

Lady Martock to part with money, but she knew no other messenger but Milly would be a safe one, so she yielded. She gave her a cheque for a large amount, and Milly took her false message to Edward Haslam.

The interview was a short one. She came away from it flushed and slightly trembling.

"What have I done?" she said to herself. "Perhaps I have wrecked two lives—but then what are these lives to me? I owe Edward Haslam nothing, I owe my husband everything—yes, even my truth and my honour, for my father has destroyed his."

That night Mr. Haslam wrote a long joyful letter to

Cordelia, and another to Mr. Gwynne. In both he prayed for a speedy marriage. He could not believe long in Lady Martock's pacific intentions, so it behoved him to marry at once before she changed her mind. Once married he felt she would be powerless to hurt him, for the fact of her permitting his marriage would render the weapon she held harmless.

He had been surprised to see Milly. She came and she went away without telling him she was married. He received her as Lady Millicent Martock, and never thought of asking a question.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

ROUMANIA AND THE ROUMANS.



FAMED though it may be in folk-tale and song, a sail down the "Blue Danube" ought to be a thinking man to be a long lesson in the race-wars and history of South-eastern Europe. At Ratisbon and Passau we are still on a Teutonic river, but soon we steam into Austria, "a government, but not a nation." The silent stream has witnessed an endless and seemingly never-to-end struggle of races, hating each other because their fathers told their thoughts in a different vocabulary from some other men's sires, and ready to cut each other's throats because their traditions are different. But at Vienna we are still sailing between German-speaking lands. Soon, however, we leave the Fatherland, and at Pressburg find that the tongue spoken by the

passengers whom we pick up is strange to us. We are in Hungary, and the language is now Magyar. The politics are as strange to those of Austria as the words in which the patriot speaks. There are aspirations, but they are not Germanward, and the language points to the east rather than the west. Budapest is the Hungarian capital, and not Vienna; and the Magyar sympathies go with the Turks, who are their near allies, rather than the Russians, to whom the people we have just left gravitate rather more. But soon again we are in a new land, and among people speaking a multiplicity of dialects, amid the uncouth jargon of which we must perforce remain silent.

They are of the Slavic race, and recognise as their protector neither Franz Josef, who is their titular monarch, nor Hungary, which is their nearest neighbour, but the Czar of All the Russias, who rules in the far north those kindred races from whom they are disjointed fragments, severed in the shock of empires from the parent stock, and destined now to live under an alien crown. Yet they cannot converse with each other, and the deck resounds with a babel of tongues—amid the din of which a linguist might detect the voices of Slavs, Germans, Czechs, Ruthenians, Poles, Slovaks, Croats, Serbs, Bulgars, Italians, Ladins, Magyars, Valaks, Jews, Armenians, Bohemians, and the dwellers in the uttermost parts of Dalmatia. We now begin to understand how uneasy must be the head that wears the Austrian crown. The steamer passes out of the "Kaiserlich-Königliche" dominions, and soon we have on our right hand a principality, in which we can see that the Turks, who now and then come on board at the chief stopping-places, are by no means popular. We are in Servia, and yet among the Slavs. But at the Iron Gate of the Danube again the people and the language change. Instead of a fair-haired people speaking German or any of the endless Slavonian dialects, we suddenly find the vessel boarded by swarthy *douaniers* who talk to each other a language strange to us. The towns on the left bank fly an unfamiliar flag, while the great fortresses opposite, which frown at similar buildings on the other shore, are surmounted by the Crescent and the Star. We are in Wallachia if we land on the north side, and in what was Turkey if on the south. The north

shore is ruled by Carl I. of Roumania, until recently the tributary of the Sultan, while the southern banks are inhabited by the Bulgarians, now by the fiat of Europe once more a nation. The Bulgars on the south are, however, of a very different race from the Wallachs on the north. Tongue, manners, and traditions, all are different; this we speedily discover as we steam down the ever-widening river, and continually lowering banks.

At Giurgevo, opposite Rustchuk, the dark-skinned people whom we picked up at Belgrade, Kruchuvitza, Widin, Kalafat, and Nicopolis land, and their place is taken by a great swarm of similar voyagers. We might steam down the river past Silistria, Ibraila, and Galatz, having the long swampy Dobrudsha on our right and the disputed Bessarabia on our left, until through one of the several mouths of the river we should sail into the Black Sea—the *Pontus Euxinus* of our school-boy days. But we shall disembark at Giurgevo, for here is the Danubian terminus of the railway which runs for some forty miles on to Bucharest. Now Bucharest is the capital of Wallachia, and Wallachia forms with the neighbouring province of Moldavia the now independent sovereignty of Roumania, of which the swarthy arrivals and departures were citizens. We have said "citizens," but judging at first glance we should imagine that they were all of very noble descent. The title prince is seemingly as common as esquire in the land we come from, and the gentleman of baronial origin seems unpleasantly common. After a time we learn that in Roumania every twenty-eighth man is a boyard or noble, and that the title of prince, common though it be, is reserved strictly for external use. It is convenient for travelling purposes, that is all. Our fellow-passengers in the train speak a tongue which seems familiar to us, though we can make little out of it. Picking up a newspaper we find that we can read it, and that the language is really a corrupted Latin. The people speak French, however, with extraordinary fluency; and in dress, manners, liveliness, and grimaces, the brown-faced, rather gypsy-looking ladies who are standing on the railway platform are altogether Gallic.

