

MORMUGOA HEADLAND AND THE
FORTALEZA REAL

BY

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Mormugoa Headland in its Primeval State

MORMUGOA HEADLAND AND THE FORTALEZA REAL

CHAPTER I

The picturesque ruins of the fortifications around the headland of Mormugoa — the massive walls guarding the only two beaches where a boat landing would have been feasible, the isolated "one gun batteries" at the foot of its eastward and southward slopes, — and more than all, the old citadel overlooking the harbour, with the long line of wall, broken by frequent projecting bastions, stretching thence eastwards to Vasco-da-Gama, across the narrow spit of sand connecting the headland with the mainland, where there are signs also of a moat, and extending thence again for some distance round the shore of "South Bay" — these would indeed provide a romantic background for tales of fire, flame and battle-smoke, of escalades, assaults, and desperate defence 'gainst overwhelming odds. Romantic indeed 'twould be, for there seems to be no historical foundation of fact for anything beyond a somewhat distant and inactive participation by Mormugoa in any such heroic deed of arms.

In the dim past Mormugoa may possibly have been of some importance as guarding the entrance to the Zuari River, on the opposite bank of which, some four miles up-stream, lay the old capital of the Hindoo dynasty of Cadame, known variously as Gopalpur, Goai, Goam, or Gae. In the latter times, possibly because of the better

protection afforded by Aguada Head to small craft throughout the trading season, the capital was moved — apparently complete with name — to the banks of the twin river Mandovi, and thereafter, until the advent of the railway and new port, Mormugoa's part in the history of the country has largely been that of a spectator of the occasional dramas played in the bay below.

The site of the original capital is shown on modern maps as Goa Velha — not to be confused with the later city of that name, famous for its old churches and the Tomb of St. Francis Xavier, which in its turn had to yield pride of place to the modern Nova Goa, better known as Panjim. Little remains to mark the actual spot, but looking up the river from the heights of Mormugoa, in the magic light of the evening sun, one's eye is caught by a bright patch of sand — the landing place of the old capital — and one requires no great gift of imagination to picture the little bay as fringed with the gables and steeples of some mediæval town, engirdled by fanciful battlements and towers.

Tradition has it that the battlemented walls frowning over the coves on the southern shore of the Headland were erected in fear of the English pirate, Captain Kid, but neither he nor the Dutch against whom the more elaborate defences on the northern and eastern slopes were raised, ever seem to have attempted to carry the place by storm. No doubt the walls looked formidable enough, but it seems doubtful whether the garrison ever boasted sufficient men and guns adequately to man them, and when a Dutch admiral, in 1639 sent in a challenge to a Portuguese fleet, sheltering in the bay, to come

out and fight, and when, on their declining his invitation, he ran in and burnt three galleons, not a shot seems to have been fired from the shore in their defence.

The blockade by the combined forces of the Dutch and the English of the twin harbours formed by the mouths of the Mandovi and the Zuari rivers, extending from 1619 to 1660, aimed at destroying the commerce of the Portuguese. They made no attempt at territorial acquisition, nor would they pit their wooden walls against those of stone in an open engagement with the land defences and, with a sense of humour which their enemy may well have failed to appreciate, they actually described their force as "The Fleet of Defence." Although operations were intermittent and sometimes half-hearted, they effectively reduced the Portuguese of Goa to a degree of privation and ruin from which they never subsequently recovered.

In 1622 this fleet was commanded by the famous Artic explorer Weddels, his ships being:— *The Arms of Zealand*, *Wapen*, *Fortune*, *Zealand*, *South Holland* and *North Holland*. The English ships and the names of their commanders were equally redolent of their origin, as *The Royal Anne* (Capt. Bartholomew Goodall), *The Royal Exchange* (Capt. Green), and *The Diamond* (Capt. Crossbie), relieved by others from time to time. By 1635 the English had withdrawn from the blockade. Their ships were merchantmen first and foremost and to employ them on such work was unremunerative. Moreover, stress of circumstances had compelled the Portuguese to entertain with the English "The Truce and Free Trade Treaty,"

the forerunner of the pact of 1640 which has endured to this day. The Dutch continued to wage war on vessels sailing under the colours of the Portuguese, but dared not interfere with those of their late allies who, in characteristic fashion, immediately set about capturing their fair share of the trade of this country. Thus it came about that the *London* was chartered for a voyage from Goa to Macao in China. This ship is believed to be the first of our nation to enter Goa, and it is pleasing to learn that she played her part in building up the reputation of our capital city for straight dealing, it being on record that her owners settled all their financial and other obligations on the most approved principles of integrity. By 1641 the Dutch were established at Vengurla, and from the little fortified factory they erected there, and which still exists, they contrived to harass the Portuguese on every possible occasion. Their fleet, under Admiral Rothaes, consisted of 10 ships with a complement of 1100 men and, although land enterprises were left severely alone, encounters at sea were frequent, and almost always ended to the advantage of the Dutch.

On the edge of "Suicide Point" at the westernmost corner of the Headland and marked by a battered old "melon" figure-head, salved from the wreck of some country craft, can still be seen the foundations of the old Guard House of Boa Vista, stones from which are said to have been incorporated in the bungalow erected some years ago on the same site and now occupied by Mr. Jackson. From this old guardhouse anything that happened at sea for miles around would be clearly in view and the sentinels at that post must have witnessed the

many contests that occurred during the 40 and more years of the blockade. One of these episodes occurred about 1660 when two galleons, owned by the Society of Jesus, endeavoured to run the gauntlet outward from the Mormugoa anchorage. Both vessels were manned throughout by various grades of Jesuits, all habited in the garb of that order from Captain to the lowest rating. One of these galleons, bound for Europe, leaving by night, was successful in evading the Dutch cordon; but the other, bound for China, was less fortunate, and having sighted her at daylight still close inshore, the blockaders immediately gave chase. The Portuguese, anxious to get away with their valuable lading, had every reason to avoid a fight, and cracked on all sail. The Dutch, desirous to secure the prize undamaged, were reluctant to open fire but eventually, finding the galleon about to escape from their grasp, opened with their bow guns with the intention of bringing down her sails or damaging her rigging. Unfortunately for both parties, and in spite of the sprinkling of the helm with holy water, a shot struck the stern low down with such effect that the galleon went precipitately to the bottom, depriving the Dutch of their profit and the crew of Jesuits of their lives, with the exception of one man. The one man saved was picked up by the Hollanders, clinging to a plank. But the Jesuit would have no dealings with his rescuers, and abused them so roundly that the ship's company lost their tempers and bound him hand and foot, whereupon he became still more vituperative. The Dutch commander thereupon dealt with him in the drastic fashion employed in his own country to reduce horses to docility.

This action with the Jesuit galleons was followed shortly after by another in which the Dutch employed their favourite tactics of retiring whenever they were threatened in force by the Portuguese. This manoeuvre was repeated on four successive days, until, having at length lured the Portuguese galleon *San Thome* well ahead of her consorts, the Dutch turned and savagely attacked her. The over-matched vessel fought with desperate valour, but the rest of the Portuguese squadron hung back and left her to her fate. Her brave commander, true to the great traditions of his race, disdaining to surrender, ordered a match to be set to the magazine and died gloriously with his face to the foe; and with him perished every member of the *San Thome's* crew. Foiled of their prey, which had seemed almost within their grasp, the Dutch drove the remainder of their enemy back under the guns of the fort of Mormugoa, and followed up their success the next evening by a boat action in which they boarded one of the defeated galleons, whilst at anchor, and burnt her to the waters edge; the Portuguese, demoralized, having already quitted her.

When the "Portuguese" are referred to in these accounts it must be remembered that the European element was very much diluted by indigenous material, among whom the former stood out as knarled oaks in morale and achievement.

Even when the blockade was eventually raised, Goa continued to be so beleaguered on the landward side by the Mahrattas that foodstuffs could only reach the inhabitants by sea under the escort of Portuguese frigates. The garrison, whose nerves were by now frayed to breaking

point, were dangerously liable to panic. It so happened about this time that a Dutch vessel, now on a peaceful errand, entered Mormugoa at night. She was at once assumed to be a pirate from Muscat, and everybody ran. In the confusion, a frigate used for convoy duty was unreasoningly abandoned after being set on fire, and sank at her moorings. Possibly her guns were among those recovered from the bottom of the sea when the harbour was being built.

In the offices of the Improvement Trust at Vasco-da-Gama, officially rejoicing in the title of the "Comissao de Melhoramentos de Mormugoa," can be seen the plan of the wonder city to be built on the Headland. Sites for an opera house, Casino, bandstand, places of amusements and utility, with residential and shopping centres, are all indicated. Of this grandiose proposal, only the Circumvallaca, or circular road, has actually been constructed. And, as far as air and scenery are required to make it so, it is one of the finest motor promenades in Asia. But though the taxes still exist which were to provide the funds for this development, the scheme itself is dormant, and likely to remain so for ever. History was merely repeating itself, for a plan to transfer the capital from Old Goa to Mormugoa was launched so long ago as 1684. At this period the island tracts between the two rivers had become pestiferous, and, moreover, the Mahratta scourge became daily more threatening, until eventually a move to the healthier and less vulnerable headland across the river was decided on.

Great activity in the construction of the new city was displayed between 1700 and 1703 when the Palace (now

the Antigo Palacio Hotel) was built and the greater part of the Fortaleza Real, which appears to have been begun some eighty years earlier, was completed. An inscription, still to be seen below the statue of St. Francis Xavier, over the main gateway, reads :—

REYNANDO EM PORTVGAL O CATHOLICO REY D. PHILIPPE III D'ESTE NOME: E SENSO V. REY D'ESTE ESTADO 2A. VEZ D. FRANCISCO DA GAMA III CONDE DA VIDIGVEIRA, ALMIRANTE DA INDIA, DO CONSELHO D'ESTADO DE S. MAGESTADE E SEVGENTIL HOME DA CAMARA: SE FEZ ESTA FORTALEZA, E LANCOV A PRIMEIRA PEDRA DE EM QINZE D'ABRIL DE 1624.

A QVAL SE FEZ COM O RENDIMENTO DA COLECTA, QVE OS MORADORES D'ESTAS TERRAS CONCEDERAO PARA A FVNDACAO D'ELLAS.

which being interpreted, means :

“IN THE REIGN OF HIS CATHOLIC MAJESTY DOM PHILIP THE THIRD OF THAT NAME, DOM FRANCISCO DA GAMA, THIRD COUNT OF VIDIGUEIRA, ADMIRAL OF INDIA, COUNCILLOR OF STATE OF HIS MAJESTY AND GENTLEMAN OF THE BED CHAMBER, BEING VICEROY OF THIS STATE FOR THE SECOND TIME, THIS FORT WAS BUILT,

AND THE FIRST STONE LAID ON THE 15TH APRIL 1624.

THIS WAS DONE WITH THE PROVISION OF FUNDS WHICH THE INHABITANTS OF THESE LANDS GRANTED FOR THE FOUNDATION THEREOF.”

A customs house, courts of justice, a monastery, a rope-walk and various public buildings were built at the same time, and in due course the Viceroy transferred his residence from Goa. He had only been in occupation for a year or two when Lisbon raised objections to the arrangement, and ordered its abandonment. Mormugoa then sank to its former unimportance and its walls and buildings were neglected for over 50 years until, in 1759, the threat of a descent upon the colonies of Portugal by the combined forces of France and Spain led to a partial restoration. But the defences were only armed and manned so long as the emergency lasted, and Mormugoa was then once more banished to desolation. With its unkempt rocky foreshore, barren wilderness of headland, and ruin and decay of every work of man it must indeed have become a melancholy spot. The very anchorage below was completely deserted by shipping and so remained until, in 1799, an English frigate was sent down from Bombay to ride out the monsoon under the shelter of the headland and report on the suitability of the anchorage.

H. M. S. *La Virginee* was chosen for this unpleasant duty, and her log during her stay at Mormugoa gives an epitome of life on board our Wooden Walls at that time. Nothing remarkable appears to have happened.

Time was passed in musters, watering, overhauling of spars, making of hammocks and sails, boat repairs and in floggings and burials. The following extracts from the log suggest that the potent arrack, and possibly also the dusky sirens of the interior, had a disastrous effect on the health and discipline of the ship.

"1799, 29th May. came to in 5 Fathoms off Mormugoa Fort. Moored east and west, later changed anchorage to a position nearer fort in $4\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms. Departed this Life, John Bull, Seaman. Got a spring on each cable, sailmakers employed making mainsail.

30th May. Buried the deceased.

31st May. Received ten bullocks.

1st June. Carpenters on shore repairing boats, sailmakers, etc.

4th June. Sent a boat to sound the bay. Threw overboard ninety-two pounds of beef being rotten, stinking and unfit to eat.

5th June. Fired a salute of 21 guns being the anniversary of the King's Birth Day. Working up junk, etc.

6th June. Departed this Life, Alex Bailey, Seaman.

12th June. Punished James Dodds with a dozen lashes, Peter Monteith with one dozen and Philip Varrel with three dozen for riotous behaviour.

23rd June. Punished Edward Beel, Seaman, with 12 lashes for insolence.

25th June. Punished John Brown, Marine, with 36 lashes for riotous behaviour.

27th June. Punished John Maddon, Marine, with 24 lashes for riotous behaviour.

29th June. Punished John Mason, Seaman, with 12 lashes for disobedience of orders.

2nd July. Heavy swell rolling into the Bay.

4th July. Punished John Lamis and Joseph Johnson with 48 lashes for desertion.

6th July. Punished John Sullivan, Seaman, with 24 lashes for theft.

8th July. Moderate Breeze and cloudy. At 4 p. m. departed this Life, Thomas Williams, Seaman. Employed as before.

13th July. Moored in four fathoms.

20th July. Inflicted punishment of Running the Gauntlet on James Davis, Marine, for theft.

25th July. Punished William Lucas, Seaman, with 24 lashes for desertion.

30th July. Exercised Great Guns.

- 2nd August. Punished William Bond with 2 dozen and William Laverack with 12 lashes for riotous behaviour.
- 10th August. Punished James William, Seaman, with one dozen lashes.
- 26th August. Left Mormugoa for the Southward."

Only in one case is the record of death followed by the time-honoured formula — "and committed the body to the deep." Sailors strongly object to sea burials while a ship is at anchor and, when this cannot be avoided, it is usual to find on the same date an entry in the log — "Shifted moorings." Somewhere on the wastes of the headland must be a spot "which is for ever England" — the last resting place of "John Bull, Seaman" and more than a few of his shipmates. Eventually — long before she was due to take her departure — *La Virginie* beat out of the harbour, and the fact that it took ten days to do so suggests the determination of her Commander at all costs to leave the place behind.

Napoleon had designs on Goa as a base from which to conquer Hindustan. It is a matter of history that he was forestalled by the British who, to counter this threat of invasion, occupied the ports of Portuguese India for some years. The main British force was at Cabo but, later, detachments were sent to Mormugoa as also to Damaun and Diu. When the troops were finally removed, extravagant bills were submitted to the Bombay Government for alleged damages to the public buildings

occupied. The extent of the demand was not so much objected to as the unwarranted charges, derogatory to the character of British soldiers, that accompanied them. The dispute had special reference to Mormugoa, which the Goa authorities described as a scene of pillage, wanton delapidation, and embezzlement of stores etc. The enquiry into these allegations gives an idea of the esteem in which Mormugoa was held by the unfortunate troops stationed on what one officer described as "that long depopulated peninsular." A naval officer contributed this picture — "A complete scene of desolation, scarcely a hut or house of any kind inhabitable, the palace and all the public buildings without exception are in a state of ruin; in fact without offering to the meanest individual the slightest temptation for plunder." An engineer officer, adding his testimony, said: "The building called by the Portuguese a palace does not shelter the few artillery men stationed at that dismal spot, without doors or windows, partially unroofed, and wanting even floors." It had been intended to accommodate the troops in huts as at Cabo, but the general unhealthiness of the place led to the withdrawal of the British soldiers and sepoys before they were completed, and the fort, thereafter, was manned only in case of an alarm.

Among the books of the *Bibliothèque Publique* of Pangim is a small volume, printed locally many years before, entitled *BEATRIZ*. It claims to be a story from real life of the revolution in Goa in 1835. The revolution seems to have had its lighter moments, and a chapter heading — "A Day in Mormugoa" — attracted my attention. A transcription into English reveals a story which

is not to be found in Fitchetts "Fights for the Flag." The hero, Herculam, with his adored Beatriz, walking by the so-called palace at Mormugoa, meets an old gentleman who proves on closer acquaintance to be the governor of the fortress. In the course of a lament on the ancient glories of Portugal, the talk comes to Veigas Cabral, Governor, but not Viceroy, of Goa at the time of the British occupation.

