another of those brave patriots of '48, a man whose boast it is that in his day no battle for freedom was fought in Europe without him. He is old now, his hair is white, but the same fire burns bright within him. He is a Magyar to the heart's core, and I like to recall how he received us with scowls so long as we spoke the hated German, with

open arms when once we dropped it for French, and he had read the letter we brought from the good colonel in Budapest.

I wish I could linger on the days we spent in Nagy Bánya, the afternoons in the flower-garden, with glimpses of the distant mountains; the drives down the cool green valley where the gold-mines are; the walks in the little park where the people take their afternoon stroll. There is nothing the world over like the Hungarian kindness, and the friends we made here could not do enough for us. "Tell us what we can do for you"—that was the beginning and end of all our talks. We said once we wanted to see gypsies. Oh, that was easily managed, was their answer. We were dining with them at the time, and a wonderful dinner it was, all Hungarian, for our benefit: *galyas* and *paprikas* and *paradeis huhn*, washed down with old *szomorodin* of some famous vintage, and mineral water fresh that morning from springs just beyond the town, and set on the table in the beautiful Greek urn in which the peasant woman had brought it, a bunch of oak-leaves for cork. The cloth was laid in the porch, it was such a still, hot day. A man in loose white drawers and shirt, carrying spade and rake, passed across the garden to the stables.

"Tzigan! Tzigan!" called the old patriot, from where he sat at the head of the table.

The man came running to the porch. As he ran he took off the cap from the tangled mass of his black hair, and he now stood with

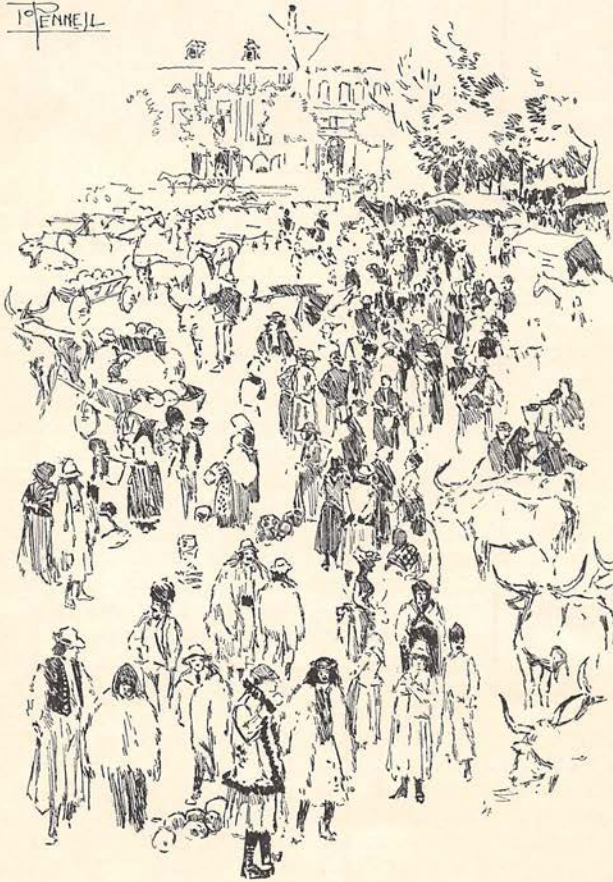
it in his hand, as wild and shy as the deer just tamed, the bird just caged. There was the beauty of the East in his dark face, the gleam of the gipsy in his darker eye.

The master filled a glass with wine, and gave it to him. He drank it, cap in hand, drank it greedily, thirstily, unabashed. Then, at the word of command, he put down the empty glass, and ran as fleet as a whipped hound to the stables. He was one of their gipsies, and it was his day to work for them, they explained.

Their gipsies! His day to work for them!

We understood better the next morning when they drove us in their carriage, behind the little Roumanian driver in his blue-and-white summer livery, and with long ribbons dangling from his hat worn jauntily on one side of his head, out from the town, across the

tains of the Karpathian Girl melting into pale blue shadows in the noonday heat. We left the carriage, and the pretty daughter and her brother took us to the gipsy huts on the outskirts of the village. The trees hid the nearest cottages. In front were the corn-fields, the ears all picked, the green leaves gone, but the stalks, brown and withered, standing stretched to the shadowy heights. The blue smoke was lazily curling upward from the kettle hung over the fire, as I had so often seen it by the Camden reservoir, and an old brown witch of a Dye sat close to it on the parched grass, smoking a pipe. It might have been Rosanna Lovell, only Rosanna never would have jumped up and made such humble bows to the *gorgio*. And never in Camden or Philadelphia had we seen a group like that gathered about another kettle



THE FAIR AT NAGY BÁNYA.

plain, to the group of thatched cottages where flax was drying in the tiny gardens, and to the big house with the last roses blooming about the door, and far away, on the horizon, the moun-

tain further on. A young woman, dark and beautiful, her white teeth gleaming as we came, crouched there with a naked brown baby in her lap; in front of her, in a semicircle around



A CORN-STALK CABIN.

the fire, three boys as brown and naked, like little imps of darkness, were sitting cross-legged. From the hut wandered a young man in a pair of wide drawers, but stripped to the waist, and as coal-black as a negro. It was a family party an explorer would not have been surprised to find in Africa. They were wilder far than any gipsies we had ever met upon the roads at home. One of the boys, when he saw us, sprang to his feet, and with a bound was in the corn-field, flying and hiding among the corn-stalks as tall as himself.

