

[This journal is by Hilda Petrie.]

**Journal I. Written on board Nov 23rd
Posted, Alexandria - 24th
November 14th**

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It was a foggy morning, we walked $\frac{3}{4}$ mile down to the station with our hold-alls, to catch a train to Charing X at 8.32, but as it was much delayed we went down to town by cab instead, at 8 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Subsequently when we had been a night and day in Paris we learnt that B.O [= Beatrice Orme] had been detained by fog and had arrived three minutes late. She crossed the following day instead.

We had easy rapid train journeying, and a smooth warm crossing, sat and enjoyed the sea on lower deck, in view of 14 profiles of horses on their way to Paris. We got in at 5.40, and drove to the Hotel Britannique (Avenue Victoria)

Nov 15.

My knee improves very rapidly: I had sprained it 3 days before starting by a side-slip in Oxford St. while bicycling to the EEF meeting so had just time to go to Wharton Hood twice and to a rubber three times to have it massaged and then strapped up: but today, Tuesday, I was able to stand about the Louvre from 10 till 3, and then run about Paris for the remainder of the afternoon. We spent the whole morning in the upstairs Egyptian rooms, going over everything in detail. I only remember looking over it very amateurishly many years ago, and it was good to do it with Flinders: I was chiefly taken up with styles of dynasties. In the aftⁿ we saw the downstairs things, and then those early Babylonian statues, and did the

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② other oriental rooms. Then we took a 'bus across the river, and called on Maspero but he was not at home, and lastly I went off to the Gare du Nord, and met B.O. I thought I had never told her the name of our hotel. Miss Oldroyd came to see us that evening, stayed to dinner, and discussed French matters afterwards. She is wintering in Paris with a niece, for French and music, and they are doing sight-seeing. The Britannique is a nice quiet hotel. We had the same room as last year.

Nov. 16. 8.15 to the Gare de Lyon, and then corridor train, express, all day till 11 pm. to Marseille, a tiring journey. I was asleep nearly all the time, feet tucked up. Air quite balmy at Marseille, palm trees visible in the station place, and everything warm and flowery-smelling.

Nov 17. After a good night's rest we went by train to the Chateau Borely to see the very mixed collection of antiquities there. H. was tired so we carried a chair about for her from room to room. We saw two rude stone Gaulish statues, sitting cross legged in kilts, headless, with very clumsy legs. Also Phoenician inscriptions, Etruscan tombstones, Roman altars & milestones, Great Roman amphorae, sweet little Greek funeral stelae bas reliefs. 4th centy. F. said.

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spirals & stripes painted, very like 18th dynasty
pottery. Also a quantity of early Greek
pottery - black on red; & later, red on black
the date of the change in colour being 480
The finest vase in the Musée is Mykenian
very beautiful in shape, & painted with
black nantili on diab. - Many more
notes we made on the collections, putting
down all F. told us, but now we have
no time to enter them here.

For I must tell you there has not
been a single day on board in which one
could sit and write comfortably, so the
journal has had to be left till the last
minute in Alexandria railway station.

It has been the most miserable passage
Flinders ever knew - the roughest and
most stormy of all his thirty-three crossings
so you may imagine how we tossed. Also
it has been bitterly cold, - no gleam of
sunshine except the last day, - and also
the Messageries line has so gone down,
that one is utterly neglected, and discomforted
in every way. Many people on board vowed
they would come by another line next time,
- the cabins and the whole ship so dirty and
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(4) and instead of getting to land on Tuesday morning at dawn, we have been kept out at sea pitching up and down, and often making no progress at all, and have only finally reached Alexandria on Thursday! It has been a wretched week.

We made off straight into the storm on Thursday afternoon, and tossed up and down so frightfully that we all stayed in our bunks till Saturday, when it was a little less rough. We were delayed 36 hours because of the storm. We have had no nice sitting in the sun, and it has been impossible to read and write. I have shivered on the wildly-tossing deck most of the time, and my companions have come up at intervals, and slept in their bunks a good deal, or tried to sleep, when rougher.

Now we are safely on land again, hamd-al-Allah! and just going up to Cairo straight: no time to write more.

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Sent Dec. 9. Address. Dechneh, Upper Egypt.
Nov 24 — Dec 8.

We reached Alexandria on Nov. 24 when I posted my last letter, after a passage stormier than F. had ever known before, although he has crossed the Mediterranean 33 times. We then proceeded by the morning train up to Cairo, reaching it at midday. It was so delightful to be on land again after a whole week of such tremendous tossing, and our journey up to Cairo was such a treat, for we saw the green wide-spread Delta, and quaint mud-villages of stranger houses than any one at home can imagine, and strings of camels, and buffaloes, and prophets riding donkeys, and groves of date palms, and cactus, and castor-oil, and ditches full of lotus in bloom, and the saqqiehs working, and all things lovely and strange and lusciously oriental.

Then, after a rest, we pottered about Cairo and did some business, and called at the American mission: the streets with their picturesque natives were so refreshing to us, one never gets tired of the flow of life, and the brilliancy of colour.

The Hotel du Nil seemed very homelike: we had the same room on the balcony overlooking the Shekh's Garden, B O next to us, and Messrs Grenfell and Hunt in the same balcony. Messrs Green, and McIver, and Davies also staying in the hotel, so we 8 had one table.

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⑥ B.O. went over about 20 rooms of the museum, very thoroughly and worked hard at seeing all the best things well: then when I had shown them to her, Flinders came round with us and told us a great deal, and he examined the diorite Khafra statues minutely, and went into various hieroglyphics and minute points in objects there, and we felt much edified. Then after sitting out on the grass with our bread and sesame and oranges we went back to object-seeing again, and examined all the things from the tombs of Thothmes III and Amenhotep II in un-opened rooms, and also from the Mena tomb, and a few Hierakonpolis and Denderah things, and looked into the sale-room, and drove back to Cairo at dark.

All of the two remaining days in Cairo were taken up with going to dealers' houses and looking over their stocks of antikas: they chatted with us and gave us coffee, and B.O. saw a lot of the native life in this way. We drove out to Ghizeh village, and spent half a day over some brilliant things, and she took some photographs in the village. Old arabs, with sacks full of scarabs and other small objects, besieged us in the hotel each evening, and Flinders picked up some nice things. On the 27th we came up country by night ever since, until 2 days ago, I have been in bed with low fever caught in Cairo, and laryngitis and am only just recovered & got to work.

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Dec 8.

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Cemetery A being given up, all Flinders' group of men, about 50 workers, are on Cemetery B, a fine predynastic cemetery: we find 3 or 4 fine tombs each day, besides the many more usual ones.

I started out with Flinders early and we examined several graves. They are mostly oblong or oval pits about 3 to 6 feet deep, many of them almost circular, and containing one skeleton or two, and occasionally three, head to south, and facing west, knees up to chin: at the north end 8 or 10 large ash-jars are often stacked, containing burnt wood ash; and various black-topped red pots lie about near the body, and smaller objects, - slate palettes, flint lances, combs etc - rest on and about the body.

