RECOLLECTION OF JERUSALEM.

A Paper Read by Mr. John W. Davis, Before the Royal Arch Masons.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOLY LAND.

Something About It That Every-one Does Not Know—The Holy City.

On Friday evening Terre Haute Chapter No. 11, R. A. M., gave a banquet at which Mr. John W. Davis read a paper on "Personal Recollections of Jerusalem" which was of such unusual interest that THE EXPRESS takes pleasure in giving it to the public this morning as follows:

Everyone knows something of Jerusa-It is the birthplace of our religion. shrine of our faith. We, each of ave heard at our mother's knee and Sunday school teacher; from pul- d chancel descriptions of the Holy of Solomon and David and the al line, reaching down to "Jesus eth." We have seen the gorge- monies of the Jewish ritual in the le, have fought over the Macca- for independence. We have id's Palace; we have almost son Absalom. Indeed Jerusa- en familiar to us from child- hese things one pictures in one sees from a description he has never seen and peo- ever met.

It a good many years since on g of a bright day in e arrived in sight of the t was before us at last. Our d and we looked out over y. There lay the city, a situated on the spur of a ded by a high wall, with a tower and directly in e citadel or fortress. The t object one sees is the ar," with its gilded dome, n the site of the temple Temple enclosure. The is the Church of the Then there are numer arious sects, Armenians, you see here the gleam he sheen of a crescent. is the Mount of Olives, daon—but let us go on dragoman said. So we ered by the "Joppa were closing it. They ates at sundown, and for love or money formerly opened the o allow the hyenas off the dead animals don't permit that

Just inside ppa gate is the only by an enterprising lighted in the gath- oing through a long te of the hotel. We ing the square, and the evening, for we after the hard ride supper, at which which the land- om grapes grown the city, we retire

We were awak the morning by the square below utters we found here in the open sellers of every- unfavored land. this part of the There were pil- ussia, and Jews There were the ich Turk, per- for the fam- women there, with her cov- ple. There are en, and there, English mat

You will find someth fair-haired of some cru- dressed in blue white of the walking in the door-way. people does not much in these ndred christian

The ordinary Syri woman, however, dirty, filty creat, her finger nails hema, teeth blackened, bare—but en an hour or so ur Dragoman in the as over, except some ering over a few which remained un-

Where go said at Dragoman who, bright christian rian is at once "guide, frien?" We said we had best to tke a walk round the city. Better ride ne journe. No, we're too sore ssid re- lor he was lazy. The part of the city wall the Joppa gate is the citadel, David. We were now in David the Forum of Pilate. square under David's Tower is place of Zion. On the side of the square is palace of the English bishop. ages are very close together antipodes nearly touch. that English mission- ary church a troop of Arab boys and girls, clad like English charity children and chaperoned by a British female.

The Joppa or Bethlehem gate is the chief entrance for commerce and pilgrimage into the Holy City, and it is a busy place. You do not go directly through it, but first north and then west. On the outside are heavy wooden doors. Inside these doors, under the archways, is quartered the Turkish guard. These soldiers are not Arabs, as you can see. They come from some other province. The minister of war has copied the tactics of his European neighbors he does not allow the soldier from any locality to stay in his native country.

We wander through the gate jostled by loaded camels—pushed hither and thither by hurrying drivers. Once on the outside we turn towards the south and east past David's tomb, a mass of masonry which tradition says is the tomb of the poet king.

The ridge slopes off here, and below the ravines unite—the valleys of Ichosophat and Gehennar.

We journey on, the ground is strewn with broken columns, pieces of marble. "Along the stony side of this brook Kedron lie the ashes of a hundred generations."

says a writer, Jebusite, Hebrew, Syrian, Macedonian, Egyptian, Roman, Persian, Saracen, Frank and Turk. Some of whose tombs as those which are called by the names of Absalom, St. James rank among the oldest structures in the land; being true rock temples, carved like those of Petra, with infinite art and labor, into shapes not less induring than the earth on which they stand. Around these saints and princes are the unarmed dead, each man with his white head or slab above his head, so that the lower part of Olivet is scarred with a countless multitude of ghostly memorial stones."

It was awe inspiring for one, a humble pilgrim from a far away western home to stand in this weird silent land amid the dust of those who lived and died before Columbus sailed from Palos, before our civilization was born, this land where Solomon and David ruled, where the Saviour was born and loved and labored and was crucified.

The Holy city has seen many changes since those old days, has been sacked and destroyed many times. The religion of the Master spread itself over the world, and a new religion rules now in the city of David as different from Jewish or christian as their architechure. The Christian is here only by sufferance. The western pilgrim worships in the presence of a Turkish guard.

