

# The Independent Republican

“FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG.”

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## JOURNAL

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**Visit to the Mosque of Omar.**  
**Jerusalem, Friday, March 6, 1857.**  
 After resting a few hours from the fatigue of the journey of today, we looked about the hotel to see if any of our fellow guests were Americans. We were pleased to meet Hon. Mr. Prunyn of Albany, and his lady, who are traveling in Palestine. Mrs. P. is in very delicate health, and the ride from Jaffa to Jerusalem, in rain and mud, was not very favorable to her improvement. Mr. P. is well acquainted with Judge Cole, and Mr. Woolworth of Albany, and I have been glad to converse with both about mutual friends. There are several other travelers here, among whom is Mr. Robertson, who is sent out by Lord Clarendon to take photographic pictures in Palestine. He has kindly given me some hints about my instrument. Mr. Thompson called on the English Consul this evening to see about the house of the late Mr. Nicolson, and obtained permission for us to occupy it to-morrow evening. The air is cool and the wind chilling this evening. The residents say that there has been a good deal of snow here during the few months past, and the winter has been quite cold.—Our room without a fire is uncomfortable.

**Saturday, March 7th.**—Cloudy and quite cool. We have had so much business to-day in settling with muleteers, arranging our baggage and moving over to our present quarters in the house of Mr. Graham, (formerly Mr. Nicolson's), that we were kept in our room until noon. At one o'clock we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but, the immense crowd of pilgrims assembled made the air so close that it was unpleasant to remain long enough to see the shrine located in this famous edifice. The number of pilgrims is unusually great this year, as there are already about ten thousand in the city, and multitudes are coming by every steamer to Jaffa. Some of the pilgrims have been somewhat staying during the past three years, by the Eastern war, but the return of peace has opened the gates again, so that a larger number than usual are flocking to the Holy City, hoping here to find redemption of all their sins. The making of pilgrimages is something eminently peculiar to Oriental countries at the present day, although there are some Romanists who come from Palestine to visit the supposed Holy Sepulchre with the hope of receiving pardon of all their sins.

The Armenians come from the whole northern region of the Turkish Empire; the Greeks from Turkey, Syria, Greece and the Ionian Islands; the Maronites from Mount Lebanon, and the Moslems from Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, India and Africa, all having the same general object of gaining merit by the pilgrimage, while the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, anxious to die and be buried within sight of the Lord Jesus Christ, is one of the most interesting features of Jerusalem at the present day, and yet one of the most painful. Thousands come here to gain merit and work out a righteousness of their own by their good works, forgetting the words of the Gospel, "For by grace ye are saved through faith; and that not of works; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." Personal holiness is something unknown in Oriental religion at the present day, and it almost seems as though the worst displays of character to be found in the East, are here in what is called the Holy City. Jerusalem seems to furnish the most striking specimens of Moslem fanaticism and nominal Christian superstition. I left the church of the Holy Sepulchre this afternoon with a feeling of satisfaction that the church was in a most excellent state, and that the walls of Jerusalem, and consequently a fit and beautiful place, so that the real spot of our Lord's crucifixion and burial remains uncontaminated; by these idolatrous rites. It was a comfort to leave the place and walk out to the Zion gate and know that I was on "Mount Zion which cannot be removed."

