

It is hard to keep one's seat, as the creature is so small - the saddle
so large! & the motion, tho' very easy, tends at first rather to one
side - I quite longed to follow the fashion of the country, & ride
astride, it seemed so much easier for the beast as well as my-
self; for I could not help riding as on horseback, & throwing my
weight on the stirrup - Mother was affectionately held on by
her donkey man, one hand holding her behind, & so was this,
her man being a expert looking Arab, dark & sharp featured, tall,
& wonderfully well made about the throat & shoulders. Dr. Page
man had his little boy, who constituted himself especial bodyguard,
especially after Dr. Page had given him a coin worth about 6 pence.
He ^{was} straight & beautifully made, a little Cupid in French bronze, ^{quite naked,}
for that was exactly his colour, when seen from behind, but so
well made in front; but it was very funny to see him trot &
run along, & chamber over rocks. Some of the men were very lightly
clad too, but this dark skin takes the place of clothing; & this skin
is, or brown or black, sometimes a sort of shawl like mantle added,
(like ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~crane~~ ^{crane} gentleman's shawl in narrow stripes or checks) in
noon so peacefully, & so out of the handsome arms sleep, they are
a succession of pictures! And they all ran along talking & laughing &
"whick" & the donkeys, or clucking, that one was perpetually laughing at
the funny poses & queer mixtures of us in our stiff dresses & their gay,
wild, graceful, grotesque people - My saddle turned twice, but the
delay was the only inconvenience, as one had only to put one's feet down
to be on the ground - After crossing the plain ^{dry} sand & ^{very} mixed, ^{very}
of which the crops seemed recently taken, we reached & began to

Gizah, Dec. 31. '60

My Dear Luc,

I sent a prodigious long letter, beheld of
journal, from Timbuk last Sunday, & hope it reached
you safely, for I should be vexed to have it lost, after
all the trouble taken to write it, & its coming so much
& so interesting a part of our travels. And yet as soon
as it was done, I could but remember how many things
I had forgotten to put in! - But there would be no
end of writing, if I tried to put in all that was inter-
esting & new. I must skip some things.

We had a very fresh wind again Saturday night,
indeed almost too fresh. The boat rolls & tosses too
much like the sea. It is very nice to get on, & we made
a fine run of 20 miles in 24 hours; but for pleasure,
the lighter wind & slower sailing both mother & I prefer,
& except for feeling the hard labour to the men, the track-
ing is very nice. One can get on shore then too, for a walk
at times, which is very important to mother. But when
there is a good wind, of course no time must be lost, & we
do not stop, except to let the Andine draw up for the fatter
men to get on for breakfast or dinner, & sometimes to wait
for her to catch up, as being the larger boat we sail much
faster. We have proposed all sorts of names for her, as they

do not like her, Olivia suggest she should be called "the
drawback"! - Someone else suggests "Duck," as the Howlands
~~there~~ is the "Heron," or we are the "His" - "Jove" might be
equivocal. - The rain grounded Saturday night, & shot
with the rapid current & strong wind, & the constantly
changing sand banks in the river bed - But this bump
& pate are no unusual things in a Nile voyage, &
our boat being a large ^{one}, & rather heavily laden, we have our
full share - Sometimes the men can get her off with
poling; but when too tight, they step & go overboard &
lift her bodily through the sand, with such a splashing
sight in tone, is so sad to hear. Poor fellows! They were
in the water an hour, then came on board & got washed,
& then over again; it was two or three hours before we
were afloat again - The pt in & finish about sunset,
another, Olivia & Dr. Gray went on shore for a walk as
soon as dressed, & only walking up & down the shore
above the bank, were soon joined by the Schuylers. Dr. Gray
& Mr. Amory went up with Sapinjo into the house to
post the letters, & make some little purchases of dates, &c. &c. -
They were soon back again, & we were off - We omitted the
cannon in our morning service, as we were out of the off.
To see the tombs of Beni Hassan; they are ^{nearly} as old as the pyra-
mids, & very interesting from the picture of manners & custom
of those times, & Charles said would be more interesting
before we had seen as many tombs as we should have seen

