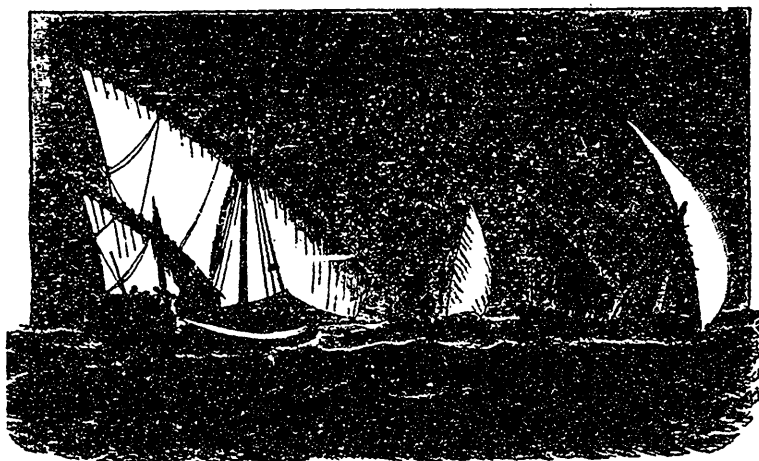


"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

V.

BURMAH AND BORNEO.



MERCHANT DHOWS, INDIAN OCEAN.

Thursday, March 17th.—The government pilot came on board at 6 a.m., and we at once got up the anchor and proceeded under steam up the branch of the Irrawady called the Rangoon River, leading to the town of that name. Its banks are flat, low, and densely wooded. The Great Pagoda is seen shortly after entering the mouth. Later on the factories, wharves, offices, public buildings and houses of the city become visible in quick succession.

Little more than thirty years ago Rangoon consisted of a mere swamp, with a few mat huts mounted on wooden piles, and surrounded by a log stockade and fosse. Now it is a city of 200,000 inhabitants, the terminus of a railway, and almost rivals Bombay in beauty and extent. It possesses fine palaces, public offices, and pagodas; warehouses, schools, hospitals, lovely gardens and lakes, excellent roads, and shady promenades. We arrived opposite the town about half-past ten, passing through quite a crowd of shipping, amongst which were several fine clippers and steamers, bound to all parts of the world. The rice season is now at its height, and everybody is working his hardest.