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The Forsaken to the False One.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY.

I dare, then, to forget me!
Go wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the deck's bit!
Away! thou'lt free 'er hand and sea,
Go rush to danger's brink!
But oh, thou can't not fly from thought!
Thy curse will be to think!

Remember me; remember all,
My long enduring love,
That linked itself to perjury,
The vulture and the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need,
I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly;
Thy curse shall be to think!

Then go! that thought will fender thee
A dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost,
Will fight thee with afflict!
In some wild dunes 'neath thy tree,
And, eadling each cold link
That binds thee to captivity,
Thy curse shall be to think!

Go seek the merry banquet hall,
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee there
Endure a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
Thy curse will be to think!

Forget me, false one, hope I not!
Whose ministrals touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee while they sing!
The thought I need to love will make
Thy coward conscience shrink,
Thy eye, every note will have its sting,
Thy curse will be to think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be!
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks
That overhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm
Shall hold thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,
Thy curse will be to think!

Yes, the penalty is a fine of two hundred dollars.

"Cannot this man be arrested and fined?" inquired the preacher.

"You are not aware, perhaps," replied Judge Smith, "that it is necessary to prove that money has been lost or won before the fine can be inflicted."

"Yes, I am," said the preacher, his pale and thoughtful countenance lighting up for a moment with a faint smile of anticipatory triumph. "Yes, I am, and I have taken care that witnesses shall be provided. Two persons are ready to swear that the gambler won money of a certain well-known judicial functionary, no longer ago than yesterday."

"The magistrate did not blush—perhaps because he could not, but after looking the minister full in the face for an instant, he burst into a hearty laugh, and exclaimed—

"Fairly caught, parson! I give in; but the truth is, I am as anxious to drive the fellow from the town as you can be, though we may go to work different ways. It is useless to fine him, if our desire is merely to clear him out."

"Will you not enforce the law?"

"Certainly, my dear sir—certainly, but there are many ways of doing it. No one has a stronger desire to maintain the majesty of the law than I have. You see, parson, this law was intended to drive gamblers from the state. Those who administer it as to come nearest to the accomplishment of that design, prove themselves to be the most sensible!"

"I cannot say that I discover the drift of force of your observations," said the parson, rather displeased.

"If you will keep perfectly cool, my good friend, I will demonstrate their force to you. Just go with me."

The worthy magistrate put a pistol in each pocket, thrust a well-filled pocket-book into his hat, and taking the preacher by the arm, sallied forth. In a few minutes they were at the door of the dwelling occupied by the gambler. A peculiar knock which the Judge appeared perfectly well to understand, procured them instant admittance. The gambler was alone.

"Allow me to introduce you to my friend the Rev. Mr. Jones."

"Happy to see you, gentlemen," said the gambler, with the blandest smile.

"Please be seated."

The preacher mechanically sank into a chair, wondering what was to come next. The Judge very carefully locked the door, and placed the key in his own pocket.

"Now, Tom," said he to the gambler, "allow me and I have had many a pleasant game, I am determined that you shall lose town. Our people say you have mastered them long enough, so there is my pocket-book, as large a pile, I know, as you can raise. Open your bank."

The gambler commenced dealing the game of faro, and at that they went with unusual vigor and keenness. For a while the Judge laid his bets with much caution, and the game appeared to work pretty nearly equal, neither party gaining any great advantage. By-and-by, the magistrate commenced betting more extensively. The preacher, forgetting his office, his character, and the place, had left his chair, drawn towards the table, and was watching the progress of the game with intense and overbearing anxiety. The crisis was rapidly approaching—fortune seemed to have declared in favor of the Judge. The pile of money before the gambler was rapidly diminishing, while his countenance underwent many changes as the shifting clouds during a thunder-storm. At last the Judge made one desperate set upon a single spot. The hand of the gambler trembled as he turned the card.

"Devils and hells! you have won! I am broke flat!" exclaimed the gambler.

"God be praised!" fervently ejaculated the preacher.

"Pay your bet!" said the magistrate, calmly.

"How 'nt got money enough," said the gambler. "I'll pay what I have, with the exception of enough to carry me from this infernal place."