"The Governor, Veigas Cabral, of whom you have just spoken", said Herculam, "from what I have heard was, I gather, distinguished for his bravery and courage, and was one of the most respected that ever served his country." "Indeed he was so," replied the old man. "I did not know him, but I have often heard my father say that never since has any Governor trodden this ground having such courage as he. This very fortress, though dumb, is a witness to his intrepidity." "How is that?" asked Herculam. "Do you not know?" said the Governor much astonished. "Then I will tell you. When, in 1807, Napoleon the First, that indomitable warrior, was enslaving all Europe by his great power, and threatening Portugal for refusing to accord with his colonial system, England, which had already taken possession of the greater part of our Colonies, and yet coveted this remaining relic, obtained from our government permission to occupy this place, on the ostensible ground of protecting it from her invincible enemy. An English brigade of troops was sent here and raised its banners on these walls. But the instant that Veigas Cabral got news of this audacious outrage, he, as savage as

any tiger, marched here accompanied by his Aides-de-Camp and some of his brave officers and, seeing the affront with his own eyes, ordered one of his soldiers to lower the flag and cast down the flagstaff, saying to the English commander that, if they were to repeat the offence, he would return and expel them from the fortress. The English swallowed their pride, and in the face of the great boldness of Veigas Cabral dared not rehoist their banner." Herculam replied, "Truly I admire such conduct. But unfortunately today we have no people to take such hazzards, for the nation has lost her prestige and, later, the English will become the possessors of this unlucky colony as well as of the others we possess." "That is probable" said the Governor, "for they are making many attempts to get Goa now."

A century or more later, an English gentleman, doing duty as British Consul at Mormugoa, erected a flagstaff in the compound of his residence from which to fly the Union Jack. This breach of etiquette was quickly resented by the Portuguese who insisted that the Consulate was the only place at which it might be displayed; and further, that no foreign national flag could be hoisted on an erect flagstaff anywhere in Goa unless, above it, flaunted the Republican Standard of Portugal. Thus His Majesty's representative of a later day also had to "swallow his pride," and hence the sad and mournful aspect of our Union Jack when drooping at an angle of 45 degrees from the barber's pole outside the Consulate. Herculam was wrong! There are still worthy descendants of Veigas Cabral ready to put Old England in her place.

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Not only so, but another prominent English resident had perforce to eat humble pie when on entering the palatial post office at Mormugoa he forgot to remove his topee it was gently taken off his head by the post-master and placed in his hands. "Hats Off!" in all government buildings is the Law of Portugal.

In the times of peace that followed the Napoleonic Wars, British warships continued to pay infrequent visits to Goa, but of Mormugoa there is never a word. When, during the Mutiny, the Portuguese agreed to afford facilities for the transit of a British regiment via Goa to Dharwar, where it was urgently required to overawe the native troops, the 86th Foot, under Colonel Stuart, were rushed down by sea. Colonel Stuart states that he landed "twenty miles south of Old Goa" but there is little doubt that actually he anchored at Mormugoa, and that the troops were there transferred into country craft which conveyed them all the way round to Old Goa by the up-river channel, via Cortalim and Banastarim, still used by the launches of the Fluviale Nazionale plying between Pangim and Sanvordem. From Old Goa, after a day or two's rest to recover from the effects of the monsoon seas, accommodation being found in the out-buildings of the church of St. Francis of Assisi, the regiment duly marched to their destination in the Southern Mahratta country and arrived in time to prevent the threatened outbreak.

Lopes Mendes, who visited Mormugoa in 1863, mentions that most of the buildings were then in ruins. The garrison of the fort consisted of 1 Lieut., 12 artillerymen, and 26 men of a Cacador regiment, the equivalent of

our Light Infantry. There were a few new guns recently imported from Portugal, but the others were mostly un-serviceable. When twenty years later the harbour was being built, a number of old guns were planted, end up, in concrete and used as mooring bollards. It seems uncertain whether these were part of the old armament of the fort or were relics of the sea fights of still earlier days. Mr. Sawyer, who was responsible for the making of the harbour, remembers that a few old cannon and a quantity of balls were fished up by his divers from time to time.

At the time of Mendes' visit the fort was still intact, and the steps still in position leading from the water gate at the bottom to the citadel on the top of the hill. Mendes also found time to measure the headland, and ascertained it to be 4840 metres, (exactly three miles) in circumference, 1210 metres at its broadest, and 1980 at its greatest length. There were said to be secret passages with exits on the foreshore; and it is a fact that excavations during the construction of the railway near "Iron Jetty" revealed a narrow cave which certainly runs back for some considerable distance and is then said to branch into two. I have never heard that anyone has seriously tried to explore further, braving the snakes and slimy horrors whether of fact or imagination.

Mendes also mentions the Chapel of St. Anthony which now overlooks the breakwater. But the harbour and the railway came after Mendes' time, so of course he makes no mention of the collection box now so prominent near the steamer ticket office at "No. 1 Steps." It is anything but flattering to the Bombay Steam Naviga-

tion Company to note the sincere devoutness with which intending passengers make their offerings to the saint before committing their persons to the care of that long-established coasting line. Sometimes, too, one may see a dishevelled, enfeebled passenger with just sufficient strength remaining to stagger off an incoming steamer to the foot of the shrine and offer up to St. Anthony the prayer for the "only-just-saved." One can imagine the full heart on such a tense occasion — the emptied stomach likewise.

Climb the cliff by St. Anthony's, pass the signal station and watch-tower, and in front of you lie three bungalows clustered around Suicide Point, earlier known as Boa Vista. Why the earlier name has been supplanted I know not, nor can I say definitely whether the neighbourhood has ever qualified for its new one. No ghost has been reported, but on any stormy night one could conceive that an entire army had gone "over the top" and where still hullabalooing about the long drop; possibly some lonely dweller there has possessed a vivid imagination coupled with a sense of the fitness of things. It is a fact, however, that three terriers, in pursuit of a cat, once followed one another over the edge, near where it is most precipitous. Fortunately the cascade of animal matter, landing in a tree below, came to no harm whatever, except that the oldest and fattest dog limped for a few days. The cat was "Blackie" who owned the Jacksons; the dogs were Chips, Kim and Nancy Calder, to all of whom Blackie was the utmost stranger, and wished to remain so.

From Suicide Point, the larger St. Georges Island is

prominent. It is populated by goats, and, it is said, the Portuguese Government offer it in fee simple to anyone willing to build and maintain a lighthouse thereon. One Temple, a Railway official at the port who had spent a holiday in Iceland, claimed that St. Georges Island bore a very strong resemblance thereto which it only required a coating of sugar icing to complete. To impress us, he would roll off the name of Iceland's metropolis, spelt REYKJAVIK—it smelt like it too, said he. Poor Temple met a tragic death not long after, when, testing a bridge over which the river was already flowing in flood, the locomotive plunged into the torrent.

Because of his ecclesiastical cognomen, Temple was expected to lead the responses at our quarterly church services, and thereby earned the good opinion of the Padre who, worthy man, having come straight from some wild Dartmoor parish, actually felt quite at home on the bleak landscape of Mormugoa which, by the way, like almost every newcomer, he pronounced MORMUGOA. The nasal Portuguese terminal AO, with its "til," is too much for the stiff tongues (or noses?) of most Englishmen, and one imagines that early visitors to MORMUGAÕ must have welcomed the alternative suggested by the name of the country and its capital, though it seems not improbable that this, in its turn, is related to the Mahratta GAON (angelic GAUM) of the Deccan. For the derivation of the name MORMUGOA more than one suggestion has been put forward, the most prosaic being "Moorum Gaum," i. e., the "Village of Red Earth." But Lopes Mendes advances the more romantic "Village of Pearls" from the fact that a large

bed of pearl bearing oysters exists close by, and that single pearls have, from time to time, been washed up on the sands. The nearest thing to pearls seen of recent years on the sands of Mormugoa was a set of false teeth which had dropped from the capacious mouth of one "Boots" Sinclair when disporting himself in the waves in the first cove, some distance from the shore. All attempts to find the artificial grinders were in vain, and the party returned home in despair, especially "Boots" whose mumblings and moanings ceased not for the rest of the day. With the early light of morning, he reopened the same theme, and it was suggested in desperation that we once again bathe in the same spot for, peradventure, St. Anthony might be kind. It seemed indeed a hope too utterly forlorn, and, after footling and paddling about for nearly an hour, we were on the way back to our clothes when something glistened at the line of the previous high tide. It was the object we sought, trundled beachwards by the gentle wavelets, and now lying at our feet demanding to be restored to its palatal home.— "Boots' " smile, the first for twenty-four hours, would have done credit to an advertisement for "Milton," and we, most grateful, bathed, yet once again as it were, in the refulgence thereof.

Of the flora of the Headland I am not really competent to write. But the sarsaparilla plant is plentiful and, with cure in profusion at their very doors, there is no excuse for blotches, pimples or eruptions on the faces of the residents. So, too, is Lantana, broadcast by the sparrows who, gathering a mouthful of berries from a nearby bush, retire to the nearest wire fencing to enjoy the feast,

dropping most of it in the process. Hence the jungle of Lantana along the compound fences and between the posts of the domestic clothes line.

As for the geology of Mormugoa it has already been noted that possibly the name originates from the prevalence of Moorum. This in its turn is the product of the laterite rock which extends in a vast sheet over the entire headland, overlying other igneous rocks below. According to the Director of the Geological Survey of India the name appears to be derived from the Latin *later*, a brick, possibly on account both of its colour and the fact that it is quarried in rectangular blocks. The origin of this strange cellular rock appears to be wrapped in mystery. It is composed, in varying proportions, of numerous ingredients, including iron ore and bauxite, but, unfortunately, the Mormugoa variety contains little of the latter valuable mineral, which is the chief source of aluminium. On the other hand, it seems to contain a high proportion of iron, and the islet of Cumbarein, or Buffalo Rock, off Suicide Point, is mentioned in the "West Coast of India Pilot" as being so magnetic as to disturb the compasses of passing ships.

A feature of laterite is its liability to split. The theory is that a small surface crack will appear in the solid rock into which a small boulder somehow drops. The sun heats up the entire mass, but when cooling takes place at night the smaller mass contracts first and thus drops an imperceptible amount deeper into the fissure day by day. This process goes on until, finally, the pebble forces a slice of rock outwards, infinitely larger than itself, to break away altogether from the face of the

cliff as an isolated crag, to topple over and crash down the slope breaking into those fragments which strew the seashore.

The curious chips of flint having the appearance of being artificially shaped and edged, found all over the headland, were assumed by an American visitor to be relics of the days of the Fighting Portuguese. He believed they were used with the ancient flint-lock muskets and, when no longer required, were just scattered in the vicinity of the several military works. He collected bags of them to take back with him to the States. But the fragments are far too common and are found in places too remote from forts to justify any such theory.

This American, by courtesy styled 'Professor', was an entomologist in the service of a New York firm dealing in cashew nuts. He was specially commissioned to find an antidote for the weevils which are apt to spring to life in the kernels of these nuts during the long voyage to the States. The Professor, however, had his own object in life — the acquisition of a specimen of a rare beetle. His collection wanted nothing but this, according to his own account, to make it one of the finest of its kind in the world. The pursuit of this bug claimed precedence over all other pursuits, even over his legitimate business. Able man as he was, it only required that he draw pay for a particular service for that service to become of very casual concern to him, and, when his employers finally refused to send him remittances for duties left undone, he would not even work for the occasional honorarium which his abilities as a scientist could command. His taste for collecting was catholic. Anything that crawled or had a

spark of life in it—the lower the glimmer the better—was pounced upon and plunged into the test-tube he invariably carried. If his heavy fingers were too much for the wee beastie, the lapel of his coat was a most convenient towel. But nothing equalled the nuisance of the shell fish, he had a habit of taking alive and leaving to putrify in his bedroom, which then became at once unapproachable to the fastidious and an unfailing lure to every blue-bottle in Goa.

Of the larger fauna I cannot really say much. True, a lady did once tell me that she had seen a panther basking in the sun and gazing wistfully out to sea only forty yards from her bungalow — that is, the panther was. I myself have been misled by an occasional foreign sailor, bandana handkerchief round his head basking in the sun and gazing wistfully out to sea from the very same spot, so I must acquit the said lady of deliberate missightedness. Moreover, wondrous stories have been told of shikar on the headland, and it is credibly reported that at least one panther has met his end thereon, and another in the Station yard at Vasco-da-Gama!

Of less ferocious fauna the headland boasts of enormous number of pigs and goats. The former may justify their existence as artists in the science of scavenging, but the goats seem to serve no other purpose than to keep the tempers of the few European inhabitants at fever point by continual raids on their gardens, built with infinite labour and trouble on the barren rock of the headland. Of the domestic animals the sheep is conspicuous by its absence; it is said that the small pebbles get between their trotters and render them so lame they are

unable to forage around for a living. This circumstance necessitated our Mutton Club procuring a new member once a week from Hubli. This club flourished vastly for a while ; I belonged to it too—for a while. But from bitter experience found I could not compete with the dear ladies of the station who, with of course the best intentions in the world, when a mere bachelor's turn came for one of the succulent joints—say the saddle—when it was their turn for the neck, would unblushingly change the label. After being awarded six joints in succession all differently described, but all having the same repulsive anatomical aspect, I resigned and left Mormugoa in protest ; for I am a Non-conformist by persuasion, and have the very uncomfortable conscience of the elect. Now the dictionary defines a "stiff neck" as "obstinacy in sin." The necks I got, all of them, were beyond all question very stiff, and doubtless correspondingly sinful—and no meat food for a good puritan !

But to return to the fauna. There are snakes, of course, of every shape and size and kind—Cobras, Karaitis, harmless rocksnakes, and an objectionable variety which pervades the Konkan known as the "Forca,"—all in countless numbers. Going up the cliffs on one occasion, I heard a heavy clatter coming nearer and nearer from the top downwards. I thought it must be some playful boulder having a game of avalanches. It proved, however, to be a large snake, in a great hurry about something, which crossed the path and continued on its noisy way. Whether it managed to pull up before it reached the water I do not know ; but I shouldn't think so.

It used to pain me to see strong Master Mariners wilt and grow pale when the subject turned to snakes, say half an hour before they were due to leave my bungalow to return to their ships. With a catch in the throat that deceived no one, they would suggest how nice it would be to sleep in a bed ashore for the night ; that, with the wind as it was, there was unlikely to be an outbreak of fire or famine on their steamers for some time, and that they had, with their own hands, watered the cat and fed the geraniums before leaving, etc., etc. I had to be very firm with them to get them started homewards at all. In the end, the more stout hearted would go off humming that dirge of the sea—"I shall go home when the ebb tide flows," and, once out of the compound, would take frankly to their heels in an endeavour to reach sea level in one rush. One M. M., mature in weight as in years, hared so fast down the hill that he could not negotiate the bend, and plunged headlong into dense jungle some feet below the path, from which he had to be extracted with the aid of ropes !

It is not easy for a stranger to find his way off the headland in the dark, and when one has been primed with stories of reptiles that hang on branches and make unerring aim for the eye-ball, or others that choke their victim with a double hitch around the throttle, it undoubtedly does call for a certain amount of nerve to leave the open and begin the descent by jungle path, or even by the main road (if one is lucky enough to find it and to recognise it when found).

Hobson, one time British Consul, used to tell of being summoned to his porch one night by a tremulous voice

hailing — Senhor, Senhor!! Barco, Barco!!! Hobson, seeing that the case before him required immediate sympathy, barked thrice lengthways with short intervals between to show that he understood. And then, with commendable intuition, deduced — Barco — Embarkation — Sea — Ship, and so arrived at the fact that the party before him was a very distressed seaman enquiring his way back to the quay. Hobson did the thing handsomely, providing a lamp, a guide, and half a bed-sheet to serve as a plug with which to stop the flow of tears that welled and gushed from the eyes of the Agitated One. By the bye, the strange phenomenon has been commented on that all dogs of the headland seem to bark thrice in the manner described above. It must be a habit acquired through long years of hearing departing steamers give their farewell salutation to the port by three long blasts upon their syrens. I put the suggestion on record, for doubtless the dogs will continue to bark in this peculiar way long after the last steamer has left Mormugoa and when long rows of air liners occupy their allotted quarters on the Headland.

The Headland, with its surface of sheet rock strewn with loose boulders, offers little attraction to those in search of exercise, other than the wonderful views of sea and land almost everywhere obtainable. But below the low cliffs of the laterite cap, and accessible only by veritable smugglers paths through the riven rocks lie steep boulder strewn slopes. In the early part of the monsoon many of these slopes are covered with short green turf which throws up the red, warm brown and black tones of the massive rocks into admirable relief, and provide

enchancing scope for the energetic rambler who is prepared to use hands as well as feet.