There are so few localities of the ancient city of Jerusalem now identified, that it is pleasant to visit, which have remained unchanged and unchangeable through the long ages. Only a portion of Mount Zion is at present within the City Walls, a large portion being now outside the walls on the south western side of the city. The Zion Gate is near the southwest corner of the city. In passing to it from the interior of the city, we walked a long distance in a well-paved, clean and beautiful street which passes through the quarter of the Armenians. The Zion Gate is one of the most extensive and best built structures now existing in Jerusalem, having been built and gradually enlarged, by contributions gathered from all the Armenian communities in the Empire. It is like a great Hotel for the accommodation of the pilgrims who flock hither every year. Years ago, before the precise object of evangelical missions was known, the pilgrims used to receive bread and refreshment from the gates. It is here, and carry these messengers of light home with them to all parts of the land, and it is supposed that not a little was thus done toward the dissemination of the truth among the Armenians of the North; but of latter years, since the decided movement among the Armenians, and the prevalence of the gospel among them, the priests and monks at Jerusalem have taken special care to prohibit the pilgrims from purchasing or receiving the gospel or evangelical tracts as they are offered to them. And thus Mount Zion, which was once a spot favored of God and has become the symbol for the church itself, is now, as it were, the dwelling place of superstition in some of its worst forms. As we approached the Zion Gate, our attention was drawn to a row of low shapely huts along the inside of the city wall, somewhat resembling the houses of the mountain villages of Lebanon. This is the quarter where are a dozen families. We walked around to see them, when five men came hobbling out to ask an alms. They were the most frightful-looking creatures I ever saw, and although the disease is not contagious, yet there was something so repulsive in their very appearance that I was glad to withdraw from their sight. The faces of some of them were covered with a whitish scaly substance and their features were so much distorted that they seemed almost to have lost all likeness to human beings. And such voices! I shall never forget that dry, husky, rattling, sepulchral voice which could with difficulty occur-

into the Arabic sentence, always used by beggars, "Ullah yateek!" "May God give to you." It seemed like a voice from death itself. These wretched people live here by sufferance, cast out from all society, yet permitted to go about certain parts of the city and beg for the means of supporting life.—They intermingle only among themselves, and thus the frightful disease is kept from spreading. The men whom we saw seemed to be about forty or fifty years of age, and none of the women or children, and I certainly have no desire to see a child or a woman the victim of such a living body of death. How could a more impressive delineation of this disease be drawn, than that furnished by this disease? The peculiar form of the disease in these persons, is said to be similar to Elephantiasis, but the difference is not great between them and the true leprosy, so that these creatures we have seen very like those that loathsome disease which our Savior healed by the exercise of his miraculous power.—Passing out of Zion Gate, we passed first what is called the House of Caliphans, and then a Turkish Mosque which the Moslems say contains the Tomb of David.

No Christian or Frank is permitted to see the supposed tomb, and we made no attempt to enter the Mosque. We then continued our walk leisurely, and saw the American cemetery, the only plot of ground owned by an American in Jerusalem. It is a small enclosure, perhaps 100 feet square, surrounded by a stone wall ten feet high, and as it is outside of the city wall, the door is always kept locked. Two American Missionaries are buried here on Zion, awaiting the resurrection morn. The first wife of Rev. Mr. Thompson, and Dr. Dodge, both of whom died in Jerusalem. We were anxious to gain admission to this interesting place, but the American Consul, Agent, a native, who has the key, is absent in Jaffa, and the gate is locked.

Approaching the American cemetery, is that of the Armenians, in which all of the grave stones are slabs of marble laid flat on the surface of the earth. Just below, on the southwest corner of Zion, overlooking the Valley of Hinnom and the Lower Pool of Gihon, is the spot of ground belonging to the English, a fine enclosure, containing the imposing building erected for the English school under the Bishop and the English cemetery. The summit of Zion east of the Tomb of David is now covered with a luxuriant growth of wheat, and it is every year plowed and sown, and the produce is used for the fulfillment of prophecy. In recounting the iniquities of the house of Israel, Micah says, "They build up Zion with blood and Jerusalem with iniquity." "Therefore shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps" &c. This fulfillment is the more forcible, as the whole of Zion was at that time within the walls of the city, and the habitations of men. But now it is a succession of wheat fields rising one above another, very much like the terraces of Mount Lebanon.—As we walked along this afternoon outside of the Southern Wall, with the city behind us and nothing in view but these waving fields of grain and the desolate mountains southward across the Valley of Hinnom, we could realize the words of Isaiah, "Zion is a wilderness, and Jerusalem an desolation." There are many things in the Jerusalem of the present to make one heart-sick and sad, but these evidences of the fulfillment of prophecy, tend to quicken one's faith and give new assurance that the word of the Lord endureth forever.

