

together in the markets at Presburg. I observed one of the Slavonians, a very old man, with grey hairs, which hung, nevertheless, as lank, and waved as wild as the blackest, buying food at a stall where they sold provisions ready dressed. He handled a dozen different pieces of meat or poultry, and, at last, carried off the quarter of a large coarse goose, to tear it dog-like, in a corner. The man who does not feel sorrow when he sees fellow-creatures thus degraded,—who does not feel himself humbled at the sight,—who does not wish to see their moral and political condition improved,—and to see the blessings of civil and religious liberty widely diffused throughout the world,—is a man I pity. “Pshaw!” says a man of the world, “it is their lot, their condition, my good sir. They are very well off, and very happy. Did not you see that old fellow with the leg of a goose? what would you have? And here again, as I live, there are a dozen or two of these wretched Slavonians of yours dancing,—as I live, dancing!” Yes, they dance! When a few paltry pence were given them, at the door of an hotel, for some labour they had performed, they danced, shook their matted locks, and lifted their heavy feet, and shewed their white teeth, and sang something too wild to be called a song!

It is not exactly in passing from a scene like this that the traveller is prepared to be very much enraptured with the free diet of Hungary. In the hall, however, of the Hungarian deputies, it is impossible not to feel a momentary delight, the picture is so new and so startling. I sat in the gallery, which was filled to suffocation before the members took their seats. The hall is merely a long lofty chamber. A chair was raised on a step at the upper end, for the president. Tables ran the whole length of the hall, covered with green cloth, and supplied abundantly with materials for writing. Immediately below, and to the right of the presi-

dent, sat such bishops and dignitaries of the church as have seats in this assembly. The rest of the members, (and there appeared to be more than three hundred present.) wore the national dress of Hungary. It consists of a hussar jacket and pantaloons, of brown cloth, and hussar boots. The ornaments are of black silk lace, plain, warlike and becoming. A very few, indeed, were sheeted in gold lace, and a few more wore a tassel of gold bullion on the boot, and a gold cord fastening the pelisse. The reason of this difference I learned to be, that some were actually in the military service; and the tassal and cord of others were little vain additions, which men dandified by residence in Vienna had ventured to assume; but nothing could be more plain, or in better taste, than the costume of the many. There was a spur on every heel, a sword on every thigh, and by the side of every man, on the table at which he sat, stood the kalpac, with its rich brown fur, and that falling top of crimson cloth, which, when in former times the Hungarian galloped to the field, flew bravely in the wind, giving life and menace to his motion.

It is impossible to gaze down without interest on this belted assembly, the descendants of a race of warriors ever ready to leap into their saddles,—in fact, the vanguard of Europe against the Turk. I cordially hate the Turk, not because he is a Mahometan; I am not so wretched or so narrow-minded a Christian as that; but because all of him that is not slave is tyrant; because he would (if he could) bring back upon the earth a moral darkness. I must admit, indeed, that the Hungarian has something of the tyrant in him,—a haughtiness gotten centuries ago on horseback; and that he has, in his day, lorded it among his vassals, as did the barons of our own country (blessings on their memory, nevertheless!) in the days of king John: but when we reflect that the nobles