Occasional olive trees, gnarled and old, spring from the side of Olivet, enlivening the landscape with a touch of tender green.

To the right of us, away up the slope of Olivet, is the traditional garden of Gethsemane, which is tended by the Roman Catholics. They have indeed made a garden of this arid slope. Some of the olive trees in it are hundreds of years old, they say. In the garden and around it are various prayer stations where the pious may offer up his oblations to Deity. On the summit of Olivet is a Roman Catholic convent, with its square towers and medivæl architecture.

I was struck with the intense quietness of the city. You hear no hum of busy life. It is a sort of prayerful quiet. There are no sounds but of convent or church bells.

We are now opposite the gate of Saint Stephen, and as Said says it is time to eat we climb the rocky hill and hurry to the German inn.

After luncheon we skirted along the western wall towards the Damascus gate. Here about the Damascus gate are caverns where they say the marbles were prepared for Solomon's temple—the first temple. They are large caves, whether natural or not, I don't know. Then we scattered around broken columns, some of them unfinished, and tradition says workmen on the temple were engaged here and this is some of their unfinished work. I was not a mason then, but I believed Said's story about it implicitly. I see no reason why it might not be true.

I show you now Mosque of Omar, says Said. So we passed under the arch of the "Damascus Gate," in front of which Saint Paul's miraculous conversion occurred. The gate through which comes the pilgrim from the north, the merchant from Damascus.

We are standing on the Temple Hill, on "Mount Moriah." A wall surrounds the platform, as it did in the time of Solomon. The Haram es Shereif, is the center of Moslem life in Jerusalem. It is next to Mecca in every believer's heart. From here Mahomet ascended to Heaven. The beautiful saracenic dome covers the stone on which he stood; there is the print of his foot.

The space covered by the temple enclosure—which is in the northeast part of the city, the eastern wall of the city makes part of the wall of the enclosure—is, perhaps, as great as that covered by the temple wall. It is paved with marble, through the seams of which grows the rank grass. It does not look as if it had as many visitors as you will see in a christian shine.

In the center is a fountain, or well, which is always found in the court or inclosure of every mosque, no matter how humble. It is part of the Moslem religion to wash before he enters the house of the Lord. The camel driver to the pasha, it is the same.

Towards the south, and occupying more space than the tent-like building of Solomon or the high priest, stands the mosque of Omar, a beautiful specimen of Saracenic architecture, built by pious hands over the scene of the ascent of the founder of their religion. Back of this is the mosque of El-Aska, still in the temple inclosure. These are all the buildings within the walls of the barem.

Here then was Solomon's temple and later the temple of Zerubbabel with its colonnades and porches, the glory of the celebrated craftsmen who built it. Destroyed once, and the people enslaved, they returned after seventy years, still remembering the most High, they rebuilt their city and temple, on the ruins of the old, even perhaps more magnificent than the first.

There is nothing left of either now, except a bit of wall below and outside of the present wall, which has been washed with Hebrew tears and worn smooth by Hebrew lips.

Entering the mosque we found several Arabs asleep, and we asked Said why this was? "Mosque Arab's home," he said. It is indeed true, and you will hardly find a mosque empty of weary musselmen.

The tired camel driver is sure to find water in the court of his mosque, in the sacred edifice he is sure to find shade. After finishing his devotions he may throw himself on the mats and sleep. "No vergn has the pretention to expel him from the house of God."

We go now to the Holy Sepulchre; that place which contains all that is sacred to the christian—the very opposite of what we have just seen. Here huddled together under a lattice dome are Calvary and the well-known tomb of the Savior; the place where Peter stood when he denied Him is marked by a white stone.

The place is lighted with waxen tapers of many altars, and is perfumed with incense from many censers.

Under a rule laid down by the pasha, each sect is allowed one hour for service, and one is always writing until the other's time expires. Frequently they have trouble. If one is a moment over time the other murmurs, and sometimes the wrangle becomes unseemly, and the Turkish guard is called in. They have some times to close the church entirely to prevent bloodshed. No wonder the Arab often says, "How these christians love one another."

The sects who worship here are numerous. Greek and Roman, American and what not.

Pious pilgrims come here from every corner of Europe professing various shades of belief but all to worship at the shrine of our departed Lord, to carry away and place upon his home altar some relic of the ascended Master. To say a prayer for wife and little ones.

