

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

"JANUARY 28, 1816.—The route we had marked out to ourselves, was to cross the Jordan, and go through Jerash and Gamela, two cities, of whose ruins we had heard a great deal in that quarter: Mr. Banks intending to go off from the latter to Nazareth, and I to pass through Tiberias, on my way towards Damascus and Aleppo. As no one could be prevailed upon to lend us animals on hire for this journey, from its being out of the common caravan road, we were compelled to purchase horses for that purpose. This we effected without much difficulty, and at a very moderate rate; a good travelling horse, with all its equipment in common furniture, costing about four hundred piastres, or less than twenty pounds sterling.

"Our party was composed of Mr. Banks, Mohammed, his Albanian interpreter, and myself; and our guides were two Arabs of the tribe of Zaliane. We were now all dressed in the costume of the country: Mr. Banks, as a Turkish soldier; Mohammed, in his own garb, as an Arab; and I as a Syrian Arab. Our guides wore their own dresses as Bedouins of the desert. We were each mounted on a horse of our own, there being no animals for baggage, as each person carried beneath and behind him whatever belonged to himself. We were armed but poorly, from the advice of our guides to take with us nothing that could excite the cupidity of strangers, since they wished us rather to depend upon our poverty for passing unmolested, than on our force, or numbers, for defence; and even they themselves carried each a long lance only, rather as a part of their habitual equipment, than as placing much reliance on its use. We took with us a small portion of bread, dates, tobacco, and coffee, and a supply of corn for our horses, with a leathern bottle of water suspended from the saddle, and these completed our outfit.

"It was about noon when we left Jerusalem by the Bethlehem gate. Turning to the right from this, as we went out of the city, we continued along by the northern wall. In our way, we noticed a fine marble sarcophagus, highly sculptured, and resembling the broken ones seen at the tombs of the kings; it seemed to be used by the way-side as a watering-trough for cattle. The north-east angle of the city-wall had a romantic appearance as we passed it, a portion of the wall there going over a high bed of rock, which presents a cliff to the passenger below.

"Descending from the brow of the range of hills on which Jerusalem is seated, and going about north-easterly, we passed through the higher or northern part of the valley of Kedron, leaving Bethany, Bethphage, and the Mount of Olives, on the right, or on the south of us.

"In about three hours from the time of our quitting the gates of Jerusalem, having gone the whole of the way over stony and rugged ground, we reached an encampment of the tribes of Arabs to which our guides belonged. There were only six small tents of coarse hair-cloth, and in each of them not more than half a dozen persons. The Arabs of this tribe, extending their range over all the country between the Jordan and Jerusalem, branch off into small parties to obtain pasture for their camels and goats. It was thus that this party occupied a small hollow of the land, in which were a few shrubs, very sparingly scattered over the surface, and hardly sufficient to furnish food for their flocks for more than a few days.

"We halted here to receive the pledge of protection from our guides, by eating bread and salt with them beneath their own tents. A meal was prepared for us of sour milk and warm cakes, by the wives of our companions, and coffee was served to us by their children, while we sat round a fire of brushwood, kindled for the occasion. The appearance of the Arabs who composed our party at this halt, was much more different from those who inhabited towns, than that of the peasantry of our own country is from its citizens. In these tented dwellers there is an air of independence, mixed, perhaps, with something of ferocity, that is never to be witnessed even in the Musselmauns of large cities; and a more robust, though less pampered frame, with deeply browned complexions and piercing eyes, gave them altogether a brave and manly appearance.

"We remounted, and quitted this encampment at one o'clock, though the dangers that were talked of during our entertainment, as likely to beset us on the way, were sufficient to have deterred persons who were not firmly bent on their purpose, from proceeding. In half an hour, going more easterly, we came to a very narrow pass, cut through the hill, in a bed of hard rock. There was an old fort here, which had once guarded this passage, but was now deserted, and close by were the ruins of a large square building belonging to it. After going through the pass, we descended again into deeper valleys, travelling sometimes on the edges of cliffs and precipices, which threatened destruction on the slightest false step. The scenery all around us was grand and awful, notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the barren rocks that every where met our view; but it was that sort of grandeur which excited tear and terror, rather than admiration.

"The whole of this road from Jerusalem to the Jordan, is held to be the most dangerous about Palestine; and, indeed, in this portion of it, the very aspect of the scenery is sufficient, on the one hand, to tempt to robbery and murder, and on the other, to occasion a dread of it in those who pass that way. It was partly to prevent any accident happening to us in this early stage of our journey, and partly, perhaps, to calm our fears on that score, that a messenger had been dispatched by our guides to an encampment of their tribe near, desiring them to send an escort to meet us at this place. We were met here accordingly, by a band of about twenty persons on foot, all armed with matchlocks, and presenting the most ferocious and robber-like appearance that can be imagined. The effect of this was heightened by the shouts which they sent forth from hill to hill, and which were re-echoed through all the valleys; while the bold projecting crags of rock, the dark-brown shadows in which every thing lay buried below, the towering height of the cliffs above, and the forbidding desolation which every where reigned around, presented a picture that was quite in harmony throughout all its parts.

