



Karnak or Thebes. July 24  
/84

My dearest Anna

My last letter to you  
was mailed at Abydos as we rode  
through it on our way to visit the rock  
tombs in the Lybian range of mountains  
& before we set out on our way again  
I had the pleasure of receiving one from  
you written the day before yours. Since that  
time I mailed a scrap to Florence there  
being a report of a chance boat on the  
down voyage but it is difficult to get  
correct information about mails & I write  
now in the hope of another opportunity to  
marrow. We have called at three other  
places since being at Abydos & seen many

Many more of the Temples & Tombs of  
Ancient Egypt. We stop here for three  
days two of wh. are just. On Sunday  
we went to see Thebes in a violent  
wind-storm giving us a very good  
experience of a sand & dust storm. The  
road was the worst we have ever  
travelled - rough & full of holes. There  
are piles of rubbish with pits & steep  
slopes, broken pottery & sharp stones, besides  
my saddle being too large for the donkey  
continued to slip to one side so there  
it was hard work to stick on - altogether  
it was one of the most trying days we  
have had but we were somewhat  
repaid by the magnificent ruins of  
the Temple. It strikingly formed quite a  
contrast - it was calm & altho' it continued  
to be quite calm - my eyes were warm & de-  
lightful

During the day. The whole party got  
into a boat at 1/2 p 8 A.M. to cross to the west  
Jalis side where donkeys as usual awaited  
us for the land part of our journey. The  
noise & gesticulation on our landing was  
even more clamorous than on previous  
occasions it must be seen to be under-  
stood but in addition to the indispensable  
donkey boy (by no means a boy in our sense  
of the word) a water girl accompanied  
each traveller. With a host of Camp-  
followers pushing us with a variety of  
antiques. But let me tell you of my  
little Fatimah - a child of about seven  
clothed in a platitude of ragged drapery  
with highly coloured head coverings  
exquisite white teeth & having a grace-  
fully shaped greenish jar upon her  
head. She introduces herself - I Fatimah  
you good lady. I Fatimah - pointing

emphatically to herself. I told her I did not need water & if she wd go home I wd give her a quarter. Why fore no want of water. It line for you. You want water - it hot" & here she left holding her jar & went prettily through the pantomime of pouring water on her hands & washing them. Why fore no want of you plenty much money. It line fore you. She repeated all this over & over as fast as it cd be spoken, there was no hope of getting quit of her. So with doukey by her side & little It as the other as we battered over the hard & often sharp stones of one of the most desolate valleys enclosed by the barest most savage looking mountains of the Afghan range. We visited five of the principal tombs & then lunched under the shadow of a great rock in a weedy land. Our photographer taking a picture of us including three of our graceful water carriers.

one of whom was named Genoa  
or another Miriam. That day Papa  
had his own private dragoman & was  
relaxing but he turned up at lunch  
& afterwards we climbed to the top of  
one of these steep mountains & had a  
magnificent view of part of the range  
& a long stretch of the bright green valley  
of the Nile. Descending on the opposite  
side we found our donkeys waiting  
& the rest they approached was most ac-  
ceptable as I had a good one & am now  
becoming an accomplished rider. Indeed  
I am in love with this delightful  
mode of transit they jog along so patiently  
& give an excellent opportunity of seeing  
around one. A few miles brought us  
again to the boat & wrapping ourselves  
in our cloaks we enjoyed the sail  
across

reaching the steamer a little before  
dinner. Today we have crossed  
or gone over part of the same desert  
to see two more of the ruins & Temples  
& again lunched on that side but  
valley amidst the most picturesque  
Confusion of fallen pillars. The Artist  
of our party & I passed two of the water  
girls & made a sketch. Mr. Thiersch of  
the two or 2. of one but as neither are  
finished I cannot say with what  
success altho this gentleman is really to  
good an Artist that there is little of  
but his work prove to be beautiful.  
Near this place there was a little village  
of native houses & as I was very desirous  
to have a peep into one paper took  
me to the hakers. Three acres of Clay pas-  
sels than those we see on the St. Lawrence  
stood on the plateau of rock on which

on which the house stood. A wall  
sun-dried bricks, was just like mud,  
enclosed a very small Court in which  
stood another oven. In the inner side  
of the wall itself were a number of  
niches in one sat a hen upon eggs  
in another was a kind of ladder & so  
forth. From this a low door which  
gave into a large room with no light  
but what it had admitted  
from the door. The air here was  
stopping & stinking. but the sleeping  
room was still a farther apartment  
with a mere hole to creep into it -  
The good woman seemed proud to  
show me her house & pointed to me  
to proceed but I had had enough &  
crept into several touches but none  
were so utterly abominable as that  
looked so I quickly escaped into the

is again. Her too busy to write more.  
Friday 24<sup>th</sup> Have just returned from a charming  
morning ride - a second visit to the fine ruins  
of Thebes - our boat starts in a few minutes  
& I went to mail this at Luxor where we  
have been for the past few days. Papa has  
accumulated here no end of specimens of rocks  
& pieces of antiquities to show the kinds of stone of  
wh. they have been made. Even I see is still  
on the bank chaffing with one of the hundreds  
vendors for a little monkey-headed divinity. The  
prices asked for these things are amazing -  
- a hundred dollars for a four-inch-high alaba-  
stine 1/2 for a Carnelian Scarabaeus 4/ for a single  
Carnelian bead. There is a good Cooks hotel  
at Luxor & some English people staying there  
hope to get passages down or on our return from  
Assuan. We are all very looking up on the  
no interests. My excuse is unintelligible  
parts I dare not even glance over which  
I have written. The story of Sateinak is for the  
children your loving Mother