

poring. He greatly resembled his mother and grandmother: he had just such a pronounced nose; but he had bristly hair, like his father, only black and not so closely cropped. He, too, had the family wart, actually in the middle of his nose.

As he looked up from his book, in a moment his countenance changed rapidly from fear to delight, from delight to suspicion. The poor boy thought he had gained a respite, and that the messenger had come with the white serviette to invite him to supper: he smiled at Fanny entreating compassion, and then, when he saw me, became embarrassed.

Fanny approached him with an enquiring air, placed one hand on his thigh, with the other pointed to the open book, probably intending to ask him whether he knew his lessons.

The great lanky boy rose obediently before his little confessor, who scarce reached to his shoulder, and proceeded to put himself to rights. He handed the book to Fanny, casting a farewell glance at the disgusting, insufferable words; and with a great gulp by which he hoped to remove all obstacles from the way of the lines he had to utter, cleared his throat and began:—

“His abacem, phylacem . . .”

Fanny shook her head. It was not good.

Henrik was frightened. He began again:

“His abacem, coracem . . .”

Again it was wrong. The poor boy began over five or six times, but could not place those pagan words in the correct order, and as the mischievous girl shook her head each time he made a mistake, he finally became so confused that he could not even begin; then he reddened with anger, and, gnashing his teeth, tore the graceless book out of Fanny's hand, threw it down upon the table and commenced an assault upon the heathen words, and with glaring eyes read the million-times repeated incantation: “His abacem, panacem phylacem, coracem facemque,” striking the back of his head with clinched fist at every word.

Fanny burst into uncontrollable laughter at this scene.

I, however, was very sorry for my companion. My learning had been easy enough, and I regarded him with the air of a lord who looks from his coach window at the bare-footed passers-by.

Fanny was unmerciful to him.

Henrik looked up at her, and though I did not understand her words, I understood from his eyes that he was asking for something to eat.

The strong-headed sister actually refused his request.

I wished to prove my goodness of heart—my vanity also inclined me to inform this mischievous creature that I had not put away the bun for my own sake—So I stepped up to Henrik and, placing my hand on his shoulder with condescending friendliness, pressed into his hand the cake I had reserved for him.

Henrik cast a glance at me like some wild beast which has an aversion to petting, then flung the bun under the table with such violence that it broke into pieces.

“Dummer kerl!”*

I remember well, that was the first title of respect I received from him.

Planting his knuckles on the top of my head, he performed a tattoo with the same all over my head.

That is called, in slang, “holz-birn.” † By this process of “knuckling” the larger boys showed their contempt for the smaller, and it belongs to that kind of teasing which no self-respecting boy ever would allow to pass unchallenged. And before this girl, too!

Henrik was taller than I, by a head, but I did not mind. I grasped him by the waist, and grappled with him. He wished to drag me in the direction of my bed, in order to throw me on to it, but with a quick

* “Stupid fellow!”

† Literally “Wild-pear” (*wood-pear*) a method of “knuckling” down the younger boys.

movement I cast him on his own bed, and holding his two hands tight on his chest, cried to him:

"Pick up the bun immediately!"

Henrik kicked and snarled for a moment, then began to laugh, and to my astonishment begged me, in student tongue, to release him: "We should be good friends." I released him, we shook hands, and the fellow became quite lively.

What astonished me most was that, at the time I was throwing her brother, Fanny did not come to his aid nor tear out my eyes, she merely laughed, and screamed her approval. She seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself.

After this we all three looked for the fragments of Henrik's broken bun, which the good fellow with an expression of contentment dispatched on its natural way; then Fanny produced a couple of secreted apples which she had "sneaked" for him. I found it remarkable beyond words that this impertinent child's thoughts ran in the same direction as my own.

From that hour Henrik and I were always fast friends; we are so to this day. When we got into bed I was curious as to the dreams I should have in the strange house. There is a widely-spread belief that what one dreams the first night in a new house will in reality come to pass.

I dreamed of the little snub-nose.