On our return from this short walk on Zion, we found at the Hotel three Americans who have just returned from the Dead Sea and the Jordan. They are Mr. E. H. Smith of Boston, who is a graduate of Yale, and now a member of Andover Theological Seminary, Mr. Carruth, a merchant of Boston, residing in Dorchester, and Mr. Erben, of Lancaster, Penn. We found them to be gentlemen and pleasant acquaintances. Mr. Erben was an old schoolmate of Bro. Aiken, and the reunion was very pleasant. We spent the evening with them, and you must imagine how many questions we had to ask about Fatherland, and how delightful it was here on Mount Zion to speak of interests dear to us all for time and eternity. At nine o'clock we came over to our new home, which we shall occupy as long as we remain in Jerusalem.

**Sabbath, March 8th.**—The air to-day has been cold and raw, and we have kept a fire in the stove all day. Mr. Jones was indisposed this morning, and did not go out to divine service. The rest of us went at ten to the English church. This is the finest Protestant church edifice in this part of the Empire. It is built of the yellowish white limestone of this country, large and spacious, and the general effect within is pleasing. It is one of the most plain and yet elegant edifices I have seen. The tablets usually found in the Episcopal churches behind the altar containing the creed, the Lord's prayer, and the ten commandments, are in Hebrew in this church, as the edifice was built with special reference to the Jews, and was designed for a Jewish church. The service was read this morning in English by Dr. Crawford, and the sermon was preached by Bishop Gobat.

It was a plain, practical and thoroughly evangelical discourse, on the text 1 John, 11: 26, "And now little children, abide in Him." Bishop Gobat is an earnest, fervid preacher, and he is very good in his manner, and he preached just such truth and in such a judicious manner as does the heart good. He is a devoted Missionary and seems to long for the salvation of souls.

You are perhaps aware that the High Church sentiment of England is entirely opposed to missionary labors among the Greeks, Armenians and Maronites of Syria, Asia Minor and Palestine. The entire mission to Jerusalem under Bishop Gobat was established for the Jews especially, and not for others, and the High Church party in England regard the Greek and Pasha sect in this country as fellow Christians, with whom they can hold fellowship! Consequently any movement on the part of the English Missionaries to draw away the Greeks or others than the Jews from their corrupt churches, is regarded with suspicion and opposition. But Bishop Gobat, who is of the Low Church or Evangelical Party, is in favor of preaching the Gospel to whomever he can, and he is more I see him. He seems to have faith that the Lord will bless his labors here, and labors in a hopeful spirit, although he is a hard field, I know from the experience of

one year in Syria, that the Missionary work in this land is essentially a faith-bringing work, and one must have strength of faith or cannot labor and pray as he ought. I am glad to have met Bishop Gobat, and thus become more thoroughly acquainted with his work in these parts, and I shall hereafter rejoice to remember him and his work in prayer, for I am sure that he has the true Missionary Spirit.

After leaving the Bishop's house, we walked out of the city gate, westward, to the upper pool of Gihon, which we found almost overflowing with water. Dr. Robinson makes its length 310 feet, and its breadth about 210 feet. The depth is 18 feet.—The pool is now in the midst of a Moslem cemetery. The lower pool of Gihon is south of the upper pool, in the Valley of Hinnom and nearly west of the English School. It is formed by a high wall or dam thrown across the valley. It is not entirely in ruins, and has not a drop of water in it. Across the upper end of it are the arches of the old aqueduct which formerly brought water from the pools of Solomon below Bethlehem to the Temple on Mt. Moriah. This aqueduct winds around the hills and follows up the valley, instead of crossing over the valleys on bridges. It is probably as old as the time of Solomon. On the west side of the Valley of Hinnom, and very near to this pool, is a large plot of ground nearly all enclosed by a high stone wall. It contains several acres of rocks and stones and was purchased by Sir Moses Montefiore with the money left by Judah Touro of New Orleans, and a large Hospital for the Jews is to be erected here from the same fund.

