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## FINDING PHARAOH.



THE SCARABÆUS—EMBLEM OF IMMORTALITY—ATTENDED BY A GOD. PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR BY MAGNESIUM LIGHT FROM A WALL IN THE ENTRANCE-PASSAGE TO THE TOMB OF SETHI I.

IN the neighborhood of three thousand three hundred years ago the land of Egypt, from Goshen to Thebes and beyond, was in an uproar.

The king was dead! Rameses II., the precocious youth who at the age of ten had joined his warrior-father Sethi I. upon the throne; the ruler whom his people regarded as a god; the oppressor under whom the Israelites are said to have "sighed by reason of their bondage"; the great Sesostris of the Greeks,—had breathed his last.

The gay and busy life of the cities of the Delta was hushed, and the hundred gates of Thebes were only opened to those who ministered to the necessities of the living or who performed the sacred offices of the priesthood.

All street processions, minstrel-bands, and mountebanks fled appalled.

The cities which the great architect and artist-king had refounded,—Ra'amses and Pithom,—built by the forced labor of the Hebrews, were in their meridian splendor. The Ramesseum at Thebes was yet unsurpassed, and the colossal monolith which represented the

enthroned king was then unbroken. The glorious quartette of Abou-Simbel, but recently finished, sat, as now, smiling at the Nubian sun.

But Rameses II., in whose honor, for whose glory, and by whose command all these grand creations were finished, could look upon them no more with mortal eyes.

His body was embalmed, and in due season the funeral procession followed. The mummied king was placed aboard the royal barge, and, attended by the priests and the images of the gods Horus and Isis and Hathor, was floated up the Nile to the Theban city of the Dead—to Bibân el-Mulouk, the St. Denis, the Westminster Abbey of the kings, and a great lamentation went up to the skies from stricken Egypt.

As the funeral cortège journeyed slowly on, the frantic people of the cities and villages flocked to the quays to render homage to their dead ruler.

Even the despised and persecuted Hebrew suspended labor betimes because his cruel overseer had forgotten him.

The men rent their garments, the women tore their hair, and all gathered up the dust and threw it upon their heads.

Tens of thousands of funeral offerings were cast into the sacred river, and the gods were called upon to attend the dead throughout the sacred journey. It was a dire day indeed. When the sad company had arrived at the necropolis, all the complicated funeral rites were conducted with priestly ostentation.

Then the body of Rameses was sealed in the great sarcophagus which had been cut from the limestone of Bibân el-Mulouk.

The location of the tomb was well known then, because it had been the habit of the monarch to visit it frequently during its excavation.

More than once had the architect announced

that the tomb was ready, but he was as often met with the command to excavate still other vaulted halls and longer passages and side chambers, all to be finished with stuccoed walls adorned by representations in relief of the processions of the gods, of the life and work of the king, and of the scarabæus, the emblem of immortality. Moreover, all were to be richly colored.

"There is plenty of time for all that and much more before I am ready," said Rameses, and he returned to his capital.

But he died before the work was completed.

According to custom, after the burial the doorway to the tomb was walled up, and so disguised by rocks and sand as to make it impossible for any but the priests to discover its whereabouts.

And although his original tomb, that of his father Sethi I., and that of his son Menephtah, had long before been discovered, they were empty, and until July, 1881, the real hiding-place of the "Pharaoh of the Oppression" was a mighty secret. Then its door was opened, and soon after history in a measure repeated itself.

The story of its finding is more romantic

than any told in Egypt since Isis gathered the scattered remains of Osiris and buried his head within the alabaster temple at Abydus.

For a number of years the acute officials of the Museum of Antiquities at Bûlâq had seen funeral offerings and other antiquities brought from Thebes by returning tourists, which they knew belonged to the dynasty of Rameses II., of his father Sethi I., and of his grandfather Rameses I. Even scarabæes bearing the cartouch of the great king were displayed by the innocent purchasers. This being so, argued the clear-headed officials, the mummies of those royal personages must have been discovered by some one. By whom?

