

which, running entirely in hard straight lines, with nothing graceful or flowing about them, no doubt helped to produce this scriptural impression. The Saxon peasant is stiff without dignity, just as he is honest without being frank. The men are, on the whole, pleasanter to look at than the fair sex, having often a certain ungainly picturesqueness of their own, reminding one of old Flemish paintings.

The Roumanians, on the other hand, are much more attractive in appearance. They seem to be a long-lived race, and it is no uncommon thing to come across peasants of ninety and upwards, in full possession of their faculties. In early infancy the Roumanian babe is treated as a bundle, often packed in a little wooden oval box, and slung on its mother's back, thus carried about wherever she goes. If at work in the field, she attaches the box to the branch of a tree; and when sitting at market it can be stowed on the ground between a basket of eggs and a pair of cackling fowls. When after a few months it outgrows the box, and crawls out of its cocoon, the baby begins to share its parents' food, and soon learns to manage for itself.

Once in actual possession of a calf the Roumanian lad considers himself to be a made man. He has no ground of his own; but such petty considerations not affecting him, he proceeds to build himself a domicile, wherever best suits his purpose, on some waste piece of land. Stone hardly ever enters into the fabrication of his building; the framework is roughly put together of wooden beams, and the walls clay-plastered and wattled, while the roof is covered with thatch of reeds or wooden shingles, according as he may happen to live nearest to a marsh or a forest.

The inside of a Roumanian hut is by no means so miserable as its outward appearance would lead us to suppose. The walls are



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SAXON PEASANT OF TRANSYLVANIA.