

Marshall's desire, Ulett brought the Nizam's state coach—a huge canary-coloured, boat-shaped vehicle, hung on the most elastic of springs, with solid silver railings, trimmings, and canopy supports, to convey us to the station. There were several other state carriages, so that we formed quite a little procession. At 8.45 a.m. the train steamed off, after much hand-shaking and many good wishes from a large group of kind friends, who had each and all brought nosegays, so that the saloon was turned for that day into a perfect garden.

We breakfasted comfortably in the train; but later the sun began to blaze down so fiercely upon us that we found the heat and the shaking of the cars rather trying. We reached Hingoli about seven in the evening—very tired. On February 14th, at 5 a.m., we reached Poonah, the capital of the Mahratta country, 120 miles distant from Bombay.

Mr. Crawford, the Commissioner, appeared about eight o'clock, with several carriages, and kindly insisted upon our spending the day at his house, which, I need scarcely say, was a very pleasant plan. He first took us for a drive round the city to the Government House. It was delicious to stroll about the charming grounds, but it was equally pleasant to return to breakfast at the Commissioner's bungalow. There was a miniature zoological garden, containing a numerous collection of deer and smaller animals, including a sweet little monkey, with which the children, of course, immediately fell in love.

We then went for a short drive through the principal streets of Poonah, which includes a picturesque native town, besides charming suburbs where the bungalows are half buried in gardens. The well-known Bund Road, surrounded by hills, has been so often and so well described that it would be absurd for me to attempt to say anything about it after the hasty glimpse caught during the pleasant drives of this morning and afternoon. We went straight to the station, and, re-entering the train, were again shunted on to the main line, starting at last on the final stage of our journey to Bombay.

I looked out of the carriage window for some time upon the distant ghauts, and the nearer and fantastically shaped rocks with their tropical vegetation, now bathed in moonlight, until at last I happily dropped off to sleep, and remember nothing more until we reached Bombay at 7 a.m.

There we found Mr. Kindred and the men from the yacht waiting to meet us. Leaving them to look after the luggage, the Doctor and I drove at once to Malabar Point to stay with the Governor and Lady Reay. Tom shortly afterwards appeared