Proceeding from the pool of Gihon, we walked around the north side of the city to the Damascus gate, thence by the Grotto of Jeremiah to the north east corner of the city overlooking the Valley of the brook Kedron. There is no brook in the Valley now, notwithstanding the heavy rains. The Valley is quite dry. We now had in full view the Mount of Olives, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the eastern wall of the city. Passing in front of the Grotto of Jeremiah, we saw what is claimed to be the site of the Gethsemane. The Latins have enclosed with a high wall, and it is under their control. They have no proof that this was the precise spot, and there seem to be difficulties in the way of supposing it to have been the spot of our Lord's agony in the garden. This present enclosure is at the junction of at least three roads which come down from the Mount of Olives, and must necessarily have been a very public place on the high road to Bethany and Jericho. It does not seem probable that our Lord would have chosen so public a place for his private devotions, and especially for that most solemn of all his prayers on the eve of his Crucifixion.

Matthew says, "Then cometh Jesus with them to a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, sit ye here while I go and pray awhile." Luke says, "he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed." So that even admitting that the garden, "over the brook Kedron" spoken of by John, was in this public place, there is evidence that he withdrew from his disciples to a more retired spot, which could not have been within the present enclosure of the city, as it is by no means a stone's cast from one side to the other. It seems to me far more probable that it was farther up the valley among the olive trees, and away from the noise and interruption of a public road. It was somewhere in this valley, and not far away however, that our blessed Master endured such agony of spirit in anticipation of his approaching death on behalf of our race. We cannot measure the height and depth of his truly measureless grief, but we know that "being in an agony he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." And then, "Take away this cup from me, nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt." How little we have of this submissive spirit, and how little true that those who have the most of the spirit are the least likely to have suffered the deepest sorrow, and have drunk most deeply of the cup of grief!

Turning away from this interesting prospect, we entered St. Stephen's gate. It is said that Stephen was led out of this gate, just before he was stoned. Perhaps also our Lord entered this gate when in charge of the crowd led on by his betrayer. Within the gate and a little to the south is an immense pool or ditch, considered by some to be the pool of Bethesda, but by Dr. Robinson, to have been the great trench which protected the fortress Antonia on the north. It is now a general receptacle for rubbish and offal, and we saw a dead donkey far down in the bottom among the earth-heaps. I advise you to read Dr. Robinson's account of this so-called pool of Bethesda. From the street in which we stood looking into the pool, we could also see into the great enclosure around the Mosque of Omar, but we could not enter without being in great danger from a Moslem mob, so we postponed our attempt until to-morrow.

We returned through the Via Dolorosa, said to be the road through which the Savior passed on his way to Calvary, but it is so much a matter of surmise and monkish tradition, that I attach little authority to the claim. Passing through the Court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre again, we found among the money-changers and dealers in various wares, a pig, up to his belly and hurrying away to avoid the schooner which was just coming on. We also hastened our steps, and passing through the bazars now crowded with men out of every nation, we soon reached our room, where we kindled our fire of olive wood and sat down to meditate and converse about what we have seen to-day and what we hope to see to-morrow.

