

the *debris* of centuries of conquest, siege, and convulsion. To them the discovery of the true foundations of the Temple of the Holy City, of the ancient aqueducts, subterranean passages, and grandiose engineering operations of the Scriptural Monarchs are of little moment. But there must be intelligence, piety, and wealth enough in England—as well as national pride and national determination—to contribute to the continuance of the researches which attract general sympathy and attention, and promise such a harvest in the future. There never will be such a chance as this again. The Turkish Government can scarcely be expected to view with favour excavations which lead down to the foundations of their own sacred stronghold in the City, but they cannot well withdraw from the permission accorded to the present explorers, although they see the very Haram itself perforated by shafts, and strange cranes, lifts, and pulleys at work in the Holy Enclosure of Omar. What has been already brought to light very probably affords a most imperfect measure of the results yet to be obtained. The most important problems in Biblical traditions and story which are keenly disputed over head may be solved by the underground workers in a few months, and the whole scheme of the architecture, of which we can as yet form very inadequate notions, may be revealed to us.

Jerusalem is filling fast with visitors in addition to the associated tourists. Many come to take part in or to witness the scenes which disgrace Christianity every Easter; others because it is in the programme of an Eastern tour; others from curiosity; a few actuated by the spirit which led so many weary feet and troubled hearts to the city of Zion. The blood-red standard floats with its white star and crescent from the walls of Jerusalem. Why should the Christian world give the Turk a moral victory too? In this contention of sects, and in the war of words, the Mahomedan sees in the very city of Our Saviour a proof of the errors of Christian faith, and finds a proud satisfaction in the catholicity of his own.

I end as I began, with an appeal to wealthy, religious, and Protestant England to sustain the Palestine Exploration Fund, in which no one can find room for just exception, derision, or animosity.

"ROB ROY" ON THE WORKS AT JERUSALEM.

The Times, April 5, 1869.

THE topographers and archæologists of the world have doubtless perused with deep interest the letters from Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Warren which from time to time have appeared in your columns on this subject, and which many newspapers in other countries have but reproduced. Though Jerusalem is now more than it has been for centuries

a focus of inquiry for the student and of interest for thousands of Moslems, and for all Christians and Jews who read their Bibles, yet there has been undoubtedly a dull apathy about the whole subject which it is difficult to account for, and which is only now being removed by what you have published as to the feasibility of bringing again to light at least an image of the magnificent grandeur of the Holy City in ancient days. Four weeks spent in diligent work among the ruins here have shown me that to see them properly would need as many months of energetic investigation; but, as most travellers here have only a limited acquaintance with the subject and a brief time to enlarge their knowledge, it may be for the benefit of new tourists—and they are now arriving in batches of 20 at a time—to be told what can be very well seen even in a single day.

For this purpose Lieutenant Warren meets us in the morning early, clad in a blouse of genuine mud colour, and a sergeant of Engineers carries long tapers for our dark promenade. Down the mouth of a square shaft a rope ladder is lowered until the brown bare legs of a swarthy native from Siloam can stand on the upper end. One by one our party lessens on the surface as each disappears underground, and our last glimpse of the upper world rests upon two enormous stones in the massive wall of Moriah, and which, by their curved edge projecting, show that once an arch was there. Dr. Robinson was the first traveller to remark this, so it is called "Robinson's Arch," and we are going down 50 feet below the present surface to see what can be found below of this old bridge at once hidden and protected by the *débris* of centuries.

The hole we are in is like a well, but it is lined with strong planks, and at the dark bottom our passage is through an opening as if into a kitchen grate, where we grope on all fours, with a hard knock on the head now and then, bending sideways too, as well as up and down, until suddenly the roof becomes rugged and crooked, indescribably contorted by angles, all of them the corners of well-cut stone. For here we are in the confused heap of huge voussoirs or arch-stones which, once high in the air, spanned gracefully the rocky vale between Zion and the Temple. At the siege of Jerusalem Titus parleyed with the Jews across this gorge, and then these stones were hurled down here, and with what a crash! Upon them, hidden by their own ruin, new buildings arose and gardens flourished. These also were laid low, and on the desolate mounds the present houses stand. The Jerusalem we see to-day is not the real Jerusalem. That is buried under 50 feet of wreck and confusion, but in its forced silence somehow it speaks eloquently, bidding the Christian and the Jew to heave its burden off, to open the dark to light and air, and to read in the covered relics the story of past times. Therefore we look up and around on these old stones, and seem to listen with an inquiring gaze, for nothing of their rich bold masonry has been spoilt by this turmoil above. Old as they are, we notice among them one stone below the rest, and yet more hoary than the others. It is part of a still more ancient bridge across the rocky cleft, which then was steep at the sides, but now is filled up by dark silence. David in former days may

have marched over here. Certainly many kings and prophets after him have trod upon these stones.

