

Mediterranean; and that Costigan lay on the water and picked a fowl, and tried to induce him to come in; that it was in the month of July, and from nine to five dreadfully hot; and every night a north wind blew, and the waves were worse than in the gulf of Lyons, and in reference to their peculiar exposures, and the circumstances that hurried poor Costigan to his unhappy fate, he said, that they had suffered exceedingly from the heat, the first five days Costigan taking his turn at the oars; and on the sixth day, their water was exhausted, and Costigan gave out; that on the seventh day, they were obliged to drink the water of the sea; and on the eighth, they were near the head of the lake, and he himself exhausted, and unable any longer to pull an oar. There he made coffee from the water of the sea; and a favorable wind springing up, for the first time they hoisted their sail, and in a few hours reached the head of the lake; that, feeble as he was, he set off for Jericho, and, in the mean time, the unhappy Costigan was found by the Arabs on the shore, a dying man, and by the intercession of the old woman, carried to Jericho. I ought to add, that the next time he came to me, like Goose Gibbie, he had tried whether the money I gave him was good, and recollected a great many things he had forgotten before. The reader cannot feel the same interest in that sea which I did, and therefore I will not detain him longer. In three hours, crossing a rich and fertile country, where flowers were blooming, and Arab shepherds were pasturing their flocks of sheep and goats, we had descended the bed of a ravine, where the Kedron passes from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, at the foot of the mountains of Santa Sabi. It was night when we arrived; and, groping our way by the uncertain light of the moon, we arrived at the door of the convent, a lofty and gigantic structure, rising in stories or terraces, one above the other, against the sides of the mountain, to its very top, and then crowned with turrets, that, from the base where I stood, seemed like the tower at which the wickedness of man was confounded, striving to reach to heaven. We "knocked, and it was opened to us;" ascended two or three flights of steps, climbed up a ladder, crawled through a small door, only large enough to admit one at a time, found ourselves in an antechamber, surrounded by more than a hundred Greek pilgrims. A monk conducted us up two or three flights of steps to the chamber of the superior, where we took coffee. In a few moments, we followed him again up two or three more flights of steps to a neat little room, with a divan, and a large pile of coverlets. I thought of the berth in which I had lodged the night before, and, out a few of the coverlets, crawled in among them, and in a few moments, the Dead Sea, and the Holy Land, and every other land and sea, were nothing to me.—*Strophilus' "Incidents of Travels."*

STANDING ON THE TOP OF MOUNT SINAI.—I stand upon the peak of Sinai, where Moses stood when he talked with the Almighty. Can it be, or is it a mere dream? Can this naked rock have been the witness of that great interview between man and his Maker? where, amid thunder and lightning, and a fearful quaking of the mountain, the Almighty gave to his chosen people the precious tables of his law, those rules of infinite wisdom and goodness, which to this day best teach man his duty towards his God, his neighbor and himself? The scenes of many of the incidents recorded in the Bible are extremely uncertain. Historians and geographers place the Garden of Eden, the paradise of our first parents, in different parts of Asia; and they do not agree upon the site of

the tower of Babel, the mountain of Ararat, and many of the most interesting places in the Holy Land; but of Sinai there is no doubt. This is the holy mountain, and among all the stupendous works of nature, no place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Enna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it; upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solidities and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it "a perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies; while the crumbling masses of granite all around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrible and desolate picture that imagination can conceive. The level surface of the very top or pinnacle is about sixty feet square. At one end is a single rock about twenty feet high, on which, as said the monk, the Spirit of God descended, while in the crevice beneath his favored servant received the tables of the law. There, on the same spot where they were given, I opened the sacred book in which those laws are recorded, and read them with a deeper feeling of devotion, as if I were standing nearer, and receiving them more directly from the Deity himself.—*Id.*

THE PALACE OF HEROD.—The palace of Herod stands on a table land, on the very summit of the hill, overlooking every part of the surrounding country; and such were the exceeding softness and beauty of the scene, even under the wilderness and waste of Arab cultivation, that the city seemed smiling in the midst of her desolation. All around was a beautiful valley, watered by running streams, and covered by a rich carpet of grass, sprinkled with wild flowers of every hue, and beyond, stretched like an open book before me, a boundary of fruitful mountains, the vine and the olive rising in terraces to their very summits. There, day after day, the haughty Herod had sat in his royal palace, and looking upon all these beauties, his heart had become hardened with prosperity; here, among these still towering columns, the proud monarch had made a supper to his 'lords, and high captains, and chief estates of Galilee; here the daughter of Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, 'danced before him, and the proud king promised with an oath to give her whatever she should ask, even to the half of his kingdom.' And while the feast and dance went on, the 'head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger, and given to the dancer.' And Herod has gone, and Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, has gone, and the 'lords, and the high captains, and the chief estates of Galilee, are gone; but the ruins of the palace in which they feasted are still here; the mountains and valleys which beheld their revels are here; and oh! what a comment upon the vanity of worldly greatness—a Fellah was turning his plough around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital, under a fig tree by its side, and I asked him what the ruins were we saw; and while his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he told me they were the ruins of the palace of a king—he believed of the Christians; and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turn aside from their path to do homage in the prison of his beheaded victim, the Arab who