But these were not gipsy tents, these huts, burrowed deep into the ground, with walls and roofs of wood and mortar, thatched with corn-shucks. These were not tents to be thrown over the horse's back or strapped under the van when the cold blasts from the mountains gave the signal for the journey down into the lowland and far away to the south. For the gipsies living in them, though they ran naked like so many savages of the desert, had given up forever the old sweet, free life when they wandered at will and knew no man for master. They had come many years ago to squat, as we would say, upon the great lord's estate, and he had let them stay, only exacting for payment a day's work in every week from each grown man. The peasants may have been freed in '48, but the gipsies in gipsyland have become slaves in their place, though many a *Romany chal* followed Kossuth into the field against the hated Austrian. Poverty and dirt and rags are a small price to give for freedom, but they had lost this priceless heirloom of their race, and had kept only its bitterest burdens. They were poorer than their kinsmen

who travel over our American roads; they were more tied to the land upon which they dwelt than the peasants in the near cottages. As they sit there in the sunshine, looking over to the mountains, how often, I wonder, are they haunted by the old love of change and adventure?

All the gipsies were working about Nagy Bánya. We saw the pretty Romany boys bringing milk into the town, though, had they been carrying it from the *gorgio*, it would have been more to our liking. We saw old white-bearded men coming from the fields. Men and women were fetching and carrying in the brick-yards in the valley on the other side of the town. Like the *gorgio*, or Philistine, they were forced to eat their bread—and such stale, musty bread!—by the sweat of their brow.

And it was the same when we left Nagy Bánya and were on the road again. Near the great house were always the gipsy huts, which we soon got to know as well as already we knew the gipsy himself.

The day we rode away from that friendly town and its friendlier people, and were in the hills that lie between it and Dées, we met a wagon with two gipsy women lounging low in the straw at the bottom, and two gipsy boys walking at its side, urging on the rickety old horse. The faces of the women once would have brought them to the stake for witches; the boys, with the tumbled black locks falling into their eyes, were beautiful in that exaggerated, sentimental way that we resent as artificial and theatrical in pictures of the ideal Neapolitan, while their rags seemed more artfully "arranged" than those of the best made-up stage



SEEN IN DÉES.

beggar. One wore a bit of bright red in an old sleeveless waistcoat, but it only half covered the beauty of his brown young body. We thrilled a little as we saw them: it was exactly the caravan that we had thought to find at every turn on Hungarian roads. But when we overtook them and spoke, they could not understand. We did not mind much, we were so sure that we should meet others like them every day now. But they were the only wandering gypsies we saw in the northern part of Transylvania.

They told us in the towns, when we asked why this should be, that it was rare indeed that gypsies traveled from place to place. The local laws against them in each department are severe, and when they venture to pitch their tents by the roadside, they are quickly made to fold them, and are sent flying into the next county. When they journeyed with their baggage, we might be sure it was because they were playing a favorite gypsy trick, and leaving their last village home just before their stay had been long enough to compel their payment of the village taxes. Free as the bird in the air no longer: free as the bird in the cage, rather, is their song to-day.

It went to our hearts when we passed the gypsy women digging in the road near the manor-house; when from brick-yards gypsy girls, with lovely faces, handkerchiefs turned back like turbans over their low brows, came running out to watch us ride; when we found gypsy men toiling in the service of the peasants—and there was not a day that we did not see something of this kind. But the worst was when we met a gypsy with wild sad eyes, and long black curls hanging about his weary, drawn face, bent double under the bags of a Jew in caftan, who walked just behind to see that he did not lag. The sun shone, birds flew over the corn-fields, close by were woods where one could lie sleeping all day in the green shade. But on, in the white dust of the road, in the glaring sunshine, toiled the gypsy at the beck and call of the task-master who already holds half the Wallachs in that part of the Karpathians in his power. After this, there seemed to us no hope for the poor gypsy. And the pitiful face, the eyes,



THE SERVANT EVEN OF THE PEASANT.

as mournful and pleading as those of an animal in pain, haunt me yet.

Sometimes we spoke to the gipsies by the way, and sometimes they answered in Romany: it was only the few who, like the wanderers on the road near Dées, had forgotten even the *kālo jib*, or black language, which is half the secret of their survival as a separate race during all these long ages. Often from Hungarian or Roumanian peasant we had to turn to them to ask our way, and at this they were seldom surprised. The surprise, indeed, was on my part the first time I spoke to a woman at work on the road in the village, with a little black girl in a night-gown, many shells hanging from her plaited hair, and two little black boys in nothing at all playing close by. I asked her: "*Shan tiri chavi, Dya?*" ("Are they your children, mother?") as I might have asked Shera Wharton or Susie Boswell.

"*Egen*" (for the Hungarian gipsy uses the Hungarian yes), "*miri chavi*" ("my children"), she answered, hardly looking up, as if it were a matter of course. The truth is, the peasants here and there have picked up a few Romany words, and are better gipsy scholars, without knowing it, than the learned Romany Ryes in the town.

But we liked best, when we knew there were so many gipsies that we could not speak to all, to cry out a loud "*Del o del Bakk!*" the gipsy



A HILL CAMP.

"Good luck!" without stopping, and to see the black eyes flash and the white teeth glisten as a sudden smile lighted up the dark faces, and to hear the wild "*Del o del Bakk!*" follow us down the road.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

AFTER THE RAIN.



IT had rained all night, but the sun shone in the morning. The cottage-roofs steamed in the sun; the roses in the garden were still heavy with rain and dragged with garden-mold; the wet trees gave out green lights; little rain-pools shone in the road like liquid gold, and the sparrows dipped in them. It had rained all night, but the sun shone in the morning.