There is not much of value in all these digs to the western Protestant for we of t worship places nor the memory serv ts. So after watching a Latin through we left the church.

we care no such things as streets, as has no eets, in Jerusalem. The Arab ways are d for them. The passage ural rock ved. Sometimes the nat- you stumbrs. As you walk along broken colum er a fallen frieze or interested in no which no one seems

The bazars ing. every Oriental numerous as in Here you can buy everything you can think of in your vocabulary of eastern wares. A sword from Damascus, silks from Aleppo, figs from Egypt, perfumes from Arabia, rugs from Smyrna. These bazars are simply a passageway with a roof of mats to protect the wares, like the arcade of a modern city. In Oriental cities they are the exchanges where merchants meet to barter and sell as well as for the ordinary shopper. Here the Oriental transacts all his business.

Often you will happen upon an open place. In the center is a fountain and kiosk grass is growing in the pavement. There is a half-ruined mosque. A great olive tree throws its shadow all around, which looks inviting after all the glare of the sun on these white walls.

The coffee houses of an ancient city are peculiar. It is a large room on the ground floor; around the room is a wide divan or sofa. Here you sit and smoke and drink your black coffee. The Arab's delight is story telling. These coffee houses have professional story tellers, so Said says, who weave long romances as wonderful as those of the Arabian Nights.

Very tame seems this life to one from the West. The Arab is a fatalist. He is in a certain way a slave. He can't expect to become rich and keep his riches, so he don't care. If his house burns, he sits on the ruins and says: "Allali is great and Mahomet is his prophet." He is in no haste to repair it.

If he dies he will go to heaven—that heaven where Allali reigns—"in which the heat is never fire and the cold never frost, in which the wells are always full, the date always ripe, and the virgins ever young." So what does the Arab care whether the world progresses or not, whether roads are built or bridges made. He does not care to investigate the motion of the stars. He has no interest in the steam engine.

Everything is closed at nightfall in Jerusalem, even the city gates. They know nothing of amusemens—they have no concerts, no balls, no theaters. The streets and archways are entirely unlighted. Said says the Arab has no light in his house, may be a rush light whose flicker satisfies him.

No one goes abroad at night without a lantern, for one going about without a light would be arrested for a thief.

A Moslem could hardly be tempted from his home after night; "he might be touched by a leper, he might be bitten by a cur; fall into a pit;" he might be knocked on the head by a Bedouin—for the streets in sunlight are difficult enough, reeking with filth and festering flesh.

Well Said, our horses are well rested by this time, so we will start for the Dead sea in the in the morning, we said. In the morning bright and early Said marshaled our cavalcade in front of Hauser's inn, three horses and a donkey, the donkey carrying our baggage and provisions and taken care of by a young Arab. The Bedouin who was to be our escort met us outside the walls and we trotted off towards Bethany. Just as we were passing the crest of the hill I turned to take a last look. There lay the city bathed in sunlight which was flashed back to me from the gilded dome of Omar and the cross in the tower of the holy sepulchre.

"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sake I will now say: Peace be within thee."

ANOTHER BEAUTY—If you don't find just what you want in ready-made clothing you can have it made to order on short notice, and in full style.
J. T. H. MILLER,
Clothier, Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher, 522 Wabash avenue.

Fresh made candies at Eiser's.

A. C. Bryce & Co. have the nicest spring overcoats in the city.

WHY PAY HIGH prices foor shoddy clothing when can buy good, nice, and well made goods so cheap at J. T. H. Miller's this spring. 522 Wabash ave.

A suit for the boy at A. C. Bryce & Co.'s for $1.50.

WORTH SEEING.

It is worth the time of any gentleman to call at the rooms of Messrs. Owens & Knight, at 523½ Wabash avenue, and take a look at the magnificent array of spring suitings, overcoatings and trouseringe, which are on display. The firm have always been noted for carrying superb goods, but their present exhibition eclpses all their former efforts in the point of design, quality and extensiveness of display. Their fabrics embrace the most beautiful patterns, delicate in combination of colors and exquisite in finish. With such a display of piece goods it is only natural to presume that Messrs. Owens & Knight will carry off the honors in the capture of orders for spring suits.

A. C. Bryce & Co. have the nicest spring overcoats in the city.

WHO EVER seen the like before. All-wool spring overcoats from $5 up, at J. T. H. Miller's.

If you want to get a perfect fit in a spring suit or overcoat go to A. C. Bryce & Co.

All kinds fresh fruits at Eiser's.

SOME STRONG BUT TRUE ASSERTIONS.

