

vessel, and put his men through their exercises on board. He has been instructed by European teachers, and he certainly is indebted to Mr. Zeeling, his late aide-de-camp, for a good deal of his proficiency in learning, &c.

Mohammed Ali, a remarkably fine little boy, of about nine years of age, is the fifth and youngest and favourite son of the old Pacha. It is singular to see this little fellow with his father: he is permitted to take all sorts of liberties with him, and the contrast of this freedom is very striking, compared with the solemn, formal nature of the interviews of Seid Bey, and even Ibrahim Pacha, with his father. The Pacha, amidst all the reforms he has introduced, has thought proper to leave untouched the old habit of exacting the most profound submission from his grown-up children. When Seid Bey, who, as yet, resides in the palace of the women, or the harem of the Pacha, pays his weekly visit every Friday to his father, he enters the reception-hall with eyes downcast, his arms folded, and dares not walk up straight to his father's presence, but makes the circuit of the divan slowly and abashed, and at length stops at a respectful distance from the Pacha, approaches and kisses the hem of his garment, retires modestly, and stands again with folded arms and downcast looks: after an interval of two or three minutes the Pacha salutes him, beckons him to his side, and then he is permitted to talk to his august father. Strange to say, Ibrahim Pacha, old as he is, and with all his honours, goes through the same formal scene, at every public interview, on each return from the army to Cairo or Alexandria.

Description of a Ball at Paris.

FANCY a scene of perfect enchantment. A suite of fifteen rooms laid out for the amusement of the guests. We were first introduced into the *Salon de reception*, furnished in the first style of splendour; from thence we joined the dancers in the ball-room; which was resplendant with lustres, mirrors, &c.

When fatigued with "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," or incommoded with the heat, we took refuge in a gallery filled with the most choice and fragrant plants: all along this gallery were rooms, which, if you will follow me, we will visit in their turn.

The first, by the means of scenery and other embellishments, was fitted up in the style of a Swiss Dairy. Here a lovely young dairy maid, wearing her national costume, presented us with the most delicious cream you ever tasted, in beautiful little china bowls. I assure you it was a thousand times more refreshing than ices, sorbets, &c.: quitting the *Laiterie Suisse*, we entered the library, over the door was written *Salon de Lecture*, here we found a long table covered with green cloth, and on it books of prints, annuals, albums, drawings, caricatures, &c., and every thing that should be in such a place. Our next visit was to the cell of a forbidding looking astrologer, with a long white beard, who, examining your palm, would predict the most extraordinary destinies. We next turned into a tent where a cantiniere offered us liqueurs from a number of pretty little barrels, and gave us slices of rye bread with the most excellent butter. Next door was a Charlatan who distributed, in place of nostrums, beautiful little cut glass bottles filled with scent. And next to this was a lottery office, with the prizes (for there were no blanks) arranged on tables, etageres, &c., here you choose a ticket and went on to a theatre, where a thunder storm in a forest was represented, when this was over, the scene changed to a ballet of the reign of Henri III. This concluded, the scene changed to the gardens of Versailles, where the brilliant Louis IV., was seen walking, surrounded by his court in full costume. As the monarch and his suite vanished from our sight, the public crier announced the drawing of the lottery, when we hastened to see dame fortune distribute her gifts with that want of perception which proved the propriety of representing her as blind, for to the gentle men she gave work-boxes, Chinese