

[ R ]  
6 high  
singer of Amen Hor rui ?

6 high  
characteristic XVIII  
lotus border,  
possibly XIX.

5 1/2 high

7 across

7 across

1 foot  
7 high  
cooking pot  
blackened outside

1 foot across

2 axes

1 adze

I do not remember seeing ribbed (102)  
bronze vases before in actuality, though  
they are often enough shown in XVIII  
dyn. paintings. It is a very fine &  
valuable lot altogether: and fairly  
dated to late XVIII or XIX dyn.

Then the gang who worked in the  
enormous hole in Beba's mastaba  
had done & so I told them to go to  
try another small heap near by. In  
two or three hours they brought out  
a fine perfect slab of a man named  
Beba wife son & daughter, with long  
well-cut inscrip<sup>n</sup>, & a lot of fragments.

Now I must knock off 10.20 pm  
& to be up & off by sunrise tomorrow.  
But this is not bad for three days.

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103  
 Please forward to  
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 Gower St WC  
 Mrs Pinker 22 Avonmore Rd Kensington W  
 W Petrie Esq 8 Crescent Rd Bromley Kent  
 F. C. J. Spurrell Bessingham Hanworth  
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 Dr Walker 54 Fitzroy Rd, Regents Park NW  
 Mrs Haworth Woodside Bowdon  
 Altrincham  
 Miss Harvey Mousehill Milford  
 Godalming  
 A. L. Lewis Esq, 54 Highbury Hill  
 London N

No time to write anything, as we are just starting.  
 The blankets are rolled up, and the last  
 preparations finished.

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[This last paragraph is by Hilda Petrie.]

20-27 Feb 1898.

20-27 Feb 1898. (104)  
 Beiram feast coming on made all our  
 men feverish to get away. So though Beiram  
 was not until the 23<sup>rd</sup>, they all went off  
 by 19-20<sup>th</sup>. This made an admirable  
 break for my getting away, & as Hilda  
 was in good condition for it we tried to  
 get off; but owing to difficulty in getting  
 fit donkeys here we walked some way  
 to start & then had to return. I sent  
 off Ali to Qena to get some good  
 donkeys, & he brought three fair ones.  
 So we then set off next day with three  
 donkeys (H., self, & Ali's) & a camel for the  
 tents blankets & stores. We noticed a  
 Roman camp, square enclosure marked by  
 a line of big ~~serates~~ <sup>boulders</sup> blocks of limestone  
~~isets~~ around it, & strewn with Roman  
 pottery & brick. Beyond that some tombs  
 of XVIII dyn & then we reached  
 Marshdeh 12 miles W. of Denderah  
 where we pitched under a group of big  
 tamarisks by the road side. That  
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 it & piles of Roman pottery. patch of  
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The next day we went on westward  
 & began the great cemetery region at  
 Semaineh, which no one has yet  
 described I believe, or hardly ever visited.  
 The start of it is a modern cemetery  
 with some large domed tombs, one white.  
 It was the great feast day of Beiram  
 as kept locally (really a day wrong) &  
 there were hundreds of people thronging  
 the cemetery, where there were all  
 sorts of diversions going on, reputable &  
 disreputable, pious & impious. The  
 affair was on the wane, & a stream  
 of people ~~was~~ was drifting homeward on  
 donkeys, when the grateful variety of two  
 foreigners on donkeys came up to give  
 new interest, & we were at once the  
 centre of hundreds of folks who ran  
 behind & before & were whacked by  
 guards, & scampered & stared &  
 made a dust, squabbled, & squeezed  
 up as close as they could whenever we  
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 Also two large mastabas were  
 untouched recently, though tombs  
 all round them had been opened.  
 From Shekh Ali I walked out a mile  
 that evening to a Roman fort, a block  
 of brickwork in the desert with a  
 square enclosure round it, all  
 strewn with Roman pottery & brick.  
 We left the tents there next morning  
 & went on to Kelfatieh, a village  
 built over a prehistoric cemetery, where  
 the Arabs used to dig out tombs under  
 their houses & fill them up again.  
 The villagers had been very unruly &  
 defied the conscription, so last year  
 the Government cleared them all out &  
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(107)  
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 Thence we struck across the desert to  
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 two miles, much of it yet unopened.  
 Just behind How is a great brick  
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 filled with Roman houses very well  
 built, probably used as a military station.  
 Lying outside the walls were much Ro.  
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back in the desert behind Nahiet el Waqf. So we set off to it, I walking & hurrying up our donkeys, & H. doing the latter part of it also on foot at a hard 4 miles an hour. Happily we had a fair west wind to cool us, so the desert was bearable all day. We found that it was a road running up the bay in the mountains over to the Thebaid. At the corner of the spur of the hills was a camping ground thickly covered with Roman pottery. Thence we struck across a wide bay of desert to the spur opposite Marashdeh, looked over a part of that fruitlessly, & then down to the cultivation to stay at our former camping ground at Marashdeh. Next morning we went back to the place we left the night before, & continued to examine the spur. There were great tales of a splendid tomb like those of Thebes with inscriptions, & as yet unworked; but our informant was shy of going to shew us. We found a long zigzag path carefully made up the long slope of chips & debris, & this led us to a hermits cave

