

When we arrived at the dinner station, I, as well as Artim Bey, and the remainder of the court, usually rested an hour in our tents, and refreshed ourselves with pipes and coffee, whilst the indefatigable Viceroy took a walk. I was generally the only person who shared his repast, and when it was concluded, he used to seat himself on the divan, and request me to sit near him, whilst Artim Bey and his fly-flapper occupied the other side. As soon as coffee was brought, the other attendants were graciously dismissed, and at such times he often entered most confidentially into the details of his early life.

'I cannot last much longer,' said he one day, as he sat leaning his head on his hand: 'I have suffered too much in my time; my whole life has been one continued struggle. Whilst I was still at home in my father's house in Macedonia, we suffered the most atrocious oppression from the people in power in the province. Revolt succeeded revolt, and our village, like others, sought to overcome violence by violence, and who but young Mehemet Ali was there to command the insurgents on all occasions? And a hard time we had of it. I suffered so many petty defeats that one of my antagonists one day called out to me during a skirmish, 'I wonder you are not tired of being beaten; I am sure I am tired of beating you.' With perseverance, however, we at last gained a part of our object.' Speaking of the long war with the Mamelukes, he said, 'they were bold fellows, and my troops were so afraid of them, that, if they only feared God half as much, they would have been sure enough of Paradise. At first, the Mamelukes never used a weapon against us. They needed only to beat the drum to make my rascals run. But by degrees they gained a little more courage, and by putting myself always in the front, I at last got them to stand. After many years of vicissitude, during which I have been many times on the brink of destruction, our efforts were crowned by complete success.' And then what work I had with the Porte, he exclaimed, his lively imagination springing over the long interval of time. 'Heaven knows I did not dream of what has since happened. I wished only in the first place to get my personal enemy Abdallah Pacha, banished from Acre, and would gladly have settled amicably every other difference; but when I found that in Constantinople they had resolved on my destruction, I was forced to endeavour to be beforehand with them. Now, however, I only wish to be allowed, in peace and tranquillity, to lay the foundations of the prosperity of my adopted country.'

In the course of our journey I one day rode past a great manufactory, which, dazzling white, and shaded by a grove of palms, really looked like a palace. Forgetting a resolution I had made, I observed to his Highness that his country would have a more picturesque appearance to the eye of the traveller, if he commanded all the dirty-looking mud huts to be whitewashed. 'All in good time! all in good time!' replied he with some appearance of irritation; 'I cannot do every thing at once. Before I think of whitening the outside of the villages, I must see that a little more comfort is to be found within, than is at present. Let me live but ten years longer, and then I hope my children will be able peaceably to continue what I have begun, and have more prosperous subjects to rule over.' I answered, that I hoped to discuss these matters with him ten years hence, and to find him surrounded by the Ambassadors of foreign powers, instead of mere Consuls. 'Very well,' said he, laughing; 'should I live ten years longer, I will send off an ambassador to you in Europe, to invite you to come and see if I have not fulfilled my promises. Some morning, when you are thinking little of me, a smartly dressed Turk will ride into your court yard, with remembrances from old Mehemet Ali, and an invitation to a second journey to Egypt.' 'I take your highness at your word, cried I, with many thanks: should I live myself, and be in health, make sure of seeing me. I hope then, to have to repeat to your Majesty what I have often said to your Highness.' 'No, no,' said he, 'I want no titles: I have never signed by any other in my life than by that of Mehemet Ali.'

We dined one day at a large village, the name of which I forgot to write down; and as an elegant little Nile fleet, belonging to the Viceroy, arrived at the same time, I took the opportunity of his Highness's siesta, to go with Artim Bey to visit one of the most superb little vessels I have ever seen, though Cleopatra's renowned bark doubtless surpassed it. The chief cabin was high and spacious, painted in sea green and gold, with the curtains of rich violet silk, with gold fringes, and the divans covered with velvet of the same colour, with gold cords and tassels. The window frames were of gilt metal, with plate glass panes, and green blinds shaded them from the sun; the dressing and sleeping cabins displayed similar elegance, and a magnificent tent of Persian stuff, embroidered with gold, served as a dining-room and antechamber. This boat is swiftly propelled through the water by the oars of four and twenty negroes, moving in exact time; and when going against the stream it is drawn by fifty fellows on horseback, at a brisk trot, who are changed every half hour. I afterwards learnt that the Nile is navigated by above 6000 vessels, of which 2000 are the property of Mehemet Ali.