before we returned - So just after lunch, we drew up to
the high bank, in which above ^{on the face of the hills & look} we saw these square like
pyramidal ^{from the boat,} & then the place, could see that there was a porch &
columns, & a door - The Howlands were there, before us, for
when we took the Mudiue in tow we could not sail
fast - Jan. 1st. 69 -
A most happy New Year to you all! It does not seem
New Year at all in this warm air, like early June, so
that New Year wishes seem strange out of place. And
yet they give me a sort of comic feeling, & such a
longing to see you & give my greetings in person! And I
in long to get news of you again! Our last home news
was Nov. 15th - We must wait until we get to Thess-
But to go back to something far away from New England
ideas of New Year, & see how we fit from the mud bank
where our boat was drawn up, to the mountain side, in which
were the tombs of Beni Hassan - As soon as boats were seen
to be landing, donkeys & their drivers came rushing down, first
one, then two or three, then more & more, all the men clearing
their shouting, & such a din - Even when all mounted & started,
up comes a little beast, his long-legged rider dashing off flapping
him along, his brown garments flying, & the little boy running behind
he must have seen we were all provided, but there might be a
chance! Sapinjo vociferated & articulated, & presently the
saddles began to bring up the side saddles stowed on the top of the
& the ladies were mounted, the gentlemen had only cloths strapped
on the donkey's backs - I should have seen the whole procession!

an instinct to be picturesque. The sail was lovely to look at. The sun setting golden in front of us, the moon silver, those rocky hills pink, then cold grey, then pink again in the after-glow - The moon-light as something more bright & beautiful than I ever saw before, one sees colours in it! I looked out in the night, & the distant hills were yellow, the sky blue, & from the horizon behind the rocks came a strange, yellow light! - We found the Weron at Siot, but she meant to take advantage of the fine wind & be off again at once; she must stop at Jajek, the next largest town to bake bread, & so must we. But some wished to post letters & Sapieja to get some supplies. So as soon as we appeared, donkey-boys & dandies had flocked to the shore, & while we must wait for the Weron to come up, Dr. Fay, mother & Mr. Among took donkey boys with Sapieja to the town, some 1/2 mile inland. Meantime the Schuylers & Elvira went off to call on the Wrolands' boat; another one we had been in company with all day, Mr. & Mrs. Parsons & Mr. sister from Troy, N.Y. arrived & we found already at the bank, Mr. Booth & family, who left Cairo some three or four days before us - Presently Jajek came back with Mr. Parsons, & wife & sister followed, & Mr. Booth soon came to thank our gentlemen for bringing letters, & you may imagine our little cabin crowded, especially as the dinner table was set! Meantime the Wrolands had

2
shipped the sand & debris, rocks. Then we came upon bare rock one saw often, square holes, mummy pits, all empty now. At length the rocks were more perpendicular, & in the face were cut square holes, small doorways leading into square compartments, generally quite bare, though in one was a ^{niche} over it the old Egyptian emblem of life, & each side the Phao emblem, showing it was used as a chapel by early Christians, who combined the sacred emblem of both religions. ††† Little holes cut in the stone seemed like for hanging up lamps. In corners were deep, deep square holes, all cut in the solid rock, recessed some 6 feet or more down, for the receptacle of the mummy - Presently some of the chambers had paintings on the wall. Farther on the porches became more architectural, presently came regular porticoes supported on columns, one had four doors, one the capitals papyrus buds - The inner walls were covered with paintings; at first you barely saw some outlines, looking longer & closer things began to shape themselves, & then it was wonderfully interesting to trace the figures & subjects - Around the top of the chamber was a sort of ornamental border, in pink & blue, where the colours were quite ^{blue & red, yellow & white} bright; then came rows & rows of figures, line of women playing at ball in all sorts of attitudes, men wrestling, then traders, blowing glass, making pottery &c., hunting, fowling, taking birds in nets, a funeral procession, visitors coming

