

3 May. Bistritz.

Left Munich at 8:35 P.M., on 1st May, **arriving** at Vienna early next morning; should have **arrived** at 6:46, but train was an hour late. Budapest seems a wonderful place, from the glimpse which I got of it from the train and the little **I** could walk through the streets. **I** feared to go very far from the station, as we had arrived late and would start as near the correct time **as** possible.

The impression I had was that we were leaving the West and **entering** the **East**; the most western of splendid bridges over the Danube, which **is** here of noble width and depth, took us **among** the traditions of Turkish rule.

We left in pretty good time, and came **after** nightfall to Klausenburgh. Here I stopped for the night at the Hotel Royale. **I** had for dinner, or rather supper, a chicken done **up** some way with red pepper, which was very good but thirsty. (Mem. get recipe for Mina.) I asked the waiter, and he said it was called "paprika hendl," **and** that, as it was a national dish, I should be able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians.

**I** found my smattering of German very useful here, indeed, I don't know how I should be able to get on without it.

Having had some time **at** my disposal when in London, I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the books and maps in the library regarding Transylvania; **it** had struck me that some foreknowledge of the country could hardly fail to have some **importance** in dealing with a nobleman of that country.

I find that the district he named is in the **extreme** east of the country, just on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Bukovina, in the midst of the Carpathian mountains; **one** of the wildest and least known portions of **Europe**.

I was not **able** to light on **any** map or work giving the **exact** locality of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this country **as** yet to compare with our **own** Ordnance Survey Maps; but I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. I shall **enter** here some of my notes, as they may refresh my memory when I talk **over** my travels with Mina.

**In** the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the South, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the descendants of the Dacians; Magyars in the West, and Szekelys in the **East** and North. **I** am going among the latter, who claim to be descended from **Attila** and the Huns. This may be so, for when the Magyars conquered the country **in** the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it.

I read that every known superstition in the world is gathered **into** the horseshoe of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of some sort of **imaginative** whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. (Mem., I must ask the Count all about them.)

**I** did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had all sorts of queer dreams. There was a dog howling **all** night under my window, which may have had something to do with it; or it may have been the paprika, for I had to drink up all the water in my carafe, and was still thirsty. Towards morning **I** slept and was wakened by the continuous knocking **at** my door, so I guess I must have been sleeping soundly then.

I had for breakfast more paprika, and a sort of porridge of maize flour which they said was "mamaliga", and **egg**-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very excellent dish, which they call "**impletata**". (Mem., get recipe for this also.)

I had to hurry breakfast, for the train started a little before **eight**, or rather it **ought** to have done so, for after rushing to the station at 7:30 I had to sit in the carriage for more than an hour before we began to move.