

land of barrenness and desolation stretched out before me; and I would have regarded all the difficulties and dangers of the road merely as materials for a not unpleasant excitement, if I had only felt a confidence in my physical strength to carry me through.

When I awoke in the morning, the first thing I thought of was my horse. It almost made me well to think of him, and it was not long before I was on his back.

Standing near the shore of this northern extremity of the Red Sea, I saw before me an immense sandy valley, which, without the aid of geological science, to the eye of common observation and reason, had once been the bottom of a sea or the bed of a river. This dreary valley, extending far beyond the reach of the eye, had been partly explored by Burckhardt: sufficiently to ascertain and mention it in the latest geography of the country, as the great valley of El Ghor, extending from the shores of the Eilat gulf to the southern extremity of the Lake Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea; and it was manifest, by landmarks of Nature's own providing, that over that sandy plain those seas had once mingled their waters, or, perhaps more probably, that before the cities of the plain had been consumed by brimstone and fire, and Sodom and Gomorrah covered by a pestilential lake, the Jordan had here rolled its waters. The valley varied from four to eight miles in breadth, and on each side were high, dark, and barren mountains, bounding it like a wall. On the left were the mountains of Judea, and on the right those of Seir, the portion given to Esau as an inheritance; and among them, buried from the eyes of strangers, the approach to it known only to the wandering Bedouins, was the ancient capital of his kingdom, the excavated city of Petra, the cursed and blighted Edom of the Edomites. The land of Idumea lay before me, in barrenness and desolation; no trees grew in the valley, and no verdure on the mountain-tops. All was bare, dreary, and desolate.

But the beauty of the weather atoned for this barrenness of scene; and, mounted on the back of my Arabian, I felt a lightness of frame and an elasticity of spirit, that I could not have believed possible in my actual state of health. Patting the neck of the noble animal, I talked with the sheik about his horse; and, by warm and honest praises, was rapidly gaining upon the affections of my wild companions. The sheik told me that the race of these horses had been in his family more than four hundred years; though I am inclined to think, from his not being able to tell his own age, that he did not precisely know the pedigree of his beasts. If anything connected with my journey in the East could throw me into ecstasies, it would be the recollection of that horse. I felt lifted up when on his back, and snuffed the pure air of the desert with a zest not unworthy of a Bedouin. Like all the Arabian horses, he was broken only to the walk and gallop, the unnatural and ungraceful movement of a trot being deemed unworthy the free limbs of an Arab courser.

The next day the general features of the scene were the same, eternal barrenness and desolation; and, moving to the right, at one o'clock we were at the foot of the mountains of Seir; and, towering above all the rest, surmounted by a circular dome, like the tombs of the sheiks in Egypt, was the barren and rugged summit of Mount Hor, the burial-place of Aaron, visible in every direction at a great distance from below, and on both sides the great range of mountains, and forming one of the marks by which the Bedouin regulates his wanderings in the desert. Soon after we turned in among the mountains, occasionally passing small spots of verdure, strangely contrasting with the surrounding and general desolation. Towards evening, in a small mountain on our left, we saw an excavation in the rock, which the sheik said had been a fortress; and, as of every other work of which the history is unknown, its construction was ascribed to the early Christians. It was a beautiful afternoon; gazelles were playing in the valleys, and partridges running wild up the sides of the mountains, and we pitched our tent partly over a carpet of grass, with the door open to the lofty tomb of the great high-priest of Israel.

SATAN, in Scripture, is called a "prince" and a "god." But as a "prince" he is an usurper, and as a deity an idol. He is a prince without right, and a god without divinity.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHELL.

[We can vouch for the truth of the following musical anecdote, having resided in the town where it occurred, and being acquainted with relatives of some of the parties mentioned, by whom it has been authenticated.]—Ed.

Sir William Herschell was a German by birth, and son of a musician: in which profession Sir William was educated, and excelled on several instruments. He was Master of the Band of a Regiment, which was quartered in Halifax, (England,) in the year 1770. It was here proposed by some of the principal inhabitants to erect an organ in the church, and subscriptions were entered into for that purpose. Sir William was elected organist, principally through the recommendation of the late J. Bates, Esq., who was the son of the then parish clerk of Halifax, and whose acknowledged judgment in the science of music, insured success to the candidate whose cause he espoused. The following anecdote details the manner in which Herschell succeeded:—The organ was opened with an oratorio. Mr. H. and six other persons became candidates for the organist's situation. A day was fixed on which each was to perform in rotation. When Mr. Wainwright, of Manchester, played, his fingering was so rapid, that old Snetzler, the organ-builder, ran about the church, exclaiming, "He run over de keys like one cat, he will not give my pipes time to speak!" During Mr. Wainwright's performance, Dr. Miller, the friend of Herschell, enquired of him what chance he had of following him? "I don't know," said Herschell, "but I am sure that fingers will not do." When it came to his turn, Herschell ascended the organ-loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the old 100th Psalm, which he played better than his opponent. "Ay, ay!" cries old Snetzler, "tish is very good, very good intee. I will luff tis man, he give my pipes room for to speak." Herschell being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, "I told you fingers would not do," and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "One of these I laid upon the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above, and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two." This superiority of skill obtained Herschell the situation. It is well known that he subsequently became one of the most celebrated philosophers of the age—the discoverer of the Georgian planet, and of the catoptric or reflecting telescope. He first became Doctor, and afterwards Sir W. Herschell.