The most exhilarating scramble of this kind I ever experienced — and I speak of it with gusto or disgusto, according to my audience — was in company with a Russian Countess who arrived in the port from Vladivostock en route for the Black Sea. She was accompanied by a wizened but tough old mother and a young boy. Not by invitation, I assure everyone, the party strolled through my compound one morning to peer over Suicide Point. As Lord of the Manor, I joined them when the Countess, a more than presentable lady, enquired in broken English for a way down. I assured her there was none except by a crevice in the face of the cliff — an almost vertical descent — which I pointed out. I had no sooner done so, than in the Tonski language she ordered Ma and the boy home the way they had come; and, herself, began to slither down the crack.

Now I am a poor family man, but I hope you will concede that mere politeness compelled me to follow. My reward — or otherwise — soon came. The lady did not halt by the goat track that runs around the headland, linking up the cocoanut plantations on either side of the abrupt promontory, but right down to the water's edge she went, and then commenced the scramble over the rocks towards the breakwater. At places, at this level, one must mountaineer boulders the size of cottages. But that never daunted the Countess. She led the way and I, to mortify the flesh, let her do so — it was the more disgusto.

Needless to say, I am an expert in Lingerie. Was

there a subaltern in the Great War to whom my name was not a household word? I knew the best strategical positions for the regimental and naval crests, on the little breastworks or barbettes, according to the service to which the Fair attached themselves. The large mouse with a brass hat racing a smaller mouse with a smaller brass hat, let in on the "Cotton Tops," was an early inspiration. The many novel positions in which the "Heavens Light Our Guide" of the Royal Indian Marine, or the ancient "Honi Soit" might be found, were all familiar to me. And, I thought, there was nothing new under the sun. But should the artists ever become too jaded to maintain "La Vie" at the required temperature, let me recommend as the finest 'Refresher Course' I can conceive, the chase of a Russian Countess over the rocky foreshore of Mormugoa Headland! Ah! when shall I see the like again?



MORMUGOA HARBOUR
The Old Palace and Fortelaza Real
(in the background)

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE HARBOUR AND RAILWAY

Concurrently with the schemes for the development by railway of the fertile tracts of the Southern Mahratta Country, in the Southern Bombay Deccan, the necessity for some outlet to the sea other than the distant port of Bombay, forced itself on public attention.

The first investigation to find such an outlet of which there is any record took the shape of a survey, in 1873, for a line from Gadag to Karwar, but the idea seems to have been abandoned because of "the impenetrableness of the jungle and the unhealthiness of the forests" through which such a line must run, and of "the heavy rainfall in the Ghauts"—neither of which phenomena, it may here be noted, were any more severe than on the route eventually adopted, where they entirely failed to defeat the pioneers who effected the location and subsequently the construction of the present railway. Mormugoa, however, had not at that date been thought of as a possible alternative. Somewhat later a Mr. Latham of Bombay submitted proposals to the Portuguese Government for a light railway from Panjim to the foot of the ghauts, but by that time the possibilities of Mormugoa had been realised, and this project was shelved in favour of a more ambitious scheme.

A protracted and occasionally heated controversy then arose between the advocates of Mormugoa and those of Karwar, and in 1876 Commander Taylor was sent down to investigate and report on the relative advantages

of each, having special regard to the necessity for a good and sheltered anchorage during the South-West Monsoon. Taylor reported in favour of Mormugoa as possessing better natural facilities than Karwar, while lending itself equally well to "improvements." It may here be noted that his ideas seem to have been somewhat on the grand scale, for there is mention of a breakwater projecting from Cabo Head! One concludes that Commander Taylor's proposal to enclose the whole bay formed by the mouth of the Zuari River — an ambitious scheme indeed.

Some years later, when the more modest plans for the present harbour were beginning to take shape, a conflict of opinion arose as to the number of vessels likely to be able to find shelter behind the 1800 feet breakwater contemplated therein. The Chief Engineer — quite definitely an optimist, — seems to have suggested 200, while Taylor, grieved perhaps at the omission of his Cabo breakwater, gloomily suggested six! Actually the harbour, as built, will accommodate six vessels at the quay while as many more may be at anchor in the stream. It must be remembered however that the ships of 1930 draw a trifle more water than those of 1870, or the latter figure would be much larger.

But to return to the Mormugoa — Karwar controversy. Apart from the question of technical convenience there were others of political and diplomatic importance, and protracted discussions arose between the Governments of India, Goa, Great Britain and Portugal. Eventually, in 1880, the decision was made in favour of Mormugoa, but a stipulation was made in the treaty

reserving the right to build a railway to Karwar should the line to Mormugoa prove to be inadequate for the needs of the British Indian districts concerned.

One of the most delicate points in these negotiations had reference to the claim of the Portuguese to the continuation of the privileges, accorded to them by the Moguls nearly three centuries earlier, granting them the right to import merchandise at Surat free of customs duty, or, at least, at special rates. Danvers, in his history of the Portuguese in India, states that up to 1874 the latter continued to claim the right to import wines and spirits, etc., at a duty of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. only *Ad-valorem* via Surat, whence free entry was permitted into the interior, much to the detriment of the merchants and traders of Bombay.

In return for the acceptance of Mormugoa as the sea terminal of the proposed railway from the Deccan, the Portuguese agreed to waive this privilege, the Government of India at the same time agreeing to admit the *bona-fide* produce of Goa into British India free of duty. The Portuguese Government further undertook to restrict the manufacture of salt and opium, or rather, agreed to the supervision of the local salt pans by a British official, on payment of a fixed compensation of four lacs of rupees annually, which sum was to be devoted towards financing the railway. Finally, the Portuguese Government agreed to guarantee interest up to a further eleven lacs of rupees per annum on a loan to be floated in England for the same purpose.

Sir Richard Temple, one of the British supporters of the Mormugoa route for the railway, adduced the argument that it was preferable to its Karwar rival "by reason

of the assistance derivable from the Portuguese Government." Cynical people, looking for a more sinister design, were heard to say that he and his associates were influenced by the hope that the Lisbon Government would default in payment of the guaranteed interest on the capital raised in Great Britain and so afford a plausible pretext for the occupation of Goa! They have received their answer; for throughout all the years it has taken to build up the trade of the port, the Lisbon Government has, it is believed, never failed once, by so much as a day, to meet its financial obligations in this respect.

A prominent part in these negotiations, both political and financial, was played by Sir Douglas Forsyth, K. C. S. I., commemorated by Forsyth Lodge at Castle Rock. Sir Douglas who first came to India in 1848, had had a distinguished Military career and had been employed as a special Envoy to the Ameer of Kashgar, but resigned the Civil Service in 1877 to devote his energies to the development of Railways in India.

Sir Douglas paid three visits to Lisbon in connection with the proposed treaty with Portugal and was largely responsible for its successful conclusion. Moreover, as a result of his work an influential committee was formed in 1879, presided over by the Duke of Sutherland, to investigate the commercial possibilities of a line from Hubli to Mormugoa; and it was under these auspices that Mr. Earnest Sawyer was originally sent out to survey the country. His favourable report on the project resulted in the capital being found by His Grace, the Duke, and other members of the committee.

The mainstay of the traffic, whether via Karwar or

Mormugoa, was estimated at 73,000 tons of cotton bales per annum, on which the railway expected to earn Rs. 20/- per ton, whilst the steamers carrying it on to Bombay would get Rs. 17/-. Even at this time, it may be noted, there were vessels lifting cargo at Karwar direct for the United Kingdom, but the bulk of the cotton traffic was being conveyed to Bombay via the little coast port of Kumpta in country craft.

About the same time, the Indian Government lent the services of Lieut. E. W. Petley, R. N., to carry out the necessary hydrographic survey, and on the 27th of November 1880 he arrived at Panjim. His subsequent experiences may be transcribed from his own report.

"The whole of the survey party arrived at Panjim (New Goa) on the 27th of November; and after calling upon the Governor-General, I moved the party to Donna Paula Bay, that being the most central position for our work. His Excellency the Governor-General very kindly ordered mat houses to be built, and that spare tents be lent us, and issued instructions to all officials to give us every assistance in their power, and at the same time verbally informed us that, should any difficulty arise, I was to apply personally to him, of which privilege I was frequently glad to avail myself. There can be no doubt that the interest the Governor-General of Goa took in the work considerably accelerated the progress of the work."

"The natives had some idea we were connected with the new treaty respecting the Salt Tax, which appeared to be most unpopular with them. It was subsequently rumoured amongst them that we were measuring the

land with a view to its valuation and purchase by the British Government, so that they commenced annoying us by stealing our flags, which took us sometimes a whole day to replace, when the flag station was about 8 or 9 miles off, involving a walk over the laterite hills of about 16 miles. His Excellency managed to stop the thieving of the flags; but the natives then took to cutting the ropes which supported the flag poles, thus the same damage was done without the risk of any person being caught in possession of the property."

"There were many other petty annoyances of daily occurrence of which it was impossible to be always informing the Governor-General; but without his help we should not have been received common civility. Sometimes the people even refused to sell us a cocoanut, and at the best of times we paid, at least, double for everything. Some difficulties arose as to the hire of coolies, but with judicious management this was overcome. The survey party were engaged until the 5th December, erecting mat houses, pitching tents, and transferring stores and coal which had been left at Mormugoa in charge of the commandant of the fortress, and which was found all in good order."

"Surveying work was commenced on the 6th. Tide poles were erected at Mormugoa, at Donna Paula and Panjim, and satisfactory results have been obtained. I considered it for many reasons advantageous to take up the survey of Cabo Head with outlying reefs before attempting the general sheet of Aguada to St. George's Islands, and a very tedious piece of work it proved to be. It was, however, completed by the 20th of January, and

the result has been a most carefully worked up sheet connecting the water area with that done off the Mormugoa shore last season."

"I must here mention that the examination of the locality of the Sunchi reef was carried out under extreme difficulty and sometimes of danger, as, when working there, the sea, to all appearance quite smooth, would suddenly in a most unaccountable manner, pile up on the reef and develop into tremendous breakers; it has many times nearly caught the boats, and, with the place full of sharks, it was anything but a pleasant idea to feel one might be capsized at any moment."

"In carrying out the above, Mr. Searle and myself camped at St. George's Islands, and Navigating Lieut. Pascoe was left in charge of the Headquarters."

In all 55 square miles of water were surveyed and mapped. Mr. Sawyer, the Chief Engineer of the railway construction, is immortalized on the Chart by a reef of rocks of Cabo named "Sawyer's Patch," whilst Lieut. Petley's wife has lent her Christian name of 'Ida' to a rock marked by a black buoy near what is now known as "Iron Jetty."

When in London in 1929, I was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Sawyer, who not only made the original survey for the project but was afterwards responsible for the construction of both railway and harbour, and who has always been regarded by those who have followed him as the "Father and Mother" of Mormugoa and the W. I. P. Railway. When I met him, Mr. Sawyer had just returned by air from Paris, scorning his eighty years and defying the rigours of a particularly severe winter. I

also met Mr. Wasey, another of the original party. The health and vigour of both these old gentlemen would have done credit to men half their age, and seemed to give the lie to the reputation for unhealthiness of Mormugoa and the jungles of the ghauts, or, at least, to suggest that active habits and a busy mind provide an adequate prophylactic.

Mr. Sawyer gave me many interesting reminiscences of the pioneer days. The well-known Bombay firm of Mackinnon Mackenzie & Co., — then under the management of the Great Mackay, now Lord Inchcape — were appointed Bombay agents for the undertaking, and the advance party, including horses and, incidentally, a cow with its calf, was brought down from Bombay by one of the steamers of the British India Steam Navigation Co., which were then calling regularly at Goa. At Aguada they transhipped into small craft in which they sailed across to Mormugoa, where they landed in the small bay where "Iron Jetty" was afterwards built. The calf was the first passenger to leave the ship and no sooner had it been put over the side than mother, with an outraged snort, leapt after it and made straight for the one solitary aboriginee who happened to be present to witness this historic event. The said aboriginee took to his heels at a rate which the mail trains of the W. I. P. Railway have ever since vainlessly attempted to emulate!

There being no house accommodation available, the gateway of the fort — sometime the local gaol — was cleared out for the Petley family, whilst Sawyer and the others pitched tents in the courtyard, until the local Portuguese commandant moved out of the "Old Palace" which

was then made available for the railway party. He moved his residence to the locality since known as "Major's Bunder," on the north shore of the spit connecting the headland with the mainland at Vasco-da-Gama and now marked by a small jetty which caters for local traffic by country craft. Bungalows for the officials of the railway were not built till a much later stage, the first provided being one of those on the headland, known as "Pemberton Lodge." The other was put up later still for Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, and therein the first English — or should I say Scotch! — baby was born, presumably of the Clan Macdonald.

The London office of the W. I. P. Railway have a very complete and interesting set of photographs of Mormugoa as it was before a sod had been turned in it, and a picturesque if somewhat shabby-looking place it was. The sea, of course, laved the fortifications, and the steps, now within a few feet of the metals were not there originally. Embrasured walls, with bastions at intervals, stretched eastwards along the northern shore of the headland, and the paved terrace behind afforded the only means of egress towards Vasco-da-Gama and the mainland.

These walls, or the greater part of them, were demolished to make room for the railway, but the bastion which Sawyer and his party used as a tennis court still remains to do duty as the playground of the railway school. Early photographs show the pioneers in their old-fashioned Victorian costumes; perhaps the most noticeable being Merival, son of the Dean of Ely, who sported very long hair and an abnormal beard and was

said to be rather eccentric. His facial foliage proving, for reasons which it is not necessary to describe in detail, rather inconvenient in the climate of Mormugoa, it was eventually shorn off by Wasey with the aid of his horse clippers.

The harbour works were the particular charge of Mr. Good, his assistants being Messrs. Donaldson, Hall, Pemberton and Erskine. Hall had been born and trained in India and is said to have been a remarkable man. Pemberton is perpetuated in "Pemberton Lodge" on the headland. Erskine was killed in a trolley accident and is buried at Donna Paula. Donaldson in addition to claiming first mention in the "Domestic Occurrences" is mentioned as being one of the party who entertained the Brasseys when they called at Goa in the famous *Sunbeam*. With them, by the way, was their infant daughter, who many years later paid another visit to Goa as Lady Willington, wife of the then Governor of Bombay, and present Viceroy.

Simultaneously with the railway construction party, arrived Oliver — the officer deputed by the Government of India to supervise the salt department of Goa. He started off with issuing his departmental notifications over his own signature, but this outrage on local national sentiment was short-lived, and it was eventually arranged that all such publications in the Boletim Oficial should be sponsored by a Portuguese Official. Oliver and his wife, the daughter of a Col. Sartorius who had achieved fame in the Burmese war, lived in a house at Donna Paula which must, I think, have been the one occupied by General Sir William Clarke when commanding the

British troops stationed in Goa during the Napoleonic Wars. Oliver's chief claim to remembrance, outside his official duties, lies in the fact that he was a very keen yachtsman and had had a boat built at Goa on the English model in which he sailed the twin estuaries of Mormugoa and Panjim, and in which, incidentally, he visited the *Sunbeam* — calling on Lord Brassey as one yachtsman on another! Oliver was the first regularly accredited British Consul to Portuguese India. There had been official representatives of British interests before but at irregular intervals, among Oliver's predecessors having been Crommeline, at one time Governor of Bombay, who, coming to India in 1732 had occupied this position of greater leisure and less responsibility at the age of 80.

That Mrs. Oliver was a very beautiful woman is confirmed from two different sources; by Mr. Wasey, some fifty years afterwards, and old Col. Maude, who mentions the lady in his memoirs. The Colonel was one of the earliest passengers from Belgaum to Mormugoa by the new railway, and was invited to stay with Oliver at Donna Paula. Another distinguished and much interested visitor during the construction days was Sir Douglas Forsyth, who arrived at the end of 1883 accompanied by his daughter. Needless to say, he received a great welcome.

After a short halt at Mormugoa he was carried off by Sawyer on a long tour of inspection of the work then just beginning on the Ghat Section.

The largest contractors engaged on the construction were the firm of Thompson, Bailey and Dickson, of which

Sir Thomas Thompson was the head. Bailey's name is associated with the bungalow on Alparqueiros Head—"Bailey's Folly,"—so called, it is understood, by reason of its being situated on a spot remote from any fresh water supply. Dickson was the man who evolved the idea of transporting Cleopatra's Needle from the banks of the Nile in a steel cylinder to the Thames Embankment, the cylinder being towed behind the steamer. All three men were frequently in and about Mormugoa until the firm failed for lack of capital, after which Sawyer completed the work under his own arrangements—an undertaking which involved the feeding of an army of 12,000 people of all races and castes collected at Mormugoa, and another 6000 at Sanvordem. As the local population of Mormugoa, including Vasco-da-Gama, was at that time under 1,500 and all Goan Christians, this must have been no light task.