**Visit to the Mosque of Omar, via Mount Moriah.**  
**Tuesday, March 10th.**—This morning was very cool and refreshing as we called on the English Consul to meet the rest of the company who were to visit the Mosque of Omar. Mr. Finn, the English Consul, had kindly obtained permission for us from the Pasha, and nothing remained but the payment of the customary "luckshooch" of one Turkish piastre each, as a present to the Moslem priest or Effendi who has charge of the sacred enclosure. This amount is about four dollars and a quarter, and which is an enormous sum for a Moslem. I concluded that as I had come all the way to Jerusalem, I might never

come again; I could afford to cut off some other item of expense, rather than lose this reality, and so we paid the money. It is the most interesting spot in Jerusalem, and one fraught with innumerable sacred associations to the heart of every Christian. Hence I was quite willing to incur the expense, but Provisionally I was quite relieved from the necessity, as a noble-hearted American citizen now traveling in this country, and a member of our party to-day, came to Mr. Thompson and insisted upon paying the portion of the "luckshooch" which would fall to Mr. Thompson, Mr. Aiken, and myself, as he would not consent to have American money bear what he could better take upon himself. This was an act of generosity for which we could not express our gratitude. We would be loath to say "protest" or "against," simply replying to us that it was his duty and he should pay it. When we made up the extra money, we were in no manner, but invitations had been given to others to go with us, until there were nearly 30 in our company when we left the consulate.—Among them were Mr. Thompson, Mr. Aiken, Mr. Prunyn, of Albany, with his lady, Messrs. Carruth, Twombly, and Erben, Mr. Finn, the English Consul, two or three daughters of Bishop Gobat, and several other ladies and gentlemen, together with about a dozen servants and armed caisses to carry the extra shik, and keep off the Moslems in case they should attempt to oppose our entering the Mosque.

At eight o'clock we entered the great Temple area, by one of the gateways on the north side. The Moslem Sheikh who has charge of the enclosure, was greatly enraged when he saw the crowd, as he had no previous intimation that our original number of nine had increased to thirty, and he supposed to do the extra money, but a word from the English Consul to his caisses seemed to remove the old man's difficulties, and the door was opened. We were now within the great area of the Temple of Solomon. Its length is about 1500 feet from north to south, and its breadth about 900 feet. As we passed in from the northern gate of the great area, we walked along the naked surface of the central rock of Mount Moriah. You are doubtless aware that Moriah was not originally of its present shape, but was steep on the south east side, and somewhat sharp and peaked at the summit. To prepare it for the building of the Temple, a high wall was built up on the south east side, and the summit toward the north west, was cut down to a level. We could see the proofs of the cutting to-day, by directly looking up as we entered, we saw the northern wall of the enclosure built on the top of a high cliff, whose sides have been cut down perpendicularly and with great art, and we could see the marks of the instrument by which the cutting was done, although it was many hundred years ago. With the exception of the spots where the naked rock is visible, the surface is covered with a fine square of cut stones, and our hands are scattered here and there. The east and south sides of the great area are enclosed by the city wall. On these sides there are no gates which are open at present. The west side is bordered by a line of Turkish houses, and is entered by five gates. The north side is bordered partly by a wall, and partly by houses, and is entered by three gates. Within this great enclosure, and at a distance of about 350 feet from the northern wall, is the great platform or stea of the Mosque. This platform is elevated about ten feet above the level of the area.

It is ascended by spacious marble stairways of which there are two on the north side, one on the east, two on the south and three on the west. At the top of each stairway there is an arched-way of white stone, very slight and graceful in form and supported on columns. We ascended one of the northern stairways, and before reaching the top we were compelled to stop and exchange our shoes for the red Arab slippers which we had brought with us for the purpose. The attendants took charge of our shoes, and we went sliding and slipping along over the smooth white marble pavement toward the eastern entrance of the beautiful Mosque. It is only within a short time that strangers have been permitted to visit this interesting spot, and the great masses that were so full of interest to every Christian, should be given over to the power of Mohammedanism. Ten years ago, it was utterly impossible for any one but a Mohammedan to enter this place upon pain of death. Many years ago Dr. Richardson succeeded in gaining admission through the influence of certain Moslem officials with whom he was quite intimate, and in 1838, Dr. Carpenter entered at arrangement. But Dr. Robinson and Dr. Smith were never able to enter, although they were very anxious to do so. An old writer, in speaking of the reasons why the Moslems prohibited Christians from entering the Holy place, says that, "if a Christian were to gain access to the courts of the Temple, whatever prayers he might offer up in this place, according to the notion of the Turks, God would fall to ground, and he would be obliged to put Jerusalem into the hands of the Christians." For this reason, besides the prohibition issued against Christians, to enter not only the Temple but even the court, upon pain of being burned alive, or turning Mohammedan, they kept a vigilant guard."