At our evening meal the Viceroy related many interesting anecdotes of the time when he first assumed the sovereign power in Egypt. When I expressed my regret that he had not taken measures to preserve them as matters of history, he made this remarkable reply:—'Why should I do this? I look back with no pleasure on that period of my life: and what could it profit the world to be made acquainted with a series

of struggles, of privations, of artifices, and of bloodshed? It is enough; if posterity shall know that Mehemet Ali has neither birth nor favour to thank for what he has become, my history shall only begin with the moment when first I awakened this country from the sleep of centuries, and commenced for her a period of new existence. It is strange,' continued he, 'that of seventeen children, I should be the only one left. Nine of my brothers died in infancy, and this was the cause of my parents bringing me up in an unusually tender manner. I was often laughed at by my comrades, who used to cry,—"If his parents should die, what will become of Mehemet Ali, who has nothing, and is good for nothing?" This made a deep impression on me, and, as a boy of fifteen years of age, I determined to conquer myself. I often fasted for days together, and had no rest till I excelled all my comrades in bodily exercise. I recollect once, in stormy weather, rowing for a wager to reach a little island, which is to this day my property. No one succeeded but myself, and, before I did so, all the sultan was torn from my hands; but the pain did not abate my ardour. In this manner I endeavoured to strengthen both mind and body, till, in the little wars of our village, I found more serious employment. In my nineteenth year my father died, and a wider field soon opened itself to me. Some great excesses had been committed by Greek pirates in our neighbourhood, and my uncle received, at the instigation of several powerful Turks, orders to take the command of a small vessel of war of the Sultan's. He could not refuse obedience, but represented to the Pacha that he should be entirely ruined by being obliged to leave his home at this time, as he had no one to whom he could intrust the management of his affairs. At the same time, he pointed out his own incapacity for such a command, and took occasion to mention me, as an enterprising young man accustomed to war. He succeeded in convincing the Pacha—I desired nothing better, and had the good fortune not only to defeat the pirates, but, after a short pursuit, to board their vessel, and take as prisoners all who remained alive. For this action I was, in my twentieth year, appointed a captain in the Turkish service. Such a rapid rise occasioned of course much envy, and even awakened the jealousy of my uncle, who, some time after, I know not from what intention, got me sent off to Egypt. How little did I anticipate the destiny awaiting me there!

I cannot deny that I felt flattered by the feeling manifested towards me by the Viceroy, in entering thus into the details of his private life, as he is generally by no means so communicative.

(From the Dumfriesshire Courier.)

IMPROVEMENTS.—THE HIGHLANDS.

Had Bailie Nicol Jarvie chanced to live in our day, one of the many pithy and pertinent sayings put into his mouth would have been in abeyance. The worthy Bailie was roughly handled at the Pass of Aberfoyle, and while proceeding onward, a prisoner and campaigner much against his will, had well nigh been tucked up manre his lurking kinship zeal, by his cousin Rab's amazonian spouse. The peeled wand and poker scene, can never be forgotten, and considering these and various other mishaps, the complaint was natural that beleagured wayfarers such as himself, could not expect to carry the comforts of the Salt Market at their tails. But so many marvels have been wrought since, that those who knew Glasgow, Argyle and the west of Perthshire once, would literally know them no more. The abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, complained of as a grievous deprivation in the beginning, became a mighty boon in the end; and its fruits are appearing more and more. In place of rival clans, alternately avenging deadly feuds, we find in the remotest glens and straths the law triumphant, property secure, and the people merged into one great family, contented, happy, educated, civilized. The Moray and many other Friths are now closely linked to London; the lonely Hebrides no longer cut off from mainland intercourse during the greater part of the year; each and all are visited by packets at regular intervals; Iona and the still more lonely St. Kilda, are no longer tabooed by distance, difficulty, and the storms that evoke the Corryreckan's roar; and wander where you may, by estuaries, bays, lakes, rivers—sounds ancient mariners dreaded to tread, and islets "placed far amid the melancholy main," you find funnels and other objects that strikingly recal the pleasing couplet—

"And the reek of the cot hung over the main,
Like a little wee clud in the world its lane."

The Banks of Lochlomond are no longer the abode of caterans, who claimed privileges inconsistent with peace and order; the magnificent lake itself is furrowed by steam-impelled keels; the giant Ben above has been rendered accessible even to ladies; if the antlered tribes still browse, and impart beauty to the sweetly wooded islets around, there are no kilted and tartaned poachers to enact scenes rendered chivalrous by the example of Robin Hood; and it is good for society that Wordsworth's description of the bold out-law is no longer applicable—

"The eagle he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below."

