

Fenelon, during the ravages of a war which had driven many unfortunate country people from their habitations, received them into his palace; maintained and even waited on them. When the army of Flanders, the only defence of the kingdom, was unprovided with magazines, and on that account incapable of acting, he opened his granaries, and set the example of disinterested liberality, which was followed by neighbouring districts; the troops were supplied; and Flanders saved. Nay, after the battle of Malplaquet his palace became a hospital for the sick and wounded, a refuge to persons of distinction, and an asylum for the poor; to whom, like a beneficent angel, he distributed succours and consolations.

A veneration for Fenelon was not confined to the French armies; Eugene and Marlborough sent detachments of troops to guard his estates from pillage, and ordered grain for his use to be escorted to the gates of Cambray.

In 1711 the dauphin\* died, the duke of Burgundy became heir apparent, and the advanced age, and increasing infirmities of Louis the XIVth, rendered the prospect of his accession to the throne no distant event. But having attained his twentieth year, beloved and esteemed by all, his wife, the duchess of Burgundy, on whom he doted, was seized with the smallpox, and died after a few days' illness. He bore this afflicting stroke with apparent calmness, yet he grieved exceedingly. He unfortunately caught the same distemper which had hurried his wife to the grave, and which also proved fatal to him. In this last scene he acquitted himself as became the greatness of his mind, with profound composure, and invincible patience.

Thus fell, in the year 1712, a prince which France did not deserve, which earth did not deserve; he was fit only for eternity.

Though Fenelon bore this stroke with perfect resignation, yet the loss of one under whose auspices he fondly expected to see his country recovering from a long series of calamities, so deeply affected him, that, in grief of his soul, he exclaimed, "All my ties are broken!" He survived this irreparable loss only three years, lingering not living. In the commencement of 1715, an inflammation of the lungs brought on a violent fever, attended with excruciating pains. He bore his sickness with Christian resignation which is equally removed from timid superstition and philosophic indifference; and died with the composed tranquillity of a good man, who sees in death the end of all his woes.

It is remarkable that Fenelon died without leaving any debts to discharge, or any wealth to be disposed of; there remained only what was sufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral.

It is said that Louis the XIVth, toward the close of Fenelon's life, became reconciled to his conduct; for almost every one else had deceived or misled him. On hearing of his death, he exclaimed, "Alas! we have lost him when we required him the most."

\* The heir apparent to the throne of France—the young prince.

The qualities which rendered Fenelon an object of esteem and admiration, and which will endear his name to every future age, consisted in a temper always mild and serene; a polite yet simple address; an animated conversation; a mild cheerfulness, tempering the dignity of his station; and a wonderful perspicuity of expression in explaining the most abstruse and difficult subjects. He possessed also the power of reducing himself to a level with persons of all capacities, and never appeared anxious to display the superiority of his own understanding. His exalted talents and profound learning, instead of filling him with pride and superciliousness, rendered him more humble and unassuming.

A collection of all the religious works of Fenelon was printed at Rotterdam, under the inspection of the Marquis of Fenelon, his grand nephew, when he was ambassador to the States General.—*The Female Mentor; D'Alembert's Eulogy.*

### Historical.

#### VISIT TO MOUNT SINAI.

BY M. LEON DE LABORDE.

[This intelligent traveller has carefully examined that "waste howling wilderness," in which the children of Israel journeyed for forty years, and ascertained many of the localities of the scriptural narration, which had long been regarded as unsettled, by the learned.]

Continuing our course towards the north we arrived within sight of Sinai, by a series of valleys which expand or become narrow according to their composition and the rapidity of the currents that flow through them. After passing a considerable ridge of the mountain which forms the two grand outlets of the peninsula, (one, that of Wady Cheick, which takes its course with Feiran into the gulf of Suez, the other, that of Zackal, which descends towards the gulf of Akaba,) we perceived the Convent of St. Catherine, standing silently in the midst of the majestic mountains by which it is commanded. On the left rises Mount Horeb, a prolongation of Sinai; and in the distance extends the plain where the people of Israel encamped on their journey through the wilderness.

When we entered the convent near Mount Sinai, we were surprised, after having just quitted the desert, where we had seen only a wretched and unsettled people, to find the interior so neatly arranged and in such excellent order, and inhabited by so many cheerful and healthy looking monks. Ascending to their apartments, we beheld from them that magnificent prospect, to which no artificial addition has been made to increase the charm of reality. The air of tranquillity, however, which we observed, is far from being uniform: clouds frequently lower over this peacable horizon. During my sojourn there, a pilgrim received a ball in the thigh, skilfully aimed at him by a Bedouin, who thought he was paying off one of the monks to whom he owed some grudge. He had remained some time on the watch for his prey, upon the top of one of the rocks which command the walls. The convent was all in alarm, for their disputes with the Bedouins seldom proceed to the extent of bloodshed. A parley was held; and, doubtless, the affair was arranged after my departure. This continual state of anxiety, which pervades so tranquil an abode, must have become a sort of habit. Looking through the innumerable narratives of pilgrims, we find each

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