She was an angel, with wings, beautiful dappled wings, such as I had read of not long since in the legend of *Vörösmarty*.^{*} All around me she fluttered: but I could not move, my feet were so heavy, albeit there was something from which I ought to escape, until she seized my hand and then I could run so lightly that I did not touch the earth even with the tips of my feet.

How I worried over that dream! A snub-nosed angel—What mocking dreams a man has, to be sure. The next day we were early astir; to me it seemed

^{*} A great Hungarian poet who lived and died in the early part of this century. He wrote legends and made a remarkable translation of some of Shakespeare's works.

all the earlier, as the window of our little room looked out on to the narrow courtyard, where the day dawned so slowly, but Márton, the principal assistant, was told off to brawl at the schoolboy's door, when breakfast was being prepared:

"Surgendum discipule!"

I could not think what kind of an assault it was, that awoke me from my dream, when first I heard the clamorous clarion call. But Henrik jumped to his feet at once, and roused me from my bed, explaining, half in student language, half by gesture, that we should go down now to the bakery to see how the buns and cakes were baked. There was no need to dress; we might go in our night clothes, as the bakers wear quite similar costumes. I was curious, and easily persuaded to do anything; we put on our slippers and went down together to the bakery.

It was an agreeable place; from afar it betrayed itself by that sweet confectionery smell, which makes a man imagine that if he breathes it in long enough he will satisfy his hunger therewith. Everything in the whole place was as white as snow, everything so clean; great bins full of flour; huge vessels full of swelling dough, from which six white-dressed, white-aproned assistants were forming every conceivable kind of cake and bun; piled upon the shelves of the gigantic white oven the first supply was gradually baking, filling the whole room with a most agreeable odor.

Master Márton, when he caught sight of me, began to welcome me in a kind of broken Hungarian "Jo reggelt jo reggelt!"^{*}

He had a curious knack of putting the whole of his scalp into motion whenever he moved his eyebrows up or down; a comical peculiarity of which he availed himself whenever he wished to make anyone laugh, and saw that his words did not have the desired effect.

Henrik set to work and competed with the baker's

^{*} Good morning.

assistants; he was clever at making dainty little titbits of cakes quite as clever as anyone there; and pleasure beamed on his face when the old assistant praised his efforts.

"You see," Márton said to me, "what a ready assistant he would make! In two years he might be free. But the old man is determined he shall learn and study; he wants to make a councillor of him." With these words Márton, by a movement of his eyebrows sent the whole of the skin on his head to form a bunch on the crown, for all the world as if it had been a wig on springs.

"Councillor, indeed! a councillor who gnaws pens when he is hungry! Thanks; not if they gave me the tower of St. Michael. A councillor, who, with paper in hand and pen behind ear, goes to visit the bakers in turn, and weighs their loaves in the balance to see if they are correct weight."

It seemed that Márton did not take into consideration any other duties that a councillor might have besides the examining of bakers' loaves—and that one could hardly gain his approval.

"Yet, if you take a little pains for their sake, you will find them as gentle as lambs. Give them a 'heitige striozts,'* or All Saints Day, and you will secure your object. Such is Mr. Dintenklek." At this point Márton could not refrain from breaking out into an unmelodious "Gassenhauer"† the refrain of which was, "Alas! Mr. Dintenklek."

Two or three assistants joined in the refrain, of which I did not understand a word; but as Márton uttered the final words. "Alas Mr. Dintenklek," his gestures were such as to lead me to suspect that this Mr. Dintenklek must be some very ridiculous figure in the eye of baker's assistants.

"Why, of course, Henrik must learn law. The old man says he, too, might have become a councillor if he

* A kind of dainty bit suitable to this "holy" occasion.

† A popular air sung in the streets.

had concluded his studies at school. What a blessing he did not. As it is, he almost murders us with his learning. He is always showing off how much Latin he knows. Yes, the old man Latinizes."

As he said this Márton could scarcely control the skin of his head, so often did he have to twitch his eyebrows in order to express the above opinion, which he held about his master's pedantry.

Then with a sudden suspicion he turned to me:

"You don't wish to be a councillor, I suppose?"

I earnestly assured him that, on the contrary, I was preparing for a vacancy in the county.

