

Steaming on with fine weather across the Molucca passage into the Celebes Sea, the scenery in every direction was very lovely, the lofty, high volcanic land affording more than ordinary interest as we occasionally stopped off the steep shores for trawling.

Crossing the Celebes Sea on the 23rd, the high land of Mindanao, covered with bright green foliage to the very top, was before us. Stopping again for soundings, it was nine o'clock on a bright moonlight night when we anchored off the village of Samboangan. After the Spanish officials had boarded us, and visits of ceremony exchanged, those so desirous were free for a run on shore.

The next day, early in the morning, as the sun rose, the picture from the deck was very charming. The little village before us was almost concealed from view by the varied foliage stretching from end to end, backed up with high land cultivated nearly to the summit; while in the fertile plains below the waving palms and the bright green stalks of the rice stood out in pleasing relief.

As is usually the case on landing at these villages, Samboangan lost much of the charm apparent from the anchorage; but the country and roads were found prettily decorated with thick and many-tinted foliage; tall bamboos shaking their feathery heads aloft, the cocoa-nut still loftier; palms of various sorts; the plantains and bananas, the huge green leaves of which give such richness to a tropical land-