In the train of the bigger men followed a host of "Hard Cases," either directly employed or on their own as sub-contractors, or merely of the genus "Hangers-on." Cases of breach of the peace and infractions of the law of meum and tuum inevitably arose, and a Portuguese Magistrate had to be appointed whose sole duty it was to deal with such petty offences. This functionary, while doubtless ready to draw his pay, seems to have been somewhat averse to work, and considered that the Chief Engineer should manage such matters himself. Nonetheless, the old files of the proceedings of his court indicate that he was kept fairly busy. The Indian element furnished most of the offenders, but, from time to time, white faces appeared before this august tribunal. It

may be that a party of English seamen, stranded at Donna Paula, have seized a fishing boat in which to re-join their ship, the *Blue Peter* flying at the fore-top-mast; or that some hapless cabin boy has been caught stealing in the cocoanut groves.

"Mr. Dick, margulhador, un natural americano,"—in other words, Mr. Richard Braithwaite, an American diver, employed in the harbour works, whose surname doubtless became atrophied from childhood—figures in more than one such case. He has a dispute with friend Vincento Paulo de Mello over the possession of a revolver. Again he appears charged with "furious riding," his apology not having been accepted by the Don he had bowled over. Mr. Sawyer remembered "Dick" well, having frequently donned a diving suit himself to inspect his work below water.

The cranemen, too, were often light-hearted with the twenty-five ton concrete blocks used in building the break-water, which they had a habit of dropping on the toes of anyone against whom they had a grudge and then pretending it was either a joke or an accident—the victim could take his choice!

In another case, a trustful lambkin of a Scotchman, one Campbell by clan, invites two mere Sassenachs to spend the evening with him, and, as the carouse progresses, these nasty rough southerners begin to make play with their knives. Campbell calls in the police and has them arrested, but next morning wants to cry the charge off, all recollection of what the row was about having evaporated with the fumes of the whisky! Again, Messrs. Bevan and Iver—a Cambrio-Scottish combination

apparently, though the latter seems to have lost his prefix — who have been giving a lot of trouble to the Chief Engineer are at his request deported to Bombay. "Senhor Sawyer's" successors must sometimes wish that trouble could be so easily exorcised to-day !

A lady also makes her curtsy, one "Madamme Hemingway," who appeals to the court for protection. It appears that she is the widow of a sub-contractor who has died at Mormugoa, and that she is endeavouring to carry on the job by herself ; but one night a mob of three hundred coolies surround her tent and threaten to burn it down, with her inside it, unless they are paid their wages immediately. She is advised by the magistrate to pay up more regularly, but, shortly after she disappears, no doubt finding the business too much for her.

An illustration of the working of the machine of justice was given by Mr. Sawyer. It appears that an engine-driver, a Madrassi Eurasian, had too much liquor taken, and, under the influence thereof, shunted his locomotive into a standing train with so much force that loss of life was only narrowly averted. The man was handed over to the police to be dealt with and the matter was then forgotten until, two or three months afterwards, Sawyer received a telegram from the Indian Government to the effect that a petition had been received from a British subject stating that he had been imprisoned in Margoa gaol without trial, was being starved, and requesting that his case be enquired into. The Governor of Goa, who had also been communicated with, sent for Mr. Sawyer and explained that he was unable to interfere with the

administration of justice. Sawyer then went to the judge, who happened to be a friend of his, and requested that the Madrassi be put up for trial. This was done, and a sentence passed of imprisonment for the exact period the man had been locked up. He was also ordered to pay a fine of some preposterous amount, and released for one month to enable him to collect it. The Madrassi promptly fled the country, his departure being apparently connived at. The Portuguese officials never mentioned the affair again, but Sawyer, in due course, received the thanks of the Government of India for his share in getting the man released.

The construction of the Railway was actually started in 1882, and the Portuguese customs records establish that the *S. S. Hallamshire*, Capt. Peirce, 1250 ton — the first ocean-going steamer to discharge cargo at Mormugoa — arrived on the 1st of April of that year — laden with railway materials. The first collier arrived in 1884 — appropriately enough from Cardiff ; and her visit was made memorable by the epic encounter of her crew, all very drunk with the cheap and potent liquor of the country, with the Portuguese police — a fight the like of which has never since been seen at Mormugoa.

In the same year the steamers of the British India Steam Navigation Company began to call at Mormugoa as well as at Aguada, and it is interesting to note the names of nearly all of the old fleet of those days — *Assyria*, *Henzada*, *Hazara*, *Buldana*, *Sirdhana*, *Ellora*, *Africa*, *Scindia*, *Nevasa*, *Mecca*, the old Goa and many others. The *S. S. James Watts* also looked in during this

year and dropped, her contribution of railway materials. The first vessel to discharge actually alongside was the S. S. *Westborne* of Hull, which brought a cargo of locomotive parts to be assembled in the workshops at Vasco-da-Gama. Only just sufficient length of quay wall had then been completed to accommodate this small steamer, but the event marks a distinct step in the progress of the harbour, and is portrayed in the W. I. P. Railway album in photographs which show the *Westborne* to have been a typical steamer of the period, with square yards, flush deck, highly ornamental stern and poop, and a toy funnel suggestive of the limited power of the engines below. It is on record that the pilot brought her alongside in 20 minutes, an achievement which was rightly considered more than creditable.

Since the *Westborne*, ships of all shapes, sizes and types, and sailing under most of the mercantile flags of the world have called at Mormugoa, and their commanders have exhibited a more than corresponding variety. In such a spot as Mormugoa some hobby is essential, and one lies ready to hand in the study of ships and the men who sail in them — a recreation of absorbing interest. The captain's yarns one may hear in the comfort and seclusion of his cabin — but others, more picturesque and lurid perhaps, though not invariably "bloody" — can sometimes be extracted from some hard case of the lower deck, at the price of a bottle of beer and a visit to Lobo's Hotel. I commend this idea to others whose lot may be cast in Mormugoa.

The navigating officer of the *Barelong* upon whose

head the Germans set a price, the *Kabinga*, used by the *Emden* to land the crews of the vessels she had sunk; old Captain Evans of the *Drumcliff*, a steamer used by the *Dresden* in the South Atlantic for a similar purpose; Captains who have been blown up four or five times; the tragic end which befell — ships like the *Tritonia*, the *Croxteth Hall*, and others; — each of these recalls a story of absorbing interest and arouses regrets that I no longer have the opportunity to add to my collection. Sometimes I even think of returning to Mormugoa and setting up an establishment which shall cut out Lobo's, but where every customer will have to pay his footing with a yarn of the sea.

To return to the railway. The Southern Mahratta Railway completed the section from Dharwar to Castle Rock in 1887, and in that year the "below ghauts" section of the W. I. P. Railway — i. e., Mormugoa to Sonaulim — was also opened for traffic. In the following year the Ghaut section was completed, and the line opened for through traffic. This provided the occasion for a tamasha at Mormugoa and a large party came down from Bombay for it. A shamiana was erected over the paved courtyard fronting the Old Palace, and a special dancing floor put down for the ball, which was preceded by a banquet. Electric light — then a great novelty — was supplied from the S. S. *Zuari*, one of Shepherd's steamers, now the Bombay Steam Navigation Company, Ltd.

The Duke of Sutherland — already mentioned as one of the chief promoters of the scheme — visited Mormugoa shortly after the line was completed in his yacht the

Sans Peur. Perhaps the omission of the concluding phrase of the family motto — “et Sans Reproache” — was due to the fact that on this voyage the duke was accompanied by a lady-substitute for the duchess who had divorced him some time before. The Chief Engineer offered the hospitality of his roof to His Grace, but pointedly omitted from his invitation the lady, for whom, with her “chaperon,” a carriage was provided in the station. The lady, however, did not take this rebuff lying down, and when a shikar trip was proposed — more than one tiger, and a herd of bison or two, having been marked down for His Grace’s rifle — she vetoed the expedition on the ground that the duke had been indisposed and that she, as his “nurse,” did not consider him fit to undergo the hardships involved. And that was that! In fact, the party did practically nothing whilst in Goa except provide a very tasty dish for the local scandalmongers who, metaphorically, tore the lady to pieces, gloating over every detail of the ducal menage. A final tit-bit was provided by the fact that when the couple eventually proceeded, via the newly opened railway, to Madras, they dispensed with the services of the “chaperon,” who was sent round by sea, in the yacht!

Another distinguished visitor to Mormugoa in the same year (1888) was Lord Connemara, Governor of Madras, who with his suite, travelled up by train to Dharwar after spending a few days with the Portuguese Governor-General at the Cabo palace.

Mr. Sawyer has of course paid more than one visit to the scenes of his early exploits. One of the works of which he was most proud was the construction of the over-

bridge by which the road from Vasco-da-Gama to Mormugoa spans the railway. This appears to have been the first concrete arch of its size built in India, and marks the dawn of what may someday be recorded as the “Concrete Age.” Mr. Sawyer told me that he had never managed to find time to visit Shiroda — that curious self-governing community of “Dancing Girls.” During his time, H. M. S. *Euralyus*, flagship of the East Indies Squadron, commanded by his brother-in-law, visited Mormugoa, and an excursion was made to Shiroda in the ship’s boats towed by launches; but he had not been of the party and appeared not to be aware of the quaint fresco paintings on the inner walls of the temple depicting Mormugoa Harbour and Vasco Railway Station in their earliest days.

Since these days the growth and development of Mormugoa and the Railway have been continuous and have kept pace with a steady increase in traffic. The years have been by no means lacking in incident and excitement, but the record thereof would be of more technical than general interest. I will therefore conclude with a couple of stories, the first of which includes an echo of the early days, while the other figured in *Blackwoods Magazine* and afforded an unwonted notoriety to Mormugoa.

Thirty years or so after the railway had been completed, a party of Englishmen staying at the Old Palace Hotel were much intrigued by the arrival of a mysterious stranger, a grey-haired compatriot, who was both well-spoken and well-dressed, and had moreover a certain air of distinction about him. The stranger stood drinks

generously and had a fund of stories and soon became very popular. In the course of conversation he happened to mention that he had been at the opening of the Railway, seeming to suggest, almost, that the ceremony could not very well have proceeded without him. As he refrained from any indication as to the appointment he had held at the time, various surmises were hazarded as to who he might be, some suggesting he might be one of the Directors, or even a Government Inspector of Railways from British India.

For three or four days this went on, by which time the stranger had run up a considerable bill, and, incidentally, had borrowed various small sums from willing lenders. In the absence of any luggage, which he had been told, vaguely, might roll up at any time, the Manager of the hotel began to grow anxious, and duly waited on the stranger with a request for the payment of present outstandings or at least something on account, only to be put off with some plausible yarn anent the early advent of funds.

The gentleman now developed an interest in fishing and, armed with a rod, would take up his station regularly at the corner of the breakwater near the B. S. N. Company's berth. His opportunity was not long in coming, and one day, timing his outing to suit the arrival of a coasting steamer, he contrived to board her unnoticed and lay doggo until she sailed. But then his luck deserted him, for the steamer, departing from her usual routine for some reason, ran across to Panjim instead of proceeding straight to sea. Meanwhile the stranger had been missed and, suspicion having been aroused, a telegram

to Panjim resulted in the steamer being searched, and his discovery and detention by the police.

The enquiries that ensued bore out his story that he had, indeed, attended the opening of the Railway, and that, too, in an almost indispensable capacity — that of guard to the special train which carried the Governor of Goa and the chief railway functionaries on that auspicious occasion: He got a good run for his — or rather, other people's — money, for he was not prosecuted after all. In Portuguese India the successful (?) litigant frequently has the pleasure of paying for the keep of the wrong-doer during his sojourn in the local gaol, and it is not improbable that the ex-guard's creditors had been stung that way before.

The second story created a considerable stir when published in "Blackwoods", under the title of "The Cotton Claim," as it purported to expose the workings of a nefarious and very nearly successful plot to manipulate railway receipts in such a way that a comparatively worthless commodity was substituted for bales of cotton on which the consignee fraudulently claimed the difference in value.

It must be explained that the W. I. P. Railway was not allowed to join the comity of the Iron Road without a struggle, possibly brought on itself by an endeavour to be too clever, and to divert more of the traffic of the neighbouring Southern Mahratta Railway than that system could permit. The geographical position of the W. I. P. Railway however, made it dependent on British India for the bulk of its traffic, and when, in the course of the "freight war," the Southern Mahratta eventually

went to the length of refusing to book anything whatever via Mormugoa, the new railway was compelled to come to terms under which its management and working were taken over by its more powerful neighbour. At the same time, Shepherd of the Bombay Steam Navigation Company came to an arrangement for the through booking of cargo to and from Bombay via Mormugoa by rail and sea. It was on these arrangements for through booking that the story of "The Cotton Claim" was based.

Places are mentioned without reserve and individuals furnished with disguises easily penetrated by anyone familiar with the locals. The hero, "Ronny Clayton, a slim silk-clad young Englishman" — easily identified as the author, a sometime employee of the Bombay Steam Navigation Company — somehow divines that dirty work is afoot at the cross-roads, and proceeds to act the sleuth-hound. It appears that a consignment of 100 bales of cotton despatched from some station on the Southern Mahratta Railway is to be received at Bombay mysteriously changed into 100 bags of cotton seed, and an indignant consignee, with documents apparently in perfect order, is to put in a claim for the difference in value of Rs. 45,000/-. The whole elaborate scheme has been worked out by "Mackenzie Lowe," General Manager of the Steamship Company, who after a show of diligent enquiry, is, in the end, and with much feigned reluctance, to sanction payment of the claim, after which the proceeds are to be shared out with his confederates.

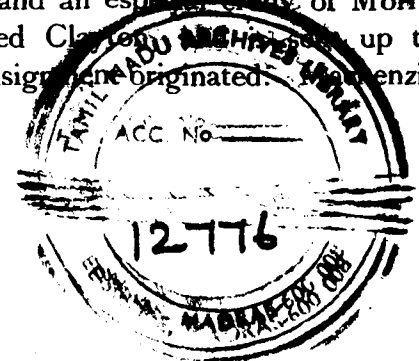
Clayton imparts some of his suspicions to the Assistant General Manager, "Morrison," who suggests to "Mackenzie Lowe" that, in view of the amount at stake, it

would be as well to send Clayton to Mormugoa — disguised as a simple tourist — to make discreet enquiries, and generally keep his eyes open. Mackenzie Lowe is unable to raise any valid objection to this proposal, but cleverly counters it by wiring to the headquarters of the Railway, asking that Clayton may be given every assistance. This of course puts all his confederates, whether at Mormugoa or along the line, on their guard and enables them to take steps to cover their tracks.

It had been part of the scheme that the number of packages should be correctly represented throughout, and the conspirators had bribed a tally clerk at Mormugoa to pass on to the steamer 100 bags of cotton seed from Dharwar in lieu of 100 bales of cotton, relying on the agreement in the tallies between shore and steamer, and on the chronic state of congestion on the quay front during the season, to allay any suspicions which might arise.

Clayton, however, is too sharp for them and contrives, in spite of the furtive opposition of the General Manager, that the steamer on arrival at Bombay, is given a quiet berth at which more than ordinary care can be given to the tallying and sorting of cargo, with the result that 100 bags of cotton seed are found in excess while 100 bales of cotton are short.

In the meantime one Vittal Rao, another employee of the Bombay Steam Navigation Company, with a unique knowledge of the devious and various means whereby the lesser agents of Public Carrying concerns are apt to implement their pay — and an especial enemy of Morrison's — has accompanied Clayton up to Dharwar whence the consignment originated.



Lowe's confederate at that station had been responsible for setting the ball rolling by issuing two sets of documents in respect of the same 100 bales of cotton, the actual goods being despatched by the all-rail route to Bombay, while the fictitious entries represented a consignment as sent via Mormugoa for transshipment and onward carriage by sea.

Thanks to the warning given by Mackenzie Lowe's telegram this confederate has had time to prepare and substitute a faked wagon register purporting to record the despatch to Mormugoa of the wagons actually sent — loaded with the *bona fide* cotton — to Poona. Vittal Rao, however, through some relations, gets to know of this deception, and actually manages to obtain possession of the original register, and is able to prove that the wagons are actually at Poona on the very day when the faked copy places them at Mormugoa!

Clayton, having fathomed the fraud, returns to Bombay, and, accompanied by Morrison, proceeds to Mackenzie Lowe's bungalow to confront him with the evidence of his crime, and, entering unannounced actually finds him in confabulation with his Dharwar accomplice. Thus cornered, he admits his guilt, and, as an alternative to exposure, agrees to submit his resignation as General Manager on the spot. — And so ends the story.