Another writer says: The Mussulman religion acknowledges but two temples, that of Mecca and that of Jerusalem. Both are-manned by the law, and both are equally prohibited by law to Christians, Jews, and every other person who is not a Mohammedan.

At Constantinople, Christians enter the Mosque of St. Sophia, when they are bearers of a firman granted by government. But no Mussulman Governor dares permit an infidel to pass into the territory of Mecca, or into the Temple of Jerusalem. A permission of this kind would be looked upon as a heinous sacrilege; would not be respected by the people, and the offender would become the victim of his imprudent boldness.

Things have changed in Jerusalem since the above was written, and Moslem bigotry is beginning to dissolve. The Moslems are far from being satisfied with the permission given to enter the sacred place, but what can they do? The Pasha is strong and they are weak, and they go off biting their lips and calling the Pasha a Christian, a traitor to Islamism. As we passed along we saw several Moslems walking here and there about the Mosque, but no one offered to molest us. Just to the east of the great Mosque is a low circular building or porch, supported on beautiful columns. It is called the Judgment Seat of David. At what time he first pronounced judgment here, I did not learn. We were permitted to our right, and with lighted candles in our hands entered the Bab Naby Dawud or Gate of the Prophet David, which is the Eastern door of the Mosque. The name of this Mosque is the Sukkara, so called from the great Sukk which stands within it. The Mosque is a regular octagon, each side being about sixty feet. On the North, South, East and West, it is entered by a spacious door, each door being adorned with a high projecting porch, with a fine cornice and columns. The lower story of the Sukkara is faced with slabs of marble of different colors, white and blue intermixed, arranged in the form of panels. In the lower story there are no windows. The upper story is faced with small tiles of porcelain and earth in many different colors, interspersed with sentences of the Koran. In this upper story are numerous small windows, and above the whole rises the beautiful dome ninety feet in height from the ground, so beautiful as to excite the most unqualified admiration. The frame work of the dome is said to be of wood, and the outside is covered with lead. Its form is more symmetrical and airy than any dome that I ever saw. The lead is quite discolored by entering the door-way, and is so very dark within. We had to depend very much on our candles, and without them our observations would have been quite unsatisfactory. The dome of course stands over the center of the Mosque and supported by a row of columns parallel with the eight sides of the building. We walked around the Mosque in the open space between the outside walls and the columns. The columns themselves are wonderful. The shafts are of different color, some green, others yellow or grayish white, while the capitals are more unlike than the columns. My immediate conviction was that these columns were never made for this building, but have been taken from some previous edifice and arranged in this Mosque. They are estimated, then, the more certain I feel that they were of great antiquity, and perhaps once formed a part of the Temple on Mt. Moriah. These columns supporting the dome, form almost a circle, within which, and surrounded by a formidable iron railing, is the world-renowned Sakkarah or Rock, the Holy Stea of the Mohammedan religion. We had no means of measuring the length of the Rock, but it is said to be forty feet long, and seven feet wide. Its highest elevation is about seven feet above the floor of the Mosque, and as the floor of the Mosque is ten feet above the level of the great enclosure, the summit of the Rock is about seventeen feet above the present surface of Mt. Moriah. It is an article of the Moslem faith that this Rock is suspended in the air, and that when Mohammed flew up to heaven from this spot, the Rock followed him, but he kept it high, and it has remained ever since supported only by a single column about six inches in diameter. And this slender column which we saw, is inclined at an angle of about forty-five degrees! They also show the print of the Prophet's foot in the Rock, an impression which is certainly not more gross than that of the Horse on the Mount of Olives who professed to show the footprint of his Savior when he ascended. The Rock itself is an oblong mass of compact limestone, precisely the same with the rock of the mountain, and is unquestionably in its original position, having been left at its present singular elevation when the rest of the mountain summit was cut down and levelled off. It is the most wonderful wonder about Jerusalem; and it is not very strange that the pagan Moslems, being unable to account for it, believe that it came down from heaven. Its surface is rough, and the Moslems would regard it as the greatest sacrilege for any one to touch it with a tool of iron. In the year 1099, when the Crusaders took Jerusalem, they built an altar over this rock, and faced the rock with marble, but when Saladin recaptured the city eighty-eight years afterwards, he removed every vestige of the work of the Christians, and purified the place with water. "In the middle ages, the Christians supposed this rock to have been the stone on which Jacob slept when he saw the vision of the Angels. Some regarded it as having existed since the most holy place of the Jewish Temple. Even the false Prophet himself is reported to have said, "The first of places in Jerusalem, and the first of rocks in Sukkara and the rest of the world is at Jerusalem, in one of the rocks of Paradise."

