

nate, the Resident made up a party for the purpose of visiting the spice plantations. Landing at an early hour, we found a walk through the charming avenues most enjoyable. The whole surface of the land is covered with various kinds of stately trees, interspersed here and there with neat little inclosures and huts of the natives. It must be remembered that we were in the Tropics, where the wild luxuriance of nature runs riot, for the natural vegetation of the hedges and hillsides overpowers in picturesque effect all the artificial productions of man. Wending our way along paths where the line of vision is very limited from the dense foliage, we occasionally got, on reaching a clearing, alternate peeps into wooded valleys and fertile plains, and glimpses of the bright blue sea beyond, backed by hills and bordered with low, wooded shores, on the surface of which were numerous coasting vessels, boats, and canoes, whose white sails looked bright in the morning sun. Still continuing our walk along shady pathways, and admiring each successive view, we reached the plantations. Delight itself, however, would be but a weak term to express the feelings even of the most ordinary observer of nature here. The lovely sago-palm, with its great bunches of fruit; the fascinating betel-nut, tall and tapering; the luxuriant profusion of pepper, cinnamon, cocoa, nutmeg, and clove trees, with numberless others producing durians, mangustans, lansets, and mangoes,