It is a fact that the General Manager of the Bombay Steam Navigation Company, did leave about this time, but for reasons which are not even remotely connected with this story. It is also a fact that a consignment of 100 bales of cotton booked via Mormugoa, and actually recorded as having been tallied there and handed over to

the steamer, did, in some obscure manner, find its way by the all-rail route to Bombay, where it was ultimately discovered on the Colaba cotton green. On these two facts the author worked up his story, which, deeming himself to be protected from the law of libel by the passage of time and the Great War, he succeeded in getting "Blackwoods" to publish. Its truth, however, was challenged by a retired cotton broker settled at home who turned out to have been the owner of the 100 cotton bales in question. Fearing that the story might in some way reflect on him, he wrote to the publishers who replied to the effect that they had accepted it in good faith, but added that they would be very careful in further dealings with this author.

The port has now settled down to a respectable and (comparatively) sober life, and enjoys the peace which Providence intended should brood over the banks of the Zuari River — where, like Ceylon, only man is vile. Has the poet not said :—

"Let us amuse ourselves under the cool shades of
Goa and taste the sweetness of its betel!"

Just as an American woman was the agent chosen to show up many unpleasant phases of "Mother India," so no doubt will a citizen, or maybe a citizeness, of the U. S. A. discover the 'sweetness of the betel', and explode it upon an astonished American nation as the most stupendous revelation since the prophet Wrigley. The front entrance of the mansion of our trans-atlantic cousins faces the old culture of Europe, but it has back doors

which open towards the mysterious and unfathomed Orient, and through those portals strange things enter. Why not therefore that great luxury of Hindustan — the delicate flavoured *pansupari*? But if I wander further I shall not have sufficient literary concrete to bridge the gap between the betelnut and the heavy service crane at Mormugoa of which I now wish to make mention ; for it was this chhota Meccano set that juggles with 25 ton blocks of masonry that is responsible for the greatest jar to its serenity that Mormugoa has experienced within recent years. It was being moved over the lines along the breakwater to drop a few bricks of a paltry 5 tons or so over the edge of the seaward face. Suddenly it canted over and then, with but a second's warning, toppled *en masse* into the harbour basin. Of the five men on the superstructure at the time, two endeavoured to jump clear but were either crushed to death or drowned. The other three, who clung to whatever happened to be nearest to them, escaped death by the thickness of a geometrical line. It appears that wave action had scoured away a cavity in the foundations of the breakwater in such a manner that the void could not be remotely suspected. The crust of concrete remained to all outward appearance quite sound ; but when the great weight of the crane was being passed over it, the track collapsed with the result mentioned. It took months to dismantle the machinery under water and bring it ashore in bits for reconstruction. This accident recalls another, which happily resulted in no untoward loss of life or limb, and which forms an incident in the description by a passenger of a trip from Bombay to Mangalore in the S. S. *PONANI* a few

years ago. It is recounted in the author's own words :—

“At Mormugoa, a medical doctor came to feel our pulses and a group of Gandhi-capped Swarajists were passed as medically fit to step on shore. I then asked to be allowed to feel their political pulses, and they readily offered me their wrists. “Non-co-operationist,” I said on feeling the first pulse, “No good for Portuguese territory.” A second : “Republican ; you may come on shore, but don't make speeches.” A third : “Swarajist ; quite safe, get along.” A fourth : “A Volunteer ; passed, provided you are not seeking employment.” Bursts of laughter caused the doctor to look around, and I slipped off to my bunk. I was lying there when something happened which might have altered the plan of my journey. The bridge on top of me had been crammed with passengers. One of them, a devotee of the bottle, proposed to the company to go on shore to have a drink. The women strongly protested and declared they would remain on board. “You needn't drink” he said ; “it will do you good to shake your limbs a bit ; you walk along the road and I shall know how to take care of myself.” The proposal looked innocent and all the passengers, men, women, and children, slipped down the ladder, crossed the gangway and disappeared behind the sheds.

Meanwhile the port cranes set to work, picking heavy bags out of the hatch, swinging them over my cabin, and slipping them to the ground in front of the shed. Suddenly a crash that sounded like the end of the world, at least of mine, sent a roar and a shiver through the steamer, which swayed under the shock. Every compo-

nent of my cabin creaked. Out of my bunk like a shot I rushed, through the saloon on to the deck, and there I saw a frightful litter of bags, ropes, and steelwork, all in a tangle, and on top of it, embedded in the ceiling of the saloon, lay the jib of the crane, a steel beam some forty feet long, that had snapped its supporting chain and crashed. Remembering the passengers on top, I rushed up, and felt relieved to find the poop empty, except for three women huddled in a corner, crying but unhurt. I could then examine the smash. The crane had carried away a steel awning rod, cut clean through a deck seat, passengers' luggage, and the side railings; it had smashed the steel jib of the ship's crane, dug into the ceiling of the saloon and my cabin, and dislocated the joists. No lives, however, were lost, and I thanked my holy Angel. An English engineer came on the scene and got people into a bustle. The next port crane came up, and presently lifted her sister's disabled limb off the steamer and tenderly deposited it on the shore. And that night there was no prouder man on board than the drunkard who claimed a drink for all the lives he had saved — and got it too."

Just one more little incident of the harbour, and I close this chapter..... In the rainy season of 1922, a curious phenomenon was discovered to exist inside the area enclosed by the breakwater. The Italian steamer *ABSIRTEA*, ordered to Mormugoa to take a full load of manganese, was found to be down to her Plimsoll mark whilst yet another hundred tons of ore remained to be put into her to complete the quantity stipulated by the Charter Party. At first a mistake in the tally

was surmised, but on checking over the sheets they were all found to be in order. Then the accuracy of the railway weigh-bridge was suspected, but tests proved it to be approximately correct. The calculations were gone over again and again without any clue to the discrepancy being disclosed. At last some cute mind thought of examining the density of the water over the ship's side, and then the hidden became revealed. There had been particularly heavy rains in the ghauts a day or two before which had taken some time to drain into the estuary on which the harbour is situated; and within the arms of the breakwater had been trapped a volume of what was practically fresh-water. This being so much less buoyant than the ordinary sea-water, the *ABSIRTEA* was immersed below her normal draft. Allowance was made for this factor and the balance of the cargo was lifted, and with it were lifted the furrows on the brow of Count Leo Degli Alberti, the very aristocratic commander of an Italian tramp steamer. I remember the Count very well, he dined with me on two or three occasions, little courtesies which he reciprocated in a way that it was impossible for a resident of Mormugoa to emulate. His *creme du chocolat*, especially, being irresistible to the ladies, one or two of whom, virtuous wives and mothers though they were, risked their blue ribbons in dainty imbibitions of that seductive liquor. Alberti had achieved notoriety and the active dislike of the harbour-master by entering the port on a coal-black night, disdaining to wait for daylight and the pilot. When rebuked officially for his action, he smiled broadly and remarked that he was a Genoese, the oldest sailor nation in Europe. He was a very fine

fellow in appearance — a man, every inch of him. He was then writhing under the galling restrictions imposed by his communistic crew who had to be consulted in every detail of the ship's routine, from the sufficiency in the complimentary shade of red in the blushing tomato ; the length, gauge, and pliability of the spaghetti, to the courses that had to be steered as the vessel voyaged from one port of call to another. The Count's withering contempt had been brought to a head by the decision forced upon him by his men to make for the African coast from Mormugoa on the homeward voyage and then work north in those comparative easy waters, instead of making direct for Aden and thereby risk a little extra buffeting from the monsoon seas.



The Detachment of the Bombay Volunteer Artillery after dis-embarkation from H. M. S. *HARDINGE*
October 1914.

GOA AND THE GREAT WAR

On the 23rd of November 1914, a small mixed force of all arms, comprising both regular troops and volunteers, embarked on H. M. S. *Hardinge*, lying off Middle Ground, in Bombay Harbour. The troops were commanded by Major Lamb, R. G. A., with Captain Retallack of the Bombay Volunteer Artillery and Lieut. Sprott of the Bombay Volunteer Rifles in support.

The *Hardinge* had recently been promoted from the Royal Indian Marine to the Royal Navy and proudly sported the White Ensign at her stern. Her destination was the neutral port of Goa, and her object the blockade of the enemy vessels sheltering there and the capture of any of them who might attempt to exchange the irksome protection of a neutral power for the dubious chances of the freedom of the open seas in a sally to seek a more congenial haven.

There were, altogether, six refugee merchantmen — five German and an Austrian, their names and those of their commanders being :—

S. S. <i>Marienfels</i>	Capt. W. Seighold
S. S. <i>Lichtenfels</i>	„ L. Carston
S. S. <i>Numantia</i>	„ C. Wressman
S. S. <i>Brisbane</i>	„ P. Vess
S. S. <i>Kommodore</i>	„ P. Kasch
S. S. <i>Vorwaerts</i>	„ Telesphoro

Bestinger

The last-named was the Austrian and in her day she was one of the best known passenger liners frequenting Bombay. The *Kommodore*, too, when on the East African run, was a frequent visitor to Bombay, her Commander, Captain Kasch, having a very wide circle of friends there who always found it somewhat difficult to regard this genial old gentleman in the light of an enemy.

Two or three of these ships had actually been in Bombay at the beginning of August but, sensing the prevailing tension, their commanders decided to make a run for Goa, the nearest shelter, and — strange as it may seem — were permitted to leave. One in particular — the *Marienfels* — had not completed discharging her cargo, but, nevertheless, managed somehow to get away only two or three hours before war was actually declared, having still on board a large quantity of merchandise already bought and paid for by British subjects!

The *Brisbane* hared into Mormugoa from the Malabar Coast. Like the others in the same predicament, she was piloted into the harbour by the British Harbour-master in the employ of the West of India Portuguese Railway; and the point has been raised whether he was technically right in thus affording assistance to enemy vessels! The *Numantia* had the best run for her money, coming all the way from Busra, successfully evading every effort of our East Indies squadron to capture her, and fetching Mormugoa five days after hostilities had begun.

To compel the refugees to observe the laws of neutrality, the Portuguese relied on the grandmother of all gunboats — the venerable *Rio Sado*, — built half a

century before, but still boasting a pop-gun or two. To make sure that these would go off she was taken for the unwonted exercise of two days "big gun practice" at sea and, having awarded herself the trophy as the best gunnery ship of the fleet (sic?), the *Rio Sado* took up a permanent mooring within point blank range of the interneés.

It is a matter of history that on 26th June 1915 when Portugal eventually joined the allies and a few days before Germany retaliated by declaring war on Portugal, these five German ships were all formally "captured," the operation being successfully performed under cover of the *Rio Sado's* artillery. A like fate befell the *Vorwaerts* sometime after, when Austria followed Germany's example. There seems to have been no overt act of defiance, but one imagines that feelings must have run high, and it is to the credit of both sides that no more untoward incident occurred than that of poor old Captain Kasch of the *Kommodore*, who found it so difficult to bring himself to leave his ship that he had, in the end, to be bundled down the gangway in his pyjamas! — but not before he had laid in a plentiful stock of bed and table-linen, having grave doubts as to what amenities of that nature awaited him ashore. In view of possible trouble with the crews of the steamers about to be seized, the British residents of Mormugoa had been advised to collect at the bungalow of their Consul, at which point a guard of Portuguese infantry was supposed to be posted. The fact that this guard marched to and stayed all night at the wrong house — an empty one — is another story. One lady, however, whose curiosity was greater than her

timidity preferred to watch the tamasha from the walls of the ancient fortress, but to her disappointment there was nothing spectacular to see, even the Kasch incident being invisible from the shore.

With the hoisting of the Portuguese flag the prizes were all renamed after Portuguese possessions in the East, thus :—

The <i>Marienfels</i>	became the	<i>Goa</i>
„ <i>Lichtenfels</i>	„ „	<i>Diu</i>
„ <i>Numantia</i>	„ „	<i>Panjim</i>
„ <i>Brisbane</i>	„ „	<i>Damao</i>
„ <i>Kommodore</i>	„ „	<i>Mormugoa</i>
„ <i>Vorwaerts</i>	„ „	<i>India</i>

but it is to be feared that this fortuitous addition to her ocean tonnage failed to resuscitate, more than temporarily, the ancient maritime glories of Portugal, and there is reason to believe that not one of these ships is still afloat.

But to return to the *Hardinge*, — her complement had been sufficiently mixed before the advent of the licentious soldiery. Thereafter, it might be likened to a naval cock-tail — its varied elements rivalling both in number and in “kick” the fiery components of the Corpse-révrier, the Depth-charge, the Roving-convoy, or the deadly “Harpoon.” To 30 parts of Royal Navy proper add 10 parts each of Royal Naval Fleet Reserve, Royal Naval Reserve, Marines Red and Marines Blue, with flavourings of Royal Indian Marine Lascars, both with wooly knobs and without, and of Goanese pantry boys. Into these decant carefully 10 parts each of Royal Garrison Artillery, Bombay Volunteer

Artillery and Bombay Volunteer Rifles. Shake well together, and then took out for trouble! The Bombay Light Horse were said to have written regretting their inability to represent the Horse Marines but sent a pair of spurs in sympathy!

Embarkation had taken place in the late afternoon, and by the time that messes had been told off and those responsible given some idea of their duties, the hour of evening refreshment drew nigh. To their wonder and delight the Volunteers found the ward-room bar open to them. The unfortunate regulars — not all confirmed teetotallers — were denied this privilege, which soon had to be withdrawn in the interests of peace, and, thereafter, those many volunteers who had no friends among the officers had to endure in silence the tantalising popping of corks and clinking of glasses in the adjoining cabins. Means were sometimes found, however, to temper discipline with friendship, and a hand would occasionally be thrust through a curtained doorway, bearing a glass of amber-coloured fluid, at the precise moment when some amateur Thomas Atkins happened to be passing by. Even those who were not so lucky could peep down through the skylight into the ward-room and enjoy the bonhomie and conviviality induced by good liquor without themselves becoming debauched and unfitted for the strenuous warfare to which they were committed.

To this privilege was added that of long-distance participation — via the eye and nose — in the savoury messes provided for the lucky wearers of epaulette or star. Below deck, the volunteers simply could not face the rations provided for them, the meat, in particular, being

putrid. This matter was brought to notice somewhat dramatically owing to the guileless innocence of naval procedure of a gunner volunteer sergeant. This hero, having received a complaint from his men dismissed it with becoming comment on the futility of their beginning to grouse before they had been on board the ship more than a few hours. Very shortly after, on proceeding to fortify his own inner man in the petty officers' mess, he found a like state of affairs, which, he was told, was of frequent occurrence. Realising that something had got to be done about it, he made discreet enquiries among his naval comrades as to the correct procedure, and next day, his men having renewed their complaints, he then and there, and without reference to his own officer, or so much as a "by your leave," marched up on to the bridge and protested to the "Old Man."

The reception accorded by that distinguished officer and well-known martinet to such an outrageous breach of naval etiquette was dramatic and the scenes which followed would have been worthy of the pencil of a Bateman or a Fougasse!

The commander's gin-fed countenance and bulging eye compelled the clammy sweat from the delinquent, who up till then had considered himself as good as the next man where any ordinary danger was concerned. An order was belched thick with naval garnishing and things oscillated violently. The 1st Lieutenant (or Jimmy No. 1) was told to collect a jury immediately, and his bag was something like this:—

Jimmy No. 1

The Officer of the Day—Naval.

The Officer of the Day — Military.

The Medical Officer.

The Paymaster.

The Paymaster's Clerk.

The Cook.

The Petty Officer Orderly — Naval.

The Orderly Sergeant — Military.

Lastly, a sergeant of marines and a file of ship's police with the unhappy volunteer between them, fervently wishing that the ship might sink beneath his feet.

The procession, headed by the bo'sun complete with whistle, wended its way along the deck and down into the bowels of the ship to the B. V. A. mess, in the basement, as it were, of an eight-storied mansion. As the leading files reached the top of the last flight of stairs, a small group of volunteers could be discerned at the foot looking as scared as rabbits and clustered around a large degchie. With a piteous gesture some hero removed the lid, whereupon a cloud of poison gas of dreadful stenchfulness eructated and steamed up the companionway carrying devastation in its path. The bo'sun's whistle blew of its own accord and Jimmy No. 1 recoiled so violently as to telescope the procession behind to a depth of five or six,— and the intrepid sergeant's vindication was complete!

To cut the story short, a Board of Officers sat — in the official sense only — upon the remaining stock of meat and condemned it to be forthwith committed to the deep. Thereafter fresh supplies were brought off Mormugoa and all cause for complaints ceased. The sergeant was voted

the Victoria Cross — below deck — and lived to receive the thanks of many anxious wives and mothers for the noble deed that he had done.