The fact that the dome above is covered with lead, and that the windows are small in the upper story, makes the interior quite dark enough, but the darkness is increased by the great canopy or cover of variously colored satin which is suspended above the rock. We passed around the rock to the Western side, and then to the South side, where is the stair-case leading to the cavern beneath. As we descended the stairs, we had on our right the little column which is said to support the Rock, but any one with an intellect equal to that of the column is simply lying against the rock, and kept from falling because it is fastened by cement. As we approached the bottom of the stairs, the "flight of stone" steps, we had over our heads the projecting cliffs of the great Rock, on which is a little hole about ten inches long and eight inches in diameter, called the "noyeh." It is said by the Moslems, that when Mohammed visited this place, this tongue of stone addressed him saying, "Peace be upon you." I heard before entering the cavern under the rock, that it is much larger than the rock; giving conclusive proof that the rock rests on nothing but the little slender column. But we found the cavity to be simply a small room under the Rock, smaller than the rock. It is about eight feet high in the middle, but much lower around the sides. In the middle of the marble floor, is a spot which sounds hollow to the tread, and it is said that there is a well under it. It contains a tablet called the praying place of Solomon, and another the praying place of David. On one side is a dome like depression in the roof which is said to have been made by miracle, for when Mohammed or some other saint came here to pray, he rose up suddenly, where the ceiling was low, and the rock at once gave way to save his head from being bruised. But the thing-marks are so plain that one's faith is in this story is very apt to be weak. When we came out, the guide pointed out various other wonderful things about the Mosque, but the crowd was so great that we could not go far to get a good view of them. We then passed out the Bab el Kholi Southern gate, along the marble platform

again, and then descending the steps from the platform, we went to the Mosque el Aksa, which is about half a mile to the South of the Sukkara. On our way we passed an old Birken of Pool, which once contained water but is now dry.