McGrath & Co., 651 Wabash avenue, are in a position to convince gentlemen that the handsomest spring suitings, spring overcoatings and pantaloons can now be seen at the rooms at the above number. In a word, it would be difficult—in fact impossible to find more beautiful patterns, better finished and better quality of goods in any city, town or village in Indiana. This may seem to be a strong assertion, but gentlemen have the opportunity to prove the same. The important point with Messrs. McGrath & Co. is their prices are beyond competition.

If you want to get a perfect fit in a spring suit or overcoat go to A. C. Bryce & Co.

WITHOUT DOUBT the best line of suits ever shown in the city, from $5.00 up, at J. T. H. MILLER.
522 Wabash avenue.

Think of getting a standard novel for 10 cents. Call and see them at Smith & Dunn's, 319 Main street. Nothing over 10 cents.

A PREVENTATIVE—Mothers if you don't want to be bothered sewing on buttons and repairing your boy's clothing every day, buy your clothing of J. T. H. Miller and save money and trouble at the same time. He represents the best manufacturers. 522 Main street.

Smith & Dunn will re arrange their magnificent 5 and 10 cent bargains this week. Certainly unexcelled. Nothing over 10 cents.

NOTICE.

In a few days you will see the greatest display ever made in any show window in Terre Haute.

COHEN'S, POPULAR TAILORS.

MORE PIGS.

Smith & Dunn have sold loads of "Pigs in Clover" and will have a new lot on hand to-morrow morning. Don't miss getting one. 319 Main street. Nothing over 10 cents.

If you cough at night take K. K. K. kures tickling koughs.

NEW YORK AND TERRE HAUTE.

Great excitement over the wonderful "Pigs in Clover" puzzle. The only place in the city to get them is at Smith & Dunn's. Foremost in all lines of novelties, 319 Main street. Nothing over 10 cents.

Try K. K. just once. 25c per bottle.

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Every suit from $2 to $10 less than the ordinary retail clothier can sell them at.

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CARRIAGES!
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1001, 1003, 1005 and 1007 Wabash Avenue,
2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 22 Tenth Street, } TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Seals Stencils and Stamps. GEO. J. MAYER, 15 South Meridian Street, Send for Catalogue. Indianapolis, Ind.

FINEST FRESH AND CURED MEATS —ALSO— FISH AND GAME IN SEASON. Phœnix Market,
JOSEPH HORN, Proprietor. 822 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

FRESH CREAMERY BUTTER! Just received and will constantly keep for sale a fine lot of fresh creamery butter in prints and buckets. Orders promptly delivered to any part of the city free of charge.
M. C. ROUTZAHN, 109 South Sixth Street.

"FAILED AGAIN. COME AT ONCE."

The above words were the contents of a telegram received by our buyer from the large jobbing house of Lowell L. Alvord & Holt, of Boston, Mass., one of the oldest established houses in Boston, and has always bore the reputation of having nothing nothing but good, honest made

BOOTS & SHOES.

Our buyer is always on the lookout for failures, and immediately upon receipt of this message hastened to Boston and succeeded in purchasing the entire stock, amounting in all to $67,437. The stock is here and our entire force of help has been working day and night getting it in readiness for Monday, April 1st, when we will surprise the people of Terre Haute with the ridiculously low prices we will ask for this purchase.

BEAR IN MIND!

We advertise no price or make of shoe we cannot produce; and furthermore, we intend to remain here and not leave within a month, as our competitors have been trying to make the people believe, and any article purchased of us that does not prove satisfactory to the wearer we ask you to return the same to us, as we stand ready and willing to right all wrongs.

LADIES' LIST OF BARGAINS:

Ladies Button Shoes	$ 98
" " "	1 25
" " "	1 50
" French Kid Shoes	2 00
" Hand Turned "	2 00
" Oxford Ties	50
" " " Patent Tip	88
" Opera Toe Slippers	28
Children's School Shoes	62
Misses' " "	78
Boys' " "	97
Youths' " "	74
Ladies' Rubbers	14

MEN'S LIST OF BARGAINS:

Men's Hand Sewed Shoes	$2 45
" " " "	3 00
" Kangaroo "	2 00
" Alligator "	3 50
" Congress "	98
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" Ptent Leather "	1 65
" Dancing Pumps	95
" Plow Shoes	79
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" Kip "	1 25
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Full line of all the popular makes of fine shoes. Any shoe made we have and can always be purchased of us at one-half the original price formerly paid for the same makes. Full line of Oxford ties. Party slippers in all colors; narrow widths a specialty; from tripple A to EE can always be found at the popular New York Shoe Co., buyers and sellers of bankrupt stocks in all parts of the United States and Canada.

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