

five hundred years ago. I found the walk very fatiguing, owing to the heat, and so did many of the others.

The temperature would, indeed, have been unbearable, but for an occasional puff of cooler air which reached us through the embrasures. Some of the guns were of Spanish manufacture, dated 1665, but most of them were lying useless on the ground. In no case would they avail much against modern ordnance; but the fort, owing to its natural advantages, would be difficult to attack.

It was delightfully refreshing to be able to rest in a spacious bungalow, after our tour of the fort was over. The Nawab accompanied us on our return to the yacht, and afterwards sent us a most acceptable present, of two huge bunches of bananas, as well as other fruits and vegetables, besides milk and ghee.

The Nawab's second wife, whose mother we had met at Bombay, is a pretty little girl of about thirteen. She came on board to see us, but many precautions to preserve the *purdah* had to be taken. She had never been on board a yacht before, and was naturally much interested in all she saw.

Soon after twelve we resumed our voyage to the southward before a deliciously cool breeze, which lasted for a considerable time. At sunset we were off Ratnagiri, an ancient Mahratta fort connected with the mainland only by a narrow sandy neck. Its southern extremity is nearly 300 feet above the sea level, thus forming a headland, surmounted by a line of fortifications and bastions of great strength. The complete isolation of its position has doubtless caused it to be chosen as the place of detention of King Theebaw, who can have but little chance of escape.

*February 26th.*—Orders had been given for steam to be ready in the launch by six o'clock, so that we might get ashore soon after daybreak. From the sea, the Portuguese settlement looks like a series of promontories, each crowned by a fort, with the river Mandovi in the centre, running up into the interior between richly wooded banks. Never was any place so totally unlike what I had expected—in fact, it did not in the least correspond to the idea which any of us had formed about it. The palace of the Governor (who was for over three centuries called the Viceroy) stands in the city of New Goa. The distant Ghâts formed a fine background to the picture, which included several white-spined English-looking churches, perched here and there on convenient knolls. The inhabitants whom we saw on the river wore scarcely any clothing, and paddled about in little canoes somewhat similar to those used in the South Sea Islands and Ceylon. These boats are extremely narrow, and are provided with an outrigger in the shape of an enormous rough block of wood, connected with the canoes by bent spars some four feet long.