

—a man of far inferior power, but with immensely inferior powers to contend with. Hall of Leicester, in one of the most sublime of his compositions, has compared the terrible Napoleon to an eagle burying its beak and talons in the quivering flesh of living victims,—tearing the still sentient nerves asunder, and drinking the warm blood. Mehemet Ali may be regarded rather as a vulture, who attacks but the dead and the dying. He has been dissevering the limbs of a victim somewhat less than half-alive. A great empire seems passing into extinction ; and the Pasha of Egypt—sagacious, energetic, brave—is exactly one of those characters, so frequent in history, that become at such periods the monarchs of the minor States which spring up in the room of the great departed Power, just as the place of a mighty oak or chestnut comes to be occupied, when it has sunk into decay, by whole thickets of inferior growth. He had appropriated Egypt, and the claim of the successful soldier had been fully recognised by at least all possessed of power enough to challenge it. Syria lies adjacent ; and of Syria, by far the most interesting portion is comprised in that land, so peculiarly a land of promise, of which prophecy is so full, and which has been the scene of events compared with which all in the course of human affairs that have taken place in the other lands of the globe sink into utter insignificance. And Syria, apparently as defenceless as the blank space in the ancient Grecian army, seemed to lie even more open to Mehemet Ali than to Napoleon. He possessed himself of Jean d'Acre, the key of the country,—the identical fortress which a few dozen Englishmen, assisted by a half-disciplined horde of Turks, had maintained against the greatest general and the best soldiers of France. He strengthened the fortifications on the most approved principles ; he surmounted them with nearly two hundred cannon ; he stored the magazines of the place with supplies for at least a six