First we examined B 83, the grave of a woman and child: beside them was a tall red pot with a giraffe or stag scratched on it, and smaller objects lay about the grave, an oblong clay tray, a marble, some clay fishes, a

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⑧ round clay tortoise, with head uplifted, some bits of decorated stick, some clay animals, and a grotesque doll in red pottery.

We use, in every grave, the full register of New Race pottery in "Naqada and Ballas" and in drawing in every pot in the rough plan of each grave, simply write in the number from the register instead of having to draw or describe each pot. B 77, B 22 C, and so on.

Flinders jumps down into the grave, draws everything in position, each bone and all the objects, and then he sorts the bones into separate skeletons, and hands up the pots. I find their shapes in the Naqada plates, he enters them in his plan, and I write the number of the grave on each pot, and slate and flint. The bones are marked at the end of the day. Today I took over some graves, drew some plans, and sorted out the bones separately, and registered the pottery, - one of them a very deep grave of Ali's, most beautifully prepared for planning.


Another grave we saw yesterday morning was that of an infant with two ivory anklets, and round it 3 red saucers and 5 small black-topped

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

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red pots. Next, Flinders did B 86, a very fine tomb: in it were 3 skeletons, lying on interlaced matting: the bodies are frequently on matting or goat-skins, and over the grave is sometimes a roof of matting supported on stout poles at intervals. In this tomb were five flat diorite mace-heads, with ivory rods for handles! and seven fine flint lance-heads  of the New Race exquisitely minute chipping; also a long horn, some resin, 7 or 8 clay balls, two clay model birds, a clay ball painted red. On a lower level, 2 flint flakes, and a large Unio shell, goat-skin also. The man's skull had some hair on the cheek, and back of the head, and there was actually a long matted yellowish brown beard, about 7 inches long!

There is a great deal of resin in the graves, and there are large lumps of malachite besides its chips, and dust found on the slate palettes: some of the pots contain numbers of dead scarabeis ^{beetles} and small beetles, so the reverence for them which ended in scarab manufacture seems to have existed even before the dynasties began. Great quantities of black-topped red pottery comes in daily; also there are just a few spiral-patterned bowls, and breccia bowls, hard stone vases, cross-patterned saucers, and polished red pottery. A few carnelian bracelets

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(10)

a beryl bead, some ivories, a black incised bowl, many quaint & rare toys & models, have turned up. A limestone pot-stand about 7 in. high, a cross-patterned jug with a handle over the top, and one or two other new things, come to light. Pleated leather, - models of animals, fruits, and tools, - whole bulls' heads, - animals' bones, - limestone tags, probably stoppers of water skins, and other things too numerous to specify, occur in the graves. It is difficult to give an accurate idea of what they do contain, as their contents are very various.

Dec 9th Friday. We have now had three whole days among the graves, and each afternoon I take a few graves and place and examine them for flinders. B O spends nearly all her time marking the skeletons and the pottery that come in, and often comes round the work with us and numbers the things at each pit, as they are found.

The days are getting a little cooler now, it is down to 60° early in the morning in our dining-hut, and we can work on till 1 o'clock out of doors now, and get out as early as we like again, to continue the excavating.

Mace goes off for the day to Semaineh with his lunch, for New Race there, and McIver with fewer men is doing Kelfatieh, chiefly XIIth dynasty. F works with about 50 men between these places.

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30 men work with the others, (10 on the east, and more than 20 at Semaineh.)

It is glorious to feel well again, and to be tramping and digging and recording all day long.

The huts have just the same appearance as last year, except that Ali has added himself a hut at the back, close to our courtyard entrance, with a delightfully fantastic fence made of būs (durra stalks) plastered with mud, and its waving leafage at the top looks so quaint.

Then our men are close to us, quartered in within those old walls we discovered on last year's donkey-trip with a view to lodging in, some day, and they have heightened the walls but put no roofs! Ali's wife has turned up, the same as last year, and Ali Jedullah's old mother. Our 5, or 6 turkeys walk about the premises, and the new steed stands hobbled, on the desert, with a charm hung round his neck, and a basket of barley before him. We have made several efforts to get a native saddle, but it has not come yet. He will then be used daily to take one down to Semaineh and fetch another back from Kelfatieh, and in the interval I shall get a canter on the gebel. The charm is a little red leather prayer-book, such

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as the boys wear round their shoulders!

Notwithstanding, he jumps and prances and curvets a good deal: he seems free from any vice however.

The landscape is very open here, the desert stretches away widely, and here where our huts are built, is visible right up to the desert cliffs 6 or 8 miles away. The long line of precipitous cliff runs down from Denderah and past the headland of Marashdeh point hither, and so to How, and we see miles more of it stretching away beyond: then across the Nile we see the peaky hills behind Kena and the cliffs opposite Denderah, and then the line of them stretching for miles west and north, with 3 great promontories at intervals, the headlands of Dishneh, How, and Kasr-es-Sayad.

We are not tucked away in the desert so completely as we were at Denderah: we are on a rising ground just above the cultivation and quite on the edge of the desert, so we see an expanse of distant green plain, and abundant greenery of trees, and large palm groves, and sometimes passing buffaloes and camels, and the white peaky sails of the Nile boats.

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Please forward to:-

Mr. Peters.

F. L. Griffith Esq. Riversvale. Ashton-u-Lyne.

W. Petrie Esq. 30. Crescent Rd Bromley. Kent.

Rev. J. B. Orme. Angmering. by Worthing.

Mr. Day. Rustington.

F. C. J. Spurrell Esq. Bessingham. Hanworth. Norwich.

Mr. Hope-Pinker. Southam. West Hoathly. East Grinstead.

Dr. J. H. Walker. 55. Fitzroy Rd. Regents Park. N.W.

Mr. Haworth. Woodside. Bowdon. Altrincham.

Miss Harvey. Mousehill. Milford. Godalming.

Rev. J. N. Hoare. St John's. Keswick.

Miss Brooke. 11. Herbert Street. Dublin.

Miss Buckton. 128. Archway Road. Highgate. N.

Miss Linden. 3. Versailles Rd. Anerley. S.E.

A. L. Lewis Esq. 54. Highbury Hill. N.

Please forward to: -

M^{rs} Peters.

F. L. Griffith Esq. Riversvale. Ashton-u-Lyne.

W. Petrie Esq. 30. Crescent Rd Bromley. Kent.

Rev. J. B. Orme. Angmering. by Worthing

M^{rs} Day. Rustington.

F. C. J. Spurrell Esq. Bessingham. Hanworth. Norwich.

M^{rs} Hope-Pinker. Southam. West Hoathly. East Grinstead.

Dr J. H. Walker. 55 Fitzroy Rd Regents Park. N.W.

M^{rs} Haworth. Woodside. Bowdon. Altrincham.

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Dec 15. 98.
(13)

The days go on very much the same. We get up about sunrise, and do odd jobs and then have breakfast about 7.30. Then after an hour's work in the huts, and courtyard, during which I generally mark and stack New Race pots, F and I get off to the excavations which are going on in several small wadis in the desert, with our note books, & his 80-inch measuring rod, and then he examines grave after grave, and gets out the bones and pots carefully himself while I sit at the top and make notes and look up pottery shapes in the register: sometimes I take some graves and do them. An outlying wadi here has numbers of decorated vases in the tombs - those with the large-cabined many-oared galleys and quaint figures, and the aloe? pattern, and spirals. A few more lance-heads have turned up, and part of a large corn-grinder, also a few unusual shapes of pots.

