Dec. 12.—It continued to blow hard from the east all day yesterday, so I provisioned the boat in the afternoon preparatory for a cruise to Tadri River to-day. This is the farthest south I intend going as I must leave for Marmagoa on Monday 14th.

I left at dawn with a good breeze from the SE. and beat down the coast with two reefs. I got it pretty strong from outside Button Rock to Kawda Guda and beat into Belikeri for dinner as I was making good going and it was too wet to eat at sea. A reef of rocks runs out from Belikeri Creek almost to Kuhra Island, but a passage can be made south of the Island. Belikeri Creek is shallow and narrow, and as it appears to have no attractions I did not enter it.

I had tea on the Gangawali River which has plenty of water over the bar for a small boat with one rock in the entrance, and which provides good shelter.

The only dangers inside appear to be the sandbanks which, I was told, frequently shift, and near the entrance are marked by sticks stuck in the sand as in the Sadashivgad River.

It must, however, be kept in mind that these beacons are usually planted in the dry edge of the bank at low water, and must therefore be given a wide berth. After tea I shook out the reefs as the breeze had moderated and was soon off Tadri River. Entrance to this river should be made from the south-west to avoid a reef running south from Middle Point, then by steering a course NE. under Rajaman Fort when two leading beacons on Rajaman Drug hill are in line.

Good anchorage was found off Tadri village in four fathoms mud, and here I am now lying.

I should like to visit Gokarn, on the coast 2 miles north of Tadri, where there are many temples and which is a place of pilgrimage for Brahmins, but I must get back to Karwar early to-morrow in order to refit for the homeward sail.

Dec. 12.—I left Tadri River at 5.30 a.m. and was guided out by the light on the flagstaff on Middle Point. There was a nice breeze from the south-west which came fresher across Belikeri Bay.

After reefing I made good going on a broad reach followed by a beat into Sadashivgad Bay and picked up my moorings at 1.30 p.m.
If these south-west winds continue I should make a good passage to Marnagao to-morrow.

The coastline from Karwar Head to Tadri River is the most beautiful I have ever seen. The Ghats approach nearer the sea and appear higher and more blue than further north. The foothills rise in peaks as high as seventeen hundred feet almost to the coast, with Achuvi Peak, nearly 3,000 feet, and Kaltiguda, over 2,000, only a few miles inland. Along the shore from Karwar Head to Belikeri Point is a chain of very pretty islands which, if passage is made inside them, add greatly to the interest and beauty of the sail.

Dec. 14.—10.30 a.m.: Owing to delays in getting ready my fresh food for to-day I did not get away until 7.45, and so missed an hour of the land breeze which was coming nicely from the SE. when I got my anchor. Crossing the bay it freshened considerably, and with a swell coming in from SW. and a choppy cross sea I was glad to put down a reef under the lee of Shimis Guda.

We went ramping along on a broad reach with the breeze backing a bit, passed Lolien Point at 9 a.m. and were off Paidegal Point at 10 o'clock—15 miles in 2 hours 15 minutes including time spent reefing. The breeze has now fallen light instead of holding until after midday, and as it has been a bright sunny morning with no cloud I am hoping for a good sea breeze.

5.30 p.m.: It fell dead calm shortly after my last entry, but in half an hour a light breeze came from NW. and I beat round Cape Ramas at 12.45, and at 2.15 was due west of Chandernat Temple 4 miles off shore.
The light breeze held all afternoon, backing to the north, and I am now 3 miles SE. of St. George's Island with little prospect of making Marmagoa to-night, so I have borne away for Colla Bay where I shall spend the night.

9.30 p.m.: There is excellent anchorage at Colla Bay in the first small cove east of Santaren Point. This bay is extremely pretty and the shores and hillsides are covered with groves of cocoanut palms. Two country boats are anchored close by and a little inshore are some canoes anchored in the bay fishing by torchlight, the brown figures looking weird and uncanny in the flickering light of their torches.

