

tangle that adhered to the rocks, except when a heavy black sea, rolling through the passage, drove the one before it, and flowed over the other; an apparently perpendicular cliff hung lowering over the whole. It was an awful sight! For a moment my heart failed me. There was, however, no alternative; for my own fate and the fate of the poor man above me depended on my reaching the opposite side; so, watching a 'smooth,' and commending myself to the Almighty, should it part company with my body on the passage, I sprang forward, and found myself nearly in the middle of the channel. A few strokes brought me nearly to the cliff's foot; but neither holding nor footing could I gain, except what the tangle afforded. Again and again, did I seize the pendant slippery weeds, and as often did the drawback of the sea and my own weight drag me with a giant's force from my hold, and rolling down the face of the rock, I sank several feet under water.

Bruised, battered, and nearly exhausted with the sea whizzing in my ears and rattling in my throat, I thought my last moment had at length arrived. Once more I rose to the surface, and digging my nails into the rock, I seized the sea-weed with my teeth, and clung in the agonies of death. The sea left me, and my death grasp kept me suspended above. Another sea rose, it was a tremendous one, and as it violently rushed over me, I was forced to quit my hold, and I rose on its surface along the face of the rock. It reached its greatest height; and in the act of descending I caught a projecting point above the weeds, and at the same instant my left leg was thrown over another. The sea again left me, and, gasping for life, I now hung over the sparkling abyss once more. Successive seas followed, but only lashed the rock beneath me, as if enraged at having lost their prey. I once more breathed free; hope revived; the dread of being again torn away stimulated me to make an almost superhuman effort. I gained a footing; and, climbing upwards, in a short time even the spray fell short of me. God be praised! I was safe.

Having ascended about thirty or forty feet—for then only—and, indeed, hardly then—did I consider myself beyond the reach of the waves, so dreadful was the impression of what I had just undergone in my mind. I ventured to stop and rest. There I remained a short time, and between the roar of the breakers, occasionally distinctly heard the shrill shrieks of the poor isolated wretch beneath me; and the frantic, and oft-repeated exclamation of—'Mr. ———, for the love of God don't leave me!' I endeavoured to console him, by telling him, that if I succeeded in getting up the cliff, I would procure him immediate assistance; but, as the cries still continued as shrill and frantic as before, I presume I was neither seen nor heard, and again commenced my ascent. Panting, and almost breathless—sometimes with tolerable ease, and at others clinging to the perpendicular face of the cliff, and hanging over the pitch-black, and apparently fire-bound ocean, I continued ascending, till not only the cries of the man were lost, but even the roar of the sea was only faintly heard, and at length reached the summit of the cliff. At that critical moment exhausted nature sank under the fatigues of the night! On suddenly seeing the heavens all around me, I appeared for an instant air borne—my heart sickened—my brain whirled—and my eye-sight failed me! The idea of my dreadful elevation flashed across my mind, and I made a convulsive effort to throw myself forwards;—my legs sank under me, and I fell rapidly, head foremost, I know not where!—I believe I shrieked.—My senses left me!!

[To be Concluded.]

MOUNT SINAI.

NEAR the centre of the peninsula of Sinai stands the group of the Sinai Mountains, the upper region of which forms an irregular circle of thirty or forty miles in diameter. It is difficult to imagine a scene more desolate and terrific than that which is discovered from the top of Sinai. Nothing is to be seen but huge peaks and crags of naked granite; composing, as far as the eye can reach, a wilderness of steep and shaggy rocks, and valleys destitute of verdure. Yet in the highest parts of these regions water is to be found, and fertile spots which produce fruit-trees. This sacred mountain consists of two elevations, Gebel Mousa and Gebel Katrine, which are generally identified with Sinai Horeb. Both terminate in a sharp peak, the planes of which do not exceed fifty or sixty paces in circumference. The latter is the higher of the two, and its summit commands a very extensive prospect of the adjacent country,—the two arms of the Red sea, a part of Egypt, and northward to within a few days' journey of Jerusalem. There is some doubt, however, as to which of these the appellation is to be assigned; some conjecturing that the lower eminence is Sinai, while others are of a contrary belief.—This confusion has arisen from the circumstance, that the several names have been indiscriminately applied to this mountain. The manner in which Moses uses them, as convertible terms, has led to the supposition that the two must be twin summits of the same hill, an opinion for which there does not appear to be any solid foundation, since Horeb may be interpreted, and seems to have been used as the name of a rocky district or desert country, rather than the proper name of any particular eminence. The language of Scripture would lead us to suppose that Sinai was a detached mountain in the midst of a plain, and that the Israelites encamped around it. Its immediate vicinity afforded pasture for their cattle, otherwise it would have been impossible for them to have remained so long in that quarter; and its name suggests that it abounded in some species of acacia. Josephus describes it as an extremely pleasant place, and the discontented Israelites sojourned here twelve months without murmuring. These incidents certainly do not well correspond with the sterile neighbourhood of Gebel Mousa. 'It is not easy to comprehend,' says Niebuhr, 'how such a multitude as accompanied Moses out of Egypt could encamp