Mace went off to his work on the steed this morning as we now have a saddle. The saddle is very strange according to our ideas: it stands high both back and front, and is hugely massive, of red leather properly ornamented with embroidery, but has no girths, or at least only a tail of leather which gently ties up somewhere and is useless to keep the saddle on! McIver has left Kelfatieh and is digging right in Shekh Ali now. The Omdeh or shekh and all the chief villagers sit

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(14) round and beam upon him while he works.
 People sit crouched and watch silently by
 twenties in Shekh Ali, or did last year when
 we pitched our tent there: perhaps they do in all
 these villages. Miss Lawes has been drawing
 some pottery. B.O. spends all day marking
 skeletons, and helping me with the pottery. I can
 seldom get her to come to the work at all, she
 does so much at home in the courtyard.

As for ourselves we come in about 12 or 1
 and get some lunch and a rest, and after a
 short sleep get off to work again by 3 o'clock, and
 go on with the graves till sunset. Then get
 back to take in the things from the men who
 stand with their baskets at the courtyard wall
 in a long row, F. assesses the value of the
 pottery and other objects, and we take them in

- B.O. attending to all the skeletons and I to
 the pots. Then we get baths and dinner,
 and the evening is taken up in seeing to
 the things that have come in, or in writing,
 bead-threading, photo-graph-developing etc.

Yesterday while F. was clearing a few
 insignificant graves up on a rise above
 their usual position in the wady, we found
 ourselves close to a small encampment of a
 dozen Bedawi tents, and paid visits to
 their inhabitants, uncouth untidy people but
 friendly. Ali with F's great measuring-rod
 escorted B.O. and me, and beat off all the

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Dogs who rushed and snarled at us: their barking in chorus could be heard for miles. The tents have only 3 sides and are completely open to the east, they are made of rough brown camel's hair, and only a few feet in length. There are no possessions inside apparently, only a grindstone and a few pots, and a mud oven. Camel, goats, dogs and sheep stand round about, without and within. One camel we see everyday floundering off down the desert, though hobbled, at an almost cantering pace.

Flinders photographed several of the graves yesterday, and the head of a New Race lady with its long hair and ivory hair pins intact, a comb and a spoon in the hair also, and beads on the forehead. She had beads all round her head, and amulets about the body, and a copper bangle on one wrist. There were also in the grave, several small stone vases, and a slate, with lumps of malachite, and larger pots.

The horse bolted with me yesterday when I was riding across the Gebel to the huts. He broke into a wild canter, and I could not remember the Arabic method of stopping a horse, which is to hiss violently, so he went on quickening pace: however a good old Arab on the work, Mohammed Hamed, started up before me opportunely, and stopped him. He is a very slender horse, about 15 hands or more, and generally very quiet.

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Please forward to: -

Maud.

700²⁴
1898²⁴ F. L. Griffith Esq. Riversvale. Ashton-u-Lyne.
W. Petrie Esq. 30 Crescent Rd Bromley.
Rev. J. B. Orme Angmering Rectory. by Worthing
see 7.11.98 F. C. J. Spurrell Esq. Bessingham. Hanworth. Norwich
11.1.99 Mrs Hope-Pinker. Southam. West Hoathly. East Grinstead
10.1.99 Dr. J. H. Walker. 55 Fitzroy Road. Regents Pk. N.W.
Mrs Haworth. Woodside. Bowden. Altrincham.
Miss Harvey. Mousehill. Milford. Godalming.
Rev. J. N. Hoare. St. John's Keswick.
Miss Brooke 11. Herbert St. Dublin.
Miss Buckton 128. Archway Rd Highgate. N.
Miss Linden 3. Versailles Rd Anerley S.E.
A. L. Lewis Esq. 54. Highbury Hill. N.

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Nagh Hamadi, Upper Egypt
our address henceforward.

Dec. 23.

Last market-day, Monday, I made up my mind to visit a market, as I had never managed to see one last year: (our Denderah Thursdays had always been taken up with odd jobs, except the few we spent on the high Gebel;) so as Monday was a cool and pleasant morning, B O and I and Ali started forth, with a dozen of our workmen who were spending the day in Waqf market, or walking on to Dichna, about 9 miles from here. Ali himself went on to Dichna, so returning we had only the black groom, Hassan Sudani, with us, and one Arab, Mohammed Sherfawi, and the horse, but going to Waqf we were a merry party of 16: the men were all in dark blue overalls, and white head-shawls. Our road was a high dusty embankment with camel & donkey traffic, overlooking the low plain of cultivation brilliantly green in its stretches

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(17) of beans and sugar-cane and durra, and the pink cliffs were on both sides of us, so Egyptianly, and the whole scene - oh! I wish you in England could see such a blue sky, or such brilliant oriental life, and hear the saqqiehs and the songs of the fellahin and watch the reaping of the fields of Aalu.

The horse ambled along, I rode him most. We were carried through the canal which is still high of the way. Ali walked next to us and chatted all the way. Almost every large grey buffalo we passed shied at the horse: heaps of animals all along the cultivation were tethered within reach of the clover, and on their knees feeding. We passed close by Abadiyeh and entered Waqf, after about 5 miles. And first Ali showed us round a rough mud built sugar-crushing place where, by means of a saqqieh wheels worked by oxen, they were pressing great sugar-canes. A couple of hundred people were assembled in Waqf market: there was nothing to buy but tobacco and sugar-cane,

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(18)

so we were ready soon to leave, but had to wait 1½ hour while a leather-seller stitched two crimson leather anklets round the horse's legs because he kicks himself sometimes in trotting, and meanwhile the whole countryside fastened upon us, breathlessly, and squeezed, each one to get nearer. It was weary waiting, amid flies and stuffiness, and heat, with people pressing to get closer view of us, and 2 village guards valiantly flogging everyone at intervals, and giving us a moment's peace and air there by. At last it got so intolerable, - even the upper air kept away from us by 40 on the wall behind us - that we climbed up the wall and sat there on show, a little protected from being smothered. Children kept touching our hands and feet, & often threw stones at me merely to attract attention. We got away at last, crossed the canal by a mud bank to Semanieh and I rode home thence with some nice canters along the desert-edge.

The horse now is very gay in appearance. He has besides his red leather prayer book round his neck, a scarlet embroidered saddle, and crimson leather leggings.

He goes fast, and has once bolted, with plenty of spirit, but is very mild & tame withal.

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(89) He goes twice a day to the mastaba mounds
 and back, as quiet as a lamb, and slowly
 led, to rest Flinders' sprained ankle.
 So Flinders has only to walk about the works
 and not to and fro. As he has sprained
 it 5 times in the last month, we are anxious
 to save it all possible risks. He manages
 to go up and down rope-ladders safely. We
 went down an interesting pit two days ago,
 up by the mastabas, with a well about
 20 ft deep, and a chamber leading from
 it south, in which lay the body of a woman,
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 her face, and one large pot, with clay
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 We have finished the larger New Race
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Nagh Hamadi. U^r. Egypt.
(Still at Abadiyeh 1 Jan. 1899.)