The next morning the gambler was missing, and never was seen in that village afterwards. As the Judge and his companion walked thoughtfully homeward, the former remarked—

"I told you, my reverend friend, there were different modes of executing the laws; some of which, sir, are much more efficacious than others. The fine heretofore has done no good; but you may depend upon it, I have fixed the fellow's flint this time!"

"Hallo, Mr. Engine man, what you stop your steamboat a minute or two?" "Stop the boat, what for?" "My wife wants to look at the boiler; she's afraid of its bursting."

"What for you no mind you wueck, dar, Sambo?" said Coffey. "You durn lady! You always is more benefit den profit—'I wouldn't gib your wittles for your clothes!"

"Did you ever see a lady take her seat, who didn't rise again to fix her dress?"

"Mairt I see you home from meetin, Pogy?"

"No, you shan't do no such thing, I'm otherwise engaged."

"I swany, I guess you've missed it this time, for I've got my trousers pocket thick full of gingerbread."

"You may take my arm, Jonathan, I only said so."

From Dr. Mulling's History of Duelling.

Duelling Anecdotes.

FRANCE may be considered the classic ground of duelling, the field of single combat, *our excellence* whence, from the Duchy of Normandy, it was introduced into the British isles. If we are indebted to our neighbors for this practice, it is also to them we owe the various codes and regulations drawn out to equalise, as far as possible, the chances of victory, and to prevent any unfair advantage being obtained to the prejudice of the opposite party. Of these various documents, possibly the rules given by Brantome may be considered the most curious. In the first instance, he says:—

"On no account whatever let an infidel be brought out as a second or a witness; it is not proper that an unbeliever should witness the shedding of Christian blood, which would delight him; and it is more over abominable that such a wretch should be allowed such an honorable pastime."

The combatants must be carefully examined and felt, to ascertain that they have no particular drugs, witchcraft, or charms about them. It is allowed to wear on such occasions some relics of Our Lady of Loretto, and other holy objects; yet it is not clearly decided what is to be done when both parties have not these relics, as no advantage should be allowed to one combatant more than to another. It is also well upon countries where the sun steps into the field must have made up his mind to conquer or die, but above all things, never to surrender; for the conqueror may treat the vanquished as he thinks proper—drag him round the ground, hang him, burn him, keep him a prisoner, in short, do with him whatever he pleases. The Danes and Lombards in this imitated Achilles, who, after his combat with Hector, dragged him three times round the walls at the tail of his triumphant car. Every knight must maintain the honor of ladies, whether they may have forfeited it or not; if it can be said that a *gentle dame* can have forfeited her honor by kindness to her servant and her lover. A soldier may fight his captain, provided he has been two years upon actual service, and he quits his company. If a father accuses a son of any crime that may tend to dishonor him, the son may demand satisfaction of his father: since he has done him more injury by dishonoring him, than he had bestowed advantage by giving him a sword. Notwithstanding Brantome's authority, the right of a soldier to call out his captain has been a questionable point; and La Beraudiere, and Basnage, and Aletai, have discussed the point very minutely. The last author came to the conclusion that such a meeting could only be tolerated when both parties were off duty—*post function secus*.

There is a passage in Brantome which singularly applies to modern France as regards the multiplicity of decorations of honor, and their various button-hole badges, distinctions which, from the facility with which they are obtained, he does not consider as qualifying the wearer to fight a gentleman. "If these people were attended to," he says, "one could no longer fight a proper duel; such numbers of them pollute in every direction, that we see nothing but knights of St. Michael and St. Esprit; to such an extent were these orders abused, during our civil wars, to win over and retain followers, being no longer the need of valor or merit." To tear off a decoration, or even to touch it, was considered an unpardonable insult; and we have seen in modern times an example of the respect to which such attributes of distinction are entitled. In August, 1833, Col. Gailois, an officer in the service of Poland, felt himself offended by an article in the *Figaro*, a paper conducted by Nestor Roqueplan; and, having met him, tore off his ribbon of the Legion of Honor. The parties met in the woods of Meudon, when Roqueplan received three wounds, and Gailois one in the knee; the two wounds of Gailois at the same time had thrown off their coats, and challenged the seconds of Roqueplan, who very wisely declined any participation in the fight; when one of Gailois's party insisted upon satisfaction from Mr. Leon Pillet, a friend of Roqueplan, with whom he was on intimate terms, and to urge his suit, requested that he might be allowed to take the badge of the Legion off his coat to overcome his apparent repugnance, adding, that he entertained too much friendship and esteem toward him to offend him in any other manner. "There was no refusing so polite a request. The colors of a lady, in a knot of ribbons worn by her admirer, and called an *emprise*, were equally sacred; and when a brave of those chivalrous days was anxious for a combat, he exerted himself to find some daring desperado who would put his finger on the badge of love. In Ireland, to this day, in many of its wild districts, a pugacious ruffian will drag his jacket after him, and fight with death any spalpeen who ventures to touch it."