The lover whom love had forsaken looked out of his window. All night had he lain awake, listening to the rain on the roof, and longing for his lost love, while the memory of her caresses clung to his soul as sweet and evasive as the perfume of the roses in the garden.

It had rained all night, but the sun shone in the morning. The lover whom love had forsaken looked out of his window. "My love has forsaken me," he said, "but it has stopped raining."

Mary E. Wilkins.

TO GIPSYLAND.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



THE BEAUTY OF BETHLEN.

AS we went farther and farther into the country, we learned that there never was a yearly or weekly market without its gypsies. They were there with their baskets or horse-shoes or brushes, the men rarely with horses to sell, the women often with mops and buckets for whitewashing, waiting to be hired. And this we did not mind; there was something of the pride of race in their clinging to trades which had been their forefathers' before the first gipsy wandered into Europe, which are their brothers' into whatever land they may have journeyed.

In the bewildering costumes filling the market-square, we could never mistake the gipsy. If he wore the peasant dress of the district, it was with an additional melodramatic effect which made it hard to believe that he was not got up for the occasion in theater or studio properties. But far oftener he wore what has come to be the typical costume of the Roumanian gipsy in Transylvania—the blue Austrian infantry tights, ragged after long service at first hand, and a blue jacket with silver clasps; perhaps a tall black sheepskin hat, perhaps a straw hat, or, as we got farther south and east, a broad-crowned, wide-brimmed felt with cords and tassels. But whatever he wore, his dark oval face with its delicate features, the sensitive mouth, the nose something like that of the old Assyrian, the unmistakable eye of his people, the ears peeping from under the curls, would have stamped him as the stranger he is among the low-browed, swarthy Wallachs, the fair, high-cheeked Hungarians, the stolid Saxons, and the Jews. And as refined as his face were the long slim hands that looked unused to labor, and the graceful, shapely limbs. I used to wonder at the manly beauty of the Lovells and Stanleys at home, but they were commonplace compared with these wild creatures of the mountains and the plains. The youths of sixteen or eighteen were as beautiful as the archangels or Sebastians of the old masters, and the older men, whose beards had

grown, when, their hats off, you could see the curling hair parted in the middle, were of such stuff as saints and prophets are made. The women were less beautiful, though now and then we wondered at a faultless face under the inevitable handkerchief, and there was less character in their dress; they wore, usually, the Roumanian aprons.

But the delicacy of their features, the refinement of their expression, meant nothing. They were little better than animals. The Sebastians crouched for hours in the sun, their arms clasped about their knees, waiting for something to turn up. For a pipeful of tobacco the prophets would stand for J——; that is, if they stood at all. Far oftener, when they saw what he was about, they would be off like a shot, fearful lest their souls might become his with their portrait. There was no overtaking them; lightning was in their feet when, as straight as arrows and as lithe and lean as greyhounds, they walked away, cursing in deepest Romany. Nothing showed the race like this swift stride of theirs.

We expected less of them after our experience with the Beauty of Bethlen, as we called him, a marvelous creature with the face of an Apollo of the woods and the dress of an operatic bandit. We ought to have realized how tame he was, for he let J—— make a sketch of him where we found him bargaining for odd pieces of broken china in the market-place of the town near Dées. But, the sketch finished, he refused the tobacco J—— offered, and asked for money. As we ate our midday dinner we fancied him getting uproariously drunk in the nearest wine-shop before he staggered off to his lonely tent in the hills. It is certainly what he would have done had he been the gipsy he looked. But a couple of hours later, on our bicycles, we passed him walking along the highway, holding a little girl by one hand, carrying in the other a large piece of meat. By that time my gipsy would have had out his violin and been playing himself into ecstasy. True, they were not all so sober as this model father of a family. We had not left him far behind when we rode through a village where a large colony of gypsies had settled, and there was not a man or woman of them who was not gay with wine. The prophets were bawling dis-

cordantly in their cottages. When we stopped, women ran up to us, and, in the white road, danced about us, ringing our bicycle-bells and chanting strange, wild snatches of song, like so many bacchantes. We ought to have liked them, I suppose, but they were too drunk. The prophets staggered out at the noise, and wanted to fight.

No town or village was without this gipsy quarter. In giving up the free life, the Romanies have not lost that unerring instinct which leads them to make their home always where there is most beauty. If willows hung low over the stream from the mountains as it flowed, cold and fast, by the village, there were the gipsy homes and the gipsies sleeping, the naked boys and girls playing in the sun. Or if the town began to climb a hill that looked westward or over the valley with the river winding through it, there, too, were the cottages of the dark-browed sons and daughters of the far East; as at Dées, where, strolling past them one afternoon, a door opened suddenly, and down the road, out of the town and far away, danced men and women stamping and twirling in the dust, three gipsies close behind playing on old cracked fiddles.

It was at the end of the first week of our journey, by the time we reached Besterceze, the little Saxon town almost in the Bukovina, with German signs on all the shops, and German student caps on all the boys, and flaxen pigtailed on all the peasant girls, that we gave up hope of meeting the real gipsy traveling on the road. We thought that if we explored the byways we might perhaps be more successful, and for a week or more we made the quiet town our headquarters, wandering from it, sometimes on foot, up and down the near hills in the cloudless September sunshine, following the course of the willow-veiled stream where, in America, we would have seen the blue smoke among the trees; racing across the wide fields in the twilight when, in the distance, we caught a glimpse of a man leading horses to water. But never were there any gipsies.