Tanks, cisterns, aqueducts, pavements, here open to us underground. Once we have got down we can scan by the magnesium light a subterranean city, the real city of Jerusalem. The labour of building this, and of now mining into it when buried, is forgotten in wonder as we gaze on the silent relics or wander about the caverns echoing a hollow voice. But for this we must be agile, like cats or monkeys, and follow Mr. Warren complacently crawling on his back through a dark crevice. Another great arch, called Wilson's, also now buried, may be visited without such gymnastics. This also spanned the same valley, and the rock-cut passage for troops may be followed as it winds among ample halls, until we are suddenly barred by the walls of a modern house, which is an end terribly prosaic for a romantic journey.

Here we are reminded of the numerous and great difficulties to be overcome before even one excavation of this kind can be made in Jerusalem, and of the many different people with whom Lieutenant Warren has to deal. First, there is the Supreme Government, then the local Pasha, the Poppo, Patriarch, or Archbishop of Christian sects, the Rabbi and Moslem too, the owners of the soil, the military, the tenants of the houses, the surrounding neighbours, the Consuls of various Powers, the excellent sergeants and corporals of English Engineers, the native workmen, and, finally, the British public, who, perhaps, expect that we should find at once, and in a city twenty times razed and as many times pillaged and harried when in ruins, fine marble statues or golden censers, or even the manuscripts of the Bible. Relics such as these are, however, to be found chiefly in tombs or other sacred spots, and it is precisely there that prejudice or allowable sentiment opposes to our search a barrier harder than porphyry. Even through these difficulties many curiosities have been sent to England by Lieut. Warren, and nine cases of those newly found will be shipped in the steamer with me. Still these are not the main object of our search, though it must be allowed that the larger and more philosophic design of our explorations will always be more appreciated by those who come here and see what has been uncovered than by those who are at home and who see only the sculptures, pottery, or numismatic lore incidentally obtained and brought back to England.

Impressed more than ever with the importance, the extent, difficulty, and interest of the work, its necessary expense and permanent value, we climb again up the rope ladder. Daylight regained seems bright, cheerful, and warm, but somehow too garish also. No mind worth having but must have been stirred deeply by the sudden scene below. The thoughts down there are now like the dream of a past night, when we awake to a common workday morning, and soon the calm Moslem with his bare legs rolls up the ladder in a pile upon his back as we follow down the valley to "Job's Well." Near this Mr. Warren once wriggled through a dark hole in the rock and opened up a splendid tunnel. At each 200 feet are long sloping stairs from this to the ground above. Through each of these, now fully opened, we can look down and

almost see the clear water which runs rippling at the bottom, coming whence no man can tell, but it wells up plentifully at the end, and then runs along the valley till the roots of thirsty olive-trees lap it up dry, and you may ride on for hours below in the course of "the brook Kidron" only upon hot stones bleached white in the sun.

A little farther up this valley we look into a deep cave where the Virgin's fountain is running in smooth pools of rock. A network of water channels was once under Jerusalem, perhaps not less wonderful than the towers and pinnacles and palaces in the daylight above. Few men have dared to follow Mr. Warren in the amphibious tour of the Jerusalem watercourses. In this one, for instance, the water comes first from the Pool of Siloam, and it swells up high at uncertain moments as you squeeze through a passage in the dark, wet up to the shoulders, and where the chin must be raised at "high tide" to keep nose and mouth from being filled. Mr. Warren, indeed, seems to have a subterranean turn of mind, and it is fortunate when one's duty and one's inclination are both in the same direction. To-day we were privately visiting the Haram enclosure, where the level sward of green is gorgeous with spring flowers in bouquets here and there round the old pillars or marble blocks. Suddenly Mr. Warren resolves to raise one particular stone of these, and ropes, levers, and ladders were speedily at work. The old Sheikh of the Temple Area (a sort of Moslem Dean and Chapter in one man), intensely bigoted, but outwardly complying, sits restless on the grass, now and then groaning deeply, as he sees the Englishman disappear into a great cavern, the last of the cisterns examined in this hollow-sounding, grassy square. After measuring this below, by swinging to and fro on a rope in the hollow gloom fitfully lit up by his magnesium light, Mr. Warren entered a small hole in the turf above, where one could scarcely expect a terrier to go in, taking leave of us all, with a good-humoured joke to the anxious Sheikh, who forced a grim smile into his face, evidently half-fearing, half-worshipping the mysterious intruder he was set to watch. After all, a touch of craziness insures respect among these Moslems, and often I found myself that the Arabs dared not injure the being who could float in a boat alone. After 20 minutes of suspense we heard a cheerful "Hallo!" far off and in a totally unexpected direction, and there was Mr. Warren erect again on the surface some hundred yards away, having traversed a new passage under the grass in total darkness, and creeping on his side. A bit of magnesium was given to the grave Sheikh in reward for his easy guardianship. The old man took it like a child, and thanked the giver, but with a more audible groan.