Choice of arms was a matter of great importance in these meetings, indeed of a vital nature; since, if a weapon was broken in the hands of one of the parties, he was considered vanquished, and at the discretion of his conqueror, such an accident being looked upon as a decision of Providence; a mis-ere at the present day is considered a sin; although on a less religious principle. Pistols were introduced in the reign of Henry II., and being considered as affording a more equal chance to both combatants, this art has been generally adopted in modern duels, more especially in England. On the continent the small

Memoranda of a Tour in the East.

Our stay in Cairo was insensibly protracted to three weeks, before we had made any preparations for our voyage to Upper Egypt. Cairo is undoubtedly the most interesting of all the oriental cities to the traveller. The finest models of sarracenic architecture, four hundred mosques of unrivalled elegance, all the trades and professions, all the wares and merchandize of the East, and representatives of all its different nations, presenting a most astonishing variety of costume and physiognomy, combined with the purely oriental character of the place give to Cairo an interest not possessed by any other of the Oriental capitals, where the manners and customs of Christendom have insinuated themselves. The short, square Bedouin, from the Deserts of Sinai; the tall, muscular Bedouin from the Libyan Desert; Nubians from the Cataracts, Abyssinians from the fountains of the Nile, Negroes from Darfour and Middle Africa, Moors from Tunis and Tripoli, Turks from Constantinople, Persians from Bagdad, natives of India from this side of the Ganges, with a sprinkling of Franks, Copts, Jews, &c., make up the motley crowd that throng the streets of Cairo, dazzling the eye with the contrasted colour of their costumes, and confounding the air with the sound of the most different tongues. The city also is traversed by such an infinity of streets and lanes, and there are so many mosques, and other buildings of interest involved in their labyrinthine folds, that it requires no little time and patience to find them out.

The temperature of the air, while we were at Cairo, was delightful. It was clear, bland and fresh, giving an elasticity to the spirits, and a tone of health to the body, that admirably harmonized the mental and physical sensations. The nights were cool, and so brilliant from the light of the moon, that the finest print could be read. Though it was the month of December, the country was covered with verdure, and the early wheat was already rising, while the husbandman was following the retreating Nile, and scattering the rich loam it had deposited, with the seed that in a few months was to cover the field with a golden harvest. Cairo contains more than eleven hundred coffee houses. The coffee houses are the resort of all the idlers and newsmongers. Many Turks pass the day between the bath and the coffee house. The latter constitute a kind of Social Exchange, where friends meet to talk, and learn the news of the day. Here also gather the story tellers, who entertain their auditors with the recital of tales from the Arabian Nights, and extravagant fictions of their own composition, in which, with the aid of magic, all kinds of dramatic catastrophes are produced and satisfactorily explained.

The Bazaars of Cairo are the best constructed of any in the East. Like those of Constantinople, they consist of small shops, rather stalls, occupying both sides of a covered avenue. In them are to be found all the manufactures and products of the Levant, Arabia, Egypt, and the remotest East. The Bazaars of Cairo are constantly thronged by such a multitude of persons, camels, donkeys, dromedaries, jostling, shouting, and braying, that if you succeed in escaping from being crushed by the crowd of men and beasts that are struggling along, you are yet defeated with the din of these busy parts. Besides the merchants, who sell from their shops, there are walking-vendors of second-hand articles, arms, apparel, &c., crying at the top of their voices their goods, followed by a train of bidders, cheapening them as they march along, sometimes maintaining a cross-fire of bids with others in the wake of a rival chapman. Amusing scenes occur in such crowds.

