MR. COX IN THE HOLY LAND.

Site of the Temple of Solomon—Mosques and Moslems.

JERUSALEM, Oct. 11.—Next to the Holy Sepulchre, if not above it in sacred interest, is the Temple of Solomon. In what I have written its site has been designated. Societies have been organized, tomes printed, surveys made, moneys spent, and firmans procured, without exhausting the interest, resolving the problem, or making absolutely sure its exact situation and salient features. Many years ago, when in London, Mr. Morrison, then M. P. for Plymouth, furnished me with all the plans and plans of the Temple, made under the auspices and pay of the London Exploration Fund Association. But as I did not reach Jerusalem then, they remain in my library at home. Since that time much progress has been made, and many have been enabled, like architectural Cuviers, from a few fragments to construct anew the Temple as it was in its best estate. The various walls, exterior and interior; the substructions, constructions, and superstructions; the style of its masonry, the extent of its plaza or platform, its square or nearly square figure, its enclosure and spaces, its rock on the extreme top of Moriah, and all the facts, measurements, history and traditions of this rarest of structures form a large part of the literature of travel and Biblical disquisition.

Whether the lofty situation was used by Abraham as a threshing floor, and by David as an altar; how its porches and reservoirs were sustained and arranged; where were its entrances and outlets; what were the plans and uses of its vaults and cloisters; what part of the area it stood upon and how it stood with reference to the walls; who destroyed and who rebuilt; what became of its columns, and what are the sacred and secular associations in all the changeful events of its history and that of Jerusalem, may be brought out in that good time when the Sultan shall regard more heedfully the wishes of those "powers" which prop his tottering throne.

There is now one disfiguration upon its ancient mount. It is the mosque of Omar and its companion, Aksa. I may have been surfeited with mosques this summer, and may find now little grace in their meagre decorations, although these mosques on Mount Moriah have many graceful arabesques and much refinement of art; but when the son of Vespasian overthrew the glory of Solomon, and the Temple fell, the pride and pomp of Mount Moriah departed. The Kedron, even, has no mournful murmur, as of yore, to celebrate the desecration of the mountain which rises out of its waterless bed. The land of prophecy and parable, the very *reliquiæ laræ*, is profaned by the turbaned, silly who keeps guard over the marble plateau whereon once the wise men of Judah held council and worshipped Jehovah.

Arrogating to themselves the supreme glory of Solomon, these Moslems have placed their conical roofs over the sacred spot, and have surrounded it with cypresses. They hold the mosque to be next to Mecca in sanctity. It is *El Haram*, the Sacred. It is only within a year or so that the unbelievers could obtain entrance here.

The spot upon which David paid fifty shekels of silver—as an altar to the ever-living God—is held by them aloof from the profanation of the infidel, who, though he may believe in all the patriarchs and prophets, is not accounted worthy enough to accept Mohammed as the head of the faith.

Even now, when we visit Mount Moriah, we must have Government consent. Accordingly, Col. Wilson, our Consul, sent his cawass, all accoutred with sword and sash, to clear the way for us through the offals. We have found this to be useful in the cawass quite frequently in our intercourse with the people, and in this number at Damascus. Here it is both. By S.A. Mounter, his guidance and that of our dragoman, Mr. Floyd, we are en route via Dolorosa to the Temple. As we approach Mount Moriah the numbers of the idle and sound near the Jaffa gate increase. "Ten a penny!" I give a sou to one of them, and pass on to our entrance. A footpath leads to the mount is heard. It is the horn of the Spanish dragoman calling his hundred pilgrims together for a similar onset upon the mount. These Spanish pilgrims are not so exemplary in their behavior toward Moslem prejudices. They wear in the holy places. They bustle about with impatience and noise. I think they feel the indignity of the Turkish patronage over the sacred Temple.

The site of Mount Moriah is well ascertained. It is beyond a doubt, on the eastern side of Jerusalem. There was a rock protruding as its summit, and this, having had some grading down, is still there, and the marble area is around it. It is a sacred rock, and over it is the mosque, called "the Dome of the Rock." Still, Moriah is isolated. On the east it rises sheer down 250 feet on the valley of the Kedron. As the Book of Chronicles, third chapter, says, it was here that Solomon erected the Temple:

> "Then Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem in Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David his father, in the place that David prepared in the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite."