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 which had been a nucleus of a lot of dwellings of the IV-V<sup>th</sup> cent. A.D. many hundred Roman red bricks lay around it. In the cave were red painted inscriptions  $\Phi$  IAHMWN &c; & outside it a sort of little level terrace had been cut, & on the side of that were many scratched names. This was no doubt the "tomb" of which we had heard such reports. After searching all the vallies of this spur fruitlessly we then left it & struck straight for Dendera where we got in an hour after sunset. At much work had been done in the feasting time, but they had five or six new names for mastabas  
 Nehhta, Zau, Nestha Mary Beba  
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 Adu-Uhaa Sen nez su urua Snefer ta na  
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 & a considerable lot of inscribed stones.  
 Next day a fine little group of man & wife seated was found. It is a foot high. The man's head gone, but the woman quite perfect. Of fine careful work, XI dyn.

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Inscribed on the sides in ink, for Mentu hotep  
 born of Behta [𓆎] & Mesut born of  
 Hapy. It is I think the finest work  
 that I have ever seen in this class  
 of statuettes. But for the name  
 Mentu hotep & the ink writing I should  
 have put it to V<sup>th</sup> dyn. But the  
 hieroglyphs are however more like  
 XII<sup>th</sup>.

There are also of XII dyn two mourners  
 of pottery, circular pots made on  
 the wheel, open below, & pinched  
 up into human form above.



My present estimate is about 160 cases,  
 mainly of stone work.

I forgot to say that we found great  
 quantities of worked flint along the foot  
 of the hills, where they were fifty times as  
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(111)  
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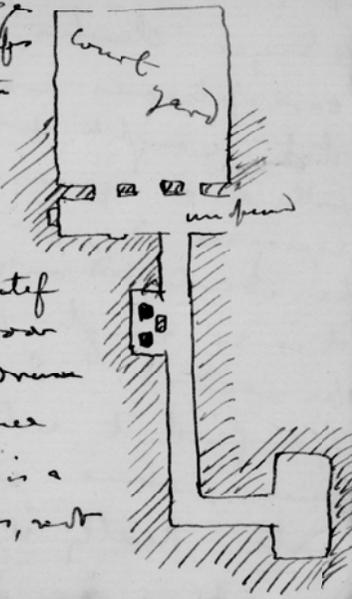
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26 Feb - 5 March /98

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Several more mastabas with names have been found, and every day several more inscribed stones are brought in. The strangest tomb is one of a new type. It has a large open court yard, perhaps about 100 x 70 ft. At the end of that are three openings into a corridor cut in the hard gravel. In this corridor two tablets were found, of an Antef & Antefaqer. Over the door of a long passage was a drum lintel of a [  ] prince Beba. Along the passage is a chamber with two wells, not



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Two neat tablets of the XXVI<sup>th</sup> dynasty were found, one of a man Pedu-hor-sam-taui, the other of Horsiaast.

A feature of the early inscriptions here is the inventory nature of them. One record that a man had 300 sycamore trees from which a thousand logs might be cut. And many record the boats, people & cattle of the owner.