The lady Cairenses bustle along enveloped in immense mantles of silk and satin, shod in yellow slippers, and so close veiled that nothing of the face is visible but a pair of melting eyes, that speak love to every body. My friend, who had been bewildered between two beauties, had got near to knock off the slipper of one, and as he turned to apologize in his best Arabic, he unfortunately rent the veil of the other, disclosing to one indulged gaze the fair, round features of a blooming Turkish beauty. The cerebus of a eunuch who attended them in his rage looked more hideous than ever. The lady with the torn veil, after a pause, of a moment for propriety's sake, uttered a slight scream, (singing out being fashionable,) while she of the slipper rapped the eunuch over the head; and bade him hunt the slipper! A crowd began to gather, comments were made on the impudence of Franks, and a row was evidently brewing, when a Turkish officer came up, to whom we explained in French the cause of the trouble. With much civility he apologized for us to the offended beauties. They cast a responsive glance at us which forgave all. We bought several hammocks in the Bazaars. My friend purchased some made of the finest wool and silk nurling, while as the driven snow, and suit as down. They were sold at ten dollars. They are used as covering for the damps of the night. This is the most beautiful article I have ever seen, as a woman cloak nothing can be more elegant or

From the United States Gazette.

live stock. My friend offered 1000 piastres (80 dollars) for an Abyssinian girl, but when the bargain was concluded, my lady grew sulky and protested she would not be sold to a Frank, so the bargain was broken up. Some of these slaves come from as far South as Timbuctoo, but most of them are taken in the predatory wars, which the numerous tribes of Abyssinia are constantly waging against each other. They are sold to the slave dealers, who resort to certain seasons to Dongola, and other places on the upper Nile, beyond the cataraets, to meet the caravans which bring them up to those markets for sale, with gold dust, ivory and other articles from the interior of Africa. Slavery has continued in uninterrupted existence among all the nations of the East, from the time of Abraham. The poorest Bedouin family in the desert has two or three slaves. Slaves in the East, however, are regarded in the family of the master rather as household servants than slaves, and are rarely sold. It would be considered monstrous in a man to make a traffic of his slaves. They become component parts of a family, and are treated with such humanity, that, though it may not palliate the violation of the first rights of man, yet it tends much to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate victim. Slavery belongs to no particular color in the East, the Abyssinians and Georgians being nearly white. Neither have been black boys and black officers in Egypt on equal footing with the Turks, possessed of as much authority and as much respect. A few months' residence in Cairo soon removes every prejudice against a black skin.

The streets of Cairo are no wider than our narrow lanes. Wide streets would be intolerable in the burning climate of Egypt, where the sun is so intensely hot as to render exposure to its rays very dangerous from 10 A. M. till sunset. The houses of brick and stone, are lofty and spacious. They are built around court yards which give air and light to the house. The furniture is plain and sparse, the floor being the only apartment furnished with much elegance. Mirrors are never used. The ceilings are lofty, and the rooms large and airy. The windows are of lattice work, reaching from the floor to the ceiling without glass. In the better houses some of the rooms are paved in marble, with a floor of red, and at night the family resort to them to enjoy the moonlight and the fresh air of night. Outside, the houses are painted in stripes of green, white and red, with front doors handsomely carved, and inscribed with Arabic characters, signifying "God the Creator, the everlasting. An hour of justice is worth forty days of prayer," &c. The habits of the Cairenses, like those of all other orientals, are very temperate. They are early risers, drink nothing but the pure water of the Nile, retire early, and sleep on mats laid on the floor. Immediately on rising, a slave presents a cup of black coffee, and a pipe, which he hardly utters out of hand for the rest of the day. An Oriental places happiness in repose and quiet. He is averse to all exercise, but when driven to it is capable of the greatest fatigue and exertion. Seasonal passions rage the soul, which though ordinarily tranquil, is tenanted by some of the worst passions that deform the human character.