As I arrived early and had on board a dozen oysters from Oyster Rocks, I felt this was an occasion on which "Osprey" might show what she could do in the way of dinner and the following is the menu—

- Huitres Oyster Rock,
- Saumon de Phattar Frite,
- Poulet en casserole,
- Petit Pois,
- Peches a la crème.

The master was extremely pleased with the effort of the chef, and they are now on the best of good terms and about to retire.

Day's run 39½ miles.

Dec. 15.—Up early this morning and over the side before breakfast. The shore looked unusually enticing so I donned stockings and shoes and went for a tramp to explore the creek which the chart shows as entering the NE. corner of the bay. During the night I had been disturbed by a loud noise which I thought might be some mechanical device for unloading country craft, but which I later discovered to be the single-line railway which connects Marmagoa with the rest of India and which runs along the hillside close to the shore, though completely hidden by groves of palms. After a delightful walk through the palms, which are carefully cultivated and planted in successive terraces up the hillside, I emerged again into the sunlight at the end of a sandy beach which runs practically unbroken from Cape Ramas to Colla Bay, a distance of sixteen miles. Here I could find no signs of the creek, so made towards a gap in the trees where I found that, at this time of the year, it does not enter the sea. Surplus water evidently soaks through the sand of the beach. Once found the water is deep and clear, the river about 60 yards wide and overhung throughout by palms leaning across the water as though admiring their own reflections mirrored in the still surface. Through the clear water could be seen many shoals of fish of different kinds, some bright and silvery like sea fish and others of darker colour with stripes and markings of fish which live amongst the reeds of river banks. The largest, approaching 2 lb. in weight, closely resembled the English perch in shape and colour, and as they were not in the least alarmed by my presence on the bank would probably provide good sport for a skilful angler with a light rod.
The Log of the "Seabird" Osprey

During my walk back I saw many men climbing the palm trees and the numerous and large pots of foaming toddy proclaimed a thriving trade in the source of vitamins so essential to the well-being of the native. I set sail again at 11 a.m., and hope the morning breeze will take me to Marmagoa where I intend staying for a few days to enable me to visit old Goa.

Later.—Passing the headland I saw a towel waved and knew that an old friend, with whom I am to stay, had seen my arrival, but when within two cables of the breakwater it fell dead calm. As there was a strong ebb tide I dropped my anchor and was glad to see a boat which the same good friend had sent off to tow me in. By three o'clock I was attacking an excellent tiffin in his bungalow which is delightfully situated on the edge of the cliff with a wonderful view, the whole horizon from Cape Ramas to Vengurla being broken only by St. George's Islands.

At dinner I met some very charming members of the small British community at Marmagoa. The meal was served outside almost on the edge of the cliff with the starlit sky overhead and the low growl of the surf below.

Dec. 16.—I visited one or two steamers in the port, and in the evening took the Harbourmaster and his wife for a short sail.

Dec. 17.—To-day was well spent in a trip to Panjim by launch and a visit to Old Goa, though it was very hot and tiring ashore.

A motor car was waiting for me at Donna Paula where we landed, and I was soon slipping through irrigated fields, in which many ploughs drawn by oxen were tilling the soil, towards Panjim, the present capital and seat of Government of Portuguese India. Here we stopped only to order lunch and were soon again spinning along a good road built like a causeway for several miles along the river bank. The river here is broad and surrounded by high green hills; on the top of several of these could be seen large Roman Catholic churches shining white in the bright sunlight. I was informed by the driver that each village has its church and each church certainly appeared to be quite as large as an ordinary cathedral.

Approaching Old Goa the church of Saint Augustine can be seen on the hilltop, an imposing ruin, but little else remains of this once gorgeous city except the cathedral and two or three churches, notably Saint Cajetan, St. Catherine and the Tomb of St. Francis Xavier in the church of Bom Jesus, which have been kept in repair by the Government and in which services are held. Close by are the remains of the Hall of the Inquisition and of several convents, some of whose massive stone columns remain.