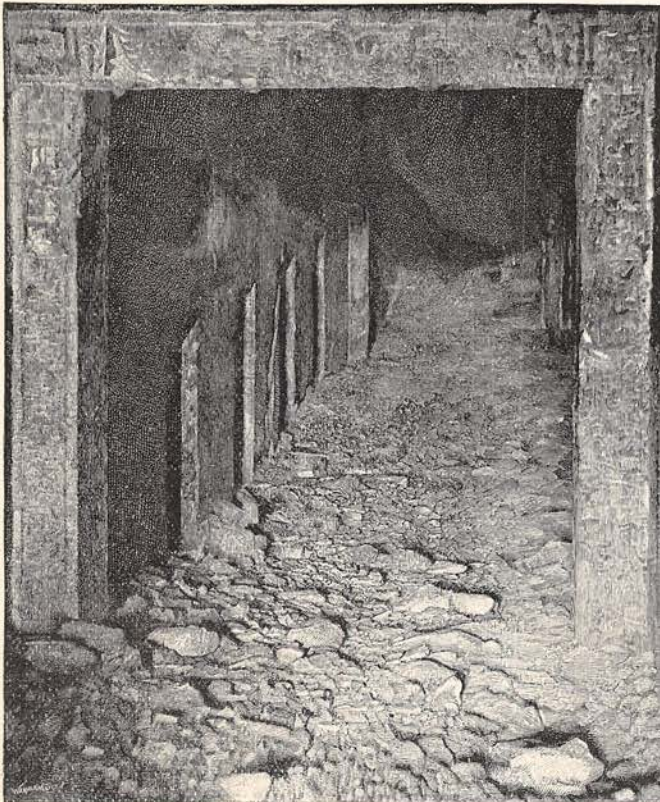
Professor Maspero, the Director-general of the Bûlâq Museum, at once organized a detective force to help him solve this conundrum.

Arrest after arrest was made, and the bastinado was applied to many a callous sole which had never felt even shoe or sandal. The women stood by and browbeat the sufferers into silence while they endured the torture, and the men refused all information.

In a line of tombs beyond the Ramesseum lived four sturdy Arabs named Abd-er-Rasoul. They supplied guides and donkeys to

tourists who desired to visit the ruins of Thebes, and sold them genuine and spurious antiquities. When they found a mummy, it being forbidden by law to sell it, the head and hands and feet were wrenched off and sold on the sly, while the torso was kicked about the ruined temples until the jackals came and carried it away. I purchased a head and hand of one of the brothers amid the dark shadows of the temple at Qûrneh.

Early in 1881 circumstantial evidence pointed to Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul as the one who knew more than he would tell. Professor Maspero caused his arrest, and he lay in prison at Keneh for some months. He also suffered the bastinado and the browbeating of the women repeatedly; he resisted bribes, and showed no melting mood when threatened with execution. His lips told no more than the unfound tomb — and not as much.



DIBÂN EL-MULOUK : ENTRANCE-PASSAGE TO THE TOMB OF SETHI I. ON THE LEFT ARE THE CHAMBERS OF THE SCARABÆUS.



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF SETHI I. IN BĪSĀN EL-MULOUK OR THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

Finally his brother Mohammed regarded the offer of "bakhshish," which Professor Maspero deemed it wise to make, as worth more to him than any sum he might hope to realize from future pillaging, and made a clean breast of the whole affair. How the four brothers ever discovered the hidden tomb has remained a "family secret."

On July 5th, 1881, the wily Arab conducted Herr Emil Brugsch Bey, curator of the Bûlâq Museum, to Deir-el-Bahari and pointed out the hiding-place so long looked for.

A long climb it was, up the slope of the western mountain, till, after scaling a great limestone cliff, a huge, isolated rock was found. Behind this a spot was reached where the stones appeared to an expert observer and tomb-searcher to have been arranged "by hand," rather than scattered by some upheaval of nature.