with gifts tribute paid to the great king, whose grandeur & dignity were marked by making him of gigantic size, than feet of hieroglyphics! One could have stayed hours finding all the time new things - The tombs are all hollowed from the solid rock, & the dust & sand have filled them up so far, that the true & really fine proportions are lost. And please remember all these pictures & scenes were painted, these tombs hollowed & sealed, before Abraham went into Egypt! It seemed quite impossible to realize - And there was something to me mysterious & pathetic in these wonderful & elaborate tombs, these immense pits where the body seemed so securely hid, [for the pit for the body was always deeper below the ornamented chamber] & the hundreds & thousands all along this great valley! What was the idea that prompted it? Reverence for the body? An idea of its resurrection? Security? And then so long ago these carefully preserved remains pushed up & buried for fuel, or recklessly destroyed. - I cannot help always going back to the individual. - These famous tombs at Beni Hassan were for some great king, & well preserved, but all the mountain-sides down this great valley, miles & miles, are full of tombs. - One might well call it the great valley of the dead! - The found Mr. & Mrs. Howland, at the tombs & all came down together, & getting on our boats we were under sail again - Monday we had a fine sail, the mountains coming close down making the river boundary on

the east, the wind still fresh - Tuesday was a beautiful day, soft & clear, the wind still fresh & requiring careful steering when we came close under the cliffs, dark spots in them marking the entrance to tombs - In the afternoon came a sudden bend at right angles, our boat was near the middle of the river, a great sand bar ran out making a point, & rounding it was a ticklish matter - Our men stripped off their white drawers & baded off to try & tow us round, for the wind was light & wrong direction - Just as we were close on the shallow, three queer, dark figures wading through the water in the distance, singing their pulling song, came an unlucky flaw of wind & bump, great! We were appalled! The sail scolded, the steersman screamed, the crew left ^{board} in a jibbered, those in the water cried & jostled, & came back to lift ^{the boat} us on their shoulders, with their mighty, crying sighs, & after a deal of labour, we were afloat again, & then such a scolding & roasting & jostling all round! They really seemed near a fight, but the drofoman interfered, & peace was restored - The rowers put on their blue frocks & hung their drawers up to dry, & when they set on their turbans, began to look our handsome, picturesque Arabs again, for stripped & their shaven heads, their beauty was wonderfully departed - They have superb legs & feet & handsome arms, but otherwise not so well made - But this loose blue frock & those white turbans are wonderfully becoming, & it seems

walls were square holes with thin open lattices, making a nice
ventilation - The ceiling was high, & the floor rather colored - I have
been particular in the description, for I don't think I am likely to
get into another Egyptian private house - Well, we seated our-
selves in solemn rows on the divan, Mr. Amory, Charles, Maria, Mrs.
Schuyler, Mrs. Howland, mother, myself, turning the corner Dr. Gray, Mr.
H. & George - The Consul & Dragoman attendant sat on the opposite
chairs. He smiled handsomely, & ^{servant} ~~an attendant~~ in full Turkish dress, &
brought three bouquets of roses & large leaved myrtle from the table &
presented them, the Consul apologizing that he had not expected
so many, & so those were not new. Then the servant brought a basin
with little cups of strong coffee, one to each - Then came long pipes,
for the gentlemen, little brass plates set on the floor for them to rest in.
He enquired that was all, but the Consul went out once or twice, &
presently two more bouquets of roses were brought, meantime we said
polite things thro' the dragoman, & enquired after his family - Then
came a tray with a small glass of each of a sort of spiced wine, &
sweet cakes covered with sugar, white towels were laid in our laps
& we must each taste, there was no refusing - I finished too, for I had
left a little in my glass & the man refused to come until I had drunk
all! He was puzzled what to do with ^{all} our cakes, some wrapped them in
their napkins, some few eat them, & some others managed to get a
piece into our pockets, for they were more than we could possibly eat!
Then we got up to go, & say farewell, when in came a little fat old Jew
old, in a purple silk dress brocaded with gold, huge, red & black drawers hiding

