

hardihood seem wonderful, and the toil that would kill our countrywomen apparently makes no impression upon their hardy Saxon organization, inured through many generations to the work of the field. What struck me most was their toil-worn faces and heavy tread, like the oxen they drive; and, what must be rather a mournful reflection to all who have lived among them, they are rarely, by any chance, lifted above the toilsome sphere in which they were born. "We are always at work," said an old peasant of the hills, "and our children will be as poor as we are, unless we go to America, where there is no conscription and no taxes." The tears rolled down her weather-beaten cheeks, and the young girl by her side had a face to haunt one for days.

"My mother is very tired," she said, in her pretty German, trying to be cheerful. "We work so hard every day, and now my brother has just been drawn and taken to the Rhine, and it will be hard getting on when the winter comes." It told the story of more than half the peasantry, and was a condition of things to make one profoundly sad.

Educated to habits of industry, their leisure is only a change of work. Watching the cows or walking for pleasure, their knitting needles keep time to their steps; or, as we oftener saw in Germany, groups of gossips, young and old, sitting together at evening in front of their doors, their hands always busy as their tongues, and the long blue stockings lengthening out with a rapidity astonishing to our half-indolent way of doing what we consider very lazy work. Sometimes we lingered long enough to take in the group, and now and then would catch faces of simple, noble beauty, worthy of Jean Paul's ideal German Mädchen.

United with their simple beauty one often finds a certain charm and witchery of manners that seems to lie wholly in the entire absence of all affectation and pretence. They make no attempt to imitate the manners and dress of another sphere. The distinctions of rank are too marked to admit of social ambitions, and they are apparently too well contented with their peasant ways, pretty turbans and bright aprons, to envy those beyond them the elegance of their hats and feathers.

So dear has fuel become in Saxony, that were it not that the poor are allowed by law to go into the forests and break off such dead twigs and branches as they can, a great portion, if not the whole, of the labouring classes must perish from cold, owing to their inability to purchase so expensive a commodity. Nothing can give one a more doleful and depressing notion of the impoverished condition of these peasants than to see the poor