Sayce thinks much of the long sarcophagus inscription, & considers that we ought to have a hand copy as well as a squeeze. Certainly the squeezes do not shew as much as can be identified on the stone, & much of it is so rough that every help will be needed. So I began hand copying, but find it will take a preposterous time, some weeks at the present rate. Really it ought to be worked up

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We have had two spells of a few  
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Two mornings I spent on making a  
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[Pages 115 to 122 are by Hilda Petrie.]

Feb 26. (Posted Feb 27<sup>th</sup> and leaving Kench 28<sup>th</sup>) 3

F. and I and Ali have just returned from a most delightful 5 days' riding tour, in and out of this wide strip of desert, sometimes along the cultivation and oftener up under the cliffs of the high Gebel, — a 70-miles or so of exploration extending to How.

We intended starting on the 20<sup>th</sup> and over-night we had two tents, and our blankets, and night-things, sack of tins of meat and jam, and sundries; and we were ready at sunrise next morning to start, but the donkeys never turned up till 10–11, and were then found inefficient for rough fast riding. Meanwhile F and I had started on, and we tramped some miles along the edge of the cultivation, enjoying the scenery and picking up flint implements, and expecting to be overtaken by our beasts and baggage. A messenger overtook us at a near point with information that we could have 2 donkeys and a camel, but the creatures were not forthcoming, and after sitting an hour or two on a high mound, eyeing the desert-track for them, and watching the peaky sails along the Nile, and resting, we were starved into a return, and got home by 2, after a delightful 10 miles of exploration of the desert, to make secure arrangements for an early start next day.

We got off early, quite successfully, and our appearance was most impressive. We had 3 good white donkeys with great red leather embroidered saddles, who trotted well, and even broke into long cantering: one day they carried us 20 miles, and as all the ground is full of dips and rises and covered with large stones, <it is> difficult riding. Then a huge brown

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116  
 camel stalked behind us with a huge bolster on each side of him, namely our rolls of 4 large blankets each, containing our night-things and water-bottles, and roped round, each, with a green grass mat; then the 2 sacks of food piled above, and the two tents roped up, and hanging from one side a tin lantern with coloured glass let into it (inside this, we kept a tin of condensed milk, looking like a relic in a reliquary, by day, and my hairpins by night - it was our safest repository!) and hanging on the other side of the camel (making him look somewhat like a Kens<sup>n</sup> vestry dust-cart!) was a tin pail, full of saucapans. 2 Arabs in short blue garments and white turbans, bare-legged, ran behind in the procession - donkey-man, and camel-driver.

F. and I were dressed alike in white baggy native garments, (I rode astride) and ~~g~~oats over flannel shirts, he in cap, and I in felt hat with puggery. Ali had on a long tight aesthetic greeny-blue cassock with a pink striped vest, a brown skull-cap, and huge yellow slippers. He is a splendid young fellow - a host in himself: he manages everything quietly and thoroughly, is master of every sort of work; he cooked and carried for us, contrived all neatly, got information from every-one in each village, showed infinite tact in everything, and hunted indefatigably for flints whenever we were feeding or resting. The donkeys flew, at the sound of his voice! He is very observant over sites, and often scoured off across the plain sideways to see if mounds were Roman or what.

These details may enable you to picture the expedition:

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These details may enable you to picture the expedition:

117  
 F. seems to be giving our route and the results of our search too fully for me to add more.

The first day, cool and pleasant, we had a delightful ride along the middle of the desert, to Marashdeh, 12 m. We had walked along much of its cultivation-edge, and meant to ride home under the hill-range, so all the ground got covered. The village looked like a medioeval fortified one almost, in the distance, as it is chiefly composed of great square pigeon-towers, whose pots along the top make them look battlemented.

We encamped on a raised dike by a dry canal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile short of the cluster of towers, under a row of huge tamarisk trees, 40 ft high, with thick red trunks, and long boughs; it was a public road, and many folks, and donkeys & camels, passed. Our own lay down round us, patriarchally by our tent doors but were driven into the village for night. Opposite us was a deserted looking farm building chiefly consisting in a saggieh, near which we must pitch, for our drinking water. It is always a picturesque sight - the couple of oxen driven round by a small brown boy perched in a green basket, upon the great rough wooden saggieh-wheel, which interlocks, as in a cog-wheel, and there is another at right angles, so that one sees a great number of long round pots circulating, and splashing their water from a deep well below into a shallow trough on the surface, whence it runs by a narrow channel, and waters the cultivation all around: they are generally on the edge of the desert, and one always gets one's water from a saggieh. The shadoof is the other means of raising water: it

