

As through the sand of wild moorland
My cart toiled wearily.

"Giving to naught but himself a thought,
His fiddle the first did hold,
While 'mid the blaze of the evening days
A fiery lay he trolled.

"His pipe with the lip the second did grip,
A-watching the smoke that curled,
As void of care as nothing there were
Could better him in the world.

"The third in sleep lay slumbering deep,
On a branch swung his guitar;
Through his strings did stray the winds at play,
His soul was 'mid dreams afar.

"With a patch or two of rainbow hue,
Tattered their garb and torn;
But little recked they what the world might say,
Repaying its scorn with scorn.

"And they taught to me these Gipsies three,
When life is saddened and cold,
How to dream or play or puff it away,
Despising it threefold!

"And oft on my track I would fain cast back
A glance behind me there—
A glance at that crew of tawny hue,
With their swarthy shocks of hair."

The words "church" and "fortress" used to be synonymous in Transylvania, so the places of worship might accurately have been described as churches militant. Each Saxon village church was surrounded by a row, sometimes even a double or triple row, of fortified walls, which are mostly still extant. The remains of moat and drawbridge are also yet frequently to be seen. When threatened by an enemy the people used to retire into these fortresses, often built on some rising piece of ground, taking with them their valuables, as well as provisions for the contingency of a lengthy siege. From these heights the Saxons used to roll down heavy stones on their assailants, sometimes with terrific effect; but when they had in this way exhausted their missiles, the predicament was often a precarious one. Some of these stones still survive, and may occasionally be seen, circular in shape, and resembling giant cannon balls. These were the missiles which lay there in readiness to be rolled down on an approaching enemy; and there was a law compelling each bridegroom, before leading