

at Rome, the resemblance to the other cathedral framed on the same model (St. Paul's in London), was startling to a Londoner, and it seemed as if, by some strange mirage, the well-known outlines had been transferred from the river-side of the Thames to the Danube. And now the journey was drawing to an end, the lights of Pesth appeared in the distance, and soon we were safely established in the *Hotel Stadt London*, where a German landlord required no interpreter for our needs.

The city of Pesth, commonly called Buda-Pesth, is certainly one of the most beautiful towns in the world. Divided by the broad Danube from the town of Buda opposite, with the old castle placed upon the Blocksberg hill, the river is spanned by a bridge which was once considered a great feat of engineering, and which it was agreeable to remember was the work of an Englishman, William Clark, in 1849. Since my visit, another bridge has been constructed, at a cost of five millions of florins. Despite its undoubted antiquity of foundation, Pesth gives the impression of an entirely modern city. The principal streets, such as the Waitzener Gasse and Karlsring, are as brilliant as a Parisian *bulevard*, while the indescribable Oriental touch, in sight and sound, makes every aspect very different from scenes in the West, even amidst the modern accompaniments of tram-car and omnibus, the telegraph and the vociferous newsboy.

Three pleasant days were spent in Pesth, and a very strong temptation had to be overcome,—the longing to continue the voyage down the Danube and see Constantinople. But time and other reasons forbade, and the original route was continued. The railway took us eastward to Debreczin, where we had a glimpse, between two trains, of a Hungarian city without the improvements of civilization. A gigantic village would be the best description, most of the houses having large gardens attached. If my readers can imagine Fredericton *minus* its air of comfort and neatness, magnified by ten in extent, the streets filled with strangely clad Magyars, Slowacks, Wallachs, Gypsies, and all the multitudinous types of this region; instead of the sober coaches driving to the hotels, imagine Hungarian gentry driving in a style which would have terrified Jehu himself, and droves of long-horned cattle surging down the streets, all amid a cloud of never-failing dust,—there is some faint notion of Debreczin, as we saw it that summer's day.

Once more onward in the train, till a halt is made at a small station. Here, as we had avoided the crowded dining-room at Debreczin, we welcomed the fruit-sellers on the platform. What would my readers say to vast clusters of grapes, large as the finest of black Hamburgs, for two or three cents, huge melons at the same price, plums and nectarines almost for the asking and taking. Soon we were amply provided for the rest of the journey, and were feasting, when a crowd appeared on the platform, and evidently something had happened. The railway guard passing was appealed to, and in somewhat broken German informed us that a famous cattle-robber had at last been taken, and the captors were themselves bringing him to the capital of the province to receive the reward set upon him. This was de-

lightfully mediæval, and we gazed curiously at the gesticulating mob and caught a glimpse of the chief culprit, with hands tied behind him, unceremoniously pushed along by the amateur police, themselves at least as fierce-looking as himself. To our horror, they approached our compartment, from which we beat a hurried retreat, for the fragrance of the Hungarian peasant is that of "forget-me-not," in every sense.

At last, late in the evening, we reach the terminus of the Kaschau, where we must continue the journey in the *Stellwagen*. I can recollect a hurried meal in a *café*, where amid the clouds of tobacco smoke, for the Magyar yields not even to the Dutchmen as an indefatigable smoker, one saw strange figures, and listened to the weird strains of the Gipsy orchestra, where the first violin plays from his own memory some popular air, and his companions supply the harmony with wonderful skill, seeing that the time is *prestissimo* throughout. Those who know Brahms' 'Hungarian Dances' with the extraordinary changes of *tempo*, will have a very good idea of this music, which lingers long in the memory. Thence came a long journey in the coach—such weary turning and stretching in the vain effort of sleep. There were dream-like halts, when the mail was received at spectral villages, silent in the moonlight, and then off went the four horses, always at a gallop. Next morning showed us the mountains not far off, but the clear atmosphere was deceptive, and it was not until the afternoon that we began the ascent. Although books and geography described the Carpathians as mountains, at this point at least they hardly merited a loftier title than that of hills. Thickly wooded almost to the summits, varied in outline, no more beautiful scenery could be imagined, as we wound our way up the pass. Bartfeld, famous for its mineral springs, largely visited by the Magyar aristocracy, lay behind us. We changed horses towards evening at Komornik, the last village on the Hungarian side, and then we entered Galicia, itself a province of Austria, but once part of that luckless kingdom of Poland.

Our halting place for the night was Dukla, a small town mainly inhabited by Jews, who form the larger proportion of the town-population in most parts of Poland. Next morning we should have proceeded, but we determined to take a day's rest, and so bade farewell to the cheerful *conducteur*, as the 'guard' is called, and saw him disappear in a cloud of dust, on the road to Tarnow. Although so near the frontier, Dukla gave a very good notion of the present state of unhappy Poland, parted among her three conquerors. There were the prosperous Jews, so far as there is any prosperity here,—and it is when one sees the Hebrew monopoly of all business and active life in these eastern regions that we partly understand, though of course without excusing, the fierce dislike of Russians and Hungarians, so often displaying itself in violence. The Jew, with his invariable costume of shabby tall hat, carefully oiled curls, and long coat, almost reaching to the heels, was a curious contrast to the Galician peasant, with his sunburnt skin and sheepskin cloak, and broad features. Slav and Semite were not likely to amalgamate, here or elsewhere. There was another typical object, the abandoned castle and park of the Tarowski family, the once