Then we took our bicycles, and wheeled to remote, unknown, unpronounceable villages far from railways; stopping in the shade of the broad street as the peasants in brilliant dress gathered about us, always the dark-robed Jew among them, and asking, "Are there gipsies

in the country near?" Or else we rode high up into the mountains of the Bukovina, over the wild passes, where we met no one but the shepherd with his black-faced sheep, and gendarmes with their guns, or, now and then, when with a new thrill we hurried in pursuit of the trail of smoke, road-menders cooking their dinners. But never were there any gipsies.

In the villages we found them, and once in a village of their own. We were coming from the Bukovina, and as we coasted down the mountain-side, between the trees, a turn of the road showed us the great plain where Besterceze lies far below, and just at the foot of the mountain, on a solitary hilltop, was a group of huts. There was no road to it, and over the stubble we pushed our bicycles, then up through the bushes. A bitterly cold wind was blowing down the hills behind us, and at first no one was about. But from the huts they began to come, men in blue soldier tights, women in Roumanian aprons, children in their own pretty brown skins, black pigs running at their side. Wretchedly forlorn and poor it all looked. The huts, thatched with branches of trees from the near forest, weeds and wild flowers growing on top, one or two with a tiny cross at the highest point, were so low we wondered how a full-grown person could stand upright within them;

the men's shirts were ragged; the women were barefoot, though about their necks were full twenty ducats upon their Sunday necklace, beautiful silver coins of the last century.

But the huts inside were fairly comfortable. Though there was not one gipsy word among the colony, the *tacho Romany* was stamped upon their faces, came out in their work,—the women were making baskets,—and, above all, showed itself in the grace of their hospitality. Now that I was no longer riding, I shivered in my linen blouse, and an old Dye, seeing this, took me by the hand and led me into her hut: the branches of the trees were woven over



POSING FOR TOBACCO.

a small porch or antechamber, where two pretty girls sat weaving their baskets. The real living-room was beyond, and here they had burrowed so deep into the ground that it was twice as high as it looked from without. There was a soft bed with many pillows on one side, white skirts and aprons hung in a line above, and, opposite, ears of corn made a golden frieze, while a good fire burned in the corner. We sat down

together on the floor, the old Dye and I. She wanted to make me a cake out of the golden corn-meal; she offered me a cream-cheese, then an apple, and as I still shook my head, she peeled and quartered it, and when again I refused, she threatened to throw it in the flames, so that I was shamed into eating it, though with every mouthful I felt that I was robbing her. I am not sure that it was the apple that made the lump in my throat. How often had I rested like this by the fire, drinking tea with the Costellos and the Whartons. If the gipsy knows you for a friend, he is not happy until he has given you something, no matter what, like that untamed Romany of Badajos who flung down his bursting pomegranate on the table before Borrow.

The Dye, in her pretty Roumanian apron, with the coins about her withered neck, was no greater curiosity to me than I to her. She examined my boots, my blue serge skirt, my blouse, and then, coming at last to my hat, for the first time noticed that my ears were bare to the biting wind. In a flash she snatched the orange handkerchief from her gray hair, and had almost tied it over my head before I could stop her.

This gipsy village was in a desolate place far from the road. The men looked like so many brigands; there were daggers in their belts. They could have taken our every penny, and have done with us what they wanted; we were defenseless, powerless, in their hands. But they received us as friends, with a courtesy that made our thanks seem boorish. They brought us food; they would have given us the clothes they wore had we let them. And these are the people who are being hunted and hounded from their old haunts in the green forest and by the quiet stream, of whom the only stories one hears are of the descent upon the farm-yard at night, the unguarded clothes-line by day; who are settled, and housed, and taxed, until they need only the visit of the extension lecturer and the patronage of the amateur missionary to complete their degradation. And when winter comes on the hilltop, and snow lies white on the plain and on the mountains, the gipsy must stay there, half frozen, half starved, though, were he free to live his own life, he would long since, with the birds, have flown to a land where it is always summer. And who would have been the worse for his flight?

But there was something more than freedom missing from the life of these gipsies, whose beautiful faces and fantastic dress went so far beyond our dreaming. And this something was the music which we had hoped to hear as we wandered over the hills and through the forests. In only one or two cottages had we seen the violin hanging on the wall, though in the

picture-galleries of Budapest it was common enough in the Romany hut; only once or twice, as on that gay afternoon in Déés, or now and then at markets in the smaller villages, did we listen to them play; and then, as musicians, they were no better than the fiddler in many an out-of-the-way English hamlet—than the old daky of the Southern plantation.

I do not mean that there was never any music at all. In the little Transylvanian towns, as in Budapest, we could go nowhere in the evening toward the sunset hour without hearing the sad wail or loud frenzy of the Czárdás; and when we followed the sound, as we always did, it led us either to the wine-cellar of the peasant, or to the restaurant of the large hotel, or once, in Déés, to a pretty park where people were walking up and down the shady paths, while the sunset in splendor to the playing of the gipsies. And how they played in the warm September evening, until the gloaming faded into twilight, and the twilight deepened into night! The people, mere shadows in the darkness, gradually left the park, but still the Czárdás rang out loud and fierce, or low and sweet, in the silent night. There were no lights save the stars above, and at times the red glow of a cigarette in the band-stand. I suppose they were paid by the town or somebody for coming there, but they seemed to have lost themselves in their music, to be making it for their own pleasure alone. If we had only found them thus with their violins by the roadside!

