

plant, but we were rather too far off to make out the other objects of cultivation. The beach is of pure white coral sand, and above it are almost continuous groves of cocoa-nut trees, with here and there groups of native huts—pretty, light, basket-like dwellings, mounted on wooden piles 10 or 12 feet high.

About noon we entered the strait between the ill-starred little island of Matan, where Magalhaens met his death, and Zebu, and had a distant view of the monument erected by Queen Isabella II. to his memory. In the afternoon we anchored off the town of Zebu, an active business place, with a population of about 35,000. There are a few roomy and handsome houses, but for the most part it consists of a lot of tumble-down shanties and rickety old buildings, with a great show of poverty and but little riches. The chief articles of trade are Manilla hemp and sugar; coffee is also grown, and tobacco in considerable quantities. Coal of very fair quality has been found, and would form a lucrative article for exportation; but the great difficulty at this place, as in the rest of these islands, is the scarcity of labour. The natives will not work. The banana, the cocoa-nut, and the bamboo supply them with all they require of food and shelter; and the additional luxury of a little rice, and dried fish to flavour it, is purchased at the price of half a day's labour in the week. The soil is, however, evidently productive to a marvellous extent; and the same redundancy which