

Mohammed Ali and his Family.

BY DR. MADDEN.

MOHAMMED ALI is now in his 72d year. He is hale and strong in his appearance, somewhat bent by age; but the energy of his mind, the vivacity of his features, and the piercing lightning of his glance have undergone no change since I first saw him in the year 1825, nearly fifteen years ago. He is about five feet six inches in height, of a ruddy, fair complexion, with light, hazel eyes, deeply set in their sockets, and overshadowed by prominent eyebrows.—His lips are thin, his features regular, extremely changeable, yet altogether agreeable in their expression when he is in good-humour. At such times his countenance is that of a frank, amiable, and highly intelligent person. The motion of his hands and gesture in conversation are those of a well-bred person; and his manners are easy and even dignified. He perambulates his rooms a great deal when he is at all disturbed, with his hands behind his back, and thinks aloud on these occasions. He sleeps but little, and seldom soundly: he is said by his physicians to be subject to a determination of blood to the head, attended with epileptic symptoms, which recur with violence when he is under any unusual excitement. In the late difficulties, previous to his answering the proposal of the Foreign Powers, these symptoms made it necessary for his physicians to bleed him in the arm, and take away a pound of blood. One of these physicians had to sit up with him for some nights, and, as it is customary for the Pacha to do with his attendants, he called up the doctor several times in the night, to "tell him something," and the poor drowsy physician was frequently woke up with the habitual query, "Well, doctor, have you nothing to tell me?"

His palace at Alexandria is elegantly furnished in the European style, with chairs and tables, looking-glasses, several pictures, and a large bust of the Viceroy himself. I noticed a magnificent four-post bed in his sleeping chamber: both of the attendants who conducted me

over the palace informed me, it never had been used: he continues the old Turkish habit of sleeping on a mattress on the floor. He rises early, generally between four and five, receives every one who comes to him, dictates to his secretaries, and has the English and French newspapers translated and read to him, one of the latter of which is known to be the paid organ of his political views.

His only language is the Turkish, and he speaks it with the greatest fluency and in the most impressive manner. In his conversation he is sprightly, courteous, and intelligent. On every subject he gives those about him the impression of a shrewd, penetrating, right-thinking man. He speaks very distinctly (thanks to the effects of English dentistry) and with remarkable precision. He is simple in his mode of living, eats after the European manner at table, and takes his bottle of claret almost daily. His manners are extremely pleasing, and his general appearance prepossessing: his expression, as I have before said, is that of a good-humoured, amiable man; but, when he is disturbed in his mind, he seems not to have the slightest control over his feelings or over his features; and, when he is displeased, his scowl is what no man would willingly encounter twice. A medical friend of mine, who had the *charge* of the palace, and had occasion to visit him at a very early hour the morning after the arrival of the Turkish fleet, which had just fallen into his power, found him at the dawn, alone, in his apartment, stationed at the window, gazing on those vessels which were destined for the destruction of his Syrian fleet, and which were now quietly "reposing on their shadows" in his own harbour at Alexandria: and, as he gazed on them, very earnestly talking to himself, as if deeply engaged in conversation.

This gentleman could not help stopping for some moments, watching the working of the waking dream of Mahomedan ambition, and he expressed to me his great regret that he did not