"It made us feel most forcibly the propriety of its being chosen as the scene of the delightful tale of compassion which we had before so often admired for its doctrine, independently of its local beauty. (Luke x. 30-34.)

"One must be amid these wild and gloomy solitudes, surrounded by an armed band, and feel the impatience of the traveller, who rushes on to catch a new view at every pass and turn; one must be alarmed at the very tramp of the horses' hoofs rebounding through the caverned rocks, and at the savage shouts of the footmen, scarcely less loud than the echoing thunder produced by the discharge of their pieces in the valleys; one must witness all this upon the spot, before the full force and beauty of the admirable story of the good Samaritan can be perceived. Here, pillage, wounds and death would be accompanied with double terror, from the frightful aspect of every thing around. Here the unfeeling act of passing by a fellow-creature in distress, as the Priest and Levite are said to have done, strikes one with double horror, as an act almost more than inhuman. And here, too, the compassion of the Good Samaritan is doubly virtuous, from the purity of the motive which must have led to it, in a spot where no eyes were fixed on him to draw forth the performance of any duty, and from the bravery which was necessary to admit of a man's exposing himself, by such delay, to the risk of a similar fate to that from which he was endeavouring to rescue his fellow-creature."—*Buckingham*.

MEMOIR.—The following is extracted from a Memoir, by the Rev. M. Claxton, of John Janion Turner, who was born blind, and died at Tewkesbury, Aug. 29, 1827, in the 17th year of his age:—

"Notwithstanding his age, (youth) and all his disadvantages arising from the want of sight, he discovered a grasp of mind that indicated something very extraordinary in future life. His powers of understanding and memory were truly extraordinary. Never have I either met with or heard of such a youth. Often, after reading to him pieces in prose and verse, ten or even twenty minutes, he has requested us to pause, and has repeated all we have read, without the omission of a single line, though he had never heard a word of it before. Upwards of five hundred of our (Wesleyan) hymns he had committed fully to memory,

and I never knew him, in repetition, mistake a single word. Such was his knowledge of the Scriptures, that he was a sort of walking bible."

But by nothing was this extraordinary young man more distinguished than by deep, enlightening piety, and an unquenchable zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls. It is said that "in the days of his mere boyhood he showed more anxiety to hear the sacred Scriptures read, than he did for his daily food." For several years he acted as a highly acceptable and useful local preacher. "His death was truly peaceful and happy."

CREED OF THE LATE LORD BYRON.—In a letter to Mr. Dallas, dated "Durant's, Jan. 21, 1808," his Lordship makes the following strange confession:—"In morality, I prefer Confucius to the ten commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion, I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition—each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe Truth the prime attribute of the Deity; and Death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the wicked George, Lord Byron; and till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed."—*Life of Byron, by T. Moore*.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE SAINTS.—Why should the true believer in Christ tremble at the thought of laying aside his weak, sinful, mortal body? You will receive it again: not such as it now is, frail and perishable—but bright with the glory, and perfect with the image of God. The body is that to the soul, which a garment is to the body. When you betake yourself to repose at night, you lay aside your clothes till morning, and resume them when you rise. What is the grave but the believer's wardrobe, of which God is the doorkeeper. In the resurrection morn, the door will be thrown open, and the glorified soul shall descend from heaven to put on a glorified robe, which was, indeed, folded up and laid away in dishonour; but shall be taken out from the repository enriched and beautified with all the ornaments of nature and of grace.

HOW TO GROW RICH.—"Nothing is more easy," says Mr. Paulding, "than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to heap interest upon interest—cent upon cent—to destroy all the finer feelings of nature, and be rendered mean, miserable and despised, for some twenty or thirty years; and riches will come as sure as disease, disappointment and miserable death."—*Bristol Mirror*.

POETRY.

ON ETERNITY.

ETERNITY! what art thou? my poor mind
Ranges in vain through regions of deep thought,
To seek a fitting semblance of thee!—nought
Can I collect!—'tis vain!—I cannot find
Ideas with which I might thine image bind.
What are the ages which old Time hath brought,
Compared with thee! the fame of battles fought,
Tho' living as the world? A gust of wind,
That sweeps along, and then is heard no more.
And what is boasted Time itself to thee?
A flame that for a moment bright will soar,
Leaving deep gloom thro' which no eye can see;
Or 'tis a wave that ripples to the shore,
And dies upon thy rock, ETERNITY.

J. J. L.

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