

vehicles, the animals' hoofs sinking deep in the dust in dry weather, and in the mud when it rains. Speaking of mud, what was my amusement the first time I was splashed with it, and that was in one of the principal roads, at finding that it made grease spots on my clothes! And when I saw ploughing! A plough drawn by four to six oxen, just scratching over the earth, with the branch of a tree serving as a harrow. This is what they call ploughing here! More than that, the soil is so fertile that it is really all that is needed.

Roumanian carriages are often drawn by horses, eight, twelve, or even sixteen little horses being yoked together in a helter-skelter manner with a kind of pack-thread. A strong boy astride one of them guides them all with one hand, and in the other brandishes a long



FARM-YARD IN ROUMANIA.

whip with a short handle very dexterously. Thus do they cross the wide plains, standing out larger than life against the wide-stretching horizon. The driver, as he goes, sings a melancholy melody, and now and then he halts beside some well to water his cattle. The structures protecting the well look rather like gallows rising solitary from the midst of the fields. Every man who has sunk a well is blessed, and many are the sins forgiven him. Whosoever drinks, after blowing in the water to drive away evil spirits, is bound to say, "May God pardon him!" Sometimes the charioteer falls asleep amongst the maize, his limbs relaxed, and abandoned to careless repose.

If we suddenly hear in the distance the ringing of small bells and long sustained cries like the whistles on the railways, we know we may expect to see appear eight horses and two postilions