The soldiery were soon absorbed into the fighting plan of the cruiser, the riflemen being drafted to the machine-guns and the artillerymen to the main armament of 4.7 inch guns, of which the *Hardinge* mounted six. The aforesaid gunner sergeant found himself posted as Gun-Captain of A2, with a mixed team of naval ratings, R. G. A., and B. V. A. Needless to say these guns, of a pattern which achieved much fame in the Boer War, were now obsolete, and no sort of match for the modern 4.5 inch guns of the *Emden*, which there was every possibility of encountering.

The detachment of the Bombay Volunteer Artillery had come from Mahaluxmi Battery at Bombay and were accustomed to a routine of their own. But things were slightly different on the *Hardinge*, where full detachments had to sleep every night at their posts and every gun, though only a few feet from the next, had its double sentry. The Gun-Captain of A2 taking pity on his over-tired men occasionally took a watch himself. One night, having done so, he permitted the other sentry, who was not very fit, to lie down and greatly did he regret his misguided generosity.

The Officer of the Watch when on his rounds usually came only to the end of the alleyway and shouted for'ard his enquiry as to whether all was well, seemingly satisfied with the never varying reply "All present and correct, Sir." On this occasion, however, the voice was the voice of the "Old Man" himself who, departing from

the accepted rules of the game, came forward to inspect. The sleeper, awakened with a surreptitious kick, endeavoured to struggle to his feet and to collect himself but so utterly failed to look the part that the "Old Man" innocently (?) asked where the second sentry was. The sergeant, uttering a silent prayer for forgiveness, muttered something about the calls of nature, but his inquisitor, still suspicious, proceeded to count the recumbent figures round the gun — and the game was up. Result.— The gun-captain of A2 was logged to appear before the court of quarter Sessions.

The scene staged the next morning was designed to inspire His Majesty's usually peaceful and law-abiding lieges with a due sense of awe and respect for the majesty of Justice as administered on His Majesty's Ships of War.

The unhappy commander of A2 was marched before the august tribunal, complete with horns, quill pens and cocked hats, accompanied by the same two marines — one on either hand — who had been his companions in equally distressing circumstances before. Even as his hand was on the way to perform a propitiatory salute — sedulously practised for the occasion — his helmet was unceremoniously snatched from off his head, and in his astonishment and indignation he only just avoided a further breach of the Articles of War which might have led to consequences which one shudders to think of!

But the case was not so simple as it looked and it provided the learned court with a bit of a problem, for the prisoner was found to be a commissioned officer in disguise, having merely deferred donning his uniform

as such in order to accompany this expedition. So the net result was a very mild reprimand.

A2, however, seemed to have been made for trouble, and trouble—rather more serious this time—arose again only a few nights later when one of her crew refused to take his watch. Nothing his gun-captain could say had any effect, the man, ex-quartermaster of an Ellerman liner and a bit of a sea-lawyer, stubbornly retorted that he was "sartin sure that, 'cordin to the conditions of his 'listin he warn't called on to obey no orders from any b—y souger, etc., etc." In the morning he, in his turn, had to face "the bench," and his little extra sleep cost him dear.

The neutrality laws permitted a belligerent warship to remain in neutral waters only 48 hours, after which she had to leave or submit to internment. The *Hardinge*, accordingly, used to remain close inshore for something less than the prescribed period and would then weigh anchor and proceed outside the 3 mile limit for a short cruise, after which she would again return to her inshore post, the better to keep the enemy under observation and, incidentally, to give the men a chance to stretch their legs ashore.

The *Hardinge's* tour of duty as blockade ship lasted for 14 days, after which she was relieved by H. M. S. *Dufferin* with a party of Hampshire territorials aboard. The *Hardinge* then returned to Bombay and discharged her special troops, many of whom would have been glad of the chance to remain in her. Had they done so they might have taken part in the engagement at El Kantara, on the Suez Canal, where this cruiser received

a direct hit on the bridge from a Turkish field-gun which caused several casualties. Foiled in their efforts to turn sailor, most of them joined the army as "temporary gents" and saw service in many lands. To such, the issue of the 1914-15 Star was no doubt justified, but, for others it seemed perhaps somewhat easily earned by 14 days at sea. And yet it was quite on the cards that they might have met the *Emden*, and an interview of as many seconds with that redoubtable cruiser of His Imperial German Majesty would have put the claim of any fortunate survivor beyond dispute!

After the war, fate decided that A2's captain, doubtless identified by the intelligent reader, long ere this, as the perpetrator of these notes, should return to Mormugoa, the scene of his former exploits. Hence this narrative may now be continued in a more personal form...

In my spare time I set about collecting scraps of information anent local happenings during the war, but I always felt that these required amplifying in the light of the experiences of some of our old enemies who had served on the interned ships. My chance to compare accounts from two different angles came with the visit of a new Hansa Liner, the S. S. *Marienfels*, to Mormugoa in June 1928. The *Marienfels* was commanded by Captain Seighold who, oddly enough, had been master of the earlier steamer of that name when she was seized and forfeited in this very port.

Captain Seighold was 52 years of age when I met him, and a German seaman of a fine type. Reserved at first, he became more responsive when he realized that my enquiries had nothing to do with politics or with

comment on the war itself. He told me that, as far as he knew, there had been no publication in his own language which recorded the vicissitudes of the little coterie of German and Austrian subjects marooned by the Great War in this odd corner of India. It is around the captain's narrative, told quietly in the small, cosy, oak-panelled saloon of the new *Marienfels*, what time I leant over a green beize table-cloth, an efficient electric fan circulating coolth without and deliciously cold beer performing the same function within, that I have completed this historic document.

It was with evident satisfaction that Captain Seighold was able to tell me that his first *Marienfels* — renamed the *Goa* — was sunk by a German submarine in the Bristol Channel, a locality in which the *India* (née *Vorwaerts*) also was torpedoed, but yet managed to limp into port. The latter continued to sail under the Portuguese flag until gutted by fire in 1922 when at anchor in the Tagus at Lisbon. The *Brisbane* was sunk in the Atlantic when making for an English port with a load of flour from America. The *Mormugoa*, lasted longer, plying between the Portuguese colonies and the mother country. Boasting an orchestra, her visits to Mormugoa drew the elite of Panjim to dance and make festa on her decks. When I, myself, next saw the *Mormugoa*, she was a much embarrassed ship, working at a loss and jinking precariously from one unremunerative Portuguese port to another just when and as funds, reluctantly remitted from home, enabled her to meet her dues and expenses, and so to move off on her financially encumbered ways.

Captain Seighold remembered the *Hardinge* and *Dufferin* well enough, but told me that, even if they had not been there to prevent it, any dash for freedom would have been rendered out of the question by lack of coal. Had they had the means they would probably have made in the first instance, not for Goa at all, but for the Dutch East Indies. There is a story (not told by Captain Seighold) that the representative of a British firm at Mormugoa was heard to remark that he had a stock of bunkers and would sell to the Germans! And although the remark was uttered merely in jest, it was thought worth reporting to Bombay by the British Consul and the matter, trivial as it might appear, was thoroughly enquired into. Thus demonstrating that in every quarter of the globe our authorities were taking no chances.

When asked, specifically, whether he had been able to communicate with the *Emden*, Captain Seighold replied that all endeavours to do so had been frustrated by the jamming tactics of the British ships, as had his earlier attempts to warn two other Hansa liners, then in the Arabian Sea, of their danger. Thus the *Wartenfels* and the *Ratenfels* stood on their course for Bombay — and certain capture — instead of joining their compatriots at Goa. Captain Seighold added that all the interned vessels continued to use their wireless for a fortnight or so after their arrival, until they were made to take their aerals down. Seeing that the same restriction was not imposed on British steamers in the Port, they rehoisted their gear, but, later, the same order was applied to the ships of all belligerent nations, in strict

accordance with the laws of neutrality, and they were made to take them down again.

Whilst the *Marienfels* was merely interned, the sole guard placed on board by the Portuguese authorities was one Customs sepoy. The written instructions regarding him laid down that he should be given sleeping accommodation and a place where he could cook his food. This modest requirement was strained by some of these minor officials to include a demand for rations also, but the ship's stores soon began to run low and there was but little hard cash with which to purchase fresh supplies. Butter, especially, was very short, and recourse was had to the Goan porker, whose fat was boiled down to provide a substitute. Some very nice looking bread and dripping offered the Customs sepoy for his breakfast led to trouble. Whether the man was a Hindu or a Mussalman I know not, but apparently he had seen the Ersatz butter in the making, and in a fury at the outrage on his religious scruples he dashed into the captain's cabin and flung his day's ration at the latter's feet. The instincts of outraged discipline reacted immediately, and the sepoy found himself propelled with ardour through the door, poised on the end of a German boot. Later, the plea that the scorned delicacy had received royal approval at the breakfast tables of all the crowned heads of Europe was accorded less than its due credence, and the resultant fine of Fifty Rupees, with costs a hundred more, made a sad hole in the housekeeping money of the *S. S. Marienfels*.

This incident nettled the commanders of the steamers under embargo, who, in an effort to get their own back, combined to submit bills to the Customs Department

calculated at the rate of Re. 1/8/- per day per sepoy fed, at the same time pointing out that their obligations were to provide lodging and cooking facilities only. The bills were officially acknowledged, but it was very clearly hinted to the complainants that, in their own interests, the accounts had better be withdrawn. And thus the matter ended.

The Germans and Austrians used the old Palace Hotel until the management refused to serve them longer, the proprietors, Spencer & Co., of Madras, possibly fearing prosecution by the British for trading with the enemy. The interneés thereupon appealed to the Governor at Panjim from whom they obtained an order to the hotel to make no discrimination whatever. The victory gained, the complainants found an outlet for their feelings by transferring their rendezvous to the rival caravansarai of Lobo's Hotel. Lobo's was essential Dago — and very neutral — it paid handsomely to be so. Around the walls of a typical drinking den and the adjoining billiard room were ranged, on the one side, H. M. King George, the Prince of Wales, General French, and General and Mrs. Bramwell Booth; and on the other, facing them with a stony stare, was H. I. M. the German Emperor, reinforced by the Crown Prince, and Generals Hindenberg and Ludendorf!

In June 1928 I paid a special visit to Lobo's to see if the picture gallery was still intact. King George, the Prince of Wales, and General French, also General and Mrs. Bramwell Booth still lingered, all looking not a day older though decidedly more grimy. But the opposition had vanished. The end of the Kaiser had been vulgar. A

Portuguese sailor from the guardship *Rio Sado*, thirstful of glory and "branco," had put his fist through him. The presence of my old pal Bramwell rather intrigued me, so, pointing to the portrait, I asked Lobo whom he thought it was. The reply, given with obvious contempt for my ignorance was -- British General. — British General and Memsahab — Not knowing name!!!

The courtyard of the old palace in front of the British Consulate was the field upon which the opposing nationalities met, the small British community frequently swelled by a shore party from the blockading ship. This was doubtless due to the fact that official news from British sources was exhibited outside the consular office, and, incidentally, letters for the interneés from America and other neutral states were still coming through and were delivered at the Post Office window immediately opposite. Mrs. Maclean, the dredging-master's wife, told me that her children quite often came home from the harbour crying, having been told by some foreign seaman that the British were going to be beaten. But on the whole there was very little unpleasantness, and general tribute has been paid to the behaviour of our enemies, who were undoubtedly labouring under conditions which called for much patience and self-restraint.

The only woman among the ship's personnel was a stewardess on the *Vorwärts*, but she was repatriated before the end of 1914. The doctor of the same vessel was an Italian by birth, and he, too, was released with three British seamen who had signed on the *Brisbane* which had recently been in Australian waters. Two or three Germans are reported to have got away shortly



German and Austrian internees in a British prisoner-of-war camp
Second from the right Kluge, the Austrian Engineer

after their arrival at Mormugoa but, after a brief spell of freedom, were apprehended in British India and packed off to Ahmednagar where large numbers of enemy aliens were collected, among them a young Austrian Engineer named Kluge, who met with a tragic end. He contrived to escape from the camp and by dint of travelling underneath railway wagons succeeded in getting to Mormugoa where he took shelter with his compatriots on the *Vorwaerts*. The *Vorwaerts*, as mentioned before, was not seized by the Portuguese, till some time after the German ships, and when this eventually happened the young fellow again managed to escape, evading notice perhaps owing to his name not appearing on the ship's articles. He endeavoured to return to British India in the same manner as he had come ; but this time he was not so fortunate, and his much mutilated body was found in No. 10 tunnel half way up the Ghauts between Collem and Castle Rock. The remains were collected and buried outside the tunnel ; but no stone marks the grave and even the rough boulders that at first covered it have since disappeared. The poor man's canvas bag, containing a small stock of provisions and a few necessities for the journey, was found tied to the couplings of an oil-tank wagon off which he must have fallen whilst asleep. This and the death of the baker of one of the ships were the only casualties that occurred among our ex-enemies in Goa.

I enquired of Captain Seighold whether any ceremonial was observed when his ship was formally surrendered to the Portuguese. He said that there was none outside the necessary formalities, but mentioned in this connec-

tion that the naval officer detailed for the duty, Tenente de Marinha Alvaro de Freitas Morna, when requested by him not to strike the German flag until he had left the *Mariefjels*, very courteously complied, doing equal honour to himself and to his foe. Presumably the enemy ensigns were taken as trophies, but Captain Seighold remembers that all the rest of his bunting, with that from the other steamers, was employed to decorate the streets of Panjim for a festival signaling the entry of Portugal into the war. Merchant vessels of any standing carry the flags of the principal maritime nations as part of their normal equipment, and the colours of the Allies, on this occasion, seem to have been largely augmented from enemy sources.

For three months or so after his removal from his ship, Seighold, with two other captains, was accommodated in a private bungalow on the hill overlooking Panjim, near the Palace of the Patriarch — very little restraint being imposed on their movements. Later the officers were removed to the barracks at Bicholim and the lower ratings to the fortress of Aguada. Dr. Schade, the Medical Officer of the *Brisbane*, (who is now directing a very successful nursing home in Germany) was, from the first, permitted to practice freely in Panjim and the district, even the Governor being among his patients. It is said that he also gave his services liberally to the poor, who still remember him with gratitude. Life at Bicholim offered but little excitement, such as there was being provided by Captain Wressman of the *Numantia*, who happened to be the only officer holding rank in the Imperial German Naval Reserve and claiming to be

a Jonker. As long as he was permitted to do so, he drilled the men on his ship, and was accepted by his companions as their leader.

Bicholim being a garrison town, it was the custom for the flag of the Republic to be lowered at sunset with some ceremony, but the bugles heralding the event gave the prisoners time to bolt to their quarters and evade the distasteful order to remove their head gear and stand at attention. This open flouting of the banner of Portugal greatly annoyed the officer in command who, in revenge, arranged one evening for the flag to be lowered without the preliminary music. Wressman, fairly caught in the open, defiantly refused the required obeisance, and was sentenced for his contumacy to forego the two hours walk over the surrounding country permitted to the prisoners thrice weekly.

The monotony was, of course, deadly, but Captain Seighold had no complaint to make regarding their treatment, and told me that one great cause of anxiety was removed from their minds, at least for those who served the Hansa line, when they learnt that their employers were maintaining and looking after their families at home in Germany.

It was not surprising to learn that when the German and Austrian officers were transferred to the Azores, in 1917, they left Goa without regrets, and one can imagine the relief which the small excitements of the voyage must have afforded. They were conveyed in their old ship the *Vorwaerts*, now renamed the *India*, and commanded by a Malagasy captain who managed to run her ashore in the Mozambique Channel. It was not until

most of the cargo had been jettisoned that the *India* was refloated and the voyage resumed to the Azores, which was reached without further incident. And there they seem to have remained till a German cruiser was sent to fetch them home in October 1919. The lower ratings remained at Aguada throughout, and were eventually repatriated at about the same time.

The cargoes of the enemy steamers were almost entirely the property of subjects of the Allies or of neutral nations, and their total value was considerable. The *Numantia*, for instance, in addition to £25,000 worth of almonds she had on board, had brought from Persia a large quantity of gallnuts, the selling price of which doubled owing to the scarcity created by war conditions. Some commodities, of course, depreciated in value with equal rapidity as, for instance, the copra on the *Brisbane*, in which a veritable plague of blue-bottles was generated. These flies lay in a thick film on everything, rising in dense clouds when disturbed by the crew moving about the decks on their duties.

Attempts by a committee of Bombay merchants to move the courts at Goa, then still neutral, to grant early release to their goods, met with little success, while the Germans, not unnaturally, put every possible difficulty in the way where the allies were concerned. Volkarts alone — a Swiss concern — managed to get any satisfaction, and that by no means complete. Later, when it became apparent that Portugal was about to join the allies, the local attitude changed somewhat, but not very much for the better, for the legal formalities now imposed

by the Goa authorities were equally potent to hinder any speedy settlement of the question.

