

THE TENSAS GAZETTE

Gazette Publishing Company, Ltd.

Official Paper of the Parish of Tensas School Board and Fifth Louisiana Levee District.

\$1.50 Per Annum

NEW SERIES, VOL. XXVI

ST. JOSEPH, LOUISIANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1916

NUMBER 2

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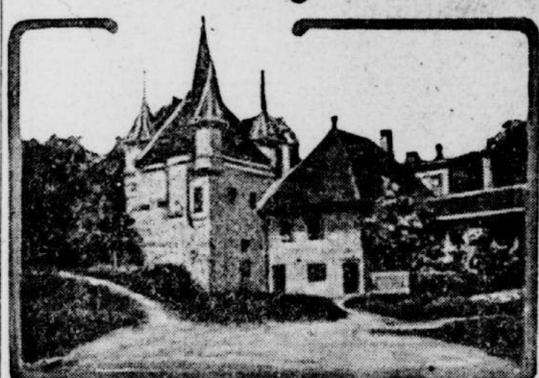
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In Transylvania



ONE OF THE GATES OF THE ANCIENT WALLED CITY OF BRASSO

ALL NATIONS of the world have their eyes fixed on the colossal struggle which is shaking civilization to its very foundations, but by none is it watched with more breathless eagerness than by that province on the western side of the Carpathians which is cut off from its kindred and bound by fetters of iron into a sheaf of alien races. Magyar, Slav, Bosnian, Croatian, Teuton—with his fellow-subjects of Kaiser Franz Josef the Latin inhabitant of Transylvania has absolutely no sympathy. On the contrary, he detests them, one and all, though he reserves his deadliest hatred for his hard taskmaster, the Hungarian. But with the Roumanian on the further side of the Transylvanian Alps he has all things in common, blood, language, descent, Roumanian, the Roman's land; Transylvania, that part of the Roman's land which lies beyond the forests. And that part which lies beyond the forests looks with unspoken longing for the deliverance which the Hapsburg's overthrow will bring, for that victory which will reunite her to her kin, writes J. M. Dodginton in Country Life.

It is an interesting land, that which lies beyond the forests, and there is, perhaps, no quaintier town in Europe than its ancient capital, Kolozsvar. Embosomed in trees, its ancient houses straggle over several hills, its two rippling rivers are crossed by picturesque covered wooden bridges which rival those of Lucerne and Florence. Its narrow, unpaved streets are lighted by electricity, but sanitation, in each and all of its branches, is totally ignored, and in its main thoroughfares, beside the lines of the electric tramway, run open sewers. These discharge themselves into the two rivers. I may add that the visitor has a not altogether agreeable sensation when he observes the brown-skinned washerwomen pounding his linen on the banks of the said streams and subsequently rinsing it in their turbid waters!

In these narrow, unpaved streets there are many lofty and spacious mansions, tenanted by the haute aristocratic of the country. Like the palazzi of Florence and of Rome, the ground floors of these are entirely occupied by shops. On the first floor, the piano nobile, lives the owner (if sufficiently well off to afford such lodgment). The upper floors are let to tenants of many degrees, whose station varies in inverse proportion to their altitude. If the owner of the mansion is a poor man, he himself "goes up higher."

Standing solitary on a hill outside the town is a whitewashed fortress from which one has a superb view over hill and dale, over forest and river, away and away to the far blue line of the Carpathians. Kolozsvar also possesses a fine public park, under whose fragrant lime trees a magnificent Tzigany band discourses wildest music.

Market Day in Kolozsvar. But the greatest charm of the little town (it has a population of but a bare 20,000 souls) is its market day. Then, under the largest and most gorgeously colored umbrellas in Europe (I should imagine) do groups of the most picturesquely attired countrywomen assemble, surrounded by piles of the most delightful fruit and vegetables, downy peaches, crimson plums, luscious grapes—purple, yellow and white—rosy apples, blue-black figs, blood red pomegranates, gigantic melons and cucumbers, huge red peppers, produce of garden and orchard of every color and form, and all framed in garlands of roses of every imaginable hue. Present everywhere, roaming and rooting among the stalls, are flocks of long-necked geese and herds of the peculiarly hideous swine of the country whose happiest hunting grounds are the Transylvanian forests.

