

despite of yourself: that here is a man sacrificed to supreme power, who is young, handsome, all-powerful, who will be doubtless great, but who will be never free, never without care, never happy. You pity, you love him, for amid his greatness he feels visibly his responsibility. Every man in his empire may be happy except himself. The throne has taken him in his cradle.

His apparel was simple, uniform, almost a mourning suit; a tunic of dark drab reaching down to the knees, the neck bare, a loose linen pantaloons over dark-coloured half-boots, a sabre without ornament on the hilt. His countenance alone could have discovered him to the crowd. I felt moved, attracted, affected by that melancholy of his majesty.

While I was speaking to him he turned several times the pommel of his sword, upon which he was leaning, in his hand. He blushed and looked down as if he had the bashfulness of his virtue. We attended him to the examination that he went to make in person of the military youth in an adjoining institution.

What a destiny, perhaps unique in history, said I, on leaving, to my companions, is that of this young man whom we have just seen occupied with the regeneration of a people! How many a prayer in how many a tongue is offered up for him to Allah at each day's end that he thus devotes to his noble duties! How many an invocation to the divine Master of kings and peoples, that it be given to this sovereign to reunite the East to Europe, the Mussulman world to the Christian world, in tolerance and unity, as they are evidently joined in his heart! It is not sufficient to be good and great, said we, without being also king; it is not all to be a sovereign, without being also young; and it is not all to be god, great, a sovereign, and young, without being understood, supported, and loved by one's age. Abdul-Medjid is all that. May heaven bless in him the forty million souls, the continents, the seas, the islands, the mountains, the rivers which are dependent on his sway!

Let us be pardoned this citation. But at a moment when we are going to portray the early Sultans who founded the empire, it was necessary to depict the latest of these sons of the Ottoman line, transformed into a philosopher, in Abdul-Medjid.

LAIRD.—Here's vassing success to the Sultan, honest man! May he be spared to see the claws o' the misbegotten l ar pared close by the razors o' the Allies!

DOCTOR.—Always saving and reserving, that for the sake of the continuance of the altitudinous price of wheat, the aforesaid paring does not take place just yet!

LAIRD.—I'll knock ye down wi' this loaf, you blackguard, if you daur to insinuate that I want to fatten upon the blood o' my fellow-creatures!

DOCTOR.—In that case, as the bread will fall as well as myself, I shall take the visitation with signal resignation!

MAJOR.—Devoutly is it to be wished that some abatement should take place, and that *quam primum*, in the rates demanded for articles of sustentation. The privations which hundreds and thousands of small annuitants are at this moment enduring in Canada West are great, almost beyond the power of language to exaggerate. Members of the clerical profession, in particular (and I have reference to all denominations), experience the utmost difficulty in maintaining a decent appearance, and keeping the bailiff at arms' length. Good cause have they to supplicate with fervour for a speedy termination of hostilities.

PURSER.—Such a state of things is utterly disgraceful, especially in the agricultural districts.

LAIRD.—Farmer though I be, I say ditto to that wi' a' the emphasis that I can command. Disgracefu' as it is, however, there is naething strange or wonderfu' about it. Siller, as we are informed by the highest authority, is the root o' a' evil. It eggs on the midnight thief to dye his hands in the blood o' sleeping victim. Under its thralldom the miser, when up to the oxters in gold, stints himself o' the common necessaries o' life, and whilst able to fare sumptuously every day, like the purple-clad glutton, buttens upon a mouldy crust, and a bone that a beggar's cur would turn up its nose at. Siller translates an apostle into an Iscariot, and sae debases the blooming maiden yet in her teens, as to constrain her to break her solemnly plighted, heart-uttered vows, and link herself to toothless, wrinkled, palsied age, at the fearfully desecrated altar o' Jehovah!

MAJOR.—Terrible, but too true!

LAIRD.—Let me ask, hae farmers ony special antidote or amulet to preserve them frae the searing, petrifying effects o' this gigantic and terrific pestilence? Puir, frail, feckless pot-sheerds as they are, in common wi' a' Adam's bairns, is it strange that when money gushes upon them like a winter's spate, they should be carried awa' by the impetuous torrent?

DOCTOR.—Anxiously do I trust, O most candid of plough-compellers that the words you have just uttered, seasoned though they be by the salt of truth, may not find their way into the record of this sederunt.

LAIRD.—And what for no', I would like to ken?

DOCTOR.—Because in such an event, it is to be dreaded that many of our bucolic clients,