

rages periodically in the scene of your former Government, and charitably wishes him that speedy recovery of which he himself entertains not the shadow of a hope. I may wish Your Lordship happiness, and exemption from all those ills which have assailed your predecessors, but well do I know that wish is vain. Your Lordship's Sisyphus-like task has begun, and unless that energy and decision of character, of which Your Lordship's earlier initiation into public life gives every fair promise, be exerted in an extraordinary degree, the humblest of Your Lordship's Scottish dependants will have no reason to look with envy on the trappings which adorn your office.

And firstly, My Lord, beware of the oily-tongued hypocrite. Beware of the reviler of the just, and the good, and the benevolent, and the virtuous. Among those who have bent the knee and greeted Your Lordship's arrival with bland and approving smiles—smiles assumed only to cover the selfishness of their own black hearts—are those who, like Judas Iscariot, betrayed their master, not for thirty pieces of silver, but in consideration of that which was to them far more precious than silver. Among them, My Lord, are those who became the bitter enemies of their master,—a master whom all good and honest men had been taught to venerate and love; and their hatred of him, violent as the hatred of the detected and discomfited traitor ever is, has not been suffered to slumber even over the place of his sepulture. Yea, while his bones lie mouldering into dust, the venom of their hearts still goes forth; and yet these men, My Lord, have dared to approach, and insult you with welcome, when, if the occasion should serve hereafter, they will scruple not to sacrifice your good name in the same manner, and without the slightest remorse or reserve, on the same altar of infamy.