off, when the riders returned he sailed too - They were too
late to do anything, market was shut, & all business over -
We had a pleasanter sail next day for we went more
freely, though mother felt miserably, & ^{near} sunk in downy
beneath a high bank to wait for the Madoni, having
had a most winding course through the day - I desired
for a walk seized an oar, & such a time getting ashore. We
climbed along the outside the boat, crossed the row boat held
by the sailors, a chair was put for a step, & the sailors helped
hant us up the high mud bank. One of the crew with a long
staff, always accompanied our walks on shore. The street inland
for a village we saw, Dr. Gray & the ladies, & winding round the
mud walls, & by some bricks freshly made & left to dry in the sun,
& a man in a corner spinning brown wool ^{with} a distaff, we
made our way into the village among some men, one of whom,
squatting on a large stone, & had in front of him baskets of some
grains, a few dates, &c. Dr. Gray stopped to get something that
the old man had to sell, & we were soon surrounded
by a crowd of faces peeping over at us, & ties on ties, one old
man took a fold of Amos's bright purple dress between his
fingers & ran quickly, & exanamine. The gesture of the old man & day
Dr. Gray had paid us was worth seeing, but the crowd was rather
disagreeable, so we took our way along the street a little inside the
town, & were followed by, I should think, a hundred. One man better
dressed, seemed to constitute himself a sort of escort to keep off the crowd

When we turned outside the wall, only the boys, some 3 or 4, accompanied us. And as we struck off for the river, one with great ear-
phones, told us George with his gun was gone in the other direction.
Dr. Gray said they took him for some great Pachas going his horse
a walk! You must know our boat is called "the horse" - he sailed
again & got becalmed in the night, only a light breeze in the morn.
So we did not get into Sirgh until just as we finished lunch. The
Howlands were in at 4 P.M., & their crew already at work over their
bread - He must also stop for our crew to make bread. Mr. How-
land came on, as we drew up at his side, & lay the American Con-
sul, a Capt living at Sirgh, had been to see him, & was coming again
to take them a walk thru' the town, & to his house - Could we go
too? Mother & I thought we would only walk through the town &
come back when we got to the house, as we thought we were too large
a party to come all down in the Consul - Some got our hats,
& presently they said he had arrived at the Howlands' boat,
where he was entertained with pipe & coffee, & we went out &
were introduced all round on the bank. Then we got off, quite
a procession, headed by the Consul & his attendant, (Dr. Gray
that is, his son) & his servant, & the Howlands' Wagonman, Halji Nair.
The streets were narrow & the shops crowded, & we were wonderfully
startled at such a lot of us, 10 Yankees! - The town was like most
other Egyptian towns, the houses mud, & yet often two stories, with
close lattice windows, the better ones of unburnt brick - Some had
knobknobs of iron on the door, & yet the rude wooden bolt. And some

streets only dwelling houses - No windows on the ground floor.
The Consul's house had the American arms over the door, &
"American Consulate" in English - And suddenly we found
ourselves there, a must all go in - We went through a
passage, past a sort of reception room on the ground floor
opening from an open courtyard, up stairs, & came into a
good sized room. The floor was covered with straw matting,
& a divan ran along two sides, one the front side, where were
three long windows, close lattice, I suppose, but they were
covered with muslin curtains, white muslin printed with
purple spots, & a little scalloped valance at the top, opposite
was the door, & two windows, looking into the courtyard, &
similarly curtained. Along that side of the room was a row
of much bottomed chairs (quite pretty such, as we have in our boat),
just as close as they could stand, just in the corner of the divan,
was a little window in a recess, $\frac{1}{2}$ a foot wide & two feet high, one
of the beautifully carved ^{wooden} lattice works for each, opening like a door,
from which one could take wide peeps into the street. One side
the divan, & behind & above its little recesses with little carved
cornices round them, [see] just such as you see in Lane's pictures;
one larger quite a cupboard, the others only a little shelf. They
were cold red & green. The opposite side the room, the same
recesses, a tall clock, regular old fashioned, but not fine, a picture
with glass candle-sticks with drops & shades, two tables rather pushed
one side, & covered with calico, one floored - Round the top of the

the gentlemen, it would be pleasanter to be together. Some of the ladies & Tom Arny accompanied Sepucinga into the town to post the letter & did some shopping, buying Turkish coffee-cups in the bazaar. The P.D. they said, was a common round hut, no one there, so they went to the Consul, & gave them him with especial charges. He had been to Mrs. Howland in the morn'g. for all our names - So perhaps we shall appear as some most distinguished party, to General & a Professor. He had a lovely sail & Heligra, & a walk on shore, seeing a habba & a phadof, & a plantation of young palms before the party returned, very much delighted with their excursion. The temple has been recently excavated, so the carvings on the walls are beautifully fresh, & Charles found a tablet he had heard of, with a list of Egyptian names & arches, which is supposed to throw some light on their succession. We sailed at night with some stopping. Generally find ourselves pulled up to the bank in the morn'g, for the wind generally dies away at sun-down & at 3 or 4 at night. So those who are energetic, get on shore for a walk before breakfast; & another, you may be sure, is not. Sunday we were tracking, so the Howlands came on for service, & we had one of Mr. Church's sermons again. We got a little sail in the Aft, but pulled up again at sun-down & got a walk. This part of the Nile valley is much richer than about Cairo, I suppose it is the nature of the crops. And it is wonderful how the patient labor with which the water is raised, three shadoofs one above another & get it up from the river, & the land is laid out in little squares, ridges