All these gipsies, however, belong to a class entirely different from those who haunt the markets and dress like the peasants. "We have a trade—our music!" they often told us; "the Tzigany you meet on the road, whose children run naked, has nothing; he is a beggar." And, to mark the distinction, they had long since cut off their curls, and put away their silver buttons, and were doing their best to look like the average Hungarian or Wallach of the town. Those very men who had lingered so lovingly over their violins in the park at Déés, when they saw us later in the hotel, struck up "God save the Queen!" It was some comfort that they had not yet got so far as "Yankee Doodle."

But, after we spoke to them, there was no more "God save the Queen"; there was nothing but the music of their own people, nothing but the Czárdás and the waltzes played to us of old at the Männerchor. It was a further mark of their demoralization that only two knew any Romany—the man who played the bass viol and the servant of the cymbal-player; for few gipsy bands are without a "slavey," a gipsy too, who carries the heavier instruments and runs errands, but whom the musicians treat as one of themselves, and who, probably, is working out in service a debt to his own people,



HIS ONLY FIRESIDE.

according to the old Romany custom. It was funny at Dées to watch this creature going out to buy cake for the cymbal-player,—they are all very like children,—and then sharing it with him on his return. But if they could not speak Romany themselves, they liked our being able to talk it, and they came and sat with us at our table, and begged us to stop next at Besterce: the gypsies there spoke nothing else in their own homes.

And to Besterce, as I have said, we went. When I look back on our evenings in its little hotels at the end of those long days of hopeless hunting after the real gypsy, I scarce know whether I feel more like laughing or crying. For if there was much that was gay in our friendship with the musicians we met here, their life, as we saw it, seemed as bitter to bear as that of the begging gypsy they despised.

We were friends at the first word of Romany. They did not accept it with the indifference of the gypsy in the brickyard and the market, nor did they wonder why, knowing so much, we still could say so little. They had tried to talk with Turkish gypsies, but with them, as with us, though the words were the same, they could not keep up a conversation: it was the fault of the grammar, they explained. Besides, the Archduke Joseph had sent his great book on the Romany language to Goghi Karoly, the leader, and in it they had learned that the gypsy speaks in many different dialects.

It was especially to see this book and the Archduke's signature that Goghi, so jaunty in his soft green hat and feather, invited us to his house in the little street near the mill-stream. We sat in the one large room, with the white and red pillows piled high on the bed in the corner, while he read long passages to us, and his pretty young wife, an orange handkerchief tied over her black hair, looked on, and one by one other dark-eyed, dark-browed gypsies strayed in, and sat down on the floor to listen. What a reception they gave us in the sunny street afterward! The men working at the forge stopped to come and talk; the old Dyes hobbled from their houses; the children, just from school, their books under their arms, were brought and introduced to us. They said, and I know the pleasant fiction will be forgiven them, that my Romany was better than theirs. And as we



THE CAVE-DWELLERS NEAR BORSZEK.



ROUMANIAN PEASANT DANCE.

strolled back toward the hotel, they kept by our side under the trees along the shady walk around the old fortifications.

There was no question of their pleasure in being with us. In the evening they would leave violins to gather round our table, until the landlord, who had been amiability itself when we first came, turned his back upon us in undisguised disgust; it was then we discovered that in Hungary one must be an archduke before one can associate with the gipsy without losing caste. Once they took up their violins, again the music was all for us, not only their *tacho Romany gillis*, as wild and savage as the song we had heard in the Budapest villa on the Blocksberg, but even the Hungarian melodies which made the officers who overcrowded Besterce weep in merriment, and squander their ten- and twenty-kreutzer pieces with wild recklessness. Here, as in the capital, the collection was the inevitable accompaniment of the gipsy concert. Goghi, or Janos, the second violin, went around with the plate as regularly as did Racz Pal at the Hungaria, and the weeping officers were forced to pay for the luxury of tears. But to our table he never came; that is why I say the music was always for us. Not from the Romany brother from overseas must money be asked in return for pleasure. If we called to Janos to say a word as he passed, if Goghi stopped to glance at J——'s sketch of him, the plate was held by both hands behind his back out of our reach.

But it was on the evenings when they did

not play that we felt the bitterness of their life most keenly. There was less sadness in their saddest Czárdás than in the dark faces peering into the dining-room to see whether people were there to listen to their music. And inexpressibly mournful was the way they waited, listless and silent, in an outer room in hopes they might be wanted. Had they not played so well it would have seemed less hard. But in their violins were ever the swing and the wild rhythm that we so seldom heard from the more prosperous Tziganies of Budapest.

No; there was no real gipsy in or near Besterce. It was useless to stay. There were only poverty and misery on that lonely hilltop, only misery and poverty in the pretty street by the mill-stream.

Once more we started on our search. Far and long we wandered over the hills, now clothed in all their autumn pomp of gold and scarlet and bronze, meeting the huge timber-wagons, with the little tented huts on top, where the men slept all day, pulled slowly down by three horses abreast, or else drawn up in the clearing at the foot of the pass for the night's camp. We crossed the broad uplands that stretch from range to range, where the sleepy oxen and peasants at the plow crept, white and shining, through the somber fields, and the women astride their white horses, and the men in their low wicker carts, and the crowds on foot, were going to or coming from the markets.

We wandered eastward, almost into Moldavia; to Borszek, the famous springs, now

closed and deserted, for the season was over; to Gyorgyo Szent Miklos and Toplicza, where the Americans live; down the wild course of the Maros as it falls swiftly through dense pine forests, where again we met gypsies on the road, and between great cliffs, where in caves we saw others who live there, savage and without music.