"Oho! lieutenant-governor? That is different, quite another thing; travelling in a coach. No putting on of mud boots when it is muddy. That I allow." And, in order to show how deep a respect he bore towards my presumptive office position, he drew his eyebrows up so high that his cap fell back upon his neck.

"Enough of dough-kneading for the present, Master Henrik. Go back to your room and write out your 'pensum,' for you will again be forbidden breakfast, if it is not ready."

Henrik did not listen to him, but worked away for all the world as if he was not being addressed.

Meanwhile Márton was cutting a large piece of dough into bits of exactly equal size, out of which the "Vienna" rolls were to be formed. This delicate piece of work needs an accurate eye to avoid cheating either one's master or the public.

"You see, he is at home here; he does not want his books. And there is nothing more beautiful, more refined than our art; nothing more remunerative; we deal with the blessing of God, for we prepare the daily bread. The Lord's Prayer includes the baker, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Is there any mention anywhere of butchers, of tailors or of cobblers? Well, does anyone pray for meat, for coats, or for books? Let me hear about him. But they do pray for their daily bread; don't they? And does the prayer-book

say anything concerning councillors? What? Who knows anything on that score?"

Some young assistant interrupted: "Why, of course, 'but deliver us from the evil one'."

This caused everybody to laugh; it caused Henrik to spoil his buns which had to be kneaded afresh. He was annoyed by the idea that he had learned all he had merely in order to be ridiculed here in the bakery.

"Ha, yes," remarked Master Márton, smiling. "It is a great misfortune that a man is never asked how he wishes to die, but a still greater misfortune if he is not asked how he wishes to live. My father destined me to be a butcher. I learned the whole trade. Then I suddenly grew tired of all that ox-slaughtering, and cow-skinning. I was always fascinated by these beautiful brown-backed rolls in the shop-window; whenever I passed before the confectionery window, the pleasant warm bread-odors just invited me in:—until at last I deserted my trade, and joined Father Fromm. At that time my moustache and beard were already sprouting, but I have never regretted my determination. Whenever I look at my clean, white shirt, I am delighted at the idea that I have not to sprinkle it with blood, and wear the blood-stained garment the rest of the day. Everyone should follow his own bent, should he not, Henrik?"

"True," muttered the youth in a tone of anger. "And yet the butcher's trade is as far above the councillor's as the weather-cock on St. Michael's tower is above our own vane. I do not like blood on my hands, yet at least I could wash it off; but if a drop of ink gets on my finger from my pen, for three days no pumice stone would induce it to depart. Yes, it is a glorious thing to be a baker's assistant."

Márton now busied himself in shovelling several dozen loaves of white bread into the heated oven. Meantime the whole "ménage" commenced with one voice to sing a peculiar air, which I had already heard several times resounding through bakers' windows.

It runs as follows:

"Oh, the kneading trough is fine,
Very beautiful and fine.

Straight and crooked, round in form
Thin and long, three-legged too,
Here's a stork, and here's a 'ticker,'
While here's a pair of snuffers too,
Stork and ticker, snuffers too,
Bottles, tipsy Michael with them.
Bottles, tipsy Michael with them
Stork and ticker, snuffers too,
Thin and long, three-legged too,
Straight and crooked, round in form.

Oh! the kneading trough is fine,
Very beautiful and fine."

They sang this air with such a passionate earnestness that, to this day I must believe, was caused, not by the beauty of the verses, or the corresponding melody, but rather by some superstitious feeling that their chanting would prevent the plague infecting the bread while it was baking, or perhaps the air served as an hour-glass telling them by its termination that now was the time to take the bread out of the oven. As they who are wont to use the Lord's Prayer for the boiling of eggs—God save the mark.

Henrik joined in. I saw he had no longer any idea of finishing his school tasks, and when the "Oh, the kneading trough" began anew, I left him in the bakery, and went upstairs to our room. On the table lay Henrik's unfortunate exercise-book open, full of corrections made in a different ink; of the new exercise only the first line had been begun. Immediately I collected the words wanted from a dictionary, and wrote the translation down on a piece of paper.

