

passed, was a large open space, now speedily occupied by troops of cavalry, their arms and accoutrements glittering in the rays of the sun, presently joined by others, cavalry and infantry, until the whole scene was a mass of smart uniforms. Bands playing martial music passed the window, and lined the road down which the Royal carriage would drive, the grounds of the mosque were crowded with Pashas and Beys covered with medals and decorations. Carriages containing ladies of the Royal Harem drove into the grounds and

form, unrelieved by medals or decorations. On the opposite seat was Osman Pasha (the hero of Plevna, since dead), whose handsome face, fine physical development and dress glittering with decorations, quite eclipsed his royal master in outward appearance. When they had disappeared in the mosque, the silence of the Pavilion was broken by many voices, criticising and commenting on the scene just witnessed; servants brought round cups of tea—without milk—much to my surprise, I quite expected coffee, trays of cigarettes were



The Turkish Cemetery at Scutari.

waited there, for none of the fair sex are present during the prayers, then came the carriage with the Sultan's favourite grandchild, a boy of six or seven, who waited on the carpeted steps for the arrival of his august grandsire. Nor was his waiting of long duration, for a curious sound, the Turkish equivalent to a cheer, rose from the throats of the crowd, greeting the appearance of a plain open carriage, drawn by a pair of bays, in which sat no less a personage than Abdul Hamid II., a small plain man in dark blue uni-

also handed round, I accepted one and kept it as a memento of my visit. A small group of veiled women were the only representatives of their sex outside, and an object of great curiosity to the visitors. After a while another carriage drawn by a pair of cream-coloured horses drew up at the steps; another curious apology for a cheer arose as the Sultan made his appearance, slowly descended the steps, entered the carriage, and, taking the reins, drove himself back to the palace, where a reception