perfect, & mapped in a blk. lace rail covered with felt-shingles, & fringed with them. She opened her veil & showed a pretty white face, with black eyes, large ear-rings of gold coin. She came to each lady, kissed her hand & then touched her forehead with it. I am sorry she did not come earlier to see more of us. She was the Consul's daughter. Three blacks had been looking in at the door, the very blackest skins I ever saw or imagined, & one in a blue robe, red slippers & long staff preceded us. The Consul went too & showed us near by a Copt church, very curious & interesting. quaint & curious pictures after the conventional style of the Greek church, where you know the Madonna child & all sacred subjects are painted according to an exact rule. St. George is the patron St. of Greece (which means George), & there were plenty of pictures of St. George & the dragon. After all it did not look much like a church, for it was divided into three parts by carved wooden screens, one set reaching quite to the roof, with doors in them, & closed fairly, & there was a curious contrast between the delicacy & beauty of some of these geometrical carvings, & the rudeness of the carpenter work. The attendant priest was like any other Arab, only a black turban. The Consul left us here, but one of his blacks in bright red slippers, blue gown & red fez, preceded us outside the town back to our boat. The Nile in many places, washes away its mud banks, which fall down, carrying with them into the water, houses built on the banks. And the course of the river changes a good deal. Greece has been a good deal

washed away, & the party stopped. There a mosque half in ruins -
It was a climb up, so I did not try, but could see the slender stone
pillars, some evidently appropriated from earlier ruins, & the carved
wooden pulpit & staircase, from where I stood - The minaret was
peculiar but graceful, & it seemed a pity when a little masonry
would restore & preserve, none should do anything - But this
not the habit of the land - Everything goes to ruin as time decays it.
Best time, thanks to the absence of snow & rain & frost, looks very
much more slowly than with us, & so the wonderful preservation
of all these old monuments - When we got back from the boats,
the Howlands looked very gay & pretty, for they had asked us all
to tea on New Year's Eve, & the Consul was asked to come too. So their
own servant, an Italian, & their dogman had dressed the upper deck
with palm branches, many little lanterns all round & oranges between,
which let me tell you is a very pretty ornament. Some more American
Cann flags too - I was too tired after our walk to go over in the Cog, & Father
fell off too, but the rest went, except Tom Amory, & came back reporting
a most amusing time - It looked very gay & pretty when lighted & a
candle lantern at the top of each of the yards, & some rockets & a Bengal light
were sent off on shore - The Consul came, his attendant, & the chief
of the Coptic priests with another, & presently down came the Turkish
governor & suite - Told the dogman he should have let him
know the party were there - The dogman answered, "He should
have found out such a distinguished party were at
Girgeh!" And altogether scolded him, they say - The Howlands

had covered the deck & cabin with gay blankets, tea & coffee &
snackmeats & fancy cakes were served, and pipes - And they
said the fleecy of the flock at the rocks was most amusing -
The gentlemen, (except Tom Amory,) & mother were to be off very
early next morn'g. & make an excursion inland to see the old
temple of Abydos, so they did not wait here the old year out -
The new year in - Next morn'g. they had breakfast about 8 o'clock
& I peeped from our window to see the setting off - They were drawn
started at 8 1/2, but though the groom's servant was strutting on the
bank, arrayed in the fullest of white Turkish drawers red jacket, pash,
& fez, & pistols & a ghazal long & galashan stuck in his belt, & the Consul
man, who was to be guide, was there on horseback, with gun &
pistols & galashan also, the donkeys did not appear - But after a
while, scampering & trotting they came, the Consul with them, &
at length they started, ^{at 9 1/2} Gen. Howland, Dr. Gray, Charles, George & mother, the
guide on horseback, the two men on foot with guns, Akbar, Gen. W. Amory,
& Angelo to wait on our party, the saddle bag with lunch across his donkey,
each donkey has a donkey boy, & some of them carried potskins with water,
held up the whole way - A potskin is the water jar of former days which
is used everywhere, something like the Mealeys one, but not so graceful
in shape - Abydos was about 4 hours ride from Girgeh. We were to wait
until the bread was baked, & then to set off & sail to Baharie, which
was only two hours ride from Abydos - So we ladies left Mr. A. breakfasted
together, then after a little walk on shore we went for Mrs. Howland, who
was to pass the day & sail with us, for if any delay came about our reading

