

of varied form and size in sight, sounding and dredging daily with most satisfactory results. On the evening of the 13th we crossed the Equator, and on the next day passed the islands of Bachian and Tawali, which are great volcanic masses heaved up into ridges about 1000 feet in height, and separated by a long, narrow strait abounding in the grandest scenery. Here on Bachian the clove-tree grows wild. North of this island is Makian, an old volcano; in fact, we were just now surrounded with extinct craters. The next day (14th) we passed through the channel separating Tidore, with its high, prominent peak, from that of Ternate, and late in the evening anchored in the well-sheltered bay, off the village of Ternate, situated at the eastern declivity of a volcanic mountain 5000 feet high. This is one of four or five conical volcanoes, which skirt the west coast of the large and almost unknown island of Gilolo. The town is concealed from view until close up to the anchorage, when it is seen stretching along the shore at the very base of the mountain. Its situation is fine, and there are grand views on every side. Opposite is the rugged promontory and fine volcanic cone of Tidore; to the east is the long, mountainous coast of Gilolo; while immediately behind the town rises the huge mountain, sloping easily at first, and covered with a thick grove of fruit-trees, but soon becoming steeper, and furrowed with deep gullies