"There," said the sullen guide; and "there" the enterprising Emil Brugsch Bey, with more than Egyptian alacrity, soon had a staff of Arabs at work hoisting the loose stones from a well into which they had been thrown.

The shaft had been sunk into the solid limestone to the depth of about forty feet, and was about six feet square.

Before going very far, a huge palm-log was thrown across the well and a block and tackle fastened to it to help bring up the débris.

When the bottom of the shaft was reached a subterranean passage was found which ran westward some twenty-four feet and then turned directly northward, continuing into the heart of the mountain straight except where broken for about two hundred feet by an abrupt stairway. The passage terminated in a mortuary chamber about thirteen by twenty-three feet in extent and barely six feet in height.

There was found the mummy of King Pharaoh of the Oppression, with nearly forty others of kings, queens, princes, and priests.

Not until June last was this most royal mummy released from its bandages. That event is my plea for telling now what I know of the romantic finding and the place thereof. A few months after the finding took place, accompanied by my camera I visited the Bûlâq Museum and photographed the entire "find." Emil Brugsch Bey is also an amateur photographer, and we had already fraternized during the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, where the Egyptian section was in his care. Therefore at Bûlâq I not only enjoyed a rare privilege at his hands, but also his friendly advice and assistance.

The photography done, we embarked upon the Khedive's steamer *Beni Souef* for Luxor. There we were met by Professor Maspero and Mohammed Abd-er-Rasoul, and together we visited the scene of the latest drama of the Nile.

When we reached the chamber of the dead, the rope which had hoisted the royal mummies from the tomb was made fast to our bodies, was swung over the palm-log, and we were lowered into the depths. As I dangled in mid-air and swayed from side to side, the rocky



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.



OUTER MUMMY-CASE OF QUEEN AHMES NOFRETARI.

pieces which I startled from their long slumber warned those who preceded me to "look out below."

At the bottom of the shaft, on the right and left wall of the entrance to the subterranean chamber, were written in black ink some curious inscriptions. By whom, no one can more than conjecture. It was the duty of the ancient "Inspector of Tombs" to make frequent visits to the royal dead, to repair the mummy-cases and wrappings, and, if necessary, to remove all to a safer tomb.

This handwriting on the wall may have been that of the Pharaonic tomb inspector whose duty it was to make record of every change. Professor Maspero being desirous of having photographs made of these inscriptions, the little American camera was set for

the work, and succeeded in securing them even there in the bowels of the earth.

Then, lighting our torches and stooping low, we proceeded to explore the long passage and the tomb at its terminus. The rough way was scattered with fragments of mummy-cases, shreds of mummy-cloth, bunches of papyrus plant, lotus flowers, and palm-leaf stalks, while here and there a funeral offering was found. After much stumbling we arrived at the inner chamber where, but a few weeks before, stood or reclined the coffins of so many royal dead.

The camera must have a long time for its delicate, difficult work, and so we did not need to hurry.

Seated upon a stone which for centuries had served as the pillow of priest or king while waiting for immortality, Herr Brugsch told me the whole story of his historical "find."

It was a unique interview. It made such an impression upon my mind that I can repeat the story here from memory, though I do not, of course, claim that the report is verbatim.

"Finding Pharaoh was an exciting experience for me," said my companion. "It is true I was armed

to the teeth, and my faithful rifle, full of shells, hung over my shoulder; but my assistant from Cairo, Ahmed Effendi Kemal, was the only person with me whom I could trust. Any one of the natives would have killed me willingly, had we been alone, for every one of them knew better than I did that I was about to deprive them of a great source of revenue. But I exposed no sign of fear and proceeded with the work. The well cleared out, I descended and began the exploration of the underground passage.

"Soon we came upon cases of porcelain funeral offerings, metal and alabaster vessels, draperies and trinkets, until, reaching the turn in the passage, a cluster of mummy-cases came into view in such number as to stagger me.

