

enough, fling himself upon the grave of his children, and tear up the ground with his fingers, calling his lost dear ones by name.

One poetic time at Bucharest is Easter week, when nearly two hundred churches are illuminated every evening. The bells are all clashing together; the people are crowding to offer fresh flowers to the images of the saints. On Good Friday processions carrying torches walk round all the churches, and then take tapers from them to the cemetery with which to deck the graves, even the most neglected receiving each a little light placed on it by charitable hands.

At Easter Eve the King kisses the manuscript gospel whilst it is being read aloud. Then he takes the crucifix and the taper, and everyone comes to kiss the cross, and to light his taper at that of the King. When it strikes midnight all leave the church, to celebrate the resurrection in the open air.

Many were the heart-rending and touching scenes I witnessed during the war, which were to me a revelation of the strange nature of the Roumanian people, with their superstitions, their childlike piety, their combined melancholy and fun. I have seen a devoted wife, after seeking her husband all along the shores of the Danube and in all the hospitals, finding him at last, broken down and disfigured, to greet him with a mere nod of the head before taking up her post at his bedside, there to nurse him day and night. I have heard some brave hero crying out in his agony for his mother, and covering the hands of that mother with kisses.

Once I was sent for to converse with a young man whose leg had been amputated, and who was in inconsolable despair. Not having been present at the operation, I did not know which leg had been taken off. I sat down on the side of the bed, and remained talking to the poor fellow for a quarter of an hour, he smiling sweetly at me all the time. When I arose, my ladies of honour discovered that I had been sitting on the stump of the lost leg. I still shudder when I think of my stupidity.

"You poor fellow!" I cried; "it must have hurt you terribly."

"I would have borne it many hours for the sake of listening to your voice," he replied.



ROUMANIAN PEASANTS.