The sums which ultimately trickled back to the owners of the cargoes were far short of those actually realised by the Portuguese Government, the expenses and fees involved in the protracted litigation having swallowed up the major portion of the proceeds. Some of the claimants withdrew in disgust as ever further deposits and fresh declarations were demanded from them, while year after year dragged on without a settlement. Eventually, it is believed, diplomatic representations made by the Home Government direct to Lisbon saved some few small remnants for those harassed but more persistent owners who refused to give up the struggle.

I asked Captain Seighold if there had been any repercussions in regard to these claims as far as the Hansa Line was concerned, but it appears that their liability was transferred to the German nation and nothing further was heard by the steamship owners in regard to compensating the shippers for their losses.

Mormugoa, like other ports, had its submarine scare. Indeed when the deadly rivalry is remembered between the port signal station, manned by railway staff, and the new watch-tower close by, manned by Marinheiros from the Republican navy, it is almost surprising that such were not of daily occurrence. The alarm, in one memorable instance was given by the "port-wallas," so that the right of action devolved on Maclean the dredging-master, who, with his *Governado*, promptly accepted the challenge. Had the *View halloo* been given by the Marinheiros, the gunboat *Rio Sado*

would, doubtless, have claimed the honour. The supposed submarine was seen floating near Buffalo Rock — and as the *Governado* sallied forth all Mormugoa held its breath. The *Dredgenaught* stalked the enemy with great caution, her dredging nozzle rattling with suppressed excitement and every boathook at the 'ready' poised to puncture. The death-grapple, however, failed to eventuate, for the foe turned out to be a derelict log of considerable girth, covered with barnacles and slimy with marine growths!

The *Governado*, by the way, had had at least one previous outstanding excitement in her career, when, on her way out from Gibraltar, the place of her previous employment, she had sailed through the Straits of Messina whilst the great eruption of Etna was in full blast. That was a thrilling episode indeed but, from now on, eclipsed in glory by the capture of a German submarine with a boat-hook! That bogey well and truly laid, the "branco" flowed once more in Lobo's den and babies with a Heaven-turned sigh rolled over in their mother's arms, and so to sleep again.

I have mentioned the *Rio Sado* more than once. She was the entire navy of Portugal in Indian waters during the Great War, and even now her battered hull, used as a floating landing stage for the harbour ferry launches at Panjim, is the only vestige of national seapower remaining in Goa. Built in 1875, one of the first composite warships of iron and teak of that period, she was, for nearly half a century, to Goa what the *VICTORY* is to Portsmouth. She was designed for sail or steam and her brass funnel, mounted on hinges, could

be hoisted vertical or lowered on the deck according to need. Earlier in the century the *Rio Sado* had been used to accommodate prisoners captured in the Ranee rebellion of 1910, in the hilly tracts adjoining the British Indian frontier — a "little war" which involved unwonted military activity in Goa and during the course of which, it is said, sepoy from the Mahratta regiments in the Deccan would take leave in order to hop over the border, in emulation of the Pathan, to assist their lawless kin in Portuguese territory. By 1914 any fighting value the *Rio Sado* ever possessed had completely vanished; but being still quite a presentable ship with good cabin and saloon accommodation and commanded, withal, by a very popular Portuguese naval officer, she remained in commission for occasions of state and was quite one of the most favoured social rendezvous of Panjim.

On one occasion a prominent but somewhat bumptious member of the British community at Mormugoa was invited with his wife to join a party on the *Rio Sado* to attend some government function at Panjim. Much as the said gentleman himself was objected to, his wife was at least equally disliked, and in some manner she appears to have managed to make herself extremely unpopular with the lower deck ratings of the gunboat. On this excursion some rude fellow among the crew surreptitiously attached a pair of horns to the stem of the vessel, just out of sight of the officers on the bridge. Now the origin of the significance of the Zodaical sign of Aries the Ram may be "wrapt in mystery," but let no man display it to one of a Latin race unless ready to sprint like a hare, or otherwise prepared to deal with the

murderous attack which is almost certain to result! Perhaps, however, on this occasion the object of the symbol may have been merely to ward off the ill-luck which the presence on board of any one considered to be a "Jonah" might be expected to bring down upon the ship.

The lady of this story was happiest in the company of young British army officers, and there was the usual youth in attendance on this occasion. The 1st Tenente da Marinha, commanding the gunboat, had also brought his wife, and all went merrily until the voyage home late at night. If the horns were carried as a safeguard against the Evil One, they almost failed in their duty; for, on rounding Cabo, the *Rio Sado* went heavily aground! The Senhora Tenente became hysterical; our heroine threw herself, sobbing, on the breast of the stalwart subaltern; and the 1st Tenente himself, flourishing a revolver in his hand, threatened with a tragic air to blow his brains out if his beloved battle-ship failed to get clear. But the Evil One was defeated and the *Rio Sado* survived; her commander has probably by this time attained the rank of admiral, while the subaltern is doubtless at least a full-blown colonel. The lady, herself, has since winged her flight to join the company of her houri sisters in the abodes of paradise, where subalterns in gorgeous uniforms, of noble form and mein, of mind and conversation..... Oh!.....how agreeable, shall wait to do her bidding evermore.

During the war, a small party of British officers and N. C. O.'s of the S. and T. corps were stationed at Mormugoa engaged in collecting and despatching to Mesopotamia shiploads of firewood. The enormous stacks

of it, covering every available square yard of open space in the harbour area, did not long escape the notice of the local authorities, who promptly imposed an export tax thereon, doubtless to the great benefit of the National exchequer.

There were the usual S. and T. scandals, of course, as well as others of a more social nature. One of the most exciting of these latter turned suddenly into stark tragedy. An English woman, alleged to be the wife of an official in Burmah, appeared at the Palace Hotel in company with a dark-complexioned gentleman who, as it turned out later, was a Goanese by birth. The other residents in the hotel welcomed the lady's company at picnics and the minor social functions which Mormugoa could provide, but their invitations were not extended to include her companion. On her return one day from some such outing, high words passed between them; and the man, apparently mad with jealousy, ended by producing a revolver and shooting her dead on the spot.

The battlements of Mormugoa have not, it is true, played any very valiant or rousing part in war, ancient or modern, but this was not the first violent death that the Old Palace had seen. In 1801 one James Estelow, a gunner of the Bombay Artillery then in garrison at Mormugoa, had a difference of opinion with an unfortunate bhistie which ended by his killing him with an axe! After protracted discussions regarding delicate points of international law, Estelow was sent to Bombay where he was tried and was condemned to death. The Chief Justice found an opportunity for a dissertation on the equality of man of which he took full advantage, as

will be seen from the following extract from his judgment.

"James Estelow. You have been convicted upon the clearest evidence of a most barbarous murder upon an unarmed and unoffending Native of India. The most lenient view of human conduct can discover no extenuating circumstances in your act. You appear to have had no motive but the desire of shewing a triumphant disregard for the life of your fellow creature because his skin was darker than yours. To assert the majesty of human nature under every form and colour, etc., etc."

The unhappy man, dressed entirely in black, and with a rope round his neck, was marched to the gallows on the Esplanade, and hanged in the presence of the whole garrison and a vast assemblage of natives brought together to witness the death of the first European to suffer capital punishment in Bombay for twenty-five years. And somewhere in the courtyard fronting the British Consulate at Mormugoa, if it be true that the blood of murder is ineffaceable, must still remain the stains of this century-old crime of an unhappy British soldier.

On a morning in December 1919, long after I had myself been demobilized, happening to be in Bombay, I met on the quay of Alexandra Dock disembarking from the Goa steamer the crews of the German and Austrian ships on their way home at last. How weary they all looked—tired beyond words, no doubt, of the life that lay behind them, and more than nervous of what lay before. There appeared to be two or three women amongst them

of whom I had not heard before, possibly these were wives who had managed to join their husbands after the armistice. I was able to render some little assistance to the Portuguese Naval Officer in charge of the party for which I shortly after received the thanks of the Portuguese Government in a letter addressed to "Illustrissimo e Excelentissimo Senhor.....!" I have since learnt wisdom, and now know that all this means plain "Mr." ;—but at that time, somehow, it seemed to restore something of my old-time civilian dignity, severely wounded more than once in the service of my country, and so helped me to realize that the war was really over !

1838

AGUADA, THE GUARDIAN FORTRESS OF GOA

Just as Mormugoa on the south guards the entrance to the Zuari River, so does the Headland of Aguada on the north guard that of the Mandovi. The latter has been fortified since the very earliest days of the Portuguese occupation and has played an active part in the history of Goa. Not only did it derive great military importance from its command of the sea approach to both old and new capitals, but it achieved early fame as affording unusual facilities for obtaining supplies of good water; and few ships sailing the western coast of India down to the middle of the 19th century failed to pay it a call.

And so it happened that when in 1838 the American Government commissioned the new three-decker *Columbia*, 60 guns, accompanied by the armed sloop *John Adams* for a tour around the world, they found themselves one day anchored off Aguada. The chaplain of the *Columbia* decided to seize the opportunity to sail up to Old Goa, but he under-estimated the time required for the trip, and found so much to interest him that he had difficulty in dragging himself away. In the end he very nearly got left behind and had to beg a night's lodging from the Commandant of Aguada before he could rejoin his ship. His tale of his adventures seems worth quoting in full, as it affords a lively indication of the

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troubles which faced the enterprising sight-seer in those days which now seem so far away.

"On reaching the boat, to my alarm, I found that the wind and tide had both changed against us. The local craft were now streaming up the favourable current with all their canvas spread to a fair and strong breeze, while I had been calculating on both to secure my return to the frigate by four o'clock. No time could be lost, it being already nearly three. I directed the ten oarsmen to put forth their strength. They did well. Our boat dashed back to Panjim, from which our ships were lying four or five miles — the sea setting in with increased power, and the opposing wind strengthening every moment. We had passed the inner fort of the Portuguese, but every moment was convincing us that it was almost impossible to accomplish our task against the opposing wind and tide, but the ships still lingered in the offing, the *John Adams* apparently just standing out, whilst the *Columbia* had shaken out her topsails, and was lying lazily on the wind. The ground-roll of the sea was pitching in, and we had now reached a position where the breakers combed high and fearfully. The men, however, were true to their oars. As the high wave came on with its curved edge higher than our boat, the oarsmen for a moment would rest on their poles, and as the breaker struck the boat they broke the profound silence of the previous instant by their own peculiar prayer, as they ejaculated in their own tongue, "Jesu Christe!" when again they dipped their oars to meet another mountain-sheet with its distinctly defined curl, inclining towards us. I encouraged the men with the

exciting words "Cheerily O, Cheerily All!" which they caught with spirit as I applied my own hands to the oar guided by the nearest man. We were now beyond these breaking surges, our boat having taken in a considerable quantity of water, sweeping from the bows nearly to the stern and entirely drenching the men. The sun was fast declining, as our boat seemed only inch by inch to gain her distance outwards; when, ere long, the sun fell beneath the distant rim of the ocean, with the *Columbia* directly in its wake, which longer and more distinctly kept the frigate in our view. But as the red bank of a glorious sunset began to die away in the dun of the palest twilight, the distant ship also began to fade, and at length, as she lined herself on the horizon, I could plainly see that she was standing out to sea, with evident purpose of not lingering longer near the shore for the night. The only hope that now remained was that Commodore Read, although he had expressed himself to me with more than his usual earnestness about sailing during the evening, would stand off during the night and put back again in the morning, and take me up.

I had taken but twenty dollars in my purse for the day's excursion. As I had gone by myself, however, I took a sword in my hand as a walking stick, and possessed a watch of considerable value. At the worst, I concluded I could manage with these comfortably to reach Bombay. These were the dreamings of a moment, while our boat was standing back to the fortification where I had landed first in the morning. The fortress, which is an extensive work, was already shut when I had reached near the landing place opposite one of the gates. The occupants of

a boat, lying a little way in the stream, assured us that the captain of the fortress was already in his bed, and my boat's crew appeared to regard it as a capital crime to wake him, and they now insisted that they would not land, but they must take me up the stream some three miles to Panjim. I told them that they should land me, unless the breakers prevented, which were now roaring horribly in the ear in the darkness of the moonless night; and I took my sword in my hand, without any further threats than my manner indicated, which once before, when the men had become exhausted nearly to a rebellion as we were pulling to the ship, I had, with yet more positiveness assumed, although I am sure I could not have injured the head of one of the miserable cowards. They yielded, and said they would try; and we pulled to the north side of the stone pier, over which the swelling surf now rolled, as if it were another cataract of Niagara.

Watching my opportunity, I sprang upon the part of the pier nearest the shore; and approaching the gate of the fortress wall, the sentry hailed me. I told him I wished to speak to the Captain of the fort. The Captain, with half a dozen other Portuguese, put his head out of the window of a stone building, which formed something like a bastion of the embattlements of the fortress, and said he was the Captain. I told him my story. He apologized for his soldier-like quarters, but soon the gate was thrown open; and I was ushered through the portal, along a line of guards of some twenty dark-faced and dark-dressed soldiers, who had been gathered at this point of the fort on the opening of the gates. The Portu-

guese Officer showed me to a small compartment where two sentinels were stationed, and which constituted the quarters of the Captain. I was glad to be there, notwithstanding some big stories I had heard regarding the Portuguese, and many more I had read of, and now I was a stranger, within a Portuguese fortress, in most treacherous times. I was sufficiently tired to find the cot of the captain, notwithstanding the immensity of his moustaches, a very acceptable tender, although I felt a reluctance to avail myself of it, as the Portuguese, with true soldier-like generosity, threw a piece of matting in the corner of the room, and said, "This, to-night, shall be my bed;" inviting me, at the same time, to slip off my coat and to lounge after my fatigue upon his clean-spread and tendered cot. A cup of tea was ere long served, with bread and butter, curd and cheese, eggs, and cake, the last being taken, with a nonchalance du corps, from the wall, where it had been suspended by a nail in a wrapper around the plate which contained it. "Eat, my good sir," said the Portuguese with the huge moustache; "you no eat anything;" notwithstanding I had already finished a couple of eggs, drunk one cup of tea, and a round glass full of the most delightful water. I was greatly refreshed, and threw myself upon my cot to get some rest. But my dreams were unquieting. I had an encounter with two banditti I should not be able to master, if about me there were those disposed to attack me. But we had shown, only a few hours before, a sufficient force, at least to induce respect so long as there was a probability that the ships would return. Therefore, I slept, and was much refreshed and recovered from my fatigue the next

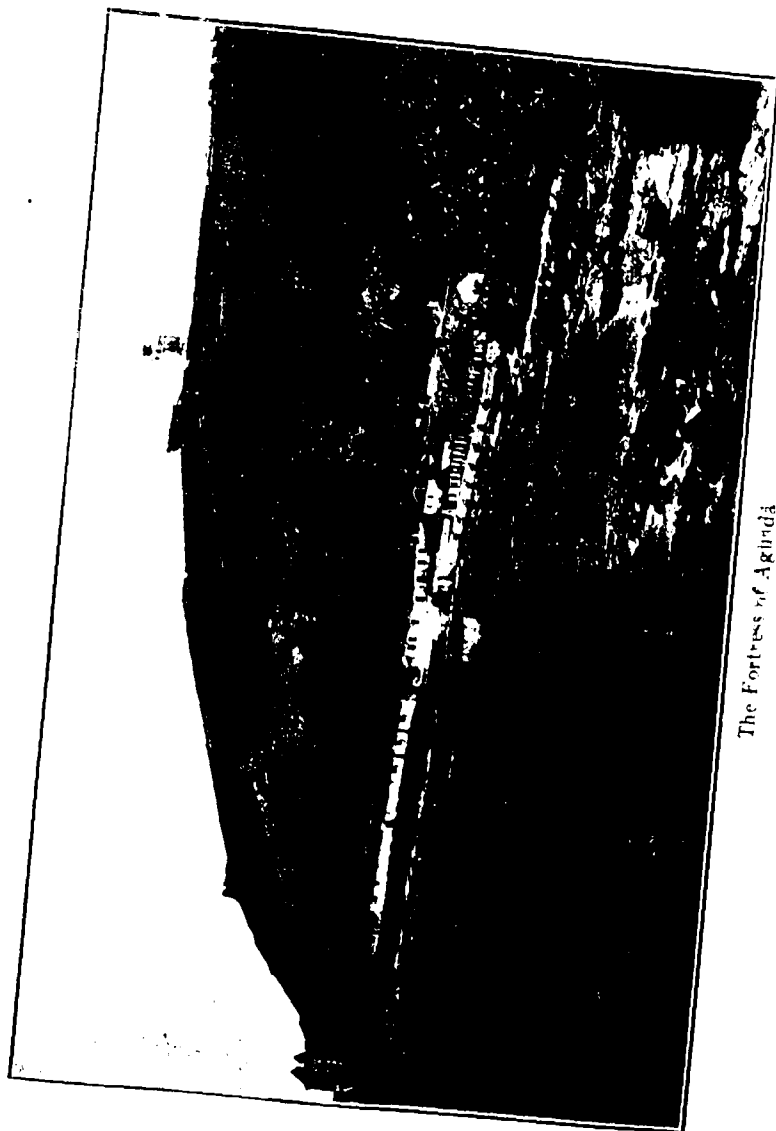
morning, and my nervous excitement was past. But the daylight was abroad, and the sun was up, and the lookout from the high point of the flagstaff reported to my great disappointment, "No ship to be seen in the offing." I quietly yielded to my apparent fate, and began to make enquiries to enable me to decide on the best course, when I learned that the captain of a Portuguese brig was in the fort, who was designing to get under weigh in a few hours for Bombay; but only a few moments after a second report from the flagstaff came in — "Two large three-masted vessels in the offing standing to the north." "They are the frigate and the corvette," I exclaimed; "I thought they would not leave me."