Dec 23rd

Ali came in to announce large snake tracks near the huts, and the largest was found to be about 4 inches across: it was traced to a cavernous hollow. The snakes have never troubled us, however. Flinders was photographing objects all the morning.

24th

Guirguis came over from Qena with donkey loads of antikas, and they sat round in my room cross-legged, with coffee and cigarettes, chatting over the antikas to F. and me & B.O., 9-11 am. He bought £30 worth of alabasters and necklaces etc.

Our workmen were going on with the 2 mastabas and numerous VIth dyn. pits about them: we were over there in the aftⁿ but there was nothing new.

25th

Fresh north wind. The only day I was actively about, between 2 severe chills. It was not recognisable as Xmas day.

26th

In bed again. Nothing stirring much in the work however.

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27th

Flinders spent most of the day at How, rode there on the horse, planned the new huts & set some of our men to build them, against the wall of the old temple out on the desert edge. A few trifling things were found in the rubbish.

I got up the latter part of the day, and we had a great washing of the brushes and combs of the community.

28th

In the morning we were collecting all the pottery with salt in it, and soaking in two old oil barrels, to preserve the pots. The soaking in water for 24 hrs has marvellously improved their condition. I was drawing slates - the prehistoric paint palettes - all the afternoon, as we keep a register thus of all their shapes and tomb-numbers. F. packed one case entirely of slates, and another of stone vases. We are beginning the general packing now. F soaked the ivories in bees' wax

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The carpenter & his boy arrived and began making the boxes for the pottery. Camel-loads of timber and packing stuff cover the ground outside our courtyard wall, and then there is sawing and hammering going on all day. The carpenter is a picturesque Copt in an orange turban, and a long dark cassock. B.O. spent the whole morning in scrubbing F's new pots with soap to get Guirguis' oil out of them, and the remainder of the day in careful drawing of slates. In Mr McIver's work, beyond Shekh Ali, a delightful pottery hippopotamus turned up, very fat and short-legged with carefully modelled ears and head-wrinkles, and huge square jaw flung back, wide open. [📷] We keep him on the dining table, to comfort us. Ali returned from Qena today, from buying timber, and brought

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me, to my surprise, just the pair of bulgān, great square golden Bedawi slippers, that I was wanting - he had got them a bargain, and then had heavier soles put on with tin tacks.

30th F. Busy packing flints, pots etc. B.O at skeletons as usual. I rested completely.

31st She and I sketched the huts and courtyard with the great headland of Kasr es Sqad in the background, purplish pink. I also tried Dichna point at sunset, when it turned to orange warmth.

One longs to be able to sketch out here, the colouring is so exquisite.

1899. Jan. 1. Flinders and I looked for the sun this morning, and watched the sun-rise from my hut-door, and we saw the green ray as the sun appeared over the cliffs of the high Gebel. He rode off, and surveyed a mile of excavations, the large cemetery B, and patches C and D to the 2 mastabas.

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ii

Nagh Hamadi

with sextant and notebooks, and planned all with the help of the line of telegraph posts along the desert edge. He has been plotting it all the evening.

I didn't feel up to tramping up each wady, though it is disappointing to miss any surveying, and I stayed at home and packed hard all day, as there was a possibility we might get off to How tomorrow morning. Now we have decided to send some camels with stores tomorrow, and to make the household removal on Tuesday, Jan 3.

I packed sundry cases with books, chemicals, clo's, drugs, camera, and household things, and I packed a case of bought antikas this afternoon. It takes a long time to pack things suitably, and saw lids for ones boxes. The huts are bare now, and only a few tools and basins, and the entire contents of our dining hut remain to be packed tomorrow.

Our men return from Quft in two days' time to set upon the new work at How, and MacIver works steadily on from Kelfatieh

[...]

[At least one sheet (= four pages) is missing between pages 23 and 24.]

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Mr Iles who has spent four or five weeks with us, picking up Arabic, leaves tomorrow.

Miss Lawes continues drawing pot-marks, and draws groups of pots moreover.

Ali and a few boys are finishing the mastabas, and move across with us to How, where the main body of the Qufis rejoin us.

The postmaster at Dichna has orders to forward our letters to Nag Hamadi now.

It is good to feel that we are starting upon fresh ground, and as it is a famous place for New Race, we hope to get upon some good digging. Also from a domestic point of view, it is pleasant to have a fresh start in clean new huts again, where instead of reclaiming from untidiness, one can direct one's energies to preventing things from getting untidy. We are sorry to leave

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Abadiyeh, and our view of the Denderah and Qena hills, and the lovely cultivation here, but How will really be prettier on the whole, and the cultivation more accessible, as at How there is a bridge over the canal, and here we can not get at the cultivation.

On market days Ali has to carry us across the canal!

How is more populous than this. Funeral processions come winding up past the ruined temple to the cemetery on the Gebel, and we shall probably see more than we do here.

The other day Ali brought us in great flaps of bread of the size and thinness of a table-napkin, when we fell short of the ordinary flat loaves. And now his wife always bakes these for us in a large mud oven in the courtyard of her hut. She and Ali Jedullah's mother crouch by this oven, and roll out the flour with a thin rolling pin, and thrust them into the ashes: in a couple of minutes they are baked through, then wiped with their draperies

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(27) and folded into four. B O sits and chats in there every day, and sometimes helps in the rolling.

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Such a festa of sweetmeats was too much for him, for he seems out of sorts today. If one

Please could avoid dense crowds, it would be interesting forward to see this village celebration - a sort of fair.

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F. L. Griffith Esq, Riversvale Ashton-u-Lyne.
W. Petrie Esq, 30 Crescent Road, Bromley
Rev. J. B. Orme Angmering Rectory. n^r. Worthing.
Mrs E T Day Rustington Vicarage.

R^d 20.1.99 J. C. J. Spurrell Esq Bessingham Hanworth. Norwich
S^t 20.1.99 D^r. J. H. Walker. 55 Fitzroy Road. Regents Park. N.W.
21.1 } Mrs Haworth. Woodside. Bowdon. Altrincham.
21.1 } Miss Harvey Mousehill. Milford. Godalming.
22 } Miss Brooke. 11 Herbert St Dublin.

R^d 26th } Rev. J. N. Hoare. St John's. Keswick.
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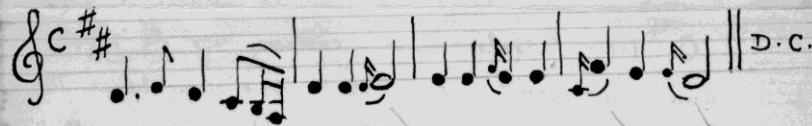
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Nagh Hamadi, Upper Egypt. 28

Jan 8. 99.

Our new huts are built up against the great wall of the old temple-enclosure, a mile south of How, on the steep desert edge. We are perched on a narrow ledge under the wall, and in front of us is a steep slope of Roman house rubbish and potsherds innumerable covering all, descending to a little wady forking from the cemetery, a modern Arab one. Here the Arabs, draped in procession, bearing a bier covered with a red shawl, go up for funerals several times a day. They chant as they go, of the one God and the prophet, as follows -



La ill-a-ha illa Al-lah-u Mohammed ra-sul Al-lah.

