

have swept to and fro across Europe, each seems to have left some sediment on this borderland.

To those who have time and money at command, Buda-Pest alone is worth a journey. Like St. Petersburg, it is built on artificial foundations; and with its noble palaces, its stately public buildings, and its black-and-gold cupolas, may rank among the fairest capitals of Europe. Across the mighty Danube, and united by a splendid bridge, lies the rock-built city of Buda; while in the background blue porphyry hills pierce the radiant sky.

“Walk along the terrace of the embankment on an evening in early summer, when the robinias are in bloom! The odour of the flowers, the beauty of the women, the fresh breeze blowing from the river; the noble mountain buttresses opposite, rising out of the water a sheer precipice of



MARKET-PLACE, MARAMAROS-SZIGER.

eight hundred feet; the setting sun illuminating the black-and-gold cupolas above the houses, and suffusing the waves of the Danube with a crimson dye—all form as perfect a whole as can be imagined on the earth on this side of Paradise.”

Buda-Pest seems doomed to misfortune. Five times she has been in the hands of the Turk; and though her political horizon is now tolerably clear, yet two opposing climatic evils constantly overhang her—inundation and drought. She is alternately drowned and parched. Strange to say, the city prospers, and is likely to rival Vienna in population and wealth, as she undoubtedly does in splendour of site. Buda-Pest, which is inseparably associated with the memory of Kossuth and the rising of 1848, is hardly likely to be again the centre of a revolution. It is now so completely dominated by the Austrian fortress on the