than half an hour, over stubble & ridged fields at first, then on the country road; meeting occasionally some travellers, or laden donkeys, some in a whole & camel. The Egyptians are decidedly a locomotive people, I should say; for these high roads, some leave me almost all the time from the boat, the ridge running along each side the river bank, & the figures standing out finely against the sky, scarcely without passengers. It requires a good deal of imagination to make it the 5th. of January, for the sun is hot, & the palms in the distance (by the way we have got to some palms) & the sugar cane growing, & young wheat green, & sun umbrellas a necessity. — The sites of ancient towns are marked by huge mounds, & the temples and ruins must be dug out; & only partly, so that one loses generally, improving effects from a distance. — The pylon of the great temple at Thebes stood up clear, but it is greatly ruined, another one however, shows well. We saw the mounds as we started, & had them in sight all the way, rude & ugly, we came cantering & trotting & scampering up to the pylon, passed through, & then a long brick passage way, & suddenly came close on the roof of columns into the mutilated heads of the goddesses as capitals, of which you have seen so many photos & engravings. We had to descend by steps into the building, the front of which, half way down, is cleared away. I shall not attempt description, for I could not give you an idea, & am not equal to it. I can only say what impressed me. The height is greater than I expected, & imposing, as well as the

5
separating, a little channel between to carry the water to flood canals in turn. — Monday afternoon we reached Genneh, & rode to the donkeys & up into the town to see the making of joshies for which the place is famous. Such a scene as choosing donkeys always at 12 noon as they see a dahabeah approaching, they rush for the bank, & the only way to get any order, or choice, or power to choose even & ride through, is for Sepinga to lay about a little with his whip. I wondered when I first saw him on shore, what he had in his hand, but soon learned it was a long, flexible, leather whip which he carries coiled up. I don't think he hurts them much, but it drives them back till he has chosen his donkeys & the side-saddles are bristled up & put on. The gentlemen ride on the native saddles, like a high cushion in front. He has a funny group when mounted. Charles rides stately & spare, Tom Amory has a very white look, & making spectacles & sitting his animal as if it pelted him. Floria says, "she never knew what was his true position before." As for George Lord at Jones in Brown, Jones & Robinson, when a rear view is given of them going up a hill, & you have him & perfection! Whether he always chooses the smallest donkey, or any donkey looks always smallest between his long legs, such is the effect. Brother also tries scary, & so Sepinga rides as if riding a very small horse, & Floria being large & I long, we look as if we were on something too small for us. The motion is very easy, at first, but yet nagging after awhile. Partly, I think with myself, that I feel the righted much on the left, so fearing the saddle may turn I am making a constant effort. — Dr. Gray is always at ease, & has especially learned the tremendous clearing of his throat, it is the only way in which I can describe it, by which