Josephus confirms this, and the Jews generally believe it. Excavations make the proof strong as the holy writ which they confirm. The description in this and subsequent chapters of Chronicles "gives the bill of particulars," with measurements and costs. There was the vestibule and walls, precious stones and chains, purple veils and embroidered fine linen, carved pillars and pomegranates, molten sea and carved oxen, flowers of lilies and baths of beauty, lavers, candlesticks, and basins of gold, censers of brass, pots and the shovels, fleshhooks, wrestles, censers, pots, and shovels, and crowned all with a golden sacrificial altar! How the King moulded the ornamental imagery in the clay of Jordan; how he dedicated the rich and gorgeous structure for the ark of the covenant, and how the twin tables of Moses were housed; how he knelt and standing before the altar upon the brazen scaffold, how he prayed with outstretched hands to the Lord God of Israel, is it not "chronicled," in dainty and elegant detail, among the annals of his remarkable forty years' reign? What a sublime oriison at prayer was! "Behold! the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house which I have built!" How large and liberal his prayer for the stranger, "Come from a far country for thy great name's sake!" How patriotic and loving the Israelitish idolatry! Was it not wonderful that fire from heaven should come down to light the altar and hallow the solemn sacrifice? Was it wonderful that from far-off Sheba came hither the resplendent Queen, with a very great company, and camels that bare spices and gold and precious stones, as tributary to his wisdom? Or that harps and psalteries welcomed other sovereigns at their tributes?

No wonder that pilgrims now come to this ancient shrine, and that Jews "wait" for its restoration. No wonder that Mohammed is alleged to have ascended here, where a little tower marks his observatory. No wonder that tower marks its station as the same immortal building on the place and fame of Solomon. It is a pity that these Moslems could not keep their feet off and platform cleaner outside, as they access particular adjustment inside of their mosques that they will not allow any to enter with their shoes on the inner feet. Our fine exhumation is at the Golden Gate. It is a part of the eastern wall, and it does make one giddy, as Josephus said of it, to look through the interstices of the battlements upon the vale of graves for below. It is doubtful if the present model of the gate is as old as the gate. The vestiges are there and the memories; but Saracenic work has been done, even at this Golden Gate.

We enter within the Mosque of Omar" unless shoes, under the guidance of our dragoman and one of the servants of the Pasha who has it in charge. Some hundred Spanish pilgrims have their dragoman, purring them from point to point, and they still keep in quite a bunch. The Pasha himself is attracted by the unusual stir, and appears on the scene. He is fat and fussy, with a pulpous face and pulsing, fluffy form. He is in his sense, showing off to the Spanish infidels his supreme control of the place. We slide on our shoes around the railing which confines the sacred rock, and under the lead at catech what we see. The sacrifice on the altar taken from the Koran; count the doors of the mosque; step off the sides and feet of each of its octagonal sides; admire various marbles and colonnades and Moorish patterns, modified after those of Damascus; the Alhambric, the pointed Saracenic arches; pass the sacred rock in the silver railing; see our shoes fitted on our starched cars at the hollow sounding pavement by stamping over the graves of the dead; and our eyes at the last footprints of the Prophet as he ascended to Allah, and no interrogatories on our Bible lessons. I modestly pray that Mohammed will open the gates of the house, illuminated Kaaba upon stand in its shrine near the pulpit, he acquiesces. I ask a question. He does, in Arabic. "Do you understand, and will you translate?" I ask of our dragoman. He does: "This is the Book of Genesis." I am a sure witness! I ask other questions, as I am reflecting about the Mormons and other apocryphal, the blustering Moslem rudely up, exclaiming in bitter invective against me, using the word "infidel" repeatedly. I know, a dog. Now I like to be called one, but I do not like to be called one, how I ever infidel. I saw that he meant me, and that he used the word in an opprobrious sense. Did I angry, profane, belligerent? Not a bit. I replied in English of our dragoman: "What does I a infidel? Mohammed says?" He says: "Not that book." Nodding of an unbeliever with his head, I ask: "And we said that did he?" but the expression stuck in my throat. It was unparliamentary, and being under my the guidance of dragoman familiar with the ways of the Moslem body, I withdrew from the mosque.