Even Bucharest, or Bucuresci, as the inhabitants call it, partakes of the prevailing Franco-gypsy aspect which attaches to all things Roumanian. The citizens are never better pleased than when it is called the "Paris of the East," albeit it is little better than a collection of villages, picturesque, no doubt, amid its green environment of herbage, when viewed from the outside, though internally as ill-paved, evil-smelling a collection of lanes as could well be imagined. In summer Bucharest is always dusty; in winter it is always muddy. Yet, compared with the other Wallachian cities, Bucharest is no doubt a very superior place of residence. It is even better than Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, the other division of Roumania. This is a city of 90,000 inhabitants—10,000 less than Galatz—but, owing to the fertility of the surrounding country, the neighbourhood of the Pruth and of the Russian frontier, to which it acts as a sort of *entrepôt*, and its situation on the grand line of railway which unites the Baltic and the Black Sea, Jassy is a place

of some consequence, and is likely to be still more important in the near future. Originally the "Danubian Principalities," as Roumania was long called, comprised two States, which since 1861 have been united under one ruler and administration. However, the old divisions are still spoken of, and accordingly it may be well to say a few words about each separately.

Moldavia has an area of 18,142 square miles, and geographically it may be said to form part of the great undulating steppe or table-land of the south of Russia—except towards the west, where several spurs of the Carpathians give a rugged character to the country. It is everywhere fertile, the Pruth, Sereth, and Danube flowing through valleys in which are reared great crops of grain and fruit. The far-extending pastures support enormous herds of swine, cattle, sheep, and horses; while the numerous lime-trees found in its forests have led to bee-keeping becoming a favourite branch of agricultural industry. Wallachia is 27,500 square miles in extent. The western part of it is for the most part flat, but on the borders of Hungary and Austria it is guarded by a huge mountain wall, pierced by only five practicable passes. Unlike Moldavia, this part of Roumania is almost destitute of wood, and, indeed, along the banks of the Danube is one long series of swamps which, in the summer, are hot-beds of fever. In winter the country lies deep under the snow for months at a time, and in summer the heat is intense. Thus Wallachia is neither so rich nor so pleasant a part of Prince Carl's dominions as Moldavia. Still corn, maize, millet, wine, flax, tobacco, and olive oil are among its products, while the great herds of cattle, sheep, and horses, which feed on its treeless heaths, are familiar objects in the otherwise rather dreary landscape of the "Tzarea Roumanesca."

By slow steps, not by war, but by steady waiting on Providence, the Roumanians have won their independence. There may be more opinions than one regarding the good faith or wisdom of their throwing in their lot with the Russians during the late struggle; but in regard to the courage they displayed, and the high spirit they have since shown, there can be nothing but praise due them. Roumania is indeed a compact kingdom. Nearly as large as England and Wales, it comprises a people apart, isolated, and intended to live by themselves. For the most part they have no relations to any neighbouring people, in language, manners, or origin, and therefore have less chance to be absorbed in the ambitious schemes of a more powerful people who may find it convenient to claim them as relatives. *Romoun no pere*—"The Rouman shall not perish"—is a Chauvinistic proverb better founded on truth than such patriotic dicta usually are. It is singular with what persistency through many centuries of invasion the Roumanians have preserved their national characteristics. The first thing we hear of Roumania was as a part of ancient Dacia; but the Dacians were soon inundated by Goths, Huns, Bulgars, Avari, Chazars, Petschenegí, Uzi, and Magyars, who made Dacia their battling-ground. But though all these people left some

traces of their visits, the Roman colonists—some will say convicts—whom the Emperor Trajan left in the country have impressed their features chiefly on the Roumanians, and given to the country a language. The old Dacian tongue has perished, and though subsequently there has been an infusion of Greek and Turkish blood, yet to this day three-fourths of the Roumanian people are Dacians and Romans amalgamated. There must be Tartar blood also in the country, for in the thirteenth century

from among the ruled, and in 1829 this concession was further increased by the dignity being allowed to be held for life. In 1858 the Principalities were united under one ruler, Prince Alexander Couza; and in 1861 under one administration. In 1866, Prince Couza, who did much for the country, was forced to resign, when Prince Carl of Hohenzollern was installed in his place. Finally, in 1877, the independence of the country, which was virtual before, was declared *de facto*, and by the Treaty of San Stefano recognised by Turkey.



the Nogai Tartars drove out the Kuman Turks and were in their turn, fifty years later, expelled by a Wallach chief, who divided the country among his boyars, or nobles. Towards the beginning of the sixteenth century, to escape attack from the Hungarians and other meddlesome neighbours, the two Principalities placed themselves under the protection of the Porte. The Sultan, however, treated Moldo-Wallachia as the Sultan treats his subject races. The boyars lost the right of electing their own ruler, and in time the Greek usurers of Constantinople were in the habit of buying the office of Hospodar as a speculation, and making what they could out of their investment in official stock. In 1822 Turkey was forced to choose the rulers