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118. is the long pole, heavily weighted by a lump of mud at one end, and worked by a man, who dips his basket and raises it thus about 10 ft, and empties it into the next above: there are generally 3 such <sup>together</sup>, one above another, at intervals along the banks of canals and Nile. The men sing, in the strange Egyptian monotonous crooning dirge, minor, with little twists, which is the only song they have; and the saggieh-wheel creaks in a sad but pleasing manner, and can be heard for miles - it is rather a fascinating sound.

Two draped guards with big old guns saw to our night safety always. We had two capital nights, 21<sup>st</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup> at Marashdeh, quiet and peaceable; but the intervening nights at Shekh-Ali were much disturbed by all the village dogs barking all night, and lakkative guards near us, and a braying donkey. F made sallies at them, but we couldn't get much quiet.

The tenting was great fun: the tents we easily pitched in the sand, always under trees & near water. The tent poles were forgotten, but one donkey went back for them  $\frac{1}{2}$  way & returned before sunset. The tents are full length for lying down in, but ~~much~~ narrower than their length, and by the time the blankets are spread, the field is more than occupied, and ends have to be tucked in! There was a piled-up rim of this, bottles etc. all along our heads, and uncommonly little room for anything! One's clothes have to be tucked into the blanket's feet no hand from outside might steal anything.

Attention it seems customary to perform in the starlight on these occasions, and there is certainly no room within.

We had a nice walk all round Marashdeh, and out across the desert a mile to Roman remains, the 1<sup>st</sup> evening.

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(119) 4  
 After sunset, on our return, we found Ali cooking a pot of lentil soup for us, with a fire of dourra straw on the canal bank under our tamarisks: we ate our meals on our beds, out of the same plate very often. The stores lasted well. We brought 6 tins and some aerated water back, so could have faced another day or two if necessary: but the bread was very brick-y the last two days and had to be soaked in water a little. We always had a tin of meat and peas, and jam, also loaves and oranges, and a water-tin, in a saddle bag, always with us, for our lunch far up in the Gebel, and meanwhile the main baggage made its way majestically along the edge of the country to our camping-village: ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> saddle bag generally came back full of flint implements.

Our first day was mainly along alternate XVIII dyn. and Roman remains: we sighted mounds or lumps, or patches of flint, miles off across the desert, and rode straight for them, and then dismounted, and F. and Ali investigated pits, poked with sticks, and looked for scraps of pottery to indicate the date. Every undulating roll of desert, every rise, was surrounded by splendid scenery; the long pink cliffs on both sides the Nile, slowly unfolded their detail to us, as we rode along day by day. Every wady had its distinctive feature - the dry water channels are lined with tufts of vegetation, spiny and spiky bunches of greenery, very refreshing to the eye, and some of the flowers are so pretty. And there are occasionally great masses of cactus, or castor-oil plant, or a large succulent shrub with bulging seed vessels very tropical looking, and in the cultivations, or in the villages, date-palms,

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We pitched our tent the middle night of the expedition, under a row of nebbeks near a deserted farm building and beside a large patch of sugar-cane. The desert rose above us in this village, and there was the modern cemetery near by. The cemeteries are very interesting: they spread away over desolate desert quite unenclosed - there are numbers of them along the desert edge - (4 within sight of these Denderah tunnels.)

All the tombs are white plaster ones, very dazzling, roughly made and the upright part is bunchy and irregular in shape  Some are very gaily painted with the representation of coloured mats of openwork embroidery, crude red and green, and on the end of the gravestone of the women's graves, rudely depicted mirror, comb, and scissors, very childishly done! Ali says this custom of painting only dates from a year back - The smallest graves are sometimes very bright and quaint. There are generally half a dozen large white scattered domes of shekhs among the ordinary graves - landmarks for miles.