I think, however, that the old curmudgeon must have got up wrong end foremost this morning, and that his breakfast must have disagreed with his dyspeptic interior, &c., when I caught our guide's eye. He looked scared. He said to me, *sotto voce*: "Our guide there is the Pasha's own son. He understands some English. We will be first forth. Beware!" Then I began to think better of the noble Pasha. Was he not a devoted Mohammedan? Was it so strange, therefore, that he should seek to honor its record before men, especially before Spanish priests and strange interlopers? Does he not accept many of our prophets, teachers, and patriarchs—Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and others, and ought we not to be grateful? Although he believed that their separate dispensations are fulfilled, and that all heavenly wisdom is merged in Mohammed, does he not have a religion with a Scripture as well as a system of architecture? His creed might not be as spiritual, its symbols as beautiful, or its sentiments as sublime as ours; still there is to him a spiritual life beneath the letter of his Koran, and an iconoclastic grandeur in the very letters with which his mosque is adorned, and on which I have presumed to set my profane visitors.

Thus reasoning, I excused his zealotry, and felt a pride in the excessive commotion which agitated his doughty stomach. When, therefore, he prepared with flaming eye to order me out of this sanctuary of the prophet, and with that guttural cry called me a canine unbeliever, and especially when I found out that our own Moslem guide, before whom I had vituperated the Pasha, was that Pasha's own son, and being anxious to see more of the site of the Temple, having come 6,000 miles, I smothered my feelings, cultivated the *sardia in stoto*, with a view to the *forder ore*, and said sweetly to the son of the irate parent:

"Tell your noble and distinguished father that I have not met, in all my wanderings from Indus to the Pole, a form so commanding as his, or a face so radiant and benignant with holy light. If a darkness of intellect has led the world astray from the illumination of the prophet from this great book under his illustrious keeping—why should it be accounted unto me for unbelief, and why should I be hinged to a skeptical quadruped? Tell him that!" My five minutes not having expired, I added: "Moreover, tell him that if ever I am compelled to seek light, it will be under the magnificent shadow of his wide-spreading aristocrat sycamore, of which he is the tallest specimen since the time of the Caliphs." This speech, I fear, was but feebly translated and delivered; was it, indeed, a speech? We saw not an eyelash moved around with profound condescension! When we left the presence of this swelling son of a prophet we would have bowed to the ground in response to his abysmal grunt of salutation, only that one foot got tangled in the cane matting, and the slipper of the other came off with some embarrassing demonstration.

The other mosque on the Temple's site is visited before we leave the mount. It is called Aksa. It is on the southwest corner. It is vast in size. Its central arch is of the Norman zigzag kind, indicating its origin. Its columns are fine, and it is probable that they were rifled from some of the Greek churches or classic temples. Its pulpit is ornate, and, as we see by its style, is Damascene. There are many traditions and much nonsense about this mosque. We indulge in some of the latter. In the outer court in the wall is a black stone. If you can, with eyes shut, reach your cane across to it from a distance of twenty feet off, and strike it, you will be saved; and if not—not. That is what they tell us. I tried it and succeeded. My wife, being suspicious that I peeped a little, insisted on a second trial, and passed me a little to one side. The Moslem son of the Pasha, who had a vein of fun, and rather used those witnesses of his faith and tradition, exclaims: "Your wife sends you to bed with your eyes shut." I tried it again, and succeeded in getting, as it were, into Mohammed's heaven. Another of the Moslem jokes asked me to try, and I was nothing averse to the amusement, for it disarms enmity.

There are in the court two pillars near each other. The person that can go between them will go to paradise. I "ordered forlorn" and squeezed through, but it was a tight fit.

Some of the old tombs of pious are covered like those around Constantinople, with covered rugs, which are placed on the surrounding vines, to keep off the evil eye and cure disease. We walk out into the marble pateau, and look from and over the parapet and across to the sacred Mount of Olives. Some Bedouin camels and dromedaries are crossing the plateau; some women from Nubia on wooden pattens are praying toward Mecca; some Arabs are drawing water from the round wells; and then, under the convoy of the son of the Pasha, we go below into the vast vaults, where the stables of Solomon are. It is said that "Pilbeam" Solomon had four thousand stalls for horses and chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen, whom he bestowed in the chariot cities and with the King at Jerusalem."