The other day, when F. and I were sitting on the rise opposite our huts sketching them, one such procession came right over it, instead of along the wady, so we saw and heard them well. They were calling on all, Christians as well as Moslems, to join. Donkeys are driven up for the return to Hou. The last journal I wrote was 6 days ago when we were leaving Abadiyeh. F. and I came off on donkey and horse, and our beds, stores

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(29)

and other possessions came by camel. We had a delightful two days here, settling in, and I got the dining-hut very comfortably arranged, and tidy. Then F. and I had a pleasant and quiet settling of all the things here, ready for the beginning of the work, and the arrival of the others. B.O. and Miss Lawes arrived on the 4th two days later, while the men remain at Abadiyeh to pack boxes and measure skeletons. Mrs Sheldon Amos has been spending a few days with us, and leaves today. She and Miss Lawes are going to visit Abydos, and then she returns to her son in Cairo, and Miss L. comes back to us.

A Mr Steele was coming up to spend a day and night here, but we now hear that he came as far as Nagh Hamadi, and then changed his mind, and took the train back to his steamer, though there remained only 4 miles to come by donkey for which no Arabic nor anything else was requisite.

We can get about here very much more easily than at Abadiyeh, as there are plenty of bridges over the canals.

Yesterday B.O. and I spent much of the day in going to market at Nagh Hamadi: and bought turkeys, oranges, and bread, with the negro groom-boy to bargain for us: ^{we} cantered all the way back.

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Nagh Hamadi, Upper Egypt
Sent Jan'y 19. 1899.

Jan. 11.

Jan. 11. Nagh Hamadi, Upper Egypt
Sent Jan'y 19. 1899. (30)

The temple-enclosure of Hou against which our huts lean, turns out to be primarily a fort, as the two temples are but small. We have traced their foundations now in deep pits excavated, and nothing seems to be older than Ptolemaic. The thick old walls are strengthened all round by an inner lining wall: upon demolishing portions of this, curious recesses, cupboards leading artfully down into cellars hidden below, are found, excavated quite dangerously far into the outer wall, and the lining wall was evidently necessary to hold it up.

Along the west wall of the enclosure, frescoes half destroyed, of draped figures, fairly well done, remain on its plastered surface, and corniced niches, the recesses for lamps.

We have excavated numbers of burnt Roman houses, and cellars, and come upon sundry nice things in them, and in wells, but nothing new or particularly interesting, only the usual run of pots and mill stones, weights, coins, hair pins, lamps, and clumsy bracelets. The ground

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(31) seems to have very little in it.

Yesterday we began the survey of the place, taping along the top of the high enclosure walls. Today we prospected round the neighbouring gebel, and explored its edge about a mile along it, to the Coptic deir or monastery. There are quantities of tombs, mostly rifled, of XIIth and XVIIIth.

The Coptic deir is a neat collection of buildings walled-in, unlike anything else I have seen. The church has a long tunnel-roof. Two Coptic brethren in long black robes came out and spoke to B.O and me. They called on Flinders here later in the day, and professed hospitable feelings. We hope to call on their households when we begin work there, and I want to attend one of their services.

The excavations for the present however are within the 3 or 4 acres of temple enclosure.

Of the temples, the south-western one appears to be a funerary chapel. We soon dug out


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the east and south retaining walls of its (32) foundation, and hoped at their junction to find foundation-deposits, but only came upon one tiny model brick. Above its south enclosure wall lies a large block of cornice with Caesar on it, KYRS [] and the name of Nerva, and so this belongs to about the middle of its period, which, by the coins found, seems to be from Nero to the Antonines.

The temple in the axis of the enclosure is even smaller; by sinking deep pits we have got its dimensions, and found numbers of inscribed blocks of cornice and walling which still remain to be copied.

Later on. One or two wells are still productive of Roman things: Besides the sword and lance head which we got, we have found other remains of armour, ~~the~~ copper plates fastened together with wire, evidently the fringe of the thorax. Along the north wall were large Roman houses resting on vaulted cellars built upon it: the things here seemed to come down to 260 AD. - blue glass beads, pale luli beads, very clumsy ivory hair-pins. In the middle of the north wall is the principal entrance, whose floor is at present a rough course of limestone pavement, but it evidently had a sandstone pavement super imposed, and a pylon standing on it.


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33 The substructure is 15 x 12 cubits, and nearly a cubit in thickness. The foundations consist of a trench filled with sand, and lined by a brick wall. Besides the broad paved way leading half way across the enclosure, F. has tracked at least one small straight street among the ruins of Roman houses, and no doubt the plan of it all will come to light, when the survey is finished, and the whole of it plotted.

Some quaint wooden stools or trays, three legged, with private mark  on one of them, with a granite sliding corn-grinder were found in a cellar under the west wall, also water-jar stands of stone, and stone niches for lamps.

Jan. 17. Since writing last, we have had a week's work in a XIIth dyn. & Ptolemaic patch of desert west of the fort. The graves are too well plundered to produce much however, and especially the sarcophagi in the square Ptol. vaulted chambers. In two of these, only, we found mummies not plundered, but these had only a few poor amulets of ~~wax~~ gilded glass, position as below,


on the breast, viz

hearts, scarabs of basalt,

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Another had, in gilded wax, two tats, cow of Isis, model cup, Horus standing, two disks, wing and another plaque. In hardstone, hearts of eye and tats.

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neck





Also a heart scarab was found. (34)

The earlier tombs, for which we are trenching all over the desert west of the enclosure, are narrow trench-pits, running generally E to W, and frequently with a chamber. A little pottery chiefly Middle Kingdom is left behind in each, so they are worth excavating. They contain chiefly the XIIth Dyn. dark pottery, and rough red spherical pots, and pottery tables of offerings and occasionally beads of the round blue XII Dyn. sort. An entire cartonnage of mummy, Ptolemaic, came in today, gorgeously gilt, $\square + \frac{A}{O} \square$ son of  , from a chamber tomb with 2 bodies in rough stone sarcophagi, and several more in clay coffins.

Cave chambered down into a curious series of underground chambers, the oldest day, leading from a branch pit, XIIth or XIIIth dyn. running N and S. It led along to another well, brick-roofed, and

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(35) Between them a large chamber cut in the marl, probably the chambers of both knocked into one: this had two mummies in it laid on stone sarcophagus-lids. Beyond the second well was another chamber crammed full of grizzly black mummies piled in rows, and beyond that yet another chamber belonging to a 3rd well, with two branches to it, and mummies everywhere likewise: in some parts of the place it was difficult to tread between them. There were several mummied infants. It seems the chambers had originally belonged to several different pits, which had early gone out of use, and fallen in to one, and then they had been largely re-used in Ptolemaic, and yet more in Roman times. It was a weird place, so strangely crammed with mummies, and, winding in and out, about 100 ft long, high enough to walk full height when once one had crawled in, and cut in the marl about 10 or 12 ft underground.