The mosques of Cairo are constructed with great taste and beauty. That of Sultan Hassan is the most elegant specimen of the pure Saracenic that I have ever seen. A flight of marble steps conducts into the court yard from the street. In the middle of the court yard is a beautiful fountain covered by a cupola, suspended at some height upon eight airy columns. The open court-work is lit in the stone with a delicate and neatness that rivals the fine texture of Brussels lace. The doors of large proportions are covered with decorations in arabesque. The interior contains the tomb of Sultan Hassan, covered with Persian carpets. The ceiling is exceedingly lofty, the walls bare of ornament. Light descends through a dome. From the corners of the mosque rise the loftiest minarets in Cairo. The severe simplicity, and chaste architecture of this mosque, is no less striking than its majestic proportions. It is built of a dun-colored stone. There is another mosque that is built in a most ancient style. It consists of a great square, half the size of Washington square, surrounded on its four sides by galleries paved with marble, and supported by columns of Egyptian marble. There are several smaller mosques of the same style, in which it was formerly used for the stranger or Christian to enter. Mohammed Ali has abolished these fanatical customs. We may expect ere long to see even the holy cities of Mecca and Medina open their gates to the infidel. If the social revolution continues to advance which he has set in motion.

The Mokattan range of mountains which skirts the bank of the Nile from the cataraets, suddenly terminates in a flat of coral. The city lies on the plain at the foot of the mountain. The district which occupies the extreme edge of the Mokattan dominates the whole city. It is, however, better access to the rebellious population than the Mokattan. A strong point of defence against the Mokattan, which is entered on the long gallery which winds to the top of the mountain, through an imposing gateway, flanked by massive towers,

and decorated in the richest style of Arabian embellishment.

This passage was effected on the 1st of March, 1811. Mohammed Ali, having securely seated himself on the throne of Egypt, resolved upon a magnificent scheme of reform, by which he hoped to assimilate Egypt to its glorious existence under the Pharaohs. His glory, and ambitious of being the restorer of the prosperity of his kingdom, with his characteristic impetuosity, he immediately commenced the work of reform. The religious prejudices of the people were shocked at the introduction of Frank customs. The Mamelukes too, who held the balance of power between the Sovereign and the people stimulated these prejudices, and resolutely opposed the Pasha at every step. Mohammed Ali, convinced that he could not succeed against the furious opposition of the Mamelukes, at once resolutely upon their extermination. For this purpose, he invited them to a grand banquet at his palace in the Citadel. Unsuspecting of the motives of the Pasha, they equipped themselves in their most splendid attire, as was their custom when invited to the feast of the Citadel, and rode up this narrow passage. As soon as the last horseman had passed, the gates were closed, and the signal of massacre. The walls above were suddenly covered by a host of soldiers, who poured down upon the defenceless Mamelukes an incessant stream of fire. Hemmed in on all sides, their enemies beyond reach, they fell without resistance. More than five hundred of the brave race of cavaliers that had guarded the throne of Saladin and his successors, were slain. But one escaped, who, when the gates were opened, covered with wounds as he was, mounted his horse, and like a bloody apparition dashed up the steep through the ranks of his enemies, and at one bound made a flight leap over the parapet, to the earth beneath—a descent of near a hundred feet. Strange to say the rider escaped, and yet lives.

E. J. M.

THE HILL COUNTRY OF JUDEA.

The following is an extract from a description of the hill country of Judea, which will read with deep interest:

"The hill country is entered by a narrow pass at a place called Lardon, where are the remains of an old fort, and the Gothic arches of a large church. The former was probably erected as a resting place, and also as a defence for the pilgrims, as this spot has ever been the haunt of Arab robbers. Several flocks of gazelles bounded across our path, and numerous herds of small black goats, with long silken hair and beautiful pointed ears, almost reaching to the ground, followed the steps of the goatherd as he led them along the different mountain passes. The tingling of their little copper bells, when heard among these solitary hills through which our road lay, had a pleasing effect, and helped to beguile the tedious of our way. We had reached the hill country of Judea, and a complete change came over the scene. The eye was no longer refreshed with verdant sward, and the beauty of the plain we had traversed after leaving Joppa; the hum of bees, the low of cattle, and even the music of the goat's bell were no longer heard. A solemn wilderness reigns in these elevated regions, the hills which rise in amphitheatres, or rather in concentric circles, one above another. The strata of gray limestone protrudes its naked head at regular intervals like so many seats in a stadium. There is no vestige of human beings, and the road becomes a mere horse-track, with scarcely room for two to pass abreast, yet the dreariness and monotony of the view is occasionally relieved by white oak trees, clothed with low bushes of dwarf oak, which were then putting forth its young leaves and long green catkins; and here, for the first time in our travels, we met the thorn-becoming white with blossom, and reminding us of the lawns and hedge-rows of our own far distant homes."