We strayed into the very heart of Szeklerland, from Maros Vasarhely to Szekely Udvarhely and Czík Szereda and Sepsí Szent Gyorgyo, those towns with the awful names, where men proudly call themselves Szeklers, and claim to be sons of the oldest Huns of all who followed Attila on his lawless raids.

scoured the country in vain. Once in a long while we met a family on the march, crossing the mountains with cart and horses, or hanging up the kettle by the road, their only fireside.

One happy Sunday, late in the golden September afternoon and in a remote mountain village, we came upon Wallachs dancing on a tiny green by the church, to the music of two gypsies in peasant dress, with the tails of their white shirts sticking out like little skirts below their sleeveless jackets. Had we seen it on the stage, we should have pronounced it overdone, so great was the excess of costume. Spangles and tinsel glittered on the aprons of the girls; row upon row of gold and silver and scarlet



THE MUSICIANS' HOUSES, MAROS VASARHELJ.

We lingered in the country of the Saxons; in Schässburg, with its fortress and church-crowned hill; in Kronstadt, with mountains on every side rising from its streets; in Herrmanstadt, with its great breweries and beer-cellar. We came back again to Magyarland, at Gyula Fehervar and Torda and Koloszar. But the real gipsy? We were as far from him as ever. Those perfect Sebastians, those wild-eyed prophets, still smiled as they threw their "*Del o del Bakk!*" after us down the hot, white road; the musicians still played in restaurant and café, not for pleasure, but for money, though from us never would they take a kreutzer once we had spoken a word of Romany. But for the gipsy as free as the deer in the forest, as the bird in the air, alone with his violin, his music the breath of life to him, we

beads hung about their necks; long ribbons streamed from their plaited hair; and the tip of a peacock's feather or a flower was stuck in their gorgeous handkerchiefs over each ear. Large bunches of peacock feathers were in the men's hats, their wide belts were studded close with brass, and bells around their boots pealed at every movement. Two by two they walked around the green, holding themselves and taking their steps with a stateliness and grace rarely surpassed by the professional dancer, and then suddenly they began twirling, the white skirts and aprons of the girls flying and showing all their high red boots, the men now and then throwing back their heads, and singing wild snatches of improvised song. Once or twice a girl smiled, but it was mostly a solemn performance, like a mystic dance sacred to the

gods; and there was an impressive Oriental monotony in the tune to which they danced, cracked though the fiddles of the gipsies were. We stood looking with the people of the village, a Roumanian woman's arm about my waist, while the sun went down, and the moon rose beyond the bank of trees behind the dancers,

the polite superintendent and cashiers suspended all business while one sang a gipsy song for Dr. Herrmann, and J—— sketched a second, who had a face like an angel, but who groveled in the dust to kiss our feet in thanks for a few kreutzers and a half-smoked cigar. The wonder was to see them in such a



TRADING HORSES.

and we left them there, twirling and singing in the silver moonlight, like the Phrygian girls whom the summer evening of old saw

Flashing in the dance's whirls
Underneath the starlit trees
In the mountain villages.

Another day that will live long in our memory was passed at Maros Vasarhely with Dr. Herrmann, the gipsy scholar from Budapest, visiting among the gipsy huts on the hillside, where old men dozed in the sun, and children played games in hopes of kreutzers, and women cooked their dinners, while naked babies tumbled about them, and one poor dying man, with eyes as brown and pathetic as a setter's when it had been beaten, and a shock of black hair shading them, lay motionless and silent among the chattering women at his cottage door. It was on the same day, too, that we met the three Romanies, in the rags of Callot's beggars, whom we followed into a bank, where

place; but after they had gone, the superintendent took us into a rear room, and showed us the silver cups they had brought to pawn, and then shelf after shelf full of other cups, all beautiful in design, many dating back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is no gipsy family in Transylvania without such a cup; pawn it they may, and do often enough, but no matter how sore their straits, they never sell it. It is a superstition with them, and they would rather sell themselves. Who could explain how it happened that then, in the private carriage of a man we had never seen before, we drove out in the hot noontide sunshine—"Nous trois Bohémiens!" as Dr. Herrmann said with a laugh—between the fields, to the country house of people we knew no better, where, though the midday meal was just over, a dinner was cooked for us, and fresh horses were harnessed to a new carriage, and we were driven to a gipsy village? Who could explain it who does not know something of the Hungarian courtesy and kindness to the

stranger? We could not be allowed to go fasting from the Hungarian's house, and as we were more interested in Romanies than anything else, odd as our fancy seemed, the Romanies were produced for us. But the visit to the village was formal and profitless; the people eyed us from a respectful distance. The real gipsy was not apt to show himself to "carriage folk."

A third of our rare days I count that at the horse- and cattle-fair in an unknown wayside town. All morning the road was full of long-haired gipsies riding to it with their horses, the first we had seen following the trade of the American Lovells and Whartons, or resting in the inn where we halted for bread and an early glass of beer. When at noon we wandered over the broad meadows, there under the willows by the river were tents,—real tents this time,—and in front, little girls in coarse white nightgowns, their plaited hair full of shells and coins, for kreutzers from the gorgios made cart-wheels in the short, parched grass, and danced, swaying their bodies as in the *danse du ventre*, crouching on the ground, still swaying backward and forward, beating their little breasts. Beyond the tents were the horses and cows and pigs and peasants, and almost every other man was a Romany with the face of a Christ and the whine of a beggar; a few were prosperous farmers, and one, in the dress of the Wallach, showed me his cattle, and asked about the *Romanychals* in our country. I remember him because he was the only gipsy of his class who seemed interested in his people who had *jalled pardel o pani* (gone over the water). As we went on in the afternoon, we overtook more Tziganies travel-



