

departed come to talk peacefully over their memories. However admirable the arrangement may be from a sanitary point of view, I never could get reconciled to the presence of the vultures, though they were not at all unpicturesque, for their unwieldy copper-coloured bodies contrasted well with the massive and brilliant foliage.

From the Towers of Silence we drove through the native town to the yacht. The view from the road, cut, as it is, in the side of the Malabar hill, was both beautiful and striking. It looks down upon a perfect sea of palm-leaves, gently waving in the breeze, which conceal, save where the tower of some tall building peeps forth, a city of more than 800,000 inhabitants.

Four o'clock of the morning of February 16th found me in the veranda outside our bungalow, listening to the roaring of the cannon, which ushered in the day on which was to be celebrated in India the Jubilee of Victoria, its Queen and Empress. The hours are early here, and at a quarter to eight Lady Reay, Captain Gordon, Tom and I started to "assist" at the grand ceremony at the Town Hall, followed later by the Governor and his aides-de-camp. As we neared the city the crowd became greater, every one being dressed in holiday attire, and all apparently in a great state of enthusiasm and excitement. It looked like a many-tinted bed of flowers; for the Parsee ladies, unlike their Mahomedan and Hindoo sisters, have no dislike to display their toilettes in public, and are always clad in the gayest colours, arranged with perfect taste. The only specially distinctive mark in their costume is a rather unbecoming white band drawn tightly over the brow. In many cases, however, this had been judiciously pushed back so far as nearly to disappear under the bright-coloured silk sari which only partly concealed their jet-black and glossy tresses. Every Parsee has to wear the sacred shirt of cotton gauze, and the Kusti, or cord of seventy-two woollen threads, representing, like the divisions of the Towers of Silence, the number of the chapters of one of the sacred books.

Near the Town Hall the scene became still more animated, and the applause of the multitude, though much more subdued in tone than the roar of an English crowd, was quite as enthusiastic. We were ushered into the gallery, where chairs were placed for Lady Reay and myself close to the Governor's throne. The sight from this "coign of vantage" was indeed imposing. Immediately in front stretched a fine flight of steps, covered with red cloth, and crowded with European and native officials in every variety of costume. The approach to the steps were through a pretty garden, where the wealth of tropical vegetation was set off by