The air is exhilarating as champagne; though the heat in summertime is very great during the noontide hours, at sundown a refreshingly cool breeze invariably springs up and a heavy dew begins to fall. It is a most delightful experience to roam then through the beautiful forest, listening to the tinkle of the bells as the herds of sheep, cattle, pigs, buffaloes wander down the magnificent aisles, to the flute of the shepherd and the horn of the guardian of the swine. Equally pleasing it is, during the heat of the day, to spend long hours of dolce far niente on a springy bed of wild thyme by the side of a babbling streamlet—I may add that for the inveterate angler it is an even more enjoyable experience to extract from its dark pools and alluring stickles many a lusty trout. For almost all of these forest "burns" abound in fish—not very large, it is true, but vigorous fighters, giving excellent sport.

Big Landowners the Rule. There are very few tenant farmers in the country; immensely big landowners are the rule, and these, with the aid of a host of bullfiffs, manage their own estates. They devote each farm to some special object; one, for instance, is the ox farm, another the sheep farm, a third is set aside for horses, a fourth for donkeys, another for poultry, another for pigs, and yet another is the dairy farm.

It is, by the way, rather a curious fact that cows' milk is despised by all rich man and peasant alike. It is looked upon as only fit for pigs and calves, or to be mixed with other milk in the making of cheese. Only buffalo milk is considered fit for human consumption; this is, however, to an English palate, far too rich, both in quality and flavor.

Outside almost every village in Transylvania is the gypsy quarter. Outside it, not in it, for the despised Tzigany is never allowed to dwell among the villagers or to mix with them on equal terms. He is the basket-maker, occasionally the brickmaker, of the neighborhood—but always and everywhere he is the music-maker. The gypsies are the orchestra of every town and village, at every festa they play untrillingly, hour after hour, while the peasants dance. Men and women alike are dowered with the gift of music, and the wild Czardas crashed out by a Tzigany band makes even the cool blood of a Northerner tingle in his veins.

But fiddling is not the gypsy's only accomplishment; he is also a most expert thief. In fact, a legend of the country says that when a Tzigany baby makes its entrance into this vale of tears it is laid on its back upon the ground, while a purse is placed on its right side and a fiddle on its left. According to the direction in which it first extends a tiny fist its profession in life is determined!

A fair, fair land that "beyond the forests"—a more than interesting people, varying infinitely in rank, in character, in customs, even in beliefs, but united in one overpowering longing: to free their necks from the Magyar yoke, and to be reunited with their kindred on the further side of the Transylvanian Alps.

HISTORIC CRIMES and MYSTERIES



THE SONS OF SORROW.

The most trifling incident may affect your own destiny and the destiny of those who come after you. History is full of stories illustrating this fact, and none of them is more remarkable than the story of Charles Sanson de Longval, who sacrificed everything for love. One day, in the year 1662, he was thrown from his horse; and as a direct result of this accident he and seven of his descendants, for a period of 200 years, were shunned of men, as though they were lepers, bearing upon them the word "unclean."



His Face Was Haggard and Lined and His Eyes Full of Trouble.

England and might have remained there in opulence, but returned to their own country. When the fateful accident happened Charles was a lieutenant in the army, his regiment being stationed at Dieppe. He was about thirty years of age, and handsome and prosperous. His life had been full of adventure, for he had spent several years in the wilderness of America. He was of a buoyant spirit and extremely witty, and therefore a great favorite with his regiment, and a pet of his commanding officer, the Marquis de Laboussiere. He also seemed the pet of fortune, and it was agreed by his comrades that he had a future.