DESTRUCTION OF LIFE BY WAR.—The three great capitals of Khorasan: Maru, Neisabour, and Herat, were destroyed by the armies of the Mogul Zingis; and the exact account which was taken of the slain amounted to 4,347,000 persons. Timur, or Tamerlane, was educated in a less barbarous age, and in the profession of the Mahometan religion; and yet, in his camp before Delhi, Timur massacred 100,000 Indian prisoners, who had smiled when the army of their countrymen appeared in sight. The people of Ispahan supplied 70,000 human skulls for the structure of several lofty towers. A similar tax was levied on the revolt of Bagdad, and the exact amount, which Cherefeddin was not able to procure from the proper officers, is stated by another historian at 90,000 heads.—Gibbon.

WAR—ITS PERIODS AND EXPENDITURE.—Of 127 years, terminating in 1815, England spent 65 in war, and 62 in peace. The war of 1688, after lasting nine years, and raising our expenditure in that period 36 millions, was ended by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697. Then came the war of the Spanish succession, which began in 1702, concluded in 1713, and absorbed 50 millions of our money. Next was the Spanish war of 1739, settled finally at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, after costing us nearly 54 millions. Then came the seven years' war of 1756, which terminated with the treaty of Paris in 1763, and in the course of which we spent 112 millions. The next was the American war of 1775, which lasted eight years. Our national expenditure in this war was 136 mil-

lions. The French revolutionary war began in 1793, lasted nine years, and exhibited an expenditure of 464 millions. The war against Buonaparte began in 1803, and ended in 1815; during these twelve years we spent 1159 millions, 771 of which were raised by taxes, and 388 by loans. In the revolutionary war we borrowed 201 millions; in the American, 104 millions; in the seven years' war, 60 millions; in the Spanish war of 1739, 29 millions; in the war of the Spanish succession, 32½ millions; in the war of 1688, 20 millions. Total borrowed in the seven wars during 65 years, about 634 millions. In the same time, we raised by taxes 1189 millions; thus forming a total expenditure on war of Two THOUSAND AND TWENTY-THREE MILLIONS OF POUNDS STERLING.—Weekly Review.

I HAVE but one way of fortifying my soul against gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence—not only that part of it which I have a ready passed through, but that also which runs forward into the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it—because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.—Addison.

POETRY.

HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE.

PARAPHRASED FROM GOETHE.

(From the *Britannia*.)

Roll on, thou Sun! for ever roll,
Thou giant, rushing through the Heaven,
Creation's wonder, nature's soul!
Thy golden wheels by angels driven;
The planets die without thy blaze,
And cherubim, with star-dropt wing,
Float in thy diamond-sparkling rays,
Thou brightest emblem of their King!

Roll, lovely Earth! and still roll on,
With ocean's azure beauty bound;
While one sweet star, the pearly moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound;
And angels, with delighted eyes,
Behold thy tints of mount and stream,
From the high walls of paradise—
Swift-whirling like a glorious dream.

Roll, Planets! on your jangling road,
For ever sweeping round the sun;
What eye beheld when first ye glowed—
What eye shall see your courses done?
Roll in your solemn majesty,
Ye deathless splendours of the skies!
High altars, from which angels see
The incense of creation rise.

Roll, Comets! and ye million Stars!
Ye that through boundless nature roam;
Ye monarchs, on your flame-winged cars!
Tell us in what more glorious dome,
What orb to which your pomps are dim,
What kingdom but by angels trod—
Tell us where swells the eternal hymn
Around His throne—where dwells your God?

HAVALI.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED FOR THE COMMITTEE, ONCE A FORTNIGHT,

BY

JOHN E. L. MILLER,

at the Office in St. Nicholas Street.—All communications for the *Wesleyan* must be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, Montreal.

TERMS.—Five Shillings per annum, including postage, payable half-yearly in advance.