

army, who did their utmost in providing many good things for our enjoyment and comfort.

Being anxious to push on, so as to reach Hong Kong before the change of the monsoons, early the next morning we were under weigh, passing through the Sulu Sea, reaching the Island of Panay, and anchoring off the town of Iloilo on the 28th.

The approach to the port is by a narrow channel between a sandbank and the Island of Guimaras, and we anchored very near the shore. A few straggling houses are all that is seen of the town, which has no pretensions to size or beauty; one portion of it lies so low that its streets are usually, at high-water, submerged, the houses being built on high piles. The roads in the suburbs are pretty, and many Indian houses are seen, where most of the women are employed making that extremely beautiful fabric, the *pina*, which is prepared from the leaves of the pineapple. The white and delicate threads, being separated from the leaves, are sorted with great care, and woven into a very delicate material resembling very fine muslin. Such are the patience and care required in its make that sometimes not more than half an inch is made in a day.

After taking in coal, we left, on the morning of the 31st, for Manilla. The 350 miles were soon got over, and, after trawling on two or three occasions, on the 4th November we sighted the lighthouse at