

steam-pinnace till reaching the landing-place, near the office of the Captain of the Port, on the right bank of the stream. Everybody rides here, and numbers of light and handy vehicles are always at hand waiting for hire. Driving through Binonda, the commercial capital, we find the bulk of the business people, full of life and activity, the cigar factories of themselves giving employment to thousands of men, women, and girls—the scenery from either bank of the river particularly fine, whether amid the wharves, warehouses, and busy population on the right, or the churches, convents, and public walks on the left. In all directions, particularly on the left bank and its neighbourhood, we seldom meet with a carriage or a traveller seeking to enjoy the beauty of the fine scenery of river, road, or villages. One could almost imagine, and expect to find, skiffs and pleasure-boats without number on the river, and yachts and other craft in the bay, ministering to the enjoyment, and adding to the pleasures, and easing off the monotony, of life; but there are none. By me, the country villages, the beautiful tropical vegetation, the banks of the rivers, and the streams adorned with scenery so picturesque and pleasing, will not be easily forgotten. Almost every house in these Indian villages has a pretty little garden, with bamboos, plantains, and cocoa-nut trees, and some have a greater variety of fruit. Nature has decorated them with spontaneous flowers, which hang