

shade of colour. To our surprise a voice from among them shouted out "Three cheers for Mr. Brassey!" which was responded to by ringing shouts from all on board, and taken up again by some of our own men. It was a very pleasant and unexpected greeting to hear in the middle of the Indian Ocean.

*Sunday, April 15th.*—Still intensely hot. The usual services were held on deck at eleven and four o'clock. In the afternoon we could make out the rock of Aden, and at sunset it stood grandly forth, looming in purple darkness against the crimson and blood-red sky, which gradually faded to tenderest tints of yellow and green, before it finally blazed forth into a radiant after-glow. At half-past eight a gun from the fort at Aden summoned us to show our colours, or rather lights. At nine o'clock we dropped our anchor in the roads; a boat came off with a bag of newspapers and to ask for orders in the morning. It was sent by the great Parsee merchants here, who undertake to supply us with coals, provisions, water, and everything we want, and spare us all trouble.

*Monday, April 16th.*—At 1.30 a.m. I heard the signal gun fired, and shortly afterwards a great splash of boats and oars, and a vast chattering and shouting of tongues, announced the arrival of a P. and O. steamer. She dropped her anchor just outside us, so we had the benefit of the noise all night. I got up at daylight and found the pilot just coming off. He took us to a buoy, a little closer in, and soon the business of coaling and watering commenced.

We reached the shore about 7.30, and, landing at the pier, had our first near view of the natives, who are most curious-looking creatures. They have very dark complexions, and long woolly hair, setting out like a mop all round, and generally dyed bright red, or yellow by the application of lime. Mr. Cowajee had sent his own private carriage to meet us. It was a comfortable open



SOUMALI INDIAN, ADEN.