



Sculptures of the Walls in the Memnonium of Seti I., at Abydos.

such seemed to us the tiny rooms with their exquisite carvings on unsullied walls. We could not tarry long, for the atmosphere was stifling, and I for one was very glad to reach the upper air. C. explored farther, but even his enthusiasm waned when the gaffir told him there might be cobras in one of the corridors.

We returned from the bliss and beauty of Dendera to find a mutiny brewing on board the *Dodo*. This happened periodically, so we were not alarmed. Our sailors were exactly like naughty children who exasperate one to a spanking finish and having induced a climax become as good as gold. On this occasion our crew had not the slightest grievance, and after C. had stood with watch in hand insisting that in fifteen minutes they and their bundles should leave the *Dodo*, at the fourteenth minute they surrendered and set to work as happy as you please, singing their rowing song as we started off down stream.

To-night our anchorage was mid-stream. The half moon and all the stars were reflected so clearly in the still water that it was hard to know which was heaven above or earth beneath.

March 20th.—We had no further *Dodo* adventures till we reached Nag Hamadi on this fateful day when we were to say good-bye to our cosy cabins and companionship on board the *Dodo*. Abydos was still to be seen, so we decided to let the *Dodo* proceed while we took train to Beleana and donkey-rode from there to Abydos, trusting that the *Dodo* would do the decent thing and meet us at Beleana on our return and give us our last dinner party on board before we took the train for Cairo. The *Dodo* behaved like a perfect lady and kept her appointment with feminine punctuality, which means, I judge, about twenty minutes late.

It is a long ride from Beleana to Abydos, but a very lovely one. We