Today the wall of the hut of Mohammed Derwish one of our workmen fell down: he only remarked to us, when he heard it - Robbina Kerim, izakan fil lel, ana tahtu. "Our Lord is bountiful: had it been in the night, I should have been under it."

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[This page is mostly written by Beatrice Orme.]


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They were swathed in black draperies, on which a neatly shaped disk of mud had been smeared over the head of each. Their hands were a shining blue-black with black lead (?) & they wailed continually a chromatic song from Do to mi. We could not catch the words, nor could our cook boy tell us what they were, as they were "Nusrâui" & not Mohammedans. Pretence sobs & screams were dispersed between the wails. None of the women seemed overcome by real sorrow, they took the usual interest an English woman causes, in Hilda & me, leaving off wailing to look at us with one eye, from between the folds of drapery. They must have stayed at the cemetery about an hour, as we met them coming back on our way from Nagh Hamadi, whither we had been to fetch bread & letters. They were still keeping up the wailing song & the little shrieks.

There were 15 camels in the first part of the procession, and then as many more, with 3 women apiece, brought up the rear: the Coptic

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37 cemetery is only $\frac{1}{2}$ mile along the desert here near the Coptic deir or monastery. There has only been one funeral as yet, a bier covered with a red shawl bound on a camel's back swinging along the desert edge, past our huts, with Copts in long black robes accompanying it. The cemetery on whose edge we live is a great Mohammedan one, and 4 or 5 funerals take place daily. Perhaps as many as 50 donkeys with sacks on their backs, are driven up first, then comes a slow procession, of 100 Arabs frequently, all chanting round the red-shawl-covered bier - no coffin - then in $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, they all gallop back - on donkeys, man and bier.

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Rev. J. B. Orme. Angmering Rectory. Worthing.
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Rec^d 3.2.99
Sent 3.2.99

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D^r J. H. Walker. 55. Fitzroy Rd. Regents Park. N.W.
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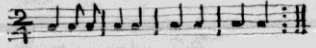
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Jan'y 26-29. 99. Nagh Hamadi, Upper Egypt. (38)
 Since the procession of wailing dust-besprinkled women on camels, we have had two more very interesting religious performances here.

The day before yesterday a large party of women came up the road from Hou, wailing & shrieking, and beating tambourines. When they reached the shekh's tomb opposite our huts, they stopped and closed in, about 50 of them, in a closely packed group, and held aloft the two tambourines which several of them beat with open palms, and crowding together, in their long black draperies, they began a performance of slow rhythmical dancing up and down, from one leg to the other, exactly like the ancient Egyptians. (XIX dyn. Prisse's Art) The accompaniment was fast,  but the hopping slow and measured. They continued this curious performance at intervals of every 4 or 5 minutes, many times on their way up the cemetery, slowly and rapturously, and one old black y woman in particular seemed in an ecstasy.


Though we were only across the narrow little wady in our own doorways, and could see plainly, we watched them through the telescope, so as to miss no detail. About 20 mins. later, a large funeral came up; all of them went back together before sunset.

I had heard much wailing and shrieking in Hou all the previous night.

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First all our men assembled together, and sat cross-legged on the ground? and bent forward all together, chanting Allah with great energy in monotone, and next likewise chanted Illaha hamed, God be praised, for some time: then two men sang a tune beginning with a very long note, and giving off into a sad minor, with accompaniment of grunting exactly like pigs', and a chorus of grunts between every bar or two. The grunts led the time which rapidly increased till time and grunting and clapping of hands grew so fast, they at last stopped for want of breath, I think, almost choking.

After a short relapse into talking and laughing, they worked themselves up again by yet another chorus, aleh Allah, it sounded like, again swaying backwards and forwards in an ecstasy, and groaning it in a frenzied exaltation of "seeing Allah". This was followed by another swaying and bowing chorus which sounded like oy or hoy, continued with clapping of hands. It culminated in a strange chorus of heavy breathing in and out, frantically kept up for some time, and just like dogs quite out of breath. Then one of the boys, Dahshur's companion, sang several times: there was one song accompanied all through with assents and groans, and another sung very quickly with grunts throughout, which

and listened to it. A zikr is a derwīsh performance, held on moonlight nights, and F. says it originates probably in moon-worship.

First all our men assembled together, and sat cross-legged on the ground? and bent forward all together, chanting Allah with great energy in monotone, and next likewise chanted Illaha hamed, God be praised, for some time: then two men sang a tune beginning with a very long note, and giving off into a sad minor, with accompaniment of grunting exactly like pigs', and a chorus of grunts between every bar or two. The grunts led the time which rapidly increased till time and grunting and clapping of hands grew so fast, they at last stopped for want of breath, I think, almost choking.

After a short relapse into talking and laughing, they worked themselves up again by yet another chorus, aleh Allah, it sounded like, again swaying backwards and forwards in an ecstasy, and groaning it in a frenzied exaltation of "seeing Allah". This was followed by another swaying and bowing chorus which sounded like oy or hoy, continued with clapping of hands. It culminated in a strange chorus of heavy breathing in and out, frantically kept up for some time, and just like dogs quite out of breath. Then one of the boys, Dahshur's companion, sang several times: there was one song accompanied all through with assents and groans, and another sung very quickly with grunts throughout, which

(40)

left off when the chorus seemed tired out. Then there was laughter and talking. Lastly a long refrain beginning with something sounding like Sul-lul-la, and ending (Mo) hamed. The zikr here ended.

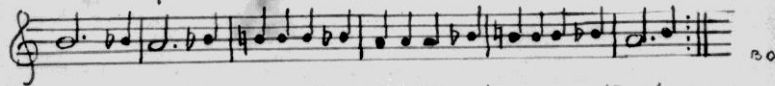
The chorus crouched in a row, bowing and groaning, and faced south up the wady. The other half faced east, and seemed to sit doing nothing. A few singers and others stood, facing

north. []

Jan. 29th Sunday.

We spend nearly all our time out on the Works. I am making notes on each pit as we examine them. It doesn't seem worth while to send home details of any of them, especially as Flinders has made mention of those I meant to describe.

Today is pay-day, and F. is going through every man's account in Arabic: the men are all clustered round under the courtyard wall, wrapped up in their white head-shawls, and clothed in their blue cotton tunics and brown camel's hair overalls. Just under them, a long procession of wailing women in black draperies are howling their way up in to the cemetery. They seem to have dismal picnics there



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41 their heads, and the black cemetery dog walks
 behind. There are shekhs' tombs with domes
 scattered here and there, and opposite us an
 enclosure with a dom-palm and many domes.
 On our left lies all the green cultivation,
 green wheat, high now, and acres of sugar-cane,
 and mud causeways here and there, and the square
 mud houses and towers of How on a rise over
 the Nile, a mile from us, looking almost like
 an Italian city from afar; but it is only an
 untidy queer mud village, full of flat roofs covered
 with dogs and children, and mud corn-bins like
 pepper-pots, when you get into it, and even on
 Grand market days one can only buy sugar cane
 and tobacco there. Behind about 6 miles from us,
 rises the great precipitous line of cliffs, north
 of Nile, jutting out into half a dozen headlands
 and promontories, a brilliant pink, with brilliant
 purplish blue shadows. We have a lovely
 palm grove, and cool shady sents and nebeks
 with saqqies worked by oxen, under them, close
 to us below the temple-walls, and no canal
 separates us from the cultivation as at Abadiyeh.