Not till an hour later did he return from the scene of his operations, and even then did not know to what he should turn his hand first. Great was his delight, then, to see the task already finished; he merely had to copy it.

He gazed at me with a curious peevishness and said: "Guter kerl." *

From his countenance I could not gather what he had said but the word *kerl* made me prepare myself for a repetition of the struggle of yesterday, for which I did not feel the least inclination.

Scarcely was the copying ready when the steps of Father Fromm resounded on the staircase. Henrik hastily thrust my writing into his pockets and was poring over the open book, when the old man halted before the door, so that when he opened it, such a noise resounded in the room as if Henrik were trying to drive an army of locusts out of the country: "his abacem."

"Ergo, ergo; quomodo?" said the old man, placing the palm of his hand upon my head. I saw that this was his manner of showing affection.

I ventured to utter my first German word, answering his query with a "Guter morgen;" † at which the old fellow shook his head and laughed. I could not imagine why. Perhaps I had expressed myself badly, or had astonished him with my rapid progress?

He did not enlighten me on the subject; instead he turned with a severe confessorial face to Henrik: "No ergo! Quid ergo? Quid scis? Habes pensum? Nebulo!"

Henrik tried whether he could move the skin of his head like Master Márton did, when he spoke of Mr. Fromm's Latin. For the sake of greater security he first of all displayed the written exercise to his father, thinking it better to leave his weaker side until later.

Father Fromm gazed at the deep learning with a critical eye, then graciously expressed his approval.

"Bonus, Bonus."

But the lesson?

That bitter piece!

* Good fellow.

† Correctly, "Guten Morgen" (*wunsch ich*): "I wish (you) (a) good morning."

Even yesterday, when he had only to recite them to the little snub-nose, Henrik did not know the verses, and to-day, the book was in the old man's hand! If he had merely taken the book in his hands! But with his disengaged hand he held a ruler with the evident intention of immediately pulling the boy up, if he made a mistake.

Poor Henrik, of course, did not know a single word. He gazed ever askance at Father Fromm's ruler, and when he reached the first obstacle, as the old fellow raised the ruler, probably merely with the intention of striking Henrik's mental capacity into action by startling him, Henrik was no more to be seen; he was under the bed, where he had managed to hide his long body with remarkable agility; nor would he come forth until Father Fromm promised he would not hurt him, and would take him to breakfast.

And Father Fromm kept the conditions of the armistice, only verbally denouncing the boy as he wriggled out of his fortress; I did not understand what he said, I only gathered by his grimaces and gestures that he was annoyed over the matter—by my presence.

The morning was spent in visiting professors. The director was a strongly-built, bony-faced, moustached man, with a high, bald forehead, broad-chested, and when he spoke, he did not spare his voice, but always talked as if he were preaching. He was very well satisfied with our school certificates, and made no secret of it. He assured grandmother he would take care of us and deal severely with us. He would not allow us to go astray in this town. He would often visit us at our homes; that was his custom; and any student convicted of disorderliness would be punished.

"Are the boys musicians?" he asked grandmother in harsh tones.

"Oh, yes; the one plays the piano, the other the violin."

The director struck the middle of the table with his fist: "I am sorry—but I cannot allow violin playing under any circumstances."

Lorand ventured to ask, "Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? Because that is the fountain-head of all mischief. The book, not the violin, is for the student. What do you wish to be? a gypsy, or a scholar? The violin betrays students into every kind of mischief. How do I know? Why, I see examples of it every day. The student takes the violin under his coat, and goes with it to the inn, where he plays for other students, who dance there till morning with loose girls. So I break into fragments every violin I find. I don't ask whether it was dear; I dash it to the ground. I have already smashed violins of high value."

Grandmother saw it would be wiser not to allow Lorand to answer, so she hastened to anticipate him:

"Why, it is not the elder boy, sir, who plays the violin, but this younger one; besides, neither has been so trained as to wish to go to any undesirable place of amusement."

