

an imitation of those of Paris, they give a quaint touch of the Oriental.

There is a good deal of amusement going on in Bucharest, and the people are very sociable and hospitable. No one would sit down to table without two or three extra covers in case of unexpected guests arriving. The peasant invites you to share his meal, if it be but a couple of onions, a few boiled beans, and half a melon. But for all that there is no real gaiety, or rather no joy. Never did I see people so sad at heart as are the Roumanians. The very children have a gravity about them unnatural to their years. Their little faces are pinched and pale; their great eyes, fringed with long curling lashes, gleam with intelligence; but their expression is so melancholy that it breaks one's heart to look at them.



ROUMANIAN SHEPHERD.

The Roumanian is never surprised at anything. The *nil admirari* is in his blood: he is born *blasé*. Enthusiasm is to him a thing unknown. The Moldavian peasants who had been bitten by mad wolves, and were sent to Pasteur in Paris, were no more surprised at what they saw in that city than if it had been their native village. Death has no terrors for them. The Roumanian peasant dies with his taper in his hand, with perfect indifference, and with a dignity which is quite Oriental.

When I arrived in the country no lady ever set her foot in the streets. It was not only indecorous to do so, it was impossible, the middle of the thoroughfare being occupied by the drain. Now all the women walk on pavements bordered by shops and cafés, where people eat strawberries, with champagne and ices, seated at little tables, and trying to imitate Parisian ways. Now nothing is spoken in the town but French, whereas forty years ago