

a Russian expedition, like that assembling at the present moment on the Danube, will come, like that of Alexander, to give a new master to two hundred millions of men, who now cultivate India beneath her laws.

Such would be, respecting the land and the seas, the consequence of abandoning Turkey to Russia. As to the civilization of the world, the consequences are written in two words—despotism and superstition; a Czar and pontiff in a single man; the religion of nationalities trampled down with their liberty; the servitude of intellect joined to the servitude of races; an immense retrogradation of the genius of the modern world: theologians for philosophers, and Kalmucks for theologians.

LAIRD.—What an awful like thing it would be, to see a Kalmuck Mess John expounding in our Kirk o' t yonder; and to witness a ruling elder wi a fur cap like a sugar loaf, and stovin o' train oil, standing at the treasury o' the sanctuary! Girzy keep me, that would be waur than black Prelacy yet!

DOCTOR.—Especially if the knout was substituted for the enty-stool!

LAIRD.—I would na' object sae muckle to that substitution, if the hurdies o' somebody got a taste o' the correctional hide!

MAJOR.—Here followeth a graphic account of a visit paid by de Lamartine to Abdul-Medjid:

After passing the desert hills which lie between *Flammour* and Constantinople, we descended on horseback to the bottom of a narrow valley, on the borders of a rivulet, in a bush covered crossway, formed by three or four pathways through the moist sand beneath the brushwood. We were conducted to the left, by the darkest of the pathways, towards an opening, at the bottom of which we perceived a square cottage, flat-roofed, and furnished with a single window, a house not much dissimilar to the parsonage of a poor country cure in our villages of the south of France. A flight of stairs consisting of three steps led from the side of the way to the exterior platform of the house. Some fine fruit trees, planted in the garden in front of this cottage, threw around it their shade. Five or six ancient chestnut trees, which have given its name to this valley, bespread their bows above the roof. In front of the stairerse, an imperceptible jet-d'eau, which sent its waters to a height not exceeding that of the domestic jasmynes, tinkled melancholily in falling back into its stone-encircled basin, and served to water the flowers and vegetables round it. A kitchen-garden of a quarter of an acre lay below it. The descent to it consisted of five or six steps. A Turkish gardener and his family resided in a rustic hut, at some twenty paces distant from the Kiosk of the Sultan. The gardener and his children went to and fro along the walks, the hoe and the watering-pot in hand, as if they had been in a spot of their own, a thousand leagues from the eyes of their *Padisha*. They paid us

no attention. This was, however, the favourite Kiosk of the Sultan, the palace of leisure and of study of that master of a part of Asia, of Africa, of Europe, from Babylon to the Danube, and all along to Tunis, and from Thebes to Belgrade in Servia. We stood at his door, and might imagine ourselves on the threshold of a poor hermit, living retired upon an acre of the paternal tenement, in front of his valley, on the borders of his wilderness.

Abdul-Medjid had not yet arrived. The peasant keeper of the place threw open to us a wooden gate. He led us, in passing to the garden, in front of the door of the Kiosk. The door was laid open to give ingress to the air, the coolness, and the murmuring of the fountain. We threw, in passing, a furtive glance on the interior. It was merely an empty hall between four walls painted in oil of a grayish tint, a pebble-stone pavement in mosaic, a divan covered with cloth of white cotton around the hall, a large window half-masked by the enormous trunk of one of the chestnuts, a small basin murmuring with the distillations of a jet-d'eau in the middle of a pavement in mosaic. No furniture, no ornaments; the pavilion was adorned but with its solitude, its murmuring waters, and its grateful shade. The Mussulmans born in the mountains and valleys of Asia, the sons of shepherds, have brought with them into their very palaces the memory, the images, the passion of rural nature; they love her too much to bedeck her. A woman, a horse, a weapon, a fountain, a tree—such are the five paradises of the children of Othman.

On entering the Kiosk, I looked around for the Sultan. He was standing almost invisible in the shade between the door and the window, at the corner the least lighted of the room. The Sultan Abdul-Medjid is a young man of from twenty-six to twenty-seven years old, of an appearance rather more mature than his age. His figure is tall, elegant, and slim. He bears his head with that gracefulness at once supple and noble, which the length of the neck gives to the bust of Alexander in his early youth. The features are regular, the forehead high, the eyes blue, the eyebrows arched as in the Caucasian races, the nose straight, the lips well cut and parted; the chin, that foundation of character in the human countenance, is firm and well set; the aggregate leaves an impression rather attractive than imposing; you feel a man who wishes to be loved rather than to be feared; he has the timidity of modesty in his general air, melancholy on the lips, and a precocious lassitude in the attitude; you perceive that this young man has thought and suffered before his time. But the feature that predominates is grave and meditative sensibility. You say to yourself: This man carries something weighty and holy in his thoughts, like the interests of a people, and he feels the weight and the sanctity of the burden. Nothing of youth, nothing of levity in the expression. It is the statue of a young pontiff, rather than a young sovereign. The countenance inspires a certain tenderness of heart. You are haunted with the thought