"That does not matter. The little one has still less need of scraping. Besides, I know the student; at home he makes saintly faces, as if he would not disturb water, but when once let loose, be it in an inn, be it in a coffee-house, there he will sit beside his beer, and join in a competition, to see who is the greatest tippler, shout and sing 'Gaudeamus igitur.' That is why I don't allow students to carry violins under their top-coats to inns, under any circumstances. I break the violin in pieces, and have the top-coat cut into a covert-coat. A student with a top-coat! That's only for an army officer. Then, I cannot suffer anyone to wear sharp-pointed boots which are especially made for dancing; flat-toed boots are for honest men; no one must come to my school in pointed boots, for I put his foot on the bench and cut away the points."

Grandmother hurried her visit to prevent Lorand having an opportunity of giving answer to the worthy man, who carried his zeal in the defence of morality to such a pitch as to break up violins, have top-coats cut down, and cut off the points of pointed boots.

It was a good habit of mine, (long, long ago, in my

childhood days) to regard as sacred anything a man, who had the right to my obedience, might say. When we came away from the director's presence, I whispered to Lorand in a distressed tone:

"Your boots seem to me a little too pointed."

"Henceforward I shall have them made still more pointed," replied Lorand,—an answer with which I was not at all satisfied.

In my eyes every serious man was surrounded by a "nimbus" of infallibility; no one had ever enlightened me on the fact, that serious-minded men had themselves once been young, and had learned the student jargon of Heidelberg; that this director himself, after a noisy youth, had arrived at the idea that every young man has malicious propensities, and that what seems good in him is only make-believe, and so he must be treated with the severity of military discipline.

Then we proceeded to pay a visit to my class-master, who was the exact opposite of the director: a slight, many-cornered little man, with long hair brushed back, smooth shaved face, and such a thin, sweet voice that one might have taken every word of his as a supplication. And he was so familiar in his dealings with us. He received us in a dressing gown, but when he saw a lady was with us, he hastily changed that for a black coat, and asked pardon—why, I do not know.

Then he attempted to drive a host of little children out of his room, but without success. They clung to his hands and arms and he could not shake them off; he called out to some lady to come and help him. A sleepy face appeared at the other door, and suddenly withdrew on seeing us. Finally, at grandmother's request, he allowed the children to remain.

Mr. Schmuck was an excellent "paterfamilias," and took great care of children. His study was crammed with toys; he received us with great tenderness, and I remember well that he patted me on the head.

Grandmother immediately became more confident of this good man than she had been of his colleague,

whom we had previously visited. For he was so fond of his own children. To him she related the secret that made her heart sad; explained why we were in mourning; told him that father was unfortunately dead, and that we were the sole hopes of our sickly mother; that up till now our behaviors had been excellent, and finally asked him to take care of me, the younger.

The good fellow clasped his hands and assured grandmother that he would make a great man of me, especially if I would come to him privately; that he might devote particular attention to the development of my talents. This private tuition would not come to more than seven florins a month. And that is not much for the whetting of one's mind; as much might be paid even for the grinding of scissors.

Grandmother, her spirits depressed by the previous reception, timidly ventured to introduce the remark that I had a certain inclination for the violin, but she did not know whether it was allowed?

The good man did not allow her to speak further. "Of course, of course. Music ennobles the soul, music calms the inclination of the mind. Even in the days of Pythagoras lectures were closed by music. He who indulges in music is always in the society of good spirits. And here it will be very cheap; it will not cost more than six florins * a month, as my children have a music-master of their own."

Dear grandmother, seeing his readiness to acquiesce, thought it good to make some more requests (this is always the way with a discontented people, too, when it meets with ready acquiescence in the powers that be). She remarked that perhaps I might be allowed to learn dancing.

"Why, nothing could be more natural," was the answer of the gracious man. "Dancing goes hand-in-hand with music; even in Greek days it was the choral revellers that were accompanied by the harp. In the

* 1 florin equals 2s English money or 40 cents.

classics there is frequent mention of the dance. With the Romans it belonged to culture, and according to tradition even holy David danced. In the world of to-day it is just indispensable, especially to a young man. An innocent enjoyment! One form of bodily exercise. It is indispensable that the young man of to-day shall step, walk, stand properly, and be able to bow and dance, and not betray at once, on his appearance, that he has come from some school of pedantry. And in this respect I obey the tendency of the age. My own children all learn to dance, and as the dancing-master comes here in any case my young friend may as well join my children; it will not cost more than five florins."