Then one day he went for a horse-back ride, and just as he left the town, was thrown to the ground, because of a broken saddle girth. He was unconscious for a time, and when he recovered his senses he was being carried into a little dark cottage by a man of giant strength. He was placed upon a rude couch, and remained there several days before he was able to leave. He was waited upon by the man who had carried him in, and his daughter.

The man seemed bent beneath some crushing sorrow. His face was haggard and lined and his eyes full of trouble. He was silent most of the time, but now and then he talked to himself in a wild way, and for hours together he would pace the floor of his little home, and moan and sob like a man in agony. The daughter was beautiful, but as sad as her father. She never smiled and only spoke when answering questions. She was so beautiful and so gentle, and apparently so afflicted that the young soldier began pitying her, and ended by loving her passionately. All this time he didn't know who his host was, and when he asked the girl, she only replied, "You will know soon enough."

At last he was able to depart from the house, and the somber host escorted him to the gate, and said: "We have done for you what we could. Never come to this cottage again, if you have any friendly feeling for me. I have seen you gaze admiringly at my daughter. Forget that she lives. I would see her in her coffin rather than see her in love."

coming, and they told his relatives. A cousin of high estate hunted him up, and said: "You surely know who the girl is you are visiting?"

"I don't even know her name," said Charles. "But I love her with all my heart."

"Come with me," said the cousin, and Charles accompanied him to a large public square, where two criminals were about to be executed.

"Look at the executioner," said the cousin.

Charles looked as directed, and of a sudden fell so weak he had to lean on his cousin's shoulder. His host of the little dark cottage was the executioner of Dieppe. Had the cousin been wise, he'd have said no more, but would have let the lesson sink in. But he felt it his duty to preach awhile, and in the course of his remarks he made some slighting remarks concerning Marguerite Jouanne, the executioner's daughter. Charles' strength came back as promptly as it had deserted him. His sword flashed in the sun.

"Defend yourself!" he cried: "you are speaking of the lady I love?" Then there was quite a duel. Charles was a great swordsman, and the cousin was in parlous case, when a friend came to his rescue. Charles wounded both of them, and sent them away bleeding and writhing.

The next day when he appeared on duty all his old friends of the regiment met him with averted faces. His fellow officers looked all round and past him, and couldn't see him. Nobody responded to his greetings and people were silent when he asked questions. He understood it all well enough. His comrades knew that he was in love with the executioner's daughter, and he was a pariah. For many days he endured this ostracism, and he began to realize what such a love as his would cost him.

Then the commanding officer summoned him to a conference. The commanding officer began by telling him how everybody in the regiment loved him, and how everybody was af-

flicted and humiliated by his present course. "Give up this girl, crush down this insane infatuation," said the marquis, "and you'll have all your friends again. As it is, you are disgracing the regiment."

Charles drew his sword, and broke it over his knee. "Then I belong to the regiment no longer," answered he. "I'll tear up my commission at once."

And he did. That night he went out to the cottage to ask Marguerite to marry him and go to the new world, where they might begin a new life. All the visits he had paid were without the knowledge of her father. And now he knocked to the door on tiptoe, and knocked gently—a knock she understood. There was no answer, and he stood listening. He heard a moaning sound, that came from the direction of an old shed back in the garden. He stole there quietly, and saw that there was a light in the shed. The moaning continued, soon rising to a shriek. He looked in through a crack, and saw Marguerite strapped on a leather couch. Her father, his eyes glowing insanely, was subjecting her to the torture of the boot. He held aloft a hammer, was crushing her limb.

"Confess that you love him!" he was saying.

Then the door flew in as though struck by a thunderbolt and Charles was in the room. He knocked the old man into a corner and then tore the engine of torture away from the girl. The father, half crazed with his mental sufferings, had heard that the girl was planning to elope with an officer. For the sake of her lover, the girl denied everything, and he was trying to force the truth from her.

Then Charles outlined his plan, but the girl would not leave her father, who was worse than alone in the world. And the father would not consent to her marriage unless Charles agreed to adopt the old man's gruesome profession. Charles did not hesitate, and under such strange conditions he and the girl became engaged, and were married a few days later.

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