In "A Sketch of the City of Goa," published by Thacker & Co. in 1878, Joseph Nicolau de Fonseca states that "In the height of its fame in the 18th century the hills were crowned with elegant structures and lower down might be seen magnificent palaces, convents and churches towering one above another."

Pyrrard tells us that it would be an endless task to describe minutely the numerous streets, squares, churches, palaces and other buildings both
public and private which were worth noting in Goa. The number of convents and churches alone was over fifty. The city, excluding its suburbs, is stated by travellers to have been four miles and a half in circumference and the population in the beginning of the 17th century to have been 225,000. By many the city has been described as comparable to Lisbon, at that time, owing to the predominance of the Portuguese navy, the foremost port of the world, and it received the name of Goa Dourada, or Golden Goa.

In describing the social life of the Portuguese at this period Fonseca states that—"They called themselves Fidalgos or Noblemen and never cared to follow any trade or calling," evidently deriving their income from the labour of their slaves, and that—"the females were left at home by their husbands whose jealousy imposed on them such restraints that they were seldom allowed to stir out of their private apartments." Such treatment brought its inevitable consequences, for we read later that—"They passed their time in devising means to elude the vigilance of their husbands. For this purpose they took into their confidence those very servants who had been kept to watch their conduct, and made of them willing instruments for the gratification of their evil propensities." To such an extent did they abandon themselves to these pleasures, that we are told by almost every traveller who visited Goa at this period that they did not scruple to stupefy their husbands with narcotic drugs and admit their paramours into their very bed-chambers.

In fact, with the influx of enormous wealth into the city the morals of the inhabitants became corrupt and depraved and the seeds of premature decay and dissolution could be discerned as the result. Justice and public offices were bought and sold. At this time the Dutch were directing their attention to the East, strengthening their resources and extending their commerce. Goa was unsuccessfully blockaded by them in 1603, but the struggle continued for 59 years at the end of which time most of the Portuguese possessions had fallen into the hands of the enemy and their commerce was crippled.

A serious epidemic, probably of cholera, invaded the city for the second time in 1635 and spread death and desolation within its walls. From this time onwards the grandeur of the city faded and its wealth dissolved and Thevenot, describing his visit in 1666, says—"The city is great and full of beautiful churches and convents and well adorned with palaces. There were few nations in the world so rich as the Portuguese in India before their commerce was ruined by the Dutch, but their vanity is the cause of their ruin." An official document dated December 3, 1687, stated: "The greater part of Goa is abandoned because its inhabitants cannot rebuild their houses when they have fallen."

It was at this time that the Viceroy, the Count of Alvor, decided to abandon the city and transfer the seat of government to Marmagoa where the Palace Hotel still remains as a monument to the commencement of the rebuilding of the city at that site.
This policy was abandoned by Alvor's successor and it was not until 1759 that the Viceroy's palace was moved to Panjim and that port was selected as the capital in 1843.

Now there is no population in Old Goa and the river runs past the ruins of a great city—ruins of churches, palaces, convents, the Hall of the Inquisition surrounded by trees and overgrown by jungle.

**Dec. 18.—** I left Marmagoa at 7.15 a.m. with a light breeze from the NE. The morning was rather cloudy with a white haze over the land and a smoky horizon but the sky is clearing now.

11.30 a.m.: The morning breeze continued light and it has now fallen dead calm.

**Later.—** At 1.10 p.m. the sea breeze came light from south of west and I lashed a long bamboo as a bowsprit and set the spinnaker as a balloon jib. With all three sails drawing well I made good going and hoped to pass Karli Passage before dark but when within 4 miles of it the wind fell light and I was almost becalmed by 5 o'clock. I therefore set the spinnaker and ran for the bay under the eastern shore of Nuti Point where I now lie with an uncomfortable swell coming in from the south-west.

There is no means of landing so I swam ashore through the surf and stretched my legs along the beach.

**Dec. 19.—** A nice breeze came from the NE. this morning before dawn, which was unusually brilliant with a sky of flame and more like sunset. I got my anchor at 6.45 and with the breeze aft passed Chaldea Rocks Buoy at 7.15 a.m.