"Collecting my senses, I made the best ex-

amination of them I could by the light of my torch, and at once saw that they contained the mummies of royal personages of both sexes; and yet that was not all. Plunging on ahead of my guide, I came to the chamber where we are now seated, and there standing against the walls or here lying on the floor, I found even a greater number of mummy-cases of stupendous size and weight.

"Their gold coverings and their polished surfaces so plainly reflected my own excited visage that it seemed as though I was looking into the faces of my own ancestors. The gilt face on the coffin of the amiable Queen Nofretari seemed to smile upon me like an old acquaintance.

"I took in the situation quickly, with a gasp, and hurried to the open air lest I should be overcome and the glorious prize still unrevealed be lost to science.

"It was almost sunset then. Already the odor which arose from the tomb had cajoled a troupe of slinking jackals to the neighborhood, and the howl of hyenas was heard not far distant. A long line of vultures sat upon the highest pinnacles of the cliffs near by, ready for their hateful work.

"The valley was as still as death. Nearly the whole of the night was occupied in hiring men to help remove the precious relics from their hiding-place. There was but little sleep in Luxor that night. Early the next morning three hundred Arabs were employed under my direction — each one a thief. One by one the coffins were hoisted to the surface, were securely sewed up in sail-cloth and matting, and then were carried across the plain of Thebes to the steamers awaiting them at Luxor.

"Two squads of Arabs accompanied each sarcophagus — one to carry it and a second to watch the wily carriers. When the Nile overflow, lying midway of the plain, was reached, as many more, boatmen, entered the service and bore the burden to the other side. Then a third set took up the ancient freight and carried it to the steamers. Slow workers are these Egyptians, but after six days of hard labor under the July sun the work was finished.

"I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed when, standing at the mouth of the shaft, I watched the strange line of helpers while they carried across that



HEAD OF PINOTEM II. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE MUMMY.

historical plain the bodies of the very kings who had constructed the temples still standing, and of the very priests who had officiated in them — the Temple of Hatasou nearest; away across from it Qûrneh; further to the right the Ramesseum, where the great granite monolith lies face to the ground; further south Medinet Abou, a long way beyond the Deir-el-Medineh; and there the twin Colossi, or the vocal Memnon and his companion; then, beyond all, some more of the plain, the line of the Nile, and the Arabian hills far to the east and above all; and with all, slowly moving down the cliffs and across the plain, or in the boats crossing the stream, were the sullen laborers carrying their antique burdens.

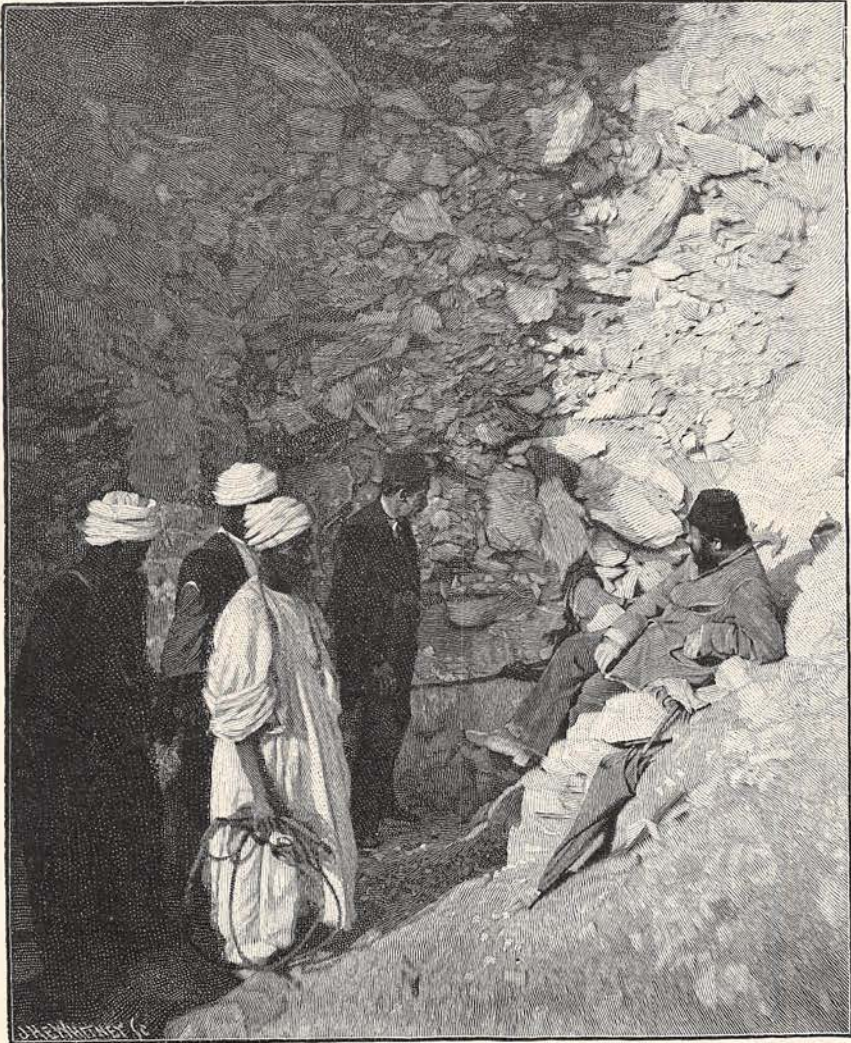
"As the Red Sea opened and allowed Israel to pass across dry-shod, so opened the silence of the Theban plain, allowed the strange funeral procession to pass, — and then all was hushed again.