in these narrow gullies, and frightful and precipitous rocks; but perhaps there are plains that we know not of on the other side of the mountain.' There are valleys, however, at no great distance, where the flocks might find pasture; and Shaw speaks of 'a beautiful plain more than a league in breadth, and three in length, closed to the southward by some of the lower eminences of Sinai. In this direction, likewise (he adds), the higher parts of it make such encroachments upon the plain, that they divide it into two, each of them capacious enough to receive the whole encampment of the Israelites.' Some travellers have observed, that were this the real Sinai, it would be found to exhibit traces of the stupendous phenomena which attended the manifestation of the Divine presence, in the visible symbols of fire, and earthquake, and apparent volcanic eruption. Burckhardt, however, could not detect the slightest vestige of these supernatural appearances, though there are islands in the Red Sea which retain marks of volcanic action. But objections such as these are entitled to little weight. We do not read of any actual discharge from the mountain. It is described, indeed, as having 'quaked greatly,' as having 'burned with fire,' and emitted smoke 'like a furnace;' but these appearances were not the effect of any natural convulsion; they were the awful emblems which the Deity chose to make the harbingers of his presence,—the cloudy robes of his divine majesty. To look, therefore, for the ordinary results of such phenomena in the site of this wonderful and miraculous transaction, were as reasonable as to expect to find the nightly pillar that enlightened the Hebrew camp, or the fountains which followed them on their march through the wilderness.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. XIII. History of Arabia, Ancient and Modern. Vol. 1.*

ABRIDGMENTS.—The days of abridgement are coming on with hasty strides. We have plucked a fine crop from the tree of knowledge; we are now beginning to set to work to tear away the husk and crack the shells. We pity the writers of quartos—of histories in ten volumes—of novels in four. The destructive larvae are deposited even in their blossoms. A time is coming, when men will be recollected by sentences, and not by the number of their pages. Folios will shrink into short chapters, and octavos fall into mere lines. Our successors, like the Jews in the olden day—will wear about their brows the substance of our voluminous labours, comprised in their phylacteries. Happy geniuses—who are proof to the booksellers, and condense yourselves—(and can afford to do so) into duodecimos. In the golden time, which is fast approaching, libraries will cease to be formidable. How many thousands of our books—books of the season, as they are termed, as though books obeyed the same laws that operate on grasses—condensed by the Laconic Committee appointed by Time will be necessary to yield a single page for our public reading-rooms! Let us suppose that the necessary thousands are ransacked, the one page, containing the marrow of a million of pages, is deposited in the institution. It is duly published, that a new edition to the public stock of knowledge has been made. What a tumult in the shades! The throne of Pluto is besieged by applicants for leave of absence. Authors—like flights of swallows—come back to claim their own. They enter, in clouds, the institution. Thousands of faces, male and female, old and young, are bent over the page: all hope to see there some relic of their moral selves—some line or two from a novel—some speech from a play—some chapter from a history—some peroration from a royal funeral sermon (much cried up in its time)—some thought from an epitaph of my Lady Jane's canary. Vain hope—fond expectation! Here and there a shadow recognises the labour of its past life condensed into a single thought; but the great mass—the fashion-mongers, the lions, or rather the lioncubs of literary nights—claim nothing there, and leave for the kingdom of the shades, where they sneer at and vituperate Time's Laconic Committee.—*Athenaeum.*

FROM HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

THE DEATH OF THE DOMINIE.

My old Schoolmaster is dead. He 'died of a stroke,' and I wonder none of his pupils have never done the same. I have been flogged by many masters, but his rod, like Aaron's, swallowed up all the rest. We have often wished that he whipt on the principle of Italian penmanship,—up strokes heavy and down strokes light; but he did it in English round hand, and with a very hard pen. Such was his love of flogging, that for some failure in English composition, after having been well corrected I have been ordered to be revised. I have heard of a road to learning, and he did justice to it; we certainly never went a stage in education without being well horsed. The mantle of Doctor Busby descended on his shoulders, and on ours. There was but one tree in the play-ground—a birch; but it never had a twig or a leaf upon it. Spring or summer it always looked as bare as if the weather had been cutting at the latter end of the year. Pictures they say, are incentives to learning, and certainly we never got through a page without cuts; for instance, I do not recollect a Latin article without a tail-piece. All the Latin at that school might be comprised in one line—

'Arma virumque cano.'

