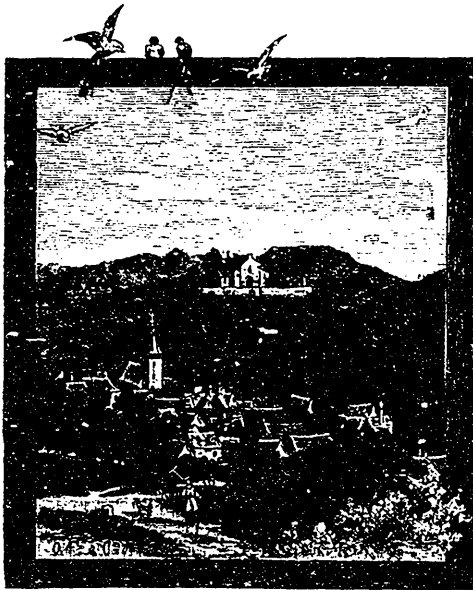


journeyed by night without noting the ruddy light of their myriad camp-fires, which, like so many gigantic glow-worms, dot the country in all directions? At the present time there are in Hungary above one hundred and fifty thousand Tziganes, as the Gipsies are called, of whom about eighty thousand fall to the share of Transylvania, which, therefore, in still more special degree may be termed the land of Gipsies.

The Gipsies are a hot-blooded, impulsive, half-civilized people. They are attached to their children, but in a senseless animal fashion, alternately devouring them with caresses and violently ill-treating them. I have seen a father throw large, heavy



KIS-DISZNOD (MICHELSBERG).

stones at his ten-year-old daughter for some trifling misdemeanour, stones as large as good-sized turnips, any one of which would have been sufficient to kill her if it had happened to hit her; and only her agility in dodging these missiles, which she did grinning and chuckling, as though it were the best joke in the world, saved her from serious injury. They are a singularly quarrelsome people, and the Gipsy camp is the scene of many a pitched battle, in which

men, women, children, and dogs indiscriminately take part with turbulent enjoyment. When in a passion all weapons are good that come to the Gipsy's hand, and, *faute de mieux*, unfortunate infants are sometimes bandied backward and forward as improvised cannon-balls.

Hungarian music and Gipsy player are indispensable conditions of each other's existence. Hungarian music can only be rightly interpreted by the Gipsy musician, who for his part can play none other so well as the Hungarian music, into whose execution he throws all his heart and his soul, all his latent passion and unconscious poetry, the melancholy and dissatisfied yearnings of an outcast, the deep despondency of an exile who