"When you go up, you will see it all spread out before you — with the help of a little imagination.

"When we made our departure from Luxor, our late helpers squatted in groups upon the Theban side and silently watched us. The news had been sent down the Nile in advance of us. So, when we passed the towns, the people gathered at the quays and made most frantic demonstrations. The fantasia dancers were holding their wildest orgies here and there; a strange wail went up from the men; the women were screaming and tearing their hair, and the children were so frightened I pitied them.



GOLD-FACED INNER MUMMY-CASE OF QUEEN AHMES NOFRETARI. PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE BULÁQ MUSEUM.



PROFESSOR MASPERO, EMIL BRUGSCH BEY, AND MOHAMMED ABD-ER-RASOUL. PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT, DEIR-EL-BAHARI.

"A few fanatical dervishes plunged into the river and tried to reach us, but a sight of the rifle drove them back, cursing us as they swam away. At night fires were kindled and guns were fired.

"At last we arrived at Bûlâq, where I soon confirmed my impressions that we had indeed recovered the mummies of the majority of the rulers of Egypt during the eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first dynasties, including Rameses II., Rameses III., King Pinotem, the high-priest Nebseni, and Queen Nofretari, all of which you have seen and photographed at Bûlâq, arranged pretty much as I found them in their long-hidden tomb. And thus our Museum became the third and probably the final resting-place of the mummy of the great Pharaoh of the Oppression."

Thus was the story of finding Pharaoh modestly told me by my friend who had displayed such enthusiasm and tact in securing for science what had puzzled science for so long a time to discover.

When we ascended from the tomb I grouped my companions at its mouth and once more caused the camera to secure a link of history.

Professor Maspero reclined upon the rocks at the right; Emil Brugsch Bey stood at the palm-log; and Mohammed was posed in front, holding the very rope in his hand which had served in hoisting royalty from its long-hidden resting-place.

Climbing the mountain across the valley I photographed the view on page 5, of the tomb terraces of Bibân el-Mulouk, showing the tomb of Sethi I., whose mummy is now at Bûlâq.

The next day the shaft was filled up again, thus closing the door of the empty theater, for the drama was ended, and the actors were gone.

I made a long Nile journey after that and photographed many a stone-cut "permanent likeness" of "the Michael Angelo of Egypt."