F has described our interesting hunt along New Race graves for fragments to decide the date, at Semaineh and onwards, and how a large part of the great Beiram concourse of people pursued us: several hundred followed us, and the day grew hot, and at last we settled down in a shady nook by the cultivation to look at New Race pots. F bought

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(121)

some, and the stragglers who still remained round us were 90 when I came to count them! New Race and XVIII<sup>th</sup> seem to alternate here for miles, and once we came upon some unopened mastabas, and a good patch of IV<sup>th</sup>. From here, while we lunched and tramped, the donkeys went on to Shekh Ali without us, by mistake, and we had a hot walk after them, and I got a neuralgic headache, but got over it next morning, to start as usual on a long ride of exploration. The sight of Kelfatich, a large village or rather a small town, levelled ruthlessly to within a yard of the ground, was very strange: it was all of brown mud, and the corn-bin towers tilted in all directions looked so curious: the desolation of it reminded one of so many passages in the Prophets. From a rubbish-mound in its midst one quite saw what the gradations of respectability and prosperity in its buildings had been: the handsome architectural quarter of the village looked very different to the tumbled mud-hut quarter. More XVIII<sup>th</sup> and Roman, towards How. We started just after sunrise, and reached How itself by about 10: and here put up for the day under the temple walls in the shade - a hot day. We explored the temple ruins, and F. tramped over some monotonous cemetery and we looked at green cultivation, and How itself on the river, a town with minarets: we went back along the steep tomb-covered edge of the cultivation, and found that Shekh Ali had been at work cutting down the very nebbek tree under

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(122) which our tent was pitched! our tent that night was full of small beetles, and other like creatures: I turned out all that I could find, but F. seemed in such good terms with all the beetles he came across, that I gradually grew more reconciled to them. 50 villagers squatted round our camping-ground while we pitched, and 40 I counted watching us breathlessly when we started on a walk. I suppose we did seem very strange to them: if they took me for a typical English I certainly looked anything but that. Many of course have never seen an Englishwoman before, we were entirely out of the beaten track; and some of the Gebel which we have explored, the hills 10 miles in, have never had Europeans about them, F. says. They seem entirely unknown, and are still unmapped.

24<sup>th</sup>-5<sup>th</sup> Our return journey was far inland, up among them. We rode 8 miles up into them, so as to explore their spurs for tombs of VI<sup>th</sup> dyn. and then got all-day rides across bays from spur to spur, so as to have 10 miles of desert on either side of us; for the undulations of the hills here, in forward spurs and backward bays cover a 10 miles' width of winding.  
 24<sup>th</sup> A tramp up an old desert road to a Roman pottery rubbish heap, and a great bay to cross, riding.  
 25<sup>th</sup> Up to the same point again, and an all-day exploration of all the valleys of the great spur thereabouts, with the result that we found a curious hermit cell of perhaps III century, scooped in a fissure of the limestone, 300 ft. up, with an elaborate zigzag path leading up, much Roman brick outside, & the cell, and outside cliff-face covered with Coptic graffiti. We got home an hour after sunset, at a gallop.

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6-13 March /98

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(123)

The main work of mine this week has been copying the lid of Bebe's coffin. I have done about half of it, with some help from Hilda, but it is a long matter. There are 126 columns in parts or over 100 in other parts, & ~~about~~ about 100 signs in the height or 10,000-12,000 signs on the lid alone. It is all roughly cut, almost unintelligible where it goes over rough surfaces, so that it is no easy matter to tell what was intended in many cases. I must finish copying before I leave, as it will doubtless be kept at Ghizeh, and it is perhaps the longest religious text known of early times. It is divided into chapters with headings; & seems to be Book of the Dead, or such a work.

Nothing very striking has come from the work until a few hours ago, when a large stele was found lying on its back in a pit of a mastaba. It is 5 ft high x 2 ft 2 x 8 ins thick. It has 23 lines of inscription (about 1000 signs) & a scene at the bottom of the man seated with a dog under his chair. It

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(124) begins with the 7<sup>th</sup> A, &c, & seems to be religious all the length of it. There is no date or king's name so far, but three lines are thickly encrusted; the general surface is rather soft & dusty, but quite clear. It will have to stay at Ghizeh, & as it weighs about 11 cwt, it will be as well not to have it to England.

Rosher has arrived here to get hold of matters & details of work, with the view of my letting him work part for Philadelphia. As we have done as much as time & money allows here this season, & to leave the place would only be leaving it to dealers, it will be a saving of information & no loss to the E.E.F. to hand over the whole site to Rosher in a week or two more, for him to go on with until he exhausts it. He has already been working up a general plan of the outlying mounds of the town, temple, &c, with the sextant, to add to my plan of the cemetery.