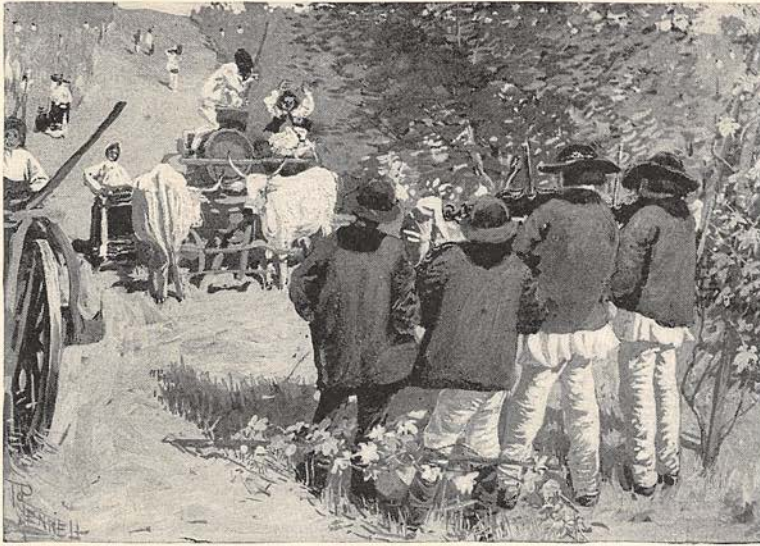
THE REALITY OF OUR DREAMS.

ing with all their chattels on their horses, the long tent-poles trailing behind like an Indian's on the march, the men drunk and happy and singing, the women scolding at their sides, the children and the dogs running on before.

With October, these cattle-fairs and yearly markets began to be held in every town and village, and many a morning we awoke to see the square beneath our windows packed solid with booths and people; many a noon we came into a tiny village to find it all confusion and merriment. One afternoon we rode away from Brasso, from the market there. For hours we had strolled around its pretty old town-hall, where eminently respectable gipsies stood selling their iron horse-shoes, where the dark Romany women sat selling their wooden spoons and brushes. At first, now, the road was crowded with people starting for home, looking as tired as their oxen, which stepped along sedately at snail's pace, so that we quickly out-distanced them all on the great plain. In the brown fields peasants, bent double, were at work.



ON THE MARCH.



TREADING THE GRAPES TO GIPSY MUSIC.

The sun was shining, the sky was blue, the air was sweet with the fragrance of the fresh-turned earth, but men and women were too busy at their endless labors to know or care. The mountains of Fogaras were still shadowy on the horizon, when, by the roadside, in the middle of the plain, we came upon an old gipsy, in the white shirt and trousers of the Wallach, sitting in the grass, playing on his violin. There was no one near; he was playing to the sun and to the birds and to himself. When he heard us, he stood up, and went on fiddling in the dusty road, his eyes dancing, his foot keeping time. We stopped to listen to his poor crazy tune, expecting every minute that he would beg. But presently he pulled off his hat, made a low bow, turned, and walked away with the graceful swing of the race, an erect white figure in the white road, fiddling as he went. A wagon passed us, and the peasants in it, overtaking him, made him jump in at their side. When we rode on again, he was sitting by the driver, still fiddling, the only man in all that broad plain, dotted with its Millet-like toilers, who was idle and heedless of to-day and the morrow!

October is the vintage month in the wine-gardens of the east of Transylvania, and it is upon the shining days when we roamed among the vines, feasting on grapes, that my memory dwells the longest. It was only for the ending of the vintage that we reached the little Saxon town of Mühlbach, with the old broken walls still encircling it, and the beautiful fortified church still overlooking its central square. The sun had set, and the church spire and the line of poplars rose black against the red of the afterglow as the town came in sight, and from

the fields to our right, where the full harvest moon was rising, wound the long procession of ox-teams, each with its wine-cask decked with vine-leaves and its white peasant leading the white oxen. Men wrapped in their sheepskins sat leaning against the casks, blowing loud and sweet on their pipes, and children, lagging behind, were still gorging themselves with the golden grapes. The hotel was crowded with wine-mer-

chants and wandering peddlers, and in the restaurant there was not an empty seat, and the balls on the billiard-table in the middle of the room never stopped clicking. A gipsy band played all evening. The next morning the square was besieged with begging Romanies from remote villages, and well-to-do farming Tziganies from the country with cattle and pigs to sell. One man, tall and spare, with keen eyes flashing from the tangle of black curls that framed his long, thin face, was pointed out to us as the Voivode. But what a degenerate gipsy king!—a mere farmer, like the peasants.

In Mühlbach the grapes were all picked, the juice all crushed from out their sun-ripened clusters. But for the beginning of the vintage we rode in time into near Petersdorf, where not a soul was in the street of the tiny village: men, women, and children had gone to the wine-gardens. In the meadows the white oxen rested under the trees, among the vines the white peasants came and went, emptying their overflowing baskets into the yawning wine-cask, and as we passed they ran out to fill our hands with huge bunches of grapes. Two dark *Romany chals* in loose shirts and broad Wallachian belts were fiddling in the fields; men were firing guns on the sunny hillside. It was a simple, merry scene. The vineyards were small; they belonged to peasant proprietors.