An arm, a man, and a cane. It was Englished to me one day in school hours, when I was studying Robinson Crusoe instead of Virgil, by a storm of bamboo that really carried on the illusion, and made me think for a time that I was assaulted by a set of savages. He seemed to consider a boy as a bear's cub, and set himself literally to lick him into shape. He was so particularly fond of striking us with a leather strap on the flats of our hands that he never allowed them a day's rest. There was no such thing as Palm Sunday in our calendar. In one word he was disinterestedly cruel, and used as industriously to strike for nothing as other workmen do for wages. Some of the elder boys who had read Smollett, christened him Roderic, from his often hitting like Random, and being so partial to Strap.

His death was characteristic. After making his will he sent for Mr Taddy, the head usher, and addressed him as follows: 'It is all over Mr Taddy—I am sinking fast—I am going from the terrestrial globe—to the celestial—and have promised Tomkins a flogging—mind he has it—and don't let him pick off the buds—I have asked Aristotle—(here his head wandered)—and he says I cannot live an hour—I don't like that black horse grinning at me—cane him soundly for not knowing his verbs—Castigo te, non quod odio habram—Oh, Mr Taddy, it's breaking up with me—the vacation's coming—There is that black horse again—Dulcis moriens reminiscitur—we are short of canes—Mr Taddy don't let the school get into disorder when I am gone—I'm afraid through my illness—the boys have gone back in their flogging—I feel a strange feeling all over me—Is the new pupil come?—I trust I have done my duty—and have made my will—and left all—(here his head wandered again)—to Mr Souter, the School book-seller—Mr Taddy, I invite you to my funeral—make the boys walk in good order—and take care at the crossings.—My sight is getting dim—write to Mrs B. at Margate—and inform her—we break up on the 21st.—The school-door is left open—I am very cold—where is my ruler gone—I will make him feel—John, light the school lamps—I cannot see a line—Oh, Mr. Taddy—venit hora—my hour is come—I am dying—thou art dying—he is dying.—We are dying—you are—dy'—The voice ceased. He made a feeble motion with his hands, as if in the act of ruling a copy-book—"the ruling passion strong in death"—and expired.

An epitaph, composed by himself, was discovered in his desk,—with an unpublished pamphlet against Tom Paine. The epitaph was so stuffed with quotations from Homer and Virgil, and almost every Greek or Latin author beside, that the mason who was consulted by the Widow declined to lithograph it under a hundred pounds. Dominie consequently repasses under no more Latin than Hic Jacet;—and without a single particle of Greek though he is himself a Long Homer.

A LESSON TO GOSSIPERS.

ABOUT the period that I first commenced business, the following occurrence took place, which made a lasting and beneficial impression on my mind. Having been to the market, on returning home, I was met by a friend, at the corner of the street, who stopped me for ten minutes conversing about the weather, and other matters of little import. When I got home, my wife informed me that Mr Carlet had been in, and wished to pay his bill, but, as she could not find a receipt, he said he would call again. That night he disappeared with his family, and I believe was never again seen in New York; so I lost the thirty dollars. Now I do not so much blame the man, for his intentions, to me at least, appeared to be honest, but I blamed myself for standing at the corner of the street when I ought to have been in my store, to have given him the receipt, and so have gotten my money. Now, though it is more than thirty years since this took place, and I still think on it with regret, yet perhaps it has been the means of saving me hundreds; for never since have I stopped in the street to converse about news and weather; 'No,' says I to my friends, 'if you wish to talk, come along with me to my store, and talk all day, if you please, I shall then be able to wait on whoever calls.' Now I appeal to the memory of every man of business, when, after having stood in the street talking nonsense for half an hour, if he has not often found, on entering his place of business, that some one called whose face he much wished to see,—and, peradventure, he never had another opportunity.—*Life of Grant Thorburn.*

TELESCOPIC DISCOVERIES.—Every new improvement of the telescope brings within the range of vision countless multitudes which human eye had never seen before. Some stars are double and even triple: that is to say, they appear to us within a hardly distinguishable distance of each other. Upwards of three thousand double stars have been already discovered, and it is justly supposed that even this number by no means exhausts the fertility of the heavens in these twin productions, some of which have been actually observed to move round each other in orbits requiring for their entire completion 1,200 of our years. Such systems as these give the mind a faint glimmer of eternity.—*Quarterly Review.*