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We have now settled about <sup>(125)</sup>  
 leaving. Hilda & I expect to leave  
 here at the end of this month (Beb  
 is what sticks mainly in the way), leave  
 Egypt April 5 for Naples. leave  
 Naples Ap 15 for Rome, & be in  
 England about Ap 25. <sup>March</sup>  
 So letters can be directed here till 20<sup>th</sup>  
 from England. To Cairo till 27<sup>th</sup>.  
 To Naples till Ap. 12. To Rome  
 till Ap 20. These dates for posting  
 from England will be pretty safe  
 to catch us.  
 I hope to bring home the copies of  
 Bebs, & shall post all my  
 photographs to Murray to get on  
 with before my return.  
 Sundry other tablets & names  
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<sup>126</sup>  
 this is so common a title here of  
 priestesses of Hathor that I  
 suspect the temple office serves as  
 a superannuation allowance for  
 Court beauties who were past  
 their prime.  
 The railway is now open to Luxor, &  
 there is a tri-weekly night express, leaving  
 Kena at 5; & reaching Cairo by 6¼  
 next morning; a very good run  
 for Egyptian railways.  
 Please forward to  
 Miss Orme, Angmering Rectory, Worthing.  
 F. Ll. Griffith, Riversvale, Ashton u- Lyne.  
 Mrs Pinker 22 Avonmore R<sup>d</sup> Kensington  
 W. Petrie 8 Crescent R<sup>d</sup> Bromley Kent  
 F. C. J. Spurrell, Bessingham, Hanworth  
 Norwich  
 Dr J. H. Walker 55 Fitzroy R<sup>d</sup> Regents Park  
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[Pages 127 to 130 are by Hilda Petrie.]

**Dendera, Kena.  
March 13.**

March 13.

Dendera, Kena.

(127)

Various things of interest keep turning up. Yesterday we were summoned down into a dark hot cavernous hole to see several sandstone sarcophagi, one of them inscribed all along one side: this F. decided must be sawn off, and as none of the saws here could do such a job, a great saw 90 inches long was constructed this morning, whose teeth consisted of large French nails, with even their heads left on, which we found would rake up and down tough sandstone, and make huge grooves satisfactorily: F. invented this saw, one former year. The lid however is full of enormous flints, so there are fresh difficulties to withstand. The side will cut up into 4 nice parcels.

Today came news of a gigantic inscribed stele, down in the pit of a distant mastaba. Men came to fetch tent-poles, and the long wooden cradle, and we left our Bebs-copying, and followed, to see that the lifting was carefully done. Half-a-dozen men were down in a pit holding the stone on end, under Ali's direction, and a dozen above were keeping it in position with ropes. It was let down slowly on to the cradle, and hauled with many Arab shouts & ejaculations up a slope, and all across a mile of desert home, F and I going in front, and flinging stones out of the way to smooth the path and several boys with turyahs making it level also. It came soon into the pathway of Prince Bebs's coffin-lid, and was brought home in

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128  
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Flinders and I spent much of today, at the back of the huts, where all our large false doors are laid, leaning over respective halves of Bebe's sarcophagus-lid, getting on with a facsimile copy of the inscription. For the hot part of the day, we had a blanket spread across two tent-poles.

Today is hottest day we have had, 85° in my hut. The Khamasīn was blowing, a hot wind from the south-~~west~~<sup>east</sup>, with sand blowing along disagreeably, and everything indoors getting covered with sand. It grew fiercer in the afternoon, but fell as the wind changed ~~southward~~<sup>westward</sup>, and this very short spell of it is now over. We have had attempts at it before, once or twice, when columns of sand rose 1000 ft into the air, and it was wonderful to see the sand lifting like smoke! Today the sandiness obscured the desert-cliffs - our mountains were scarcely discernible at all, and we could only see the foot-hills.

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The mastabas to plan are innumerable: I get on with about half-a-dozen daily, but we are always measuring in more.

There are 4 men here now, besides ourselves.

Mr McIvor is at work measuring skulls and bones, and seems to be working out some interesting details of measurement. The skulls stacked outside here are numbered by hundreds now, and there is one whole mummy among them.