A few fields of corn showed by their fertility, caused by the moisture which is more abundant on these elevated regions than on the plains, what could still be effected by cultivation on the limestone soil of Judea, which not so many retaining walls. Much was originally, and much could still be effected, in the growth of the vine and the olive on the side of these hills. Those who, exclaiming against the infertility and barrenness of this country, should recollect, that want of cultivation gives much of the sterile and barren appearance which it now presents to the traveller. The plough in use in that country is one of the rudest instruments of the kind that I ever have seen. It resembles the simplest Egyptian plough and does little more than scratch the soil, making a furrow scarcely three inches in depth. About midway to Jerusalem, we passed through a deep narrow gorge, wooded to an extent that could scarcely be imagined from the rocky and barren descent in which it is situated. The ascent out of this place is fearfully precipitous, and has long been noticed in modern history, as the fighting place, or fastness, in the lawless Bedouin state of Syria."

Some time previous to our visit, a large band of Egyptian cavalry were completely destroyed in the ravine. The huge rocks,

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New-Orleans Picayune.

The Game Stopped.

A great many methods have been adopted for the purpose of putting an end to the practice of gambling—a practice universally looked upon with horror in most civilized communities. Gamblers, however, from the French women, who gamble in stocks on 'Change, down to the prudent Yankee who ventures to play "pin on the hat," to a certain extent will flourish everywhere. Some gamble for fun, some for excitement, some for gain. There are more ways of gambling than one. They who seat themselves at the card-table for a few hours' diversion—say, they who make a business of swindling upon a small scale all their fellow-men who do not happen to be "up to snuff"—are not the most dangerous gamblers in existence. The wide-spread misery which owes its origin to the stupendous system of bank-gambling has no parallel in this or any other land. Compared with those who have annihilated the capital of the United States Bank in their gambling operations, minor depredators sink into utter insignificance. There is a "deep damnation" in the tear shed by the widow and orphan over their ruined hopes, which can never be equalled by the blistering curses of the poor fool who has suffered himself to be roped in by the small fry of blacklegs. But we have been well-nigh betrayed into a homily, when we were only about to tell a brief story, for which we are indebted to a (not beard-less) friend of ours.

A certain town in a neighboring state was troubled by the frequent visits of a very noted character, of the class to which modern refinement, in its zeal to avoid unnecessary offence, has given the name of "sprouting gentlemen." His presence seriously annoyed those who justly look upon games of hazard as impious and profane appeals to the author of all good. Whenever the gambler was in town, therefore, they watched him with ceaseless vigilance, until they were able to detect some overt act; with full and complete proof of guilt, they would then wait upon the magistrate, and secure the utmost vengeance of violated law—the infliction of a fine of two hundred dollars. The professional gentleman had several times been mulcted in this way, but all to no purpose; he still persisted in his evil ways to the great and overwhelming sorrow of those who loved honesty and despised all the ways of vice.

One morning Judge Smith, the magistrate of the district, was waited upon by a zealous young Methodist preacher, who had just been placed upon that circuit. Judge Smith was a man of considerable shrewdness, and like ten thousand others, much more disposed to preach against vice than to practice upon the maxim held out so cheerfully to others.

"I called upon you, Judge," and the parson went to speak about this "rotto-gambler" who has infested our village for three or four weeks, to the great detriment of the morals of the rising generation, whose tender minds are easily led astray from the paths of virtue."

"I believe there is a law for the punishment of gaming. Is there not?"

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indeed of a vital nature; since, if a weapon was broken in the hands of one of the parties, he was considered vanquished, and at the discretion of his conqueror, such an accident being looked upon as a decision of Providence; a mis-ere at the present day is considered a sin; although on a less religious principle. Pistols were introduced in the reign of Henry II., and being considered as affording a more equal chance to both combatants, this art has been generally adopted in modern duels, more especially in England. On the continent the small

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