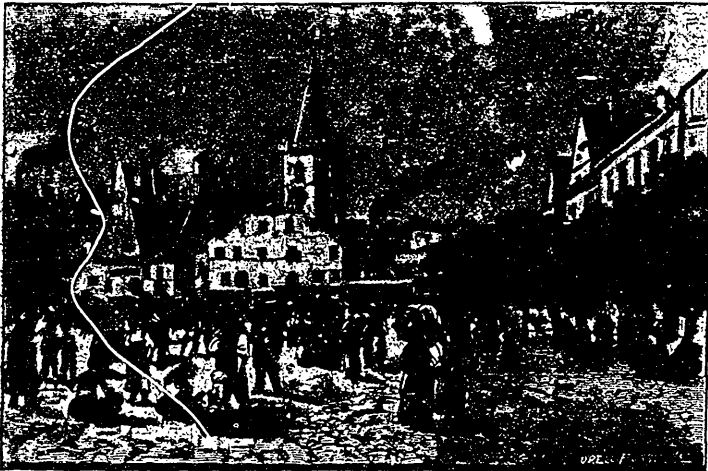


belonging to some wealthy man going to his country-seat at a rate of twenty kilometres an hour. The postilions wear embroidered leather garments, moccasins like those of Indians, hats with long fluttering ribbons, and shirts with wide sleeves that swell out like sails in the wind as they go. Like demons, they double themselves up, scream, crack their whips, talk to their horses, or fling you a greeting as they pass by, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

In the streets of Bucharest there is a perpetual going and coming of carriages, countless hackney-coaches, all open, with just a hood to protect the hirer from the cold, the sun, or the rain. The coachmen are extraordinary-looking creatures, beardless Russians of the Lipovan sect, wearing long black velvet robes,



MARKET-DAY IN ROUMANIA.

pulled in at the waist with a coloured sash. They drive very rapidly, with the arms stretched out, as in St. Petersburg. They are clean, steady, and honest. I amused myself sometimes by counting them; no matter what the weather, from 120 to 150 carriages an hour passed the windows of the palace; only between two and four o'clock in the morning was there comparative quiet.

In addition to the noise of the carriages, peddlers and porters on foot make the streets reverberate with their long, melancholy cries. These walkers are mostly Bulgarians, wearing long white mantles with wide red woollen sashes, and a red or white fez on the head. They hawk milk, oranges, conbans, a horrible drink of fermented millet, and sheep from which the skins have been taken, the still bleeding bodies hung upon poles. To our streets, which are