We have not had such a spell of Ptolemaic mummies and pottery lately, but are digging mainly at VI<sup>th</sup> - XII<sup>th</sup>.

One mastaba yesterday turned out some nice XVIII<sup>th</sup> dynasty pots of various shapes with slender necks, and a nice round pottery bowl or basin, with pierced work, and a procession of cows round the top - small images at intervals along the rim.

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We daily mend portions of broken stone cornice with tapiroca, to get the inscriptions complete.

And then F. has a photographic morning and gets them arranged in their order and photographed off. A very thin knife, a fine flint implement, was found the other day in the corridor of the great sand-pit mentioned last week, which is a sort of cloister (with several archways of rough cutting, <sup>leading</sup> into a square courtyard,) whence a long passage runs inward with lateral openings: there are several separate burials, but the place is not wholly worked out yet.

A pretty little figure turned up yesterday, 1½ in high, of a woman holding a child seated on her hip. It has a pedestal 2 inches long, on which the figure fits. This is an ivory, and of XII<sup>th</sup> dynasty date.

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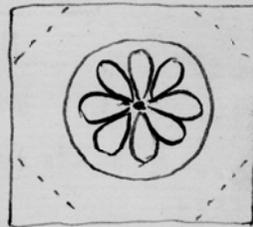
13-20 March /98

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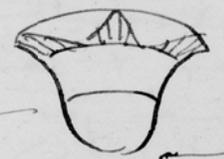
(131)

Just as Hilda & I were sitting down to breakfast news came that the men in the Roman catacomb tunnel had something good. So out we ran & saw an innocent late-Roman jar set up in a corner. The man handed it up to me & I saw that it was full of pieces of coloured glass. So I began shaking them out of the narrow neck, & went on for some time at that. Altogether I took out about 170 patterned pieces & several hundred plain slips & fragments. The patterned pieces are mostly squares, about 1 1/4 inch, of glass with a circle cut through filled up with a rosette.

The rosettes are all made of metal strip with bits of glass let in to the petals & let in between. There is every variety of combination of red, dark blue, pale blue, yellow, & white. Nearly half of the squares have the corners truncated to fill in with a different colour.



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There were 54 squares & 38 octagons.  
 5 squares with plain bosses  of colour  
 5 octagons with plain discs.  
 2 squares with sacred eye in colours.  
 4 " ankh "  
 32 Lotus or papyrus flowers  
 in varied colours   
 16 Squares of coloured stripes.  
 160 plain triangles to fill in patterns   
 32 drop pendant   
 with white glass filling ↑ between them,  
 and a great quantity of plain slips &c.  
 On the backs of these are thick lumps of  
 glue, & much broken up glue  
 scattered with them. While the drop  
 pendants have settings of copper strip  
 1/4 inch deep with solder on the lower  
 edges.  
 The original setting was therefore,  
 some in wooden panels with glue,  
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XII dyn gold work downwards.

(133)

The history of this find seems to have been much like that of the previous finds of glass cylinders & of a small jar with inlay glass. Temple furniture had become spoiled, old, out of date, dirty, & disreputable. It was broken up to take out the metal which could be reused, & all the fragments which were of no further use were stored in a jar, & brought out to the temple catacombs, & there buried in an out of the way end in the dark, as being sacred property. The jar was of the IV<sup>th</sup> cent AD, not before 350 AD I should say. It is curious to find this conscience as to the treatment of formerly sacred property at so late a date.

This is a valuable find, as most of the glass is very brilliant & attractive. I gave the men £10 on it, & should say S. Kens. would give 5 or 10 times that. As

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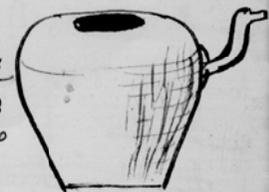
134 I feared that Brugsch would snatch at all the best pieces I catalogued the varieties, & then divided the perfect pieces into two lots containing all the varieties, so that we shall at least have a fair half.

A few days later we found some more stolen temple property, like the seven bronze vases & bowls found before.

In the corridor of the great XI dyn facade tomb described before, i.e. there was buried high up in the sand filling a bronze incense burner



19 ins long



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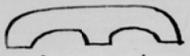
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~~pieces~~, 10 in all.