Next we can enter a shaft near the "Golden Gate" of the Temple, where two beautiful arches in the exterior wall mark the exact spot at which the Moslems are sure the "Nazarenes" must one day enter the Holy City finally to conquer all.

What management and diplomacy had to be used to open a shaft in such a place! Nor can we wonder that the Turk should refuse a stranger

leave to dig quite close to his cherished *sanctum*. Even the Dean of Westminster, so valuable a co-operator on the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, would be reluctant to allow a Turkish officer of Engineers to dig by the east buttresses of Westminster Abbey. So we enter the shaft in the Valley of Jehoshaphat with a piquant curiosity, and deep down it goes through acres of shingle and rubbish, scattered here thick for ages, till our feet are in the very rock itself where Solomon's builders laid their huge stones noiselessly. A gallery from this for 70ft. finds the rock surface sloping upwards. In five minutes, by the aid of a few sketches and sections, we can picture to the mind that noble and sheer cliff, which is here as grand as ever, but only covered by the dusty heaps we see outside. Weeks must be spent, though, in mining by steps along this rocky steep. At any moment the pickaxe may strike on a hewn-out gateway. Already, while I write, it has disclosed a mysterious pillar, pendent and deftly marked by signs; and as each spadeful of brown earth is dug away the hopes are raised of some long-lost inscription being uncovered while we stoop with pale candles to spy out what is at once so old and so new.

The worst of it is that sights like this can be seen only on the spot. We cannot bring home to England the uncovered rock of Moriah. By raking over the *débris* of centuries once more, no doubt there would be numerous relics found which might be portable, and being shown in London would stimulate the generosity of friends who listen with apathy now to descriptions of what is doing here for the discovery of Jerusalem itself, rather than of the ornaments of the Jews. These detached relics and the *débris* which entombs them are the very things which must be barred out, and so are concealed at present by the wood lining of the shaft which is sunk through them all to get into a deeper knowledge of the great buildings as they stood.

Many visitors, and from all parts of the world, descend these shafts during the travellers' season. Ladies can be lowered down in chairs. Strong ropes are used for safety when the timid might be nervous on the ladder alone, and large parties at a time, even thrice in a day, have the benefit of Lieutenant Warren's kind and valuable explanations by candle-light, so that gradually there will be interest excited on this subject among intelligent people everywhere. But the earth we dig in is often so insecure that it would instantly collapse if without support, and the wood required for this is so expensive here that the frames of timber cannot be spared from constant successive employment in other shafts. Therefore, many of the most curious galleries opened up have had to be filled again, and only their records remain in picture and photograph and the memories of travellers. Many shafts, again, are sunk with only negative results, and after weeks of toil, amid danger, and at great expense, it is discovered simply that "nothing is there." But this "nothing" is like the cipher among figures. Some day, perhaps even to-morrow, the appropriate integer will be discovered which converts the cipher, useless by itself, into the record of an important discovery, like a 0 read with 9 before it,

instantly becoming nearly 100. Of course I am not now epitomising what has been explored above ground or below by the committee, but what can be seen even in a brief visit to the dark beneath. Besides much in the Holy City, much has been most carefully examined in country parts, and the map of Palestine, so long imperfect, is now being corrected or completed. Each traveller who has the object at heart may add, as many do, to the gradual but accurate knowledge of the land, the buildings, the manners, the plants, the animals, the climate, and the former life that belong to this country. Some who are far off can help by their purses, others by their pencil or their pen, and even the canoe-man by his paddle. But, after all our walks by daylight among the inexhaustible ruins above ground, there is still the conviction abiding that the roots of our problem are in the deep below, and that much of it must be solved by candle-light.