The last two days I have been spending spare
 intervals in copying the hieroglyphics on a XXXth
 dyn. cartonnage - a band of inscription. Also B.O and I

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are busily drawing in facsimile all the strange marks on the Roman pottery ring-stands which are lying in hundreds about these rubbish mounds.



F. thinks they may give us a new signary or alphabet, as they belong to nothing known at present.



One XIIth dynasty tomb which F. did not mention at length, contained in its chamber, besides the turquoise fish, set in gold, a beautiful amethyst necklace with long amethyst and silver pendant of beads on wire, also green glaze beads, a sphinx or hawk in felspar, 3 scarabs, scroll pattern, alabaster kohl dish with spout, and an ivory kohl-stick. There were also fragments of painted coffins, the serpentine ushabti, and a quantity of pottery.

Almost all the XIIth pits here have been used for XVIIIth dyn. ^{reburial} which causes endless confusion, but it seems that the painted pottery and red tubular pottery are in every case due to later XVIIIth burials.

For addresses, see overleaf.

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 Mrs E T Day Rustington Vic.
 F C J Spurrell Esq Bessingham. Hanworth. Norwich
 Mrs Hope Pinker 22 Avonmore Rd. Kensington W
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 rec^d 14.2.99
 sent 14.2.99 F C J Spurrell Esq Bessingham. Hanworth. Norwich
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Nagh Hamadi. Upper Egypt.
Feb 2.

Feb 2. This morning
We had another great procession of women, with
sound of tambourine beating, up to the cemetery
on whose edge we live, but there was no old
Egyptian dancing, this time. The reason why we
have so many funerals daily is because 75
villages bury here, it is said. Besides the funerals
there are these howling parties of wailing women,
which are always separate, and Mohammed the cook
boy tells us that it is the custom to come up in parties
to mourn, 15 days after the funeral, and by the
grave to have meals of bread and water & sugar-cane.
Besides the tune I sent in a former journal,
the following is one of the most usual funeral-chants.



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[R]

La illa..ha il..la Allah u Mohamed ra... ..sul Al..lah.



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 at today were obtained from making a register of
 tombs with regard to dating of skeletons, which
 showed that the wells from N to S are almost
 invariably XIIth dynasty, with its characteristic
 pottery, and ball-beads, pottery tables of offerings &c.
 But that the wells from E to W are those of
 apparently earlier date, with traces of Old
 Kingdom style in the pottery, with debased pottery
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The problem of finding such intermixture of
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Our chief problem here consists in curious shallow 'pan-graves', with contracted burial, white shell beads, and Libyan pottery, whose date at first wavering between pre-historic and post XIIth dynasty, now seems settled down to before the XIIth dynasty. It needs further evidence to settle more.

Flinders and I have been tape-measuring all over the temple-enclosure here, and have got temples and road planned in: the skew road seems to run straight to the temple of Nerva and is evidently later than the Ptolemaic temple, and town-walls therefore. The walls he had already planned in, with sextant ^{using} ~~from~~ a point along the Gebel about 15 miles distant.

Flinders has also made facsimile copies of the graffiti along the town-wall, -scrawls of Roman legionaries. They consist in rude drawings of heads, with occasional animals, and also names written here and there -
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 Mr. Day.
 came 24.2.99
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 On Jan 9th the letter-bag was lost on its
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 It must have been written about the New Year,
 whether by one of our readers we do not know.

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explored all Thebes - Luxor, Karnak, Qurneh,
Deir el Bahri, Tombs of the Kings, and Medinet
Habu.

Our first day we spent in dealers' shops, and I
picked up a number of things. He also left me
commissions for many more, and we pottered
round to him several times again and brought
back an amethyst necklace, a prehistoric serpent
stone, New Race pots etc, and got to know
styles of things and prices, and to distinguish forgeries
- and picked several nice things ourselves. They
dealers used to shout after me, and profess to have new
things in their shops, every day!

All our second day we spent over at Deir el
Bahri, F. B.O and I, and Mr Carter showed
us all over the temple all day: he seems to be
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48
 in terraces, with a long avenue along its axis ascending to the Holy of Holies. The great tawny cliffs of the high Gebel it leans against, and the whole temple is thus built in a bay of rocks, with immense heights above it of precipitous gebel which sometimes looks pinkish yellow, and sometimes deep orange-brown against a sky of darkest bright blue. I have seldom seen the Gebel look so orange as at Deir el Bahri.

The lower terrace has the famous expedition to Punt, the ships and treasures of ivory and apes and ebony, the gold rings (weighed against weights representing bricks, bull's heads & couchant calf) incense trees in tubs, many species of Red sea fish in the water. All the halls and rooms have delightful paintings of Hatshepsu's time: but her cartouche was always erased by Thothmes III, and Amun's name erased by Akhenaten. Rameses II replanted some of the scenes, and put Thothmes II in the erased cartouches, and in one case Thothmes III. The paintings and sculpture in some of the little inner sanctuaries ~~is in~~ ^{are} brilliant in their preservation. The south side of the terrace ends in a fine sculptured wall with a ramp leading up to the side chapel of Hathor, which has an open court with Hathor-headed

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columns. Most of the courts are roofless: the vaulting is in every case horizontal roofing, cut out afterwards in a curve.

We had lunch at the E.E.F. house, and rode back by sunset. I wonder how you would have managed sight-seeing, had you come out to Luxor: for one always has to ride through a deep branch of the Nile to the island, getting one's feet wet, and one rides everywhere on galloping donkeys, also there are miles of walking at Karnak and other temples, and the Tombs of the Kings involves going over a steep pass unless one goes and returns the same way. Also the painted tombs at Qurneh you would find scrambling and fatiguing. For the whole place ^{one} needs strength and activity, both for these reasons, and for combatting the bullying natives, and persistent beggars. Donkey boys and hangers-on plague one utterly, and it needs much energy and Arabic to shake them off, or keep them within bounds.

We spent Monday (13th) at the Tombs of the Kings. Rode across the river and cultivation, past the Colossi, and the Ramesseum, and to Drah abul Neggah, where we saw Messrs Newberry and Spiegelberg, and arrived Wednesday for Qurneh. Lord Northampton was there also. It is a wonderful road up into the valley, that by which the Kings' sarcophagi went, in funeral procession; it winds up into the interstices of the mountains,

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Tuesday (14th) was F's first day of work again, for which he got back to Hou. B.O and I spent it in Karnak, likewise another day, then we had one day left for a dozen painted tombs at Gurneh, and one day for Gurneh temple and Medinet Habu. (next journal.)

From Luxor ^{looking across} ~~standing~~ the river banks one gets a wonderfully comprehensive view of the whole of Thebes. To the left, south, Medinet Habu stands up with light-coloured Ptolemaic pylons, and Deir el Medineh, then the Colossi stand in the wheat fields, then a row of 6 temples on the desert edge (those excavated by F. 3 years ago) then the great Ramesseum columns and walls, and all the foot hills behind are riddled with tomb-mouths darkening the bright rock; next come the colonnades, one above another, of Deir el B. and a mountain path right over the saddle to the Valley of the Kings' tombs, Gurneh in foreground.