For beginning and ending alike, from the time the first grapes were thrown into the tubs and baskets until the full casks were stowed away in dark, cool cellars, we were at Gyula Fehervar. The amber Riesling is made on the sunny slopes that rise from the far side of the meadows beyond the town. We walked out toward them in the cool of the early morn-

ing, under the shadow of the high fortress, with the cathedral and campanile-like tower springing aloft above the triple walls, the burial-place of Hunyadi Janos and his son Ladislaus. Soldiers in the blue infantry tights were drilling just below, and the air was full of the call of bugles and the bated *recht, links eins* of the Austrian commands. Across the fields, from every direction, crept the ox-teams, followed by groups of peasants. Already in the wine-gardens the work had begun; the unyoked oxen lay in the pleasant shade; carts, with the wine-casks set in them, were drawn up here and there in a little open space; the white figures went to and fro among the vines; there was a buzz of voices from every side, and now and then snatches of song. Up and down the broad alleyways through the vineyards we strayed, the sun burning us with fiercer heat as it rose higher and higher, the warmth and the scents of summer everywhere on the busy hillside. At each vineyard we were laden with a fresh burden of grapes, and we ate them as we went, flinging bunch after bunch to the begging gipsy children who romped at our heels.

Long before noon a man with loose white trousers rolled high above his knees was jumping in every wine-cask, the juice in rich reddish streams falling into the buckets set below. At noon the smoke from many camp-kettles rose above the vines, and mingling with the sweet scents of summer was the smell of the midday *gulyas*.

As we passed the large vineyards we saw in each little white house of the guardian a banquet spread, and around the table one of the gipsy bands from the hotel of the town stood playing. But at the smaller vineyards the cloth was laid on the grass, or on a table under a rude shed, and here Romanies in peasant dress from the near villages were fiddling away under the trees, while men, pressing the grapes in the casks, danced wildly to the music, throwing their brown, grape-stained arms above their heads, every now and then a mad couple twirling round and round on the smooth grass; smiling Wallachs were begging us to taste the new wine; even the children in the nun's garden were prouetting and singing,

while the black-robed sisters and the priest in cassock chalked up on the cask the number of buckets emptied into it.

In Tuscany, when we went to the vintage, the peasants pressed the wines inside dark, gloomy cellars; in Provence, the land of "sun-burnt mirth," the grapes were crushed by steam in brand-new buildings with all the latest modern improvements. It was only in Transylvania that we found the peasants dancing in the old glad, free fashion of classic days, out in the sunshine, to the sound of music.

The sun was setting when we saw the long white line again moving across the fields to the town opposite, with the cathedral-crowned fortress towering above it, and far away on each side toward neighboring villages. The light was fading when we started after them, and stalking through the stubble came the black line of the gipsy bands, in each one man with his bass viol held over his shoulder like some strange, mystic banner. They played in the hotel restaurant that evening, when the town was gay with the gaiety of an abundant vintage. The gipsies were always showing us some new



THE WANDERING MUSICIANS IN THE WINE-GARDENS.

undreamed-of side of their character, and I remember it was at Gyula Fehervar, where we had not spoken to them, that when J—— was drawing in our corner, and the second violin, taking up the collection, came and stopped in front of our table with the usual polite bow, such a furious protest came hissing across the room from the leader and all the others, that he thrust the plate quickly behind his back, and fled. They did not know us, but J—— was an artist; they were artists too; that was enough!

Two days later we were in the midst of the vintage at Koloszvar, again wandering, and gossiping, and tasting wine in the sloping vine-

yards. We came into Koloszvar strangers, but we were greeted as friends in more than one wine-garden, and all the long, warm, sunny Sunday morning we spent with the professor and the parson, while the Czárdás rang in our ears, the *gulyas* steamed on the table in front of us, and we looked to the town below,

knows, may have been first sung in the valleys of the Altai or on the banks of the Volga, and in this watchman bearing through streets lined with the houses of nineteenth-century civilization the arms with which his ancestors, under Hunyadi Janos, once repulsed the Turks.

It had turned bitter cold in the night. In



THE RETURN OF THE MUSICIANS.

glittering in the hot sunlight, to the windings of the Szamos, and to the near hazy mountains, over which we had journeyed from Torda.

With the same friends we dined in the evening, down in the town, and Pongratz was there with his band — Pongratz, who is invited to the feasts of kings and emperors, who, now that old Racz Pal is dead, is the most famous gipsy leader in all Hungary. He did us the honor to come up to our table and “to play into our ear,” and in his music there was that which sets one dreaming again one’s old broken dreams of the past.

As we rode out of the town in the hour before dawn on the day following, some young men, their silk hats on the back of their heads, were reeling home from the night’s orgy, singing the last wild Czárdás with which the gipsies had drugged their wine; and the watchman, in long sheepskin, was making his rounds, his halberd striking the ground at every step. This was the last we saw of Koloszvar, but the entire character of that Eastern land, so strange to us, seemed typified in these men, whose dress belonged to the boulevards, but whose song, for all one

the dawn we saw snow on all the near mountains. Winter had come, and this year, at least, we could wander no more on the roads. Near Koloszvar we took the train for Budapest.

We had not found the real gipsy, unless, indeed, we should have known him in the old man fiddling for himself in the broad Burzenland. He was the only gipsy left in Transylvania, where the Romanies are being fast elevated into common farmers and laborers, fast degraded into serfs. Our gipsy, free as the deer in the forest, as the fish where the river flows, as the bird in the air, has vanished from Hungary forever. It had been at home that our ideal had been most nearly realized. Davy Wharton at the Camden Reservoir, Rudi in the Männerchor Garden, Mattie Cooper at Hampton Wick, and not Pongratz of Koloszvar, Goghi of Bestercze, Racz Pal of Budapest, were the *tacho Romany chals*. Sometimes we wonder if we ourselves are not the only human beings now who are

Free as the deer in the forest,
As the fish where the river flows,
Free as the bird in the air!

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.