The Padre had queer notions of the Portuguese. Notions that were probably mutually entertained; for a cleric who ranges the countryside with a lethal weapon as a walking stick must have caused much stroking and twiddling of the long moustaches which seem to have been the feature of Aguada that most impressed the visitor from the U. S. A. Citizens, too, of the Republic had not been quite sorted out in the minds of the Portuguese of Goa as early as 1838. The port records of Panjim of that period are not certain what nationality to ascribe to their visitors, or whether or not they were still attached in some way to their English progenitors. The matter was therefore compromised by the description "American English."

"1838-November 14," so begins a translation of the entry, "Huma Fragata e hum Corvetta Americanos In-

glezas de Guerra COLUMBIA e JOHN ADAMS.
Commandante Hopr em Wyman.”

Nearly a century after the American's involuntary detention thereat, I, who had passed and repassed the fortress of Aguada many times in the course of my official duties, decided that I really must wander off the beaten track and explore it. The chance came my way when I happened to be stationed for some months at Mormugoa. My jaunt thither is another story ; but it has this in common with that of the chaplain, in that I received the same kindness and courtesy from the Portuguese officer in command of the fortress in 1928 as did he in the year 1838 — the second year of the reign of Queen Victoria.



The Fortress of Aginda

1928

AGUADA, THE GUARDIAN FORTRESS OF GOA

One Sunday in February 1928, spurning defeat through the failure of our coolies to materialize, we humped our own tiffin basket and accessories down the steep path leading from our bungalow on the headland to the quayside, at the unseasonable hour of 04.00 in the morning.

Our country jollyboat had to be dug out, like a winkle from its shell, from the deep shadow of the breakwater; and, soon gathering way, we were passing the shipping along the wharves where a British tramp steamer and an obsolete turret Clan liner, in almost total darkness, dimly represented the *Old Red Duster*, in striking and adverse contrast to the flood-lighted Norwegian M. V. *Beljeanne* — a monster carrier of complete railway locomotives and carriages — and a cheerfully illuminated Hansa freighter, the S. S. *Axenfels*. Heading now across the bay, the triple flash of the Aguada light laid us a course unerring in its rectitude, if somewhat crazily followed by our dusky helmsman who seemed to slumber as he steered.

The first flush of dawn found us abeam of the Governor's palace at Cabo, and we were still conjecturing the probable effect upon the old warrior within had we landed and usurped the functions of his butler by offering, in our own proper persons, the Viceregal-Sunday-morning-cup-

of-tea-in-bed, when we found ourselves staring into the muzzles of the old guns of the era of Trafalgar, frowning through the embrasures of the shore batteries of Aguada. The gentle light of the approaching day fell on the ancient castellated lighthouse at the summit of the citadel, and, as we approached,— the warning beam of "Barbier Barnand Turrent of Paris" was relieved from its nightly task by the rising sun — its duty well and truly done as when first lit in 1864.

We tied up to a ringbolt in the paved jetty of the sea gateway; but, though we had a letter of introduction to the Commandant of the fortress, we thought it best to delay our appearance, not knowing the etiquette of calling at that early hour. We therefore decided to eat our *chhota hazri* before the ants, who were already in possession of our basket, had saved us the trouble. We had, however, reckoned without our host for, almost immediately, down toddled a stout little old gentleman in spotless white uniform who, peering through his spectacles over the edge from a height of 6 feet or so, bade us welcome to Aguada. The moment, in spite of our mouths being full of hard-boiled egg, required that we declare ourselves, and our cards were forthwith handed up. On this, without more ado, the old gentleman, waving a friendly hand, informed us that he was going back to his house to fetch his "ticket" in exchange for ours. This gave us time in which to finish our snack, and when Coronel de Infantaria Manuel Freire de Menezes returned, we were ready to accompany him.

Entering through heavily timbered gates, we passed into a crypt-like arcade of columns and arches supporting

the Commandant's quarters above. The grateful shade, the quiet, except for a lazy lapping of the sea against the walls, the overpowering somnolencia and the far-away feeling that pervades the atmosphere, must combine to render a spell of sentry-go in the sunny hours somewhat akin to Chinese torture. We fancied, however, that discipline, as between Commandant and Sentinel, is sometimes tempered to suit the circumstances.

Once inside, India fades out and a miniature of old Lisbon comes on the screen. A neat kitchen garden with, beyond it recessed into the hillside, a bijou building of ecclesiastical appearance, catches the eye at once. Here is the Fonte Praça, or spring of the fortress, which even now gushes out from beneath an old world Coat of Arms in a continuous jet of the clearest water. Spanning the garden is a creeper clad conduit, and the whole effect makes a picture worthy of an artist's brush. By this elevated channel was effected the watering of ships when Aguada afforded one of the best known anchorages of the East. The very name Aguada, indeed, means "The place of water."

The Fonte had for centuries afforded the Cavelheiros and their Senhoras the required privacy for the bath, and on the floors can yet be seen the marks of attrition caused by the laving utensils of many generations. If, at this rendezvous, the waiting Senhores and Senhoras were wont to form a queue, how effective as period tableaux would these gatherings now be. Even as we meditated on the subject our kind host suggested that we, too, might like to refresh ourselves, adding that he had the 'two-ells.' We endeavoured to excuse ourselves the ex-

perience but the old gentleman returned to the theme so often that ultimately, after two towels of heroic size had been placed in our hands, we were obliged to yield. The Colonel had already told us that when Lady Willingdon had come to Aguada in 1917 endeavours had been made to persuade her to submit to this ceremony. But when she, in token of the acceptance of the 'Nazir' of the towels, had touched them with her fingers, a tactful A. D. C. no doubt came to her rescue.

Their suspicious newness and the number of moth balls that dropped from them seemed to suggest that the gubernatorial towels had been bequeathed to us! We did not, however, bathe at the Fonte but were sent elsewhere, accompanied by an armed guard with fixed bayonets,—escort to two prisoners who, we found later, were to provide the water-drawing power. One of these men was a giant negro from the African troops stationed at Goa; the other, poor hapless wight, had incurred a three-year sentence through the default of a debtor for whom he had stood surety. We soon reached a large rustic barn which provided cover overhead for an enormous wooden wheel which, unlike the treadmill of our jails at home, was worked by men running on the inside of it, as the squirrel in captivity takes exercise in its cage.

The contrivance is said to be about 300 yards old, and its duty was to feed the conduit with a large volume of water from a deep inexhaustible well. In the course of a day or so a whole fleet could be attended to, and many a famous line of battle-ship or crack frigate replenished its supply here, more especially during the British occupation of Goa. To mention a few only—H. M. S.

Superb, Albion, Culloden, Centurion, Suffolk, Terpsichore, La Dedaigneuse, Chiffonne, Diana and Phaeton, the last-named under full sail being described by one writer as the most beautiful sight he had ever beheld. The old wheel has also revolved for many a fine clipper ship of commerce, for scarcely a vessel of any nation passed Aguada without replenishing tanks—the water of Bombay being a bye-word among seamen until very recent years.

But we must return to the bath. This was a masonry receptacle perched at the head of a winding flight of stone steps which one mounted as a parson does his pulpit and, even at this altitude, the frame of the water wheel towered over the bather. Over the edge of the bath the cold gleam of the bayonets of the guard caught one's eye and seemed to lend additional job to the unexpected coldness of the stream squirting out of a leaden pipe over the shrinking body of the bather. When one's wants were satisfied, a shout to the waterworks cut off the supply.

After dressing, the procession was reformed, but we managed to smuggle a coin to each of the prisoners before they were marched away, the nigger's eyes goggling so much as to suggest that such tangible wealth had not been his for a long time. As he was physically a match for the whole of the native troops which formed the guard or garrison of Aguada, we thought it unlikely that he would be deprived of his windfall without at least some small comfort in exchange.

Leading away from the Fonte was a broad pathway of beach pebbles set in the most precise chevrons or herring-bone pattern, shaded throughout its length by a pergola

of vines bearing luscious looking clusters of the black grapes of Portugal. The spaces between the pillars were filled by the loveliest of crotons, groomed to perfection and as upright as grenadiers, while at intervals were crescent seats glazed with the purest of seashell lime --- potent invitations to rest and contemplate. On the one hand lay the blue-washed barracks for European troops (when in garrison) and, on the other, the time-worn parapets and emplacements of the shore defences, with the blue bay beyond.

This delightful pleasance stretched for a full hundred metres to the iron gates and sentry lodge of the landward entrance to the lower fort. In the small courtyard at the far end is the Fonte Ferrer, a medicinal spring surrounded by shrines and crosses after the manner of Catholic peoples. A mere trickle from the parent source had worn itself a fairy grotto in the bank on a level with one's head which, insufficient for any other purpose, nourished tiny ferns and green mosses. Over spring and grotto spread the branches of a giant breadfruit tree, its leaves a foot across, possibly almost co-eval with the fortress itself, and affording with its surroundings a worthy companion picture to the Fonte Praca.

The full extent of the ramparts is invisible from the seaward, to such an extent are they camouflaged by the boulders on the foreshore and the background of mother-rock from which the materials were hewn. We were surprised, therefore, when after walking for half a mile or so past innumerable embrasures, we had still not reached the end. The guns had disappeared with the exception of twenty-one muzzle loaders of heavy calibre retained

in view of the rather remote necessity for a Royal Salute. But these, mounted on wooden carriages, were maintained in such a state of preparation and preservation as to suggest that since the day they were placed there, in the time of Napoleon, the scare of a French invasion had never been allayed.

At this stage the colonel whispered in my ear something, as I thought, about his daughter's album, and I visualized an interesting set of pictures displayed by an even more interesting *senhorita*. It was not that, however, but a complaint from which the Coronel de Infantaria suffered, which prevented his climbing the hill to the citadel towards which we had now turned. We were accordingly given in charge of Sergeant Castro of the Cacadores who, at the outset, confided to us that his father had been a general. We took the hint.

The citadel is, or rather was, of great military strength, protected on three sides by a dry moat cut out of the solid rock, the outer lip being recessed as a firing step for musketeers or riflemen to sweep the open ground over which an enemy must advance. The moat would require no water, its dizzy depth and width of many yards making it an impassable obstacle for the most determined troops. The defenders, presumably, in case of urgent need, let themselves down by ropes and regained the citadel through narrow wickets concealed from a frontal view just above the level of the moat itself. This ingenious feature, as explained by Sergeant Castro, was devised to enable the soldiers to 'cancel themselves.'

We left the moat to visit the reservoir beneath the barrack square of the citadel. Steps lead down into the

interior and the floor, pillars and walls are thickly coated with chunam to keep it watertight. It is a weird place of considerable dimensions, probably forty yards square, and possesses a fascinating echo which lasts for some seconds. It has, quite obviously, not been filled for many years, possibly not within the memory of any now in the fort, so that Sergeant Castro's opinion that it was a bomb-proof shelter in which, again, 'soldiers might cancel themselves,' may be excused!

We next climbed the lighthouse, the mechanism of which was set in motion that we might see what caused the wink that, night after night, flashed across from Aguada to our bungalow on Mormugoa Headland. On the bastion upon which the tower is raised Lord and Lady Willingdon had tea in 1917. The view is superb and, although their Excellencies' opinion of it is not on record, there is no doubt that it far surpasses that to be seen from Malabar Hill.

We had made enquiries as to the whereabouts of the military cemetery which we knew must be in the neighbourhood, and were directed to a spot lying between the fort and the church of St. Lawrence. To reach this we crossed the moat by the wooden drawbridge built by the English troops when they were in garrison at Aguada. It is now permanently down, but originally could be raised or lowered as in the days 'When Knights were Bold.'

We found only three memorials still standing, all in a very decayed state. The recesses in the masonry showed that marble plaques once proclaimed the identity of the departed soldiers beneath. But these, we were told, had been removed by villagers, the slabs being well adapted

for the domestic purpose of grinding curry-stuffs. Who, then, is commemorated by any particular monument is uncertain, but the Aguada Garrison Orders of the period name the following officers as having died there, in addition to others who are believed to be interred in the same locality.

Captain Lachlan Macquarrie, H. M.'s 80th Foot.

Captain R. F. Blackmore, 18th Madras Native Infantry.

Lieutenant Wilson, H. M.'s 86th Foot.

A litter of stones lies scattered over a considerable area around these graves—all that remains to mark the resting places of the rank and file, mostly of the 84th, or (York and Lancaster) Regiment, of whom at least 100 died and were buried at Aguada; but including a few men of other units temporarily stationed there. There is to be seen in the library of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society a small book, long since out of print, entitled "The English and their Monuments at Goa," but this merely records the inscriptions then existing on the tombstones in the main cemetery at Cabo, which remain practically the same to-day.

Among this community of the forgotten dead is one grave of glaring newness. It is that of a German seaman, a ship's baker to be more exact, who died whilst interned at Goa during the Great War. The tomb, subscribed for by his shipmates, is heavy and solid, and bears the following inscription in German.

Julius Arno Kearns

10th VIII-1890 Altena a. d. Elbe

6th VIII-1919 in Aguada

Gewidmet z. Ehre und Andenken von den
Deutsch-Oesterreichischen Kriegsgefangenen.

We met later a local resident who told us he had been commissioned to select the place for this man's burial, but why he chose this bare unprotected spot in preference to the Protestant cemetery at Cabo is not very clear. On learning our nationality, the Goan apologized for placing the deceased among our countrymen, even though over a century had passed, and he affected to be relieved when assured we had no objection. The graveyard of the R. C. Church, a short distance away, is enclosed and well kept, but the interment of a Protestant within its walls would, it is supposed, have disturbed the other occupants of 'Gods Acre.'

The crews of the Austrian and German vessels seized by the Portuguese in India were accommodated in the barracks of Aguada, Colonel Menezes, our host, being in charge of them. The only trouble he experienced, he said, was occasioned by the heavy drinking in which the prisoners were able to indulge with the funds sent them from Germany. Only on one occasion, however, was there any real disturbance, and it was soon quelled. The internees passed their time after the usual manner of prisoners of war in making little trinkets and curios, which they were allowed to sell to visitors.

The Colonel on leaving us earlier in the morning had invited us to return to his quarters to take "congee." We were not quite sure what this might be, but started off down the hill to take it — it proved to be lunch. Whilst waiting for this to be got ready we strolled around looking for anything of interest. We found an old bell of

Chinese origin, but whether it was the one transferred from the Inquisition at Old Goa to Aguada, the Colonel could not say. Close by was a stone sun-dial, evidently the official timepiece of the fortress, for it could be consulted by the guard commander from his window. There are also to be seen bench marks of the trigonometrical survey party lent by the Bombay Government in 1804 — one stone just outside the gate and another on the steps leading to the commandant's office.

A greater diversion offered, however, in the shape of the issue of rations to the prisoners by a slatternly female from a bin in the passage adjoining the dining-room. Four measures of rice per man to last four days was served out to each in turn, and we were told that this was supplemented by one anna in cash with which to purchase luxuries. It seemed a bare subsistence, not calculated to raise the smile of contentment — it certainly did not do so on the face of a woeful looking Goan Christian, still habited, as indeed were the rest of the prisoners, in the clothes in which he was apprehended and sentenced, now more than shabby, the dismalness of his appearance enhanced by a rusty black crepe band on his sleeve, pathetic reminder that troubles never come singly.

We now sat down to our meal, our host's English, which had been very asthmatic at the start, improving as time wore on. He told us he had soldiered in Goa for thirty-seven years, and in his service had occupied every office of state (this with a wink) except that of Patriarch! Having enjoyed the old gentleman's hospitality and his claret, we shortly after took our leave, saying us 'adeus' from the jetty as we rowed away to continue our explorations elsewhere.