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Naght Hamadi. Feb 27. 99.

Yesterday we made up our minds as to ⁽⁵¹⁾homeward
dates, and are starting for Cairo about the 10th
and for Italy on the 14th probably. Only address
now, Hotel du Capitol, Rome, where we shall be
until about Mar. 21. We are busy now, as
tomorrow is the last available day for drawing
and photographing, and packing, and then F. and
I go off on a 5-6 days' tenting trip down the
desert, on horse and donkey, with Ali in
attendance, just as last year. There was
also a plan of copying tombs up in the desert
cliffs above Kasr-es-Sayad, but I do not
know if that is still practicable: B.O. and I
were to take our beds and wherewithal up there
and live in the said tombs for some days,
- pleasant for the hot weather, which is now
threatening to begin. It rose to 77° indoors
today, but there is a cool wind blowing.

Thebes, narrative continued. After a day
at dealers, and a day at Deir el Bahari, and
another at the Tombs of the Kings, we spent two
more over Karnak and Luxor, and the remainder
at Qurneh, and Medinet Habu respectively.

Mr Newberry was most kind in taking us all

Nagh Hamadi. Feb 27. 99.

Yesterday we made up our minds as to homeward
dates, and are starting for Cairo about the 10th
and for Italy on the 14th probably. Only address
now, Hotel du Capitol, Rome, where we shall be
until about Mar. 21. We are busy now, as
tomorrow is the last available day for drawing
and photographing, and packing, and then F. and
I go off on a 5-6 days' tenting trip down the
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52 over the Qurneh tombs: no-one knows them better. The whole of the great mountainous slopes both north and south of Deir el Bahri are riddled with hundreds of tombs, many of them somewhat difficult of access, and many used by the natives as dwelling places. Mr Newberry took us over 6 more or less new ones along Drah abul Negga and 7 of the well-known Sheikh abd el Qurna tombs.

They are all of the XVIIIth dynasty, the time of the greatest wars and most extended commerce, and of the liveliest and most graceful art, and all these tombs consist of frescoed vestibules and corridors, very quaint and detailed in the drawing, and brilliant in the colouring of the scenes.

All the scenes are domestic or of technical import, and there is nothing of genii or serpent and the underworld as in the tombs of the Kings, so they are particularly interesting and instructive. The preservation is wonderful, and brilliancy of colour very lovely. From some of Hilda's notes I write that Mr Newberry and Dr Spiegelberg

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(53)
have found this year the tomb of Tehuti
Hatshepsu's silver smith. In the outer court-
yard of this tomb we saw the Ka statue
still standing in its niche - facing south. On
S. wall long inscription describing weighing of
metal rings, as shown at D. B. They also
showed us a new tomb, of Neb-amen XVIII dyn
which was fronted by an arcade of one large
& four smaller arches, inside which were
frescoes - one showing five splendid pigs!
The tomb of Neekht, gardener of Ammon
was interesting in having long garlands of
flowers - lotus & poppy among them - the
black mark on the poppy petal being care-
fully painted. The colours here were marvellously bright.

Another Neb-amen, tomb of a physician,
had people of the Red Sea & Libyan women
in curious white flounced dresses painted on
its walls. The tomb of the Prince of Athribis
had men on sledges, & human sacrifices -
I have not mentioned the ~~first~~ Neb-amen
I find. In this tomb was a stele men-
tioning a ~~new~~ queen of Thothmes III, Nebtu
He was superintendent of boats, & of the
house of the queen, & also of the hall of
audience of the King.

We went into about 17 tombs in the
course of the day, only one of which is
mentioned by Baedeker = Rakh-ma-ra
All the tombs said to be specially interesting
in the guide book seemed to be shut
up - some being used for tibu, chopped
straw, by the natives - full to the roof,

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[The beginning of this page is written by Beatrice Orme.]

& others having their doorways blocked up with stone by the Museum authorities. The ordinary tourist cannot see much, I imagine.

Heri, Superintendent of Q. Aah-hotep's Granaries. This had a boat, with decoy bird, marsh-plants, a cameleon, and hoopoe.

Then Neb-un-nef, Baki, and Mentuherkhepsef. Also Pu-em-Ra, superintendent of sculptors to Thothmes III, very fine low relief. Amenemheb, general, with conscription scenes, and Nekht, the most brilliantly preserved tomb in Egypt, with a small vestibule of gorgeously coloured scenes.

We spent the longest time in the long gallery of Ra-akhe-ma-khe-ra, which I know from Hay, Brit. Mus. It has every imaginable scene on its walls, and every object depicted has its hieroglyphic label above it. One of the brightest tomb-chambers is that of Sennefer, 4-pillared, and a rough cavern roof, painted all over with vine.

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March 1st 1899.March 1st 1899.

For the last 3 days we have been favoured by
the curious sight of wailing parties once more.
About 9 am. a large company of women in
their long black draperies come up the road from
Hu, beating tambourines, howling, and shrieking,
returning at noon, after a feast at the grave.
They stop every few minutes to dance, slapping
their cheeks, and singing, as before described.
They wave red or orange or green kerchiefs
above their heads, and chant monotonously, with
shrieks at intervals. I try to glean from
Mohammed our boy the words of their chants.

These are some.

El hassa u er ramleh ammi hum.
The pebbles and the sand blind them.

(coming up) El ghēt khai-i fil fassagi, ya gini.
(From) the cultivation my brother, to the tomb, oh we have come.

(and returning) Ibkhī alak ya ayn bil hamaran
Weep for thee, oh my eyes, to redden.

anzil el khawia wahedi
Lower the brother alone
anzil el khawia qoddam.
Lower the brother before (us)

As they dance, they sing ecstatically

An nebi salli alah.

To the prophet, pray upon it. chorus: eywa alah.
(or to him?) yes upon it.

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(or to him?)

chorus: eywa alah.
yes upon it.

(56)

These funeral chants are -

Ya geddah, ya abu, asayeh maghribi.
oh active one, oh father, of the west.

Asayeh means a stick!

And - Robbina ya rahamna, fi tassala
Our Lord oh merciful to us, there is a shelter

Please send to:

Maud.

F. L. Griffith Esq. Riversvale. Ashton-u-Lyne.

W. Petrie. Esq. 30. Crescent Road. Bromley.

Rev. J. B. Orme. Angmering Rectory. by Worthing.

M^{rs} Day.

F. C. J. Spurrell Esq. Bessingham. Hanworth.

M^{rs} Hope-Pinker. 22 Avonmore R^d Kensington. W. Norwich.

D^r J. H. Walker. 55. Fitzroy R^d Regents Park. N.W.

Miss Harvey. Mousehill. Milford. Godalming.

M^{rs} Haworth. Woodside. Bowden. Altrincham.

Rev. J. N. Hoare. St. John's. Keswick.

Miss Brooke. 14. Herbert Street. Dublin.

Miss Buckton 128. Archway R^d. Highgate. N.

Miss Linden. 3. Versailles R^d. Anerley. S.E.

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came 17 Mar

went 17 March 99

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