I wanted to see Malvan so, after passing Square Rock, stood due north and was rounding Johnstone Castle Buoy at 8.30 (9½ miles in 1½ hours). I passed close to the Fort and had a look at the lightship and basket which should be left close to port entering the harbour. The breeze was too tempting to allow me to stay.

**Later.—** At 11 a.m. the breeze fell light, and at midday it was dead calm. This lasted only about fifteen minutes when the sea breeze came. I was very tempted to continue to Rajapur Bay, but was anxious to see Deogarh, so ran through the entrance and dropped anchor at 2 p.m. in 3 fathoms mud one cable off the custom house on the west shore of the harbour. The entrance to this harbour is narrow, but can be recognized by the light on the cliff of the south side. There are rocks running for about 2 cables SW. from the point north of the entrance which must be avoided when entering the harbour from the north. Then stand on due east toward Saddle Hill, changing course to south round the fort.

**Dec. 12.—** Later I saw that there is a red lamp at the Custom House—on a standard about 30 ft. above the water. Entering at night, course would be altered to south when this comes into view, and the anchor should be let go when it is abeam.

Inside the bay expands, the creek runs on in an easterly direction and is
navigable to small boats only at high water. There is a large arm extending a mile to the south in which the anchorage lies. The harbour is surrounded by low hills and completely land locked, affording excellent shelter in all winds. It is not particularly pretty as the hills are dotted only here and there with vegetation, being chiefly latyrite rock. The fort is built on the northern triangular extremity of the head south of the entrance. The fortifications on top of the cliffs appear to have been insignificant, but bastions of considerable strength and still intact exist on the rocks of the foreshore.

The third or landward side of the triangle is protected by a moat some 12 feet wide and 10 feet deep cut in the solid rock. The excavated material from this was no doubt used to build the walls which rise about another ten feet or so behind it, protected on either flank by a circular tower.

The village is a mile further up the bay, but I am told that no supplies are available except soda water. As usual the Customs official here has been most obliging, sending his boat to take me off and securing a loaf of bread and a tin of milk for me from the s.s. "Kamlavati," which came in about 3 p.m. northward bound and picked up a large number of mill hands returning to Bombay after the strike.

I am rather sorry I did not just look into the harbour and then push on to Amblogarh. To-morrow I may have another look at Viziadrug or may go on to Paos Bay which, from the chart, appears to be worth putting in at.

To-day's run approx. 36 miles in 7½ hours.

Dec. 20.—I left Deogarh at 5.50 a.m. with the lightest breeze from NE. which remained light and fluky all the morning.
The Log of the "Seabird" Osprey

Now at 10.30 my position gives me approximately 12 miles in 4 hours 40 minutes—poor going.

11.45 a.m.: It is now dead calm. A short time ago I saw a whale, but he only showed up once and seems to have disappeared. My tindal was greatly excited and salaamed most obsequiously, whether to propitiate the whale or because, like the conch shell and the cow, it is related to the Great Mother and therefore sacred, I know not.

Later.—At 12.45 the sea breeze came, at first from due north and later NNW., increasing to a good full sail breeze. As I had kept a good offing I was able to make Paos Bay close hauled on the port tack. In the little cove on the north shore there is excellent anchorage in from 2 to 4 fathoms sand, sheltered from all weather during the fine season. I dropped anchor at 4.10 p.m.

The entrance is wide and no difficulty exists in making the bay. The cove cannot be seen until close up to it, and a lamp on the point is lit only when a steamer is coming in. Water, fish and eggs can be obtained from the village at the head of the bay and the customs official was again most helpful in this direction.

Coming into the bay I hooked and landed a very nice raus of about 15 lb., and I have rarely tasted better fish than a steak which I fried for dinner.

There are large numbers of small fish in the bay with larger ones hunting them.

I shall spin round the bay before leaving to-morrow morning.

One spends a much more comfortable and restful night in these little unfrequented bays than in the larger ports, though, except for the scenery, which is frequently all that one could desire, there is little of interest.

(To be continued.)