The profile of the southern colossus of the Great Temple at Abou-Simbel has all these centuries retained the beautiful expression left it by the Nubian chisel, and presents a striking resemblance to the photograph of the recently unfolded mummy of the great king. Of this unfolding the world has been told by almost every newspaper in it. When I was at Bûlâq, all I could catch of the Sesostris face and form was as it appeared after the last neat work of the Inspector of Tombs had been finished. Since the unfolding, which took place June 1st, 1886, the camera of Brugsch Bey has enabled us all to "see how Pharaoh looked." Likewise, the report of Professor Maspero, giving the particulars of his removal of the wrappings, has ever since been a topic of conversation all over the wide world.

Only fifteen minutes were occupied in undoing the labor of many days by the careful embalmers. The kingly body had "reposed in peace" at least twice as long as was enjoined by the faith of Isis in order to secure immortality.

As recently as 1880 it was offered to an American traveler "for a reasonable bakhshish," but declined because its genuineness was doubted.

But no doubt now exists, for "in black ink, written upon the mummy-case by the high-priest and King Pinotem, is the record testifying to the identity of the royal contents." Then "upon the outer winding-sheet of the mummy, over the region of the breast," the indisputable testimony is repeated. The coverings being all removed by the careful hands of Professor Maspero, in the presence of the Khedive and other distinguished persons, Rameses II. appeared. Professor Maspero further reports that

"The head is long, and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temples there are a few sparse hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick, forming smooth, straight locks about five centimeters in length. White at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalment. The forehead is low and narrow; the brow-ridge prominent; the eyebrows are thick and white; the eyes are small and close together; the nose is long, thin, arched like the noses of the Bourbons, and slightly crushed at the tip by the pressure of the bandages. The temples are sunken; the cheek-bones very prominent; the ears round, standing far out from the head, and pierced like those of a woman for the wearing of ear-rings. The jaw-bone is massive and strong; the chin very prominent; the mouth small, but thick-lipped, and full of some kind of black paste.

This paste being partly cut away with the scissors, disclosed some much worn and very brittle teeth, which, moreover, are white and well preserved. The mustache and beard are thin. They seem to have been kept shaven during life, but were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness, or they may have grown after death. The hairs are white, like those of the head and eyebrows, but are harsh and bristly, and from two to three millimeters in length. The skin is of earthy brown, spotted with black. Finally, it may be said the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the



PROFILE OF RAMESSES II. PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SOUTHERN COLOSSUS AT THE GREAT TEMPLE OF ABOU-SIMBEL.

living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but even under the somewhat grotesque disguise of mummification, there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. The rest of the body is as well preserved as the head; but, in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less life-like. The neck is no thicker than the vertebral column. The chest is broad; the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna; and the wound in the left side, through which the embalmers extracted the viscera, is large and open. The legs and thighs are fleshless; the feet are long, slender, somewhat flat-soled, and dyed, like the hands, with henna. The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man. We know, indeed, that Rameses II. reigned for sixty-seven years, and that he must have been nearly one hundred years old when he died."

On the same day that the face of the great Sesostris was unwrapped, the mummy of



RAMESES II. IMMEDIATELY AFTER UNWINDING. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMIL BRUGSCH BEY.

Rameses III. was also revealed and his identity established beyond question.

And now these old-time kings stand in the glass cases of the Bûlâq Museum, in as close companionship with Pinotem and Nebseni as they were when found in their sequestered retreat.

Once kings, princes, and priests, monarchs, tyrants, and oppressors, "equal with the gods,"—they now appear labeled and numbered as "antiquities," where all who desire may go and face them without fear.

When they were first borne to the tomb,

their frightened subjects cried to the gods for their entrance into immortality; and one of those gods was Rameses II., represented at Pithom in red syenite, seated in an arm-chair between the two solar gods Ra and Tum.

But when they were carried back to the Delta, the folds of sand which had for centuries covered their ancient city Zoan were being unwrapped by the spade and pick of the "Egyptian Exploration Fund," and their frightened descendants cried unto Allah—the God of Israel!

*Edward L. Wilson.*



FAÇADE OF THE BÛLÂQ MUSEUM, CAIRO, THE PRESENT RESTING-PLACE OF RAMESES II.