Grandmother was extraordinarily contented with the bargain; she found everything quite cheap.

"By cooperation everything becomes cheap. A true mental 'ménage.' Many learn together, and each pays a trifle. If you wish my young friend to learn drawing, it will not cost more than four florins; four hours weekly, together with the others. Perhaps you will not find it superfluous, that our young friend should make acquaintance with the more important European languages; he can learn, under the supervision of mature teachers, English and French, at a cost of not more than three florins, three hours a week. And if my young friend has a few hours to spare, he cannot do better than spend them in the gymnasium; gymnastic exercise is healthy, it encourages the development of the muscles along with that of the brain, and it does not cost anything, only ten florins entrance fee."

Grandmother was quite overcome by this thoughtfulness. She left everything in order and paid in advance.

I do not wish anyone to come to the conclusion, from the facts stated above, that in course of time I shall come to boast what a Paganini I became in time, what a Mezzofanti as a linguist, what a Buonarotti in art, what a Vestris in the dance, or what a Michael Toddy in fencing:—I hasten to remark that I do not even yet

understand anything of all these things. I have only to relate how they taught them to me.

When I went to my private lessons—"together with the others"—the professor was not at home; we indulged in an hour's wrestling.

When I went to my dancing lessons—"together with the others"—the dancing master was missing: again an hour's wrestling.

During the French lessons we again wrestled, and during the drawing and violin hours we spent our time exactly as we did during the other hours; so that when the gymnastic lessons came round we had no more heart for wrestling.

I did just learn to swim,—in secret, seeing that it was prohibited, and truly without paying:—unless I may count as a forfeit penalty that mass of water I swallowed once, when I was nearly drowned in the Danube. None even dared to acquaint the people at home with the fact: Lorand saved me, but he never boasted of his feat.

As we left the house of this very kind man, who quite overcame grandmother and us, with his gracious and amiable demeanors, Lorand said:

"From this hour I begin to greatly esteem the first professor: he is a noble, straight-forward fellow."

I did not understand his meaning—that is, I did not wish to understand. Perhaps he wished to slight "my" professor.

According to my ethical principles it was purely natural that each student should admire and love that professor who was the director of his own class, and if one class is secretly at war with another, the only reason can be that the professor of one class is the opponent of the other. My kingdom is the foe of thy kingdom, so my soldiers are the enemies of thy soldiers.

I began to look at Lorand in the light of some such hostile soldier.

Fortunately the events that followed drove all these ideas out of my head.

CHAPTER III

MY RIGHT HONORABLE UNCLE

WE were invited to dine with the Privy Councillor Bálnokházy, at whose house my brother was to take up his residence.

He was some very distant relation of ours; however, he received a payment for Lorand's board, seven hundred florins, a nice sum of money in those days.

My pride was the greatest that my brother was living in a privy councillor's house, and, if my school-fellows asked me where I lived, I never omitted to mention the fact that "my brother was living with Bálnokházy, P. C.," while I myself had taken up my abode merely with a baker.

Baker Fromm was indeed very sorry that we were not dining "at home." At least they might have left me alone there. That he did not turn to stone as he uttered these words was not my fault; at least I fixed upon him such basilisk eyes as I was capable of. What an idea! To refuse a dinner with my P. C. uncle for his sake! Grandmother, too, discovered that I also must be presented there.

We ordered a carriage for 1:30; of course we could not with decency go to the P. C.'s on foot. Grandmother fastened my embroidered shirt under my waistcoat, and I was vain enough to allow the little pugnose to arrange my tie. She really could make pretty bows, I thought. As I gazed at myself in the looking-glass, I found that I should be a handsome boy when I had put on my silver-buttoned attila.* And if only my hair

* The coat worn by the hussars, forming part, as it does, of all real Magyar *levée* dresses.