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 Beba's, Sentnema's, &c which we  
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 unfortunately broken.

I & Hilda go on copying Beba's coffin.  
 I hope to finish in a week more. I  
 get 1000-1200 signs copied per  
 day, often very illegible & hard to  
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[Pages 136 to 139 are by Hilda Petrie.]

Dendera, Kena.  
March 20.

March 20. Dendera, Kena. (136)  
We have had another short spell of Khamaṣīn, ending in a blustering wind yesterday afternoon, and now we have cold north wind, and early mornings are sharp.  
We were out before sun-rise yesty morning to go down to the works and measure up the said XI dyn. gallery of tombs, popularly known as the sandpit. It is intolerable to stay there long when the 4 men are at work in it, they make such a dust, and so we had it all to ourselves, by going at 5.30. We lit a candle, and F measured each passage, and pit, I recording; and then by these measurements, we scored the plan of it on the desert surface above, and marked out the angles with stones, so as to look for a mastaba ~~above~~, or cenotaphs belonging to the burials below. Then we got home to breakfast about 7, and spent the rest of the day at Beb. F. is at the great coffin-lid, and I am at the side piece of the coffin. They lie behind our huts, and for the sunniest part of the day we stretch a blanket over tent poles, and work under it. The mountains on each side of us are lovely to look at, in intervals of the drawing. The range this side looks quite close, its great jutting promontories look about a mile off, though really they are 5 miles away. The others, across the Nile, though they appear so close, are 12 and 20 miles away. A hundred XII<sup>th</sup> dynasty skulls, with their bones, are lying peaceably spread out on the ground beside us, very white and

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Two mornings lately I have devoted to clothes-washing. I bring it round to the back, and work beside the stone-copying, and do them alternately, so as to alternate the back-aches connected with each employment! I had collected all the paraphernalia the other day, and watched over a certain pan of water on the stove with tender solicitude for at least half-an-hour, and was at last just beginning to set to work, when Mohamed the cook-boy rushed down upon me, and snatched my hot water from me, so that I had to begin preparations all over again. It was the rice for the mid-day meal which he was rescuing!

On the weekly holiday, the men (M, Mac I. and D.) generally go off to the river in the afternoon and get a bath. Last Thursday, while we were at our copying, as usual, an excited crowd of Arabs came up from the village, and stood gesticulating, near our huts. We gathered that it had to do with the Khawagas' bathing; and found that it was a deputation imploring that the Khawagas would not swim so recklessly in mid-Nile, or would anyhow not get drowned opposite their village, or they could all get hanged for it! They had threatened

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Another amusing thing was a conversation one of them had with the effendi who strolls lazily about our works and professes to keep watch over all that goes on, but in reality never sees anything that is found. He described how that he was once for a year in England, and the things that he most admired in London were the Mile End road and Poplar station! He had been to a music-hall every evening, and thought them very fine.

The flies tease us dreadfully while we are copying: we have to cover everything with powder, including a handkerchief over one's head, &c. Flinders has taken to a veil in self-defence.

Today is a day of wondrously enormous white clouds. They are not only larger than any clouds at home, but are the desert clouds, in that all their under-surface reflects the yellowish brown of the sand below, so that they look very curious indeed. On cloudy days this is always seen <sup>in every part</sup> except for the strip of sky-cloud which overhangs the cultivation and is a pure white without desert reflection.

The morning before last, at 7 am. something phenomenal happened. It rained for 5 minutes, rain drops very few and far between.

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The railway now runs all the way to Qena, and there are trains three times weekly, so we get our letters more quickly than before. And when we leave, we shall be able to get down to Cairo in 14 hours, independently of lengthy camel or boat-travelling. Train costs 38 P.T., 3<sup>rd</sup>. Cook now offers a 20 P.T. passage, including bread all the way, 1 lb of meat, and 13 cigarettes! But people persist in taking to the train.

Please forward to

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 Miss Orme Angmering Rectory, near Worthing.  
 F. L. Griffith Esq. Riversvale, Ashton-u-Lyne.  
 Mrs Hope-Pinker, 22 Avonmore Road, Kensington.  
 W. Petrie Esq. 8 Crescent Road, Bromley, Kent.  
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