When we reached the pavement before the door of the Mosque el Aksa, our guide turned to the left to a stair-case leading down into a cavern under the Mosque. This cavern is much more extensive than that under the Sukkara, and it is evident that it is a part of the ancient subterranean works of constructions erected to level up the sloping southeastern side of Moriah. It is much like a great hall or gateway, and the southern end is an immense double-arched gateway, which was one of the gates of the city, opening toward the South. It is now walled up on the outside, and no one would guess the existence from examining the City walls above the northern house. Some of the columns in this subterranean chamber were composed of single immense masses of rock, and some of the stones laid in the wall at the side, were of great size, and evidently of great antiquity. After breaking off pieces of the rock to carry out as mementoes of Mt. Moriah, we returned to daylight again, and entered the great Mosque el Aksa. This is really more beautiful than the Sukkara. It is said to have been built by the Emperor Justinian about the middle of the sixth century, and has more the appearance of a Church than a Mosque. The columns in the interior are of themselves study. They are of different colors, sizes and styles of architecture, and none is never weary of gazing at the pleasing variety. The capitals are wonderful, many of them carved in the form of water baskets with fruit and flowers. We were here again impressed with the conviction that these columns and capitals must have belonged to the Temple built by Herod at least, if not to the original Temple of Solomon. In the middle of the marble floor as we entered, we were shown the Tomb of Aaron. In the Southern part of the edifice there are pairs of columns, together about six or eight inches apart, and the old Sheikh said that if one cannot pass between those two columns, he cannot enter heaven. Some of the capitals in this part of the Mosque are gilded, and otherwise ornamented with great skill and effect. We were then shown the print of Christ's foot in a slab of marble—you must remember that the Moslems are so sure of it, that they keep it covered by name by which they call it, "Hizb el Akra, Passing thence to the East we saw the true Mosque or Chapel of Omar from which the Mosque of Omar has its name. It is said that the Khalif Omar used to pray here, One of the East windows of the el Aksa is of beautiful stained glass, and is a very imposing effect. The Moslems generally are opposed to any such ornamentation in their Mosques, and I know of no other place where the introduction of stained glass here. Leaving the el Aksa, we were permitted to put on our shoes again, and we went down to the Southwestern corner of the great enclosure to see the extensive substructions. The present entrance is through an opening about sixteen feet square formed by the caving in of the roof. As we had to jump down about five or six feet, the ladies remained above, and the greater part of the gentlemen made the descent. We remained under the surface about a half an hour, exploring the vaults with our candles. These vaults contain five rows of square pillars. The rows run North and South and each pillar is about five feet square. Four or five of the rows contain thirteen pillars each, and some are much shorter, as the vaults have been vaulted off from the surface. The length of the underground rows along the Southern wall is about 300 feet, and the length North and South at the East end is about 200 feet. The whole surface of the ground is covered with little piles of stones arranged one above the other, the smallest being at the top. These piles of stones are placed here by Mohammedan pilgrims as mementoes of their prayer. In one place the roots of an olive tree growing on the surface above, have grown down through the arches and are living, fresh and green below. When we came out, we were obliged to help each other up through the opening, as we had no ladders. We then stopped a moment to see the little subterranean room in the very Southwestern corner of the area, where is a marble sarcophagus, which the Moslems say was the cradle of "Saib el Ahras," our Lord Jesus. From this place we went up along the Eastern wall of the city, and ascended to the top of the wall over the giddy depth below. The Moslems say that Mohammed is to sit astride of this pillar when he judges the world assembled in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. We then went up to the Golden Gate which is walled up on the outside. The interior consists of a magnificent double gateway, divided in the middle by two immense columns, each consisting of a single stone. The capitals are richly carved, and the floor was once covered with a beautiful tessellated pavement which is now in decay. A short distance above this gateway and near the wall is what is called the "Throne of Solomon." By the time we reached this place, the Sun began to be very warm, and after saying a short complimentary visit to the Pasha of Jerusalem, at eleven o'clock, thankful that we had been permitted to visit without molestation, the most interesting spot in this most interesting City.

REARER MURDERERS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Two men and a woman were recently convicted in Pittsburgh for the murder of the uncle and aunt of the latter—a great brother and sister, who had accumulated some money. Although several women have been convicted of murder in this State, at different periods, only three of them were executed, and these in "old times." There is at this time a woman in the Wayne county jail convicted of murder during Governor Porter's administration, another in Huntingdon jail convicted during Governor Bigler's term, and we believe there are several in different jails. (Our recollection serves us right, it is about thirty years ago a Governor of this State signed the death warrant of a woman, and there will probably never be another.) About four years ago, we had occasion to examine the official papers of the State relating to this matter, and from them we gleaned the following facts: Lock Haven, Decem-

A careless watch invited a vigilent fol-