What a witchery was, and is still exercised by the publication of Sir Walter's splendid poem, the "Lady of the Lake." Inns were built on the strength of it; thousands on thousands travelled thitherward, and as few reached the Trosachs stopped short there, the money profitably circulated in every part of the Highlands, would challenge, if guessed at, universal belief. Railroads and steam navigation, by quickening and cheapening transit, have sent numbers to a distance, who previously, like Cowper's Robiner, never travelled forty miles from home; and

but for the high genius of Scott, more than three-fourths of the population of these islands would have lived and died in complete ignorance of the sublime scenery that surrounds Lochlomond.

In wending his way down the banks of a sheet of water which Derwent Conway considered the finest in Europe, and preferred vastly to Lake Zurich, in Switzerland, the worthy Bailie is latterly by a single island, the worthy Bailie is represented as cogitating deeply as to the inter-course and other uses to which the broad expanse might be turned: and thus far his forecasting wishes have been triumphantly realized. Great is the traffic on the lake in summer, and we ourselves have seen the highest in the land pausing at Rowardennan, thereafter finding their way to the Trosachs, and anon sailing on the sequestered Loch Catrine, recalling snatches of song connected with the fabled heroine, and perhaps muttering—

"Rather would Ellen Douglas dwell
A votress in Maronin's cell;
Rather in realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim would she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love."

Verily, were the Bailie to rise from the grave, he would find matter for more than nine days' wonderment—such as the important uses to which the Shaws' water has been turned—the growing prosperity of the town of Greenock—its shipping and engineering capabilities, manufactories of glass, soap, sugar, ale—the beautiful marine villages and villas that adorn so pleasingly the estuary of the Clyde—the progress of improvement higher up, where the hand of renovation has been equally busy making, as it were, old things new, with the exception of the rock that guards Dumbarton, castled, bare and bleak, but still attractive, particularly at tattoo time,

"When the merry drum hath beat to bed,
And the little fife hangs his head."

Glasgow itself would surprise him equally by the leaps it has taken in population, expansion of manufacturing and commercial power, wealth accumulated, and streets extended many a mile. In place of a few gabbards and herring boats, large fleets now ride in safety at the Broomielaw, and docks will soon be superadded, rivalling on a small scale the beautiful water basins of the port of Liverpool. There was no canal to Paisley in the Bailie's day, no railroads, no steamers, and no gaseous light to supersede the use of Matty's lantern, and peradventure stranger than all, his favourite locality, from being almost the best, has become about the worst street in Glasgow. That the Salt Market had its comforts in the days of old may be safely conceded; but they have multiplied many fold, and what is more, can be enjoyed as far round as Cape Wrath, with all the gusto that belongs to them, within the sound of St. Mungo's bells. First class steamers have been called floating palaces, and they are so to a very great extent. Sweet are the uses, not of adversity, but paddle wheels, hammocks that rock not to and fro, waiters, waiting maids and cooks afloat. The steam that sends you onward, boils at the same time your eggs for breakfast, cooks your dinner, bakes your pies, sotters your soups, warms to boiling point your toddy water; and at dessert time how delightful to such as can afford it, to eat iced jellies, and sip iced claret, within a few yards of furnaces hot as Etna's breast of flame, or the workshops under it of Cyclopaean origin. Art is the great conjurer, and many are the spells she has thrown, and is throwing over society; and in place of temporary divorcees from carnal comforts, the worthy Bailie's desideratum moves with the body all over the world.

An article on the Opium Trade, in Fraser's Magazine, is remarkably well written, and deserves to be generally circulated. Let us give our readers a description of the effects of this dreadful drug, which religion in the East has forced upon the people as a substitute for the less noxious, but still direful use of ardent spirits:—

THE OPIUM-EATERS OF THE EAST.—Their gestures were frightful: those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five: the dose varies from three grains to a drachm. * * * The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid. Several of these I have seen, in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom: they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose. There is another set of people, however, who live in a still cheaper way than the dervises. Strangers to the pleasures of the table, an opium pill supports, intoxicates them, throws them into ecstasies, the delights of which they extol very highly. These men, known under the name of Theriakis, are mentioned by Monsieur de Tott and others, as being looked upon even in a more despicable light than the drunkards, though I know not that the practice betrays more dissoluteness of morals. They begin with taking only half a grain at a dose; but increase it as soon as they perceive the effect to be less powerful than the first. They are careful not to drink water, which would bring on violent colics. He who begins taking opium habitually at twenty, must scarcely expect to live longer than to the age of thirty, or from that age to thirty-six: the latter is the utmost age that, for the most part, they attain. After some years, for the most part, doses of a drachm each, they get to take a frightful pallidness of countenance; and the victim wastes away in a kind of marasmus, that can be compared to nothing but itself. Alopecia, and a total loss of memory, with rickets, are the

never-failing consequences of this deplorable habit. But no consideration—neither the certainty of premature death, nor of the infirmities by which it must be preceded, can correct a Theriakis; he answers madly to any one who would warn him of his danger, that his happiness is inconceivable when he has taken his opium pill. If he be asked to define this supernatural happiness, he answers, that it is impossible to account for it—that pleasure cannot be defined. Always beside themselves, the Theriakis are incapable of work; they seem no more to belong to society. Toward the end of their career, they, however, experience violent pains, and are devoured by constant hunger; nor can their parengoric in any way relieve their sufferings; become hideous to behold, deprived of their teeth, their eyes sunk in their heads, in a constant tremor, they cease to live, long before they cease to exist.

