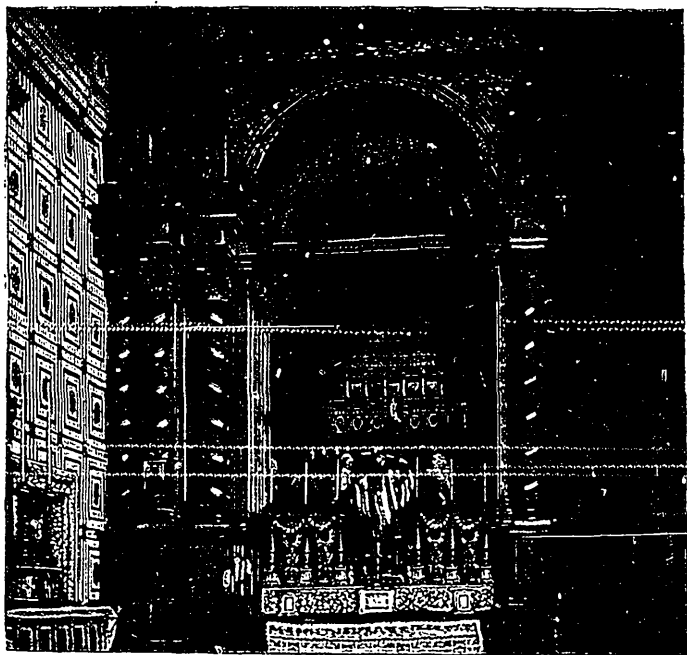


After a pleasant voyage of about eleven miles in tow of the steam-launch, we were told that we had reached our destination. But where was Goa? We were all expecting to see ruined palaces, churches, and houses; whereas all that was visible was one massive arch and gateway about a hundred yards distant, standing like the Irishman's "main gate," in the centre of a field, with no wall on either side of it. Meaningless as it now looked, this was the celebrated *Arco dos Vicereys*, or Arch of the Viceroy, originally built in 1599, and composed of blocks of black



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granite. The façade used to be adorned with paintings representing incidents of the Portuguese war in the Indies; but they are now effaced by whitewash.

By this time the heat had become so great that, finding no carriage was forthcoming, I had almost resolved to give up the idea of visiting the wonderful old palaces and churches which we had taken so much trouble to come and see; but Tom and the Doctor encouraged me to make an effort, and improvised a sort of carrying-chair for me. We accordingly proceeded up a steep hot road, through the aforesaid arch, to the Palace of the Viceroy,