There is enough that know to see. The holes in the solid pillars are for the halters of the horses, and the painting of stalls is just 4,000. It is said the knights of the Crusaders here bivouacked. It is a cool, nice place for horses. We reserve the rest of a fig tree, a foot thick, running down the walls from a cessment. It shows how vital is the tree and how little water it requires.

Coming out of this old place, which is on a level with the ancient Temple, and reaching the plateau again, we find a pillar protruding from the wall. Opposite and below are the thousands of Jewish graves in the valley of Jehoshaphat, which I have already described. It is on this pillar, as it is told us, that Mohammed sits to judge the world.

The ghosts or bodies of the resurrected must walk across the valley on the most attenuated possamer; and woe to him who has not the regulation apparel. This is the Mohammedan tradition. It is likely a distortion of the description in our Bible, and is doubtless marbled from the thirty-eighth chapter of Ezekiel, where the prophecy is made of a restoration of Israel from all lands, as well as the restoration of bone to bone and of the sinews and flesh upon the skeleton. It is a most remarkable prophecy, and fitted to this valley of dry bones, if ever words of vagueness suited a marked place, for there is here a dramatic sublimity which they illustrate vividly of a Miltonic epic.

While looking about upon this plateau, we perceive the excavations made by Capt. Warren. If he had not been stopped he would have been enabled to make many ingenuously interesting discoveries. Since visiting this place I have been gratified to see by an English paper that the vast revenues of these mosques, which now go to the Ottoman treasury—nearly a quarter a million of dollars—are to be confiscated by the Sultan, or converted, rather, to the noble purpose of excavating, so as to bring to the light the "wonders of the deep" beneath these profane strata of Moslem structures. Where, then, will my Pasha look? Where will he be this doughty commander of the faithful?

There is not as good a vision from the western and northern parts of the city here as as from Mount Olivet, but certainly the view is not to be ignored. The tower of Antonia, the minaret of the Mosque, near the twin domes, black and white, of the Holy Sepulchre, and the few palms and many domes over khan and bath, convent and church, are here seen; but each and all, with the city and its walls, subordinate to the grand and ever-pleasing vision of the Moabite mountains, now under a lover of blue. It is always meet to close one's last view from, if not of, Jerusalem by a look at misty, distant Moab. Out of this mist issued, more than 3,000 years ago, the chosen people of God, who drove the Canaanites from the possession of the land of promise, and who, after many years of conflict, a thousand years before Christ, extended their dominion from the Euphrates on the northeast to the borders of Egypt; and who in the meridian of their power were indebted to these very Canaanites for Phoenicians for much of the material and skill wherewith to erect upon this selected spot the greatest and richest marvel of architecture of the ancient world.

Engineers have delved to ascertain its routes and bounds; architects have endeavored to reproduce its angles, walls, pillars, scenes, foundations, and domes; painters have pictured it on canvas under the shades and lights of genius; but it is left alone still to the reality of actual excavation to do what was done for Pompeii, so that we may verify by unveiling that which the Bible and Josephus, prophet, apostle, crusader, scholar, and the pilgrim have said of the glory and opulence of the temple. Over it now hangs the witchery of the unknown, and therefore of the wonderful; and in the absence of facts, as exploration will give them, imaginative men resort to the subtlety of the supernatural for the existence of its infernal splendors, and are prone to believe:

> That devils and the earth wrought
> The wonderful walls,
> That science was joined in plan,
> And they built up what he bade.

S. S. Cox.

The Holy Relics in Russia.

From the St. Petersburg Church Messenger.

Annually on Oct. 12 the transportation of the sacred relics, which are carefully preserved in the church of the Winter Palace, is solemnly celebrated in the presence of the Imperial family. These relics consist of the cross on which the Saviour was crucified, the miraculous images of Christ, another painted by St. Luke, and the third sent to St. Abgar the Black. Other relics are those of St. John, after wards known as the Knights of Malta, who, according to tradition, treated them at different times, first at Antioch, then at Ptolemais in 1187, when they were joined with the Knights of the Temple, the relics of St. John were the emblems of the Holy cross to Jerusalem. Pope Pascal II. in the year of the Virgin 1100 ordained that every year the day during the crusades, the third arm of St. John the Baptist was kept at the Lateran, and was carried in procession to the church of St. John, after which the relics were lodged in the church of the Knights of St. John of the same, and in 1494 by the Knights with the order of St. Peter, the relics have accompanied