"THREE ENGLISH WOMEN FOR A FARTHING."

—A droll scene took place here (says a Paris letter,) in the middle of the Rue Rivoli. We have a species of pear, which was, I suppose, imported from England originally, and hence it is so called; but as the generic term of the pear is feminine, it, to an untaught ear, describes one of the milder and better portion of the creation; hence, when an unfortunate vender of pears was yesterday roaring, in the most fashionable part of Paris, "Trois Anglaises pour deux liards," one of our countrymen, who happened to be passing at the moment, with his wife and two daughters, ignorant of the nomenclature of the pears, imagined that the cry was intended for his family, and immediately knocked the poor pear vender down, to the latter's great surprise. When, however, the matter was explained to our compatriot, he, rather than be had up for an assault before the Police Correctionnelle, satisfied the man in a way which probably induces him to regret that he so seldom has the chance of meeting a regular John Bull with three ladies, when he is crying out three English women for a farthing, six for a sou.

"THE PATROON WAR!"—The New York

papers received for some time past, have contained accounts of warlike demonstrations in the vicinity of Albany, and latterly, we have the Governor's Proclamation and orders, calling out the Militia, with all the other preparations for a regular campaign. The cause of all this will be found detailed in the annexed extract from *Chenang's Telegraph*: the paragraph which follows, from the latest Albany paper, gives hopes, however, of the affray's being at an end for the present.

Extract of a Letter from Albany:

You are probably aware that all the lands in the counties of Albany and Rensselaer were owned by the late Patroon, who, in disposing of them, granted, not the fee simple, but *perpetual leases*, conditional on the payment, by the purchaser, annually, of a certain number of *skippels* of wheat, (about 12 bushels to a hundred acres,) of four fowls, and the rendering of one day's service in the month of January, of himself and team, and perhaps some other services. Each purchaser was also required by his lease to pay a "quarter's sale" on disposing of his land, that is, one fourth of the money for which a farm was sold by a lease, was to be given to the Patroon, and no sale could be made until the refusal was first offered to the Patroon, upon the terms offered to the intended purchaser. Such are the conditions upon which all the lands in this county are owned and occupied, with very few exceptions.

As this is not much of a wheat growing county, the old Patroon converted the delivery of wheat, for its market value in cash, on rent day, and received two dollars for the day's service, and 50 cents for the fowls. He did not even exact the "quarter sale" in full, taking generally some thirty or forty and occasionally one hundred dollars, in satisfaction of his claim for a larger amount. He was proverbially indulgent, and numbers were in consequence indebted, at the time of his death, for many years' back rent.

All the arrears of rent due on the 1st of January and February, immediately preceding his death, were by his will bequeathed to D. D. Bernard, Jacob T. B. Van Vechten, and J. Stevenson, in trust, to collect the same in their own names, or the names of his executors, with all reasonable indulgence to the persons indebted who are poor or otherwise unfortunate, and apply the money, when collected, to the payment of his just debts.

An attempt was made last summer to carry this into effect. This aroused a state of excited feeling among large bodies of the tenants, who thought the Patroon should, in justice, sell them the fee simple for a moderate sum; that he had realised a vast fortune from his leases, and should not exact the pound of flesh, and they refused to pay.

The sheriff in consequence of this resistance, has called out the *posse comitatus* of the county, and has been engaged all day, he and his deputies, in summoning the inhabitants of Albany and the adjacent towns to appear at his office Monday morning, 10 o'clock, to aid him in putting the law into execution.

As this *posse comitatus* will only be laughed at when they arrive in the disputed territory, the sheriff will be obliged to report to the Governor, that he cannot execute the laws by the aid of the *posse comitatus*,—whereupon the Governor is compelled to call out the militia of the adjoining counties.

DEC. 4.—The Sheriff and *Posse Comitatus* returned to the city late Monday night, having failed to accomplish their object.

MORE TROUBLE.—The Sheriff of Albany has made a second attempt to execute process against the tenants of the Patroon, at the head of a large body of the *posse comitatus*, but was