they are waked on - If you want them to stop, you say, "Shut, lo!" -
So imagine us all scampering off, Lapinsuz & a sailor too on donkeys, &
the donkeyboys screaming & shouting & jabbering after us, & as if we
shouldn't make a stir in the town! - It was quite a gay island, &
as we came in we passed two highly ornamented buildings, made of
lovely pine for three parts, two or three stories high, glass windows &
green blinds, & gay patches of colour round the doors, one was the fresh
emulate, the other the branch - The bazaar was the usual busy
scene, only it was neater & more roomy looking, and there came
a deal of creaking for a - one would like to saunter through, if one
could, in fact - The whole town struck us as a better built & cleaner than
most we had seen, the people better dressed, & the children were healthy
looking & some such pretty faces - The pots are made of a fine clay,
& deep clay colour, & we got off at the sheds where they were at work,
to see the men fashion them. Strange to say, I never in my life saw
a potter's wheel before! And it was beautiful to see them mould so
shape & smooth & line them - They made some pretty little ones like
small flower vases, & we gave an order, to find executed when we time
dine - Then we went to see where they are baked - They are dried, for
shays then put into these large tub-shaped forms of clay, the fire
underneath & coming up through holes in the bottom, covered over &
baked three or four hours. A brick fire kept up, chiefly of chaff & such
refuse; then cooled slowly - The Amunds had joined us, & we rode
back to the boats with a lovely sunset bearing the same beauty now
of clouds, & lovely rose colour, before us - Mrs. Mrs. H. came in in
the Co. & blew sheet - I had a very noisy donkey boy, by meaning

in this case a man of my age - who drives a donkey, & my boy was a
man of some age - He announced himself to me as "Hassan, very
good!" "very good donkey!" - And "ja, very good," "Molican," made
quite a stock of English to go upon - The man to go to Dendera,
across the river, next morning, & he recommended himself for the
trip. We had decided on an early breakfast for us, at $7\frac{1}{2}$ (the
sun rises at $8\frac{1}{2}$) & the donkeys were ordered at sunrise, that
being the time necessary if we wanted them at 8 - The first
thing I heard when I got up, was, "very good donkey!" from
the high bank above, so Hassan at least, was on hand -
He all went, the Howlands too, & were rowed across the river
in three boats - There we waited some time for the donkeys,
who crossed by ferry; & a long procession we made with
11 of us, Achmet from the Beren, Angelo from the Andine, &
4 sailors, beside all the donkey boys! Angelo likes to get
himself up for such occasions, tucks his pantaloons in his long,
light boots, binds a white cloth round his feet, not quite long
for a turban, & wears it a little on one side with decidedly
a rakish air - Achmet wears blue jacket & full drawers with red
feet & sack, & Mrs. Howland makes a nice bit of colour, in a red
jacket & a parasol lined & edged with green - Otherwise we are
rather sombre in colour, dark jackets & dark skirts, except Maria
& me who have linen over-skirts for riding - We have all worn
over our hats with white muslin & sustained them round,
wearing broad-brimmed white straw, for the glare all
day of sun, needs a good deal of protection - It was a ride of some

broad for the crew lying on deck! But it passed off leaving
very clouds after sunset - It has been a fitful day for wind,
sometimes we tracked, then sailed, then sailed, then came
the fresh wind & starting the sails all at a ground, & so have
now anchored 3 miles from Sheba, hoping a fresh wind
may take us up tomorrow, & we shall get some home letters,
how welcome you cannot know, until you have been so long
without them. Jan. 10th.

Still on our way to Sheba. The wind dead ahead, so the
tracking, as the guide fresh, is hard work - We have not yet
decided whether to stop near Karmak, some thinking it would take
off the edge of the smaller temple, & others thinking that they
would like a glimpse at it now before coming down, when we shall
probably stop here ten days or a fortnight. We shall get no letters
after leaving Sheba until we get back to Sheba again, as there are no
safe places to mail them to. But we can send letters care of
Karmak. Yesterday we passed some nice villages, one where the large
water jars used for filtering and carrying water are made. Another
very large village where the Judee cloth is manufactured.
A great many palm trees are here, & I am charmed with their
statelike beauty. But when the wind blows, then they look disor-
dered & forlorn, the leaves all flying one way, giving a very one-sided look.
There are more round topped trees, looking at a distance like castles,
than I had thought for, & many fig, acacia, &c. so that the landscape
looks not barren. But good bye again for this time with much love to
you all from your old wife. Jan. 11th.