But the Roumans are not the only nationalities in Roumania. Out of the 5,180,000 people there were, in 1875, some 446,000 Roumans—nearly all farmers—90,000 Bulgarians, 40,000 Russians and other Slavs, 50,000 Hungarians, 130,000 Gypsies, 400,000 Jews, and 10,000 Armenians. The foreigners were:—30,000 Austrians of various languages, 10,000 Greeks, 5,000 Germans, 1,500 Frenchmen, and 6,000 others. The Jews are mostly of the fair-haired type, and speak a German jargon, mixed up with a great number of Oriental words. There are, however, also many Spanish Jews, who have preserved the language of Castile almost uncorrupted. The Jews are abominably treated. They are not recognised as natives, and

are abused in a manner disgraceful to the Government and people, and which even their not very amiable characteristics do not entitle them to receive. The Gypsies, or Tsiganes, were until 1849 absolute slaves of the boyars, subject to be disposed of at the will of their masters. The landowner could sell his Gypsy chattels (*vatrari*) as he chose—the husband to one bidder, the wife to a second, and the children to a third. So late as 1836, Nicolas Sterby, afterwards a candidate for the Hospodarate, having run short of funds to complete his house in Bucharest, had recourse to periodical sales of his *vatrari* to raise the wherewithal for the builder. “Bucharest,” writes Elias Regnault, “will not soon forget the afflicting spectacle of the streets of the Gorgan suburb, thronged with wives demanding to be restored to their husbands, shrieking the names of the children who had been torn from them, dragging out their hair by the roots, tearing their bared breasts with their nails, and calling down the execrations of men and the maledictions of Heaven on the pitiless vendor. After several profitable retail sales, Sterby disposed of the rest of his flock to Oprand, the banker, for £4,800.” In 1849 the Government redeemed the Gypsies, and though they are now free, they still form the majority of servants in the cities, as well as the tinkers, musicians, and troubadours of the country at large. As the features of some of the first families prove, there is in Roumania a great deal of unacknowledged Tsigane blood. Still later the serfs were freed, so that at the present time the only people who remain under political disabilities are the native Jews.

The Roumanians have many faults—some of which are racial, others are simply the effect of the peculiar political conditions of the country. They are vain, ostentatious, and fond of loud talk and braggadocio ;

but, on the other hand, they are very good-natured, tolerably honest, and so free from serious crime that, though not particularly moral, murder is almost unknown in the country. In sixteen years the country has made a wonderful advance. The people are aristocratically inclined, and possessed of great respect for the “rights of property.” Hence, unlike what we are accustomed to see in other countries, the Conservative party conducts the government with extreme economy, while the Liberals, who represent the least tax-paying part of the community, are commonly accused of extravagance. When the Treaty of Paris abolished the Russian Protectorate of Moldavia and Wallachia, there was an open field for ever-green intrigue. The Hospodars had often been aliens, and were always exposed to temptations “which,” to use Mr. Trevor Barkley’s words, “they seldom regarded otherwise than as being the principal delights of office.” One-third of the land was held by the Church, while the country swarmed with lazy monks and priests living upon their fat revenues. Ignorance and superstition of course prevailed, and the liberty of the press was a mere myth. There were at that date not twenty miles of made road in all Wallachia, and not fifty in Moldavia. The rivers were unbridged, and railroads undreamt of. Bucharest and Jassy were unpaved and unlighted, the shops poor, and the hotels filthy beyond imagination.

All this is not yet swept away, but the changes that have come over the country since it freed itself from the control of the Porte have been remarkable and encouraging. There is a very general distribution of wealth, the land is in fewer hands, justice is purely administered, while the adoption of the *Code Napoléon* has supplied an intelligible system of laws, in place of an assemblage of contradictory traditions.

“GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART !”

THE evening rose up o’er the wold,
The sun dipped down behind the hill,
And all the flush of summer passed,
Leaving the wide earth calm and still.

So calm and still that, save the low
Of weary cattle winding home,
And distant murmur of the sea,
No sound broke over Heather-combe.

There in the gloaming sad and sweet,
Two lovers met to weep farewell,
For he to other climes must go,
And she—poor heart—must wish him well.

O Destiny! O cruel Fate!
How many souls within thy hand
Have mourned the dire despair begot
They know not why, nor understand!

“Good-bye, my love! remember me,
Nor let the seas which intervene
Keep thy fond heart away from me;
Farewell, my love! farewell, my queen!”

And she—what could she say but weep?
Tears fell when words refused to flow;
The past had been all beautiful—
What hope of any after-glow?

She stretched her hands, and whispered low,
“God bless my love!”—nor uttered more.
It seemed as though the hope of life
Had fled away for evermore.

Upon her lips he pressed his own,
Pledge of his faithfulness and truth,
Till in the far-off years he claims
The bridal-promise of her youth.