

and zigzagging as they went, and sending echoes from wall to wall until they died away in the distance. One gallery flung the echo back sixteen times; renewed shouts deeper inside set the whole interior of the massif ringing with mad thunder. Every stream and river that branched away offered new marvels: deep limestone clefts, measureless caverns elaborated with arches and arcades and freak natural windows: unseen brooks that roared in the darkness and caverns where the stalactites and stalagmites strove towards each other or clenched indissolubly in wasp-waisted pillars; castles soared and old villages sacked by the Mongols still fell to pieces among gloomy forests where the Rumanian shepherds called to each other and to their flocks with metal-bound horns of linden-wood several yards long, like those that boom across Alpine meadows and the pastures of Tibet.

The wide main street of Turda—or Torda—reminded me of Honiton. "They're all cobblers and tanners and potters," said István, "and lots of them are Socinians." Angéla asked what Socinians were and, for once, I was able to enlarge: I had looked them up in Count Jenő's library. They were a sect of Unitarians which had sprung up in this part of the world and were named after a Siense family of theologians, the Sozzini; they took their name, in these particular regions, from one Fausto Sossini, an adventurous nephew of the founder, who wandered to Transylvania from the court of Isabella dei Medici and settled at Kolozsvár in 1578, where his doctrines sank deep heterodox roots. Then he strolled on to Cracow.

"Yes," said Angéla, "but what do they believe in?"

"Well," István said doubtfully, "they don't believe in the Trinity for a start."

"Oh?" After half a second's doctrinal pondering she said, "Silly asses," and István and I laughed.

We strayed into the Calvinist church. The old building was as severe as a conventicle, with the Decalogue inscribed in Magyar over the Communion table. As in an English parish church, the numbers of last Sunday's hymns were framed in wood on a pillar by the tall pulpit. The only decorative things were the fine baroque pews: they were painted light green and picked out in gold, as though the pastors were determined the Catholics shouldn't have it all their own way. Three