

I confess that much of the delight, which I felt in Judea, would have been marred and lost, if I had visited it in a captious, carping or doubting spirit.

The *Ecce Homo* arch is very conspicuous; it crosses a street and supports a ruinous gallery, from which (according to prevalent tradition) Pilate shewed our Saviour to the multitude, when they exclaimed, "His blood be on us, and on our children!" And, standing here, it is impossible for the traveller not to reflect how fearfully this self-imprecated curse has been visited on the nation.

Next morning, we arose betimes, and spent the whole day in visiting different places in this most interesting city, where, as Fisk observes, "Prophecy had had its accomplishment, and Promise its fulfilment."

We commenced our rounds by going out at the Zion Gate, where we were surrounded by those frightfully wretched sufferers the Lepers, this being their quarter. Most of them were so fearfully mutilated, that they could only crawl after us to solicit alms. Certainly, until I witnessed this spectacle, I never formed any adequate conception of the dreadful nature and extent of this loathsome disease, so often mentioned in Scripture. It is impossible to erase from the memory the impression caused by the painful scene. It is only in a miserable locality, near this gate, that these wretched outcasts are allowed to take up their abode. At Ramleh, on my return, I saw one family suffering under this awful affliction, but no where else out of Jerusalem.

After this, we passed Joab's tomb; and proceeded through the valley of the Son of Hinnom, at the extremity of which is situated Tophet, infamous of old for the sacrifices offered to Molech—to propitiate whom children were made to pass through the fire, and other abominations were committed. We then visited, in succession, the Pool of Siloam, Absalom's tomb, the tombs of Zechariah and St. James, and also of Jehoshaphat; from which last this great valley has derived its name, though evidently under a mistaken notion.

Jerusalem lies, as it were, between these two valleys and has another running across called the Tyropœon Valley, which separates the Hill of Zion on one side from Aera, and on the other from the Temple grounds. Over this declivity a bridge must at one time have existed, whereby the Kings of Judah might pass over to the Temple; and, in fact, the spring of the arch is still discernible. We crossed the brook Kedron, and returned to the city by the St. Stephen's gate, we then proceeded to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where we passed a considerable time. The church is used by the Roman Catholics, Greeks and Armenians, and is very gorgeously decorated, especially that part of it, which is shewn as the tomb of Joseph, in which the body of Jesus was laid.

I had never before witnessed the ceremonies of the Greek Church; they appear to me to resemble strongly those of the Latin—the chief difference between the two churches consisting in the calendar. The Greeks retain the old style, repudiate the use of images and the doctrine of purgatory, admit the laity to communion in both kinds, and sanction the marriage of the secular clergy.

On the following day, we again left the city, passing through St. Stephen's gate; we then descended a very steep declivity to the brook Kedron, which we crossed by a bridge,—and, having visited the Garden of Gethsemane, we soon found ourselves ascending the Mount of Olives. The very name of Gethsemane, in such a vicinity, excites feelings of intense interest; but the Christian traveller can hardly rest satisfied with the assertion, that the circumscribed enclosure within stone walls, now exhibited by the Latin Monks, as the scene of the occurrences of that dread night, is the genuine Gethsemane. In fact the Greeks show, in opposition, another space lately inclosed; but the Olive trees in this are only in their infancy, while those in the Latin enclosure are evidently of great age. The probability, I think, is that, at the time of Christ's sojourn on earth, the whole valley was in a state of culture, and that the garden so-called was not confined to such a limited space, but extended over the cultivated ground,

The ascent to the Mount of Olives, on this side, is very precipitous, and on the summit stands the Church of the Ascension, now a mosque. From the top of this building there is a magnificent view, bounded by the mountains of Moab,—the intervening space including the city of Jericho, the outline of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea looking like molten lead. The bold bluff of the mountains of Moab is remarkably striking, so abrupt and yet so clearly defined, with the Dead Sea at their base, that they seem within a few thousand yards, though, in reality, they are some twenty miles distant. From the summit of one of these, Moses was permitted, before his death, to view the Promised Land; though the place of his sepulture was never discovered, and the Israelites, prone "to start aside like a broken bow," were thereby prevented from offering idolatrous rites to the remains, or at the tomb of their great Lawgiver.

We next visited the Jews' *Place of Weeping*, where they are permitted to come, every Friday, and mourn over the foundations of the Temple. The place, where they meet for this purpose, is on the external side, where there are exposed to view five courses of immense stones, each about twenty feet in length. These so exactly resemble the tiers of stone in the walls of Abraham's tomb at Hebron, that there can be no doubt of their great antiquity; and, in fact, the tomb of the patriarch was re-constructed, or inclosed, by Solomon. The Temple itself was razed to the ground, but part of the foundations still remain; and to this spot, where these are visible, the Jews flock to weep and wail over their lost temple and departed glory, kissing the stones and reciting texts from the Old Testament. Here they read the Penitential Psalms and the Lamentations of Jeremiah, presenting a vivid picture of their abject and degraded condition.

The Jews resident in the Holy City do not exceed six thousand in number; they are mostly of Spanish origin, and very poor.

Their ancestors were driven out of Spain by the short-sighted policy of Ferdinand and Isabella, towards the close of the fifteenth century; and their descendants still speak a kind of corrupt Spanish, and with the exception of a few, they are in a miserable condition. The five chapters of the Lamentations of Jeremiah present a true, though sad, picture of the present state of Jerusalem and its Jewish inhabitants. The very opening of the book is thrillingly accurate:—"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks."—And again: "Judah is gone into captivity because of affliction, and because of great servitude: she dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest: all her persecutors overtook her between the straits."

"It is a touching scene," (says the writer in Murray's Handbook, in eloquent terms,) "which presents itself to the stranger, every Friday, on this retired spot, the *Place of Weeping*; Jews of both sexes, of all ages, and from every quarter of the earth, raise up a united cry of lamentation over a desolated and dishonoured sanctuary. Old men may be seen tottering up to these massive stones, kissing them with fond rapture, burying their faces in the joints and cavities, while tears stream down their cheeks, and accents of deepest sorrow burst from their trembling lips!"

During my brief sojourn in Jerusalem, I was fortunate enough to be admitted to their principal Synagogue, on the Day of Atonement. A large number of wealthy Jews, from all parts of the world, were present, for it is a prevalent custom, among the scattered race, to visit the Holy City at this season. We were surprised at seeing so many of these zealous Israelites clad in gorgeous garments, and were forcibly reminded of the beautiful painting (by Holman Hunt) of "Finding Our Lord in the Temple," in which the dresses of the Rabbis and the attendants are represented as very rich and brilliant. When we entered, we could not find seats; but one of our party, Mr. Brown, of St. Louis in the United States, a very good linguist, was recognised by a Spanish Rabbi, who happened to be expounding the Scriptures at the time. Mr. Brown had crossed from Marseilles to Alexandria in company with this same Rabbi, and had made his