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## LITERATURE.

### Notes of Travel in the East.

(Continued from our last.)

#### JERUSALEM.

The Jaffa Gate is the usual way of entering Jerusalem, except for those who approach from crossing the desert. As the traveller draws near to the city, he is struck by the high, regular and imposing walls, with which it is surrounded; and though these would, undoubtedly, quickly crumble beneath an Armstrong or a Whitworth piece of artillery, they are found sufficient to keep the roving Arab and Bedouin in check.

The Mount of Olives rose in front of us, but on the other side of the city; and although it is only two hundred feet higher than the site thereof, it creates an impression, that Jerusalem is situated on a low and level surface; whereas, in reality, the mountain on which it is built is 2200 feet high.

On entering the Jaffa Gate—the most crowded of all the entrances—the traveller, when fairly between the walls, becomes painfully aware that he is indeed in an Eastern city. There is a total want of sewerage; the streets are narrow, and so badly paved (though paved with marble taken from the ruins of the temple, and used for this purpose,) and so slippery withal, that I could not help fearing that my jaded horse would stumble. Although I was assured to the contrary by the dragoman, who kindly laid hold of the bridle, the brute came down flat on his side, knocking me against a stone wall, and bruising me rather severely. I walked the remainder of the way, and soon arrived at Hauser's hotel, in Christian street, situated on the side of Hezekiah's Pool, which is immediately under the dining-room windows. There is another hotel; both are very comfortable, and the terms moderate. In fact, it is infinitely better to take up

one's quarters in either of these than to go to any Convent, where everything is given grudgingly and as a favor,—where one is not his own master, and yet is expected to give twice as much as would be charged for better accommodation at the hotels; and where, if the weary traveller does sleep, it is in spite of the untiring efforts of the numerous insect tribe.

The 29th of March was the day on which I arrived in the Holy City,—a day much to be remembered by me. Although it was late in the afternoon, we had two hours to look about us; and we endeavoured to employ them profitably. We visited, in the first place, the Pacha's Palace, or Governor's House, built upon the site of Herod's fortress of Antonia, which was destroyed by Titus, during the siege of Jerusalem, A.D. 70. It is highly probable that it was in this fort that Jesus was brought before Pilate, who, being at that time Governor of Judea, had his temporary residence in this stronghold when in Jerusalem; his ordinary place of abode being in Cæsarea. The present structure is upon the ancient foundations, at the north-west angle of what had been the Temple Courts: it is now used as barracks, and from its flat roof we first beheld the site of Solomon's Temple, lying as it were at our feet; on the sacred spot now stands the Mosque of Omar. We had also a good view, from this point, of the Holy Sepulchre. We then passed along the *Via Dolorosa*; and I may here mention, that I found it much more satisfactory and gratifying to the feelings to accept the current traditions of the inhabitants with regard to the different localities and scenes mentioned in Scripture, than to impugn, and cavil at their correctness. This is the spirit, also, in which the majority of travellers ought to visit the holy region, whatever may be their pretensions to learning and knowledge; for instance, when the pilgrim stands on Mount Calvary, where the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is reared, what can it avail to dispute about the minutely exact locality? Jerusalem and its precincts are now so limited, that the traditional spot cannot be very far distant from the real one, on which He suffered—He

"Who shared on earth our common lot,  
But the world comprehended not  
His deity.

Yes,—the glad messenger of love  
To guide us to our home above,  
The Saviour came;  
Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
He suffered in this vale of tears  
A death of shame."

*Coplas de Manrique—Longfellow's translation.*