It is hard exercise, but healthful and appetising, to climb up and down these shafts; yet we may include in our day's work a visit to shaft 52, its number telling how many others must be left unseen. This goes straight through the rubbish at the south-east corner of the old wall of Jerusalem. Above us, rising proudly still, is the ancient angle of the Temple area, which overhangs the valley steep below, 200 feet. Most likely it was on this, or on a pinnacle near, that our Lord was placed in his threefold temptation. Even now the wall is 70ft. high above ground, the most expressive feature of the Holy City seen from without in the profile of Jerusalem. At a depth of nearly 90ft. below the present ground, near the wall, we reach at last the corner stones of the venerable building, so that what we have looked up to before as lofty was seen only from a false base of rubbish, heaped up high and concealing the real rock, and robbing thus the Haram wall of more than half its veritable height. Even above the present surface the stones are huge as well as ancient, and at the bottom they are equally massive and beautifully cut. The rock itself is bared at last upon which the marvellous structure rests. Where each lowest foundation stone lies upon it we can see the rock has been levelled to receive its brethren. Here, and only here, are chippings from the chisel. The stones, indeed, were finished by Divine command before they were placed, but the mason's tool had to be used on the live rock as it lay.

In one part there had been even then some rubbish alongside, and this had been cut out to admit the lowest stones. Among this ancient *debris* I was fortunate enough to pick out the tooth of a camel, which must have lived among the Jebusites before even this old wall was built.

It is on these lowest courses of stones, most of them very large—one more than 17ft. long—that you can see by candle-light the curious letters, or, at any rate, characters, in red paint, of which full particulars have been published in your columns. These letters are numerous, distinct, and large, and others are actually cut in the stone, but all of them are complete puzzles to the best scholars here, and the decision of the English, German, and French *savans* as to their meaning is awaited with deep interest.

The colour of the pigment used for these letters varies in appearance from time to time as you revisit them. Perhaps a few weeks more may efface some of these marks entirely. Meanwhile, I determined in my last visit to them to-day to imitate the actual tints as well as possible by water-colours and on paper. On bringing up these copies to daylight it was at once remarkable how differently they appear in the sun's rays from what they do in the galleries below, where only candles or the magnesium light have shown them to the curious visitor.

It is disheartening to be told that, from want of funds to keep this shaft open and the wood lining of it properly renewed, even this very interesting sight must be only temporary, and that the approach to it must be closed again in a few weeks from this time, for the wood will not last much longer safely. Meanwhile, the travellers here have availed themselves of a precious opportunity. An American lady was lowered down the shaft in a chair last week, the first lady who has seen these ancient writings. Mr. Simson, whose drawings are so widely known in the *Illustrated London News*, from the Crimea, and Abyssinia, and the Brindisi route, descended with his sketch-book yesterday. It is hoped that the Marquis of Bute will go down the shaft this week; and perhaps some man who has heart, and head, and money will enable the "Palestine Exploration Fund" at least to keep the shaft open and in secure repair, even if it be left to our posterity to clear away all the rubbish that clogs the splendid wall of Jerusalem, and to lay open to the sun, and to the eyes of the world, the long covered splendours which are still below, after so many wars and fires and razings and the gnawing of ruthless time.

Yours, &c.,

Jerusalem, March 9.

ROB ROY.

LIEUT. WARREN ON "THE TEMPLE OF HEROD."*

(*Athenæum*.)

JERUSALEM, Dec. 4, 1868.

FROM our present knowledge of the Haram area we may draw the inference that the southern wall is that spoken of by Josephus as the south wall of Herod's enclosure; for we have the Ophel wall joining in, at the south-east angle, at what would have been the eastern cloisters, and we have the arches of Robinson and Wilson on the west; and the great difficulty now is, the dilemma about the dimensions given by Josephus: for while, on the one hand, he leads us to suppose that the Temple enclosure of King Solomon was in compass four furlongs, and that the area was doubled by Herod; yet, on the other hand, he gives us

* This paper is reprinted, by the kind permission of the editor, from the *Athenæum*, where it appeared. It is not printed among the continuous letters, as it does not deal with the direct work of Lieut. Warren.