16
long succession of halls. And many rooms on the sides, some
utterly dark, so one can see no purpose in them. The carvings
are all much mutilated inside, chiefly by the early Christians.
I can sympathize with the feeling which made them
to close & destroy, & when the worship had degenerated into
vice & impurity, feel that they were helping to destroy the re-
ligion by destroying the outward symbols. But one must
not regret it, & the Arabs having chosen to live & make smoking
fires in these old temples, when an evil where the accumulated
rotten, now cleared away, has protected the sculpture. Above
and the carvings of figures & hieroglyphics was quite fresh, & on the
ceiling the columns still left. One very curious design in the
ceiling, was a woman's figure, & bent so to encompass three sides.
back one, feet & legs another, & outstretched arms shade the thing
the heavens encompassing all! The hands were wonderfully well
done. I was amazed at the amount of carving! Long hall, no
matter how obscure the passage, how utterly dark the rooms,
covered to the ceiling. The outside has on the back gigantic
figures in outline, of Cleopatra & her son, a goddess & gods. I think
the Eastern Queen has a great deal of beauty. These, from having
been banked up, were very fresh. But the Arabs had made
carious work on the roots, plastering in their stone walls in all
the lines of cutting, & gradually spreading over the walls. There was
a little temple behind, & another at one side, both partially closed
out. And on the left of one was still the unbroken brick house of a

former village. For Candia has not been buried by one village after another built over it; the mounds of rubbish are made of bricks & pottery & dirt, & even rags & straw in some places giving it to me, a faded look, that takes away from the grandeur of the impression & makes it difficult for me to fill my imagination with the old times of its magnificence. - There were some grand and fine pyramids on the river bank. - After we had wandered a bit for some time, we found lunch ready for us in a pretty little temple ^{room} leading off a hypocaustal court. - A Tunis rug spread, a table-cloth on that, rugs around, camp stools &c. some reclined some sat in chairs, & the nice & abundant catables were quickly diminished. - Then we left the attendants for their share. What the donkey boys got I don't know. - The donkeys without their saddles were all in the long passage, & rolled in the dust as we passed. - He had a rug spread in front the building, & some laid down to rest. I sat in Charles' army chair & looked at the front, a finding bits of colour here & there, could make out how it must have been colored all over. - But it was very hard to picture it, all the gay maces it must have ^{very} - long pyramids standing out against this beautiful blue sky, but I cannot think so grand as the plain, natural colour of the stone. - We set off again about 2 & the sun came down pretty hot. - As for dust you cannot imagine it, you who have never been in this rainless land. - Walking is frightfully dirty work you ride in a little cloud, & only in the middle of the river, are the rooms free from an accumulation of things lying about. -

They had a great time on Gen. Howland's boat in the P.M. - Of course, the three boats keeping so in company there had been some little rivalry between the ~~travellers~~ (?) & some kidding; they could not be expected to share the harmony of the eating, so his dragoman tried to make peace by bidding a chaf, inviting the three to solemn festivity, & then a general supper to the three crews; I was lying down & tired, so I did not get out here, ^{them} all seated round the immense pan, eating together, (the Captains had their alone first) but they said it was worth seeing - Quia said they finished off by giving a morsel in a small pan to a donkey on shore, & giving the large pan to the donkey by to clear out! Then the Indian's crew came on to our boat with me, & such a good time they had singing! The chant is monotonous, sometimes one, sometimes in chorus, & a queer little war now & then together. The drum parchment stretched over a broken water jar one would say, is beaten all the time; they have a pretty tambourine inlaid with mother of pearl, ^{on the} & a pair of little brass cymbals, about as large as a silver dollar, in the thumb & middle finger - Lapajinga & the Maltese waiters sang on the other boat some pretty Italian airs to the guitar, & we had a deal of music. - Jan. 6. Today we sailed. A very unusual thing with us, a cloudy sky & it has been lightly overcast all day. At luncheon, after some hours eating so fresh a breeze came up it even threatened rain, & at the



Gray, Jane Loring. 1868. "Gray, Jane Dec. 31, 1868 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

View This Item Online: <https://www.biodiversitylibrary.org/item/225927>

Permalink: <https://www.biodiversitylibrary.org/partpdf/262676>

Holding Institution

Harvard University Botany Libraries

Sponsored by

Arcadia 19th Century Collections Digitization/Harvard Library

Copyright & Reuse

Copyright Status: Public domain. The Library considers that this work is no longer under copyright protection

License: <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/>

This document was created from content at the **Biodiversity Heritage Library**, the world's largest open access digital library for biodiversity literature and archives. Visit BHL at <https://www.biodiversitylibrary.org>.