

myself and I don't remember when I have felt so weak and ill as at present. A storm passed up to day.

March 22.

Felt some better today. Watch ash. Completed watering and took about 2000 oranges, plenty of bannanas and a few ducks. Another steamer went up to town today which I believe is the mail instead of the one yesterday. Those of the watch who came off to night brought some artificial flowers they look very pretty and bear a close resemblance to the natural ones.

March 23.

Our turn came this morning and as I continued to improve after some persuasion got ready about 8 A.M. and went ashore. Was obliged to sit down and rest as soon as I landed. And the sun shone so hot during the forenoon that I did not attempt to walk much. Having at the same time a violent headache.

In fact we need the perfect use of his limbs and considerable strength to travel up and down the steep hills we found here. In some places the shore is rock bound and bold at others a smooth sandy beach along which houses are scattered. In the hills among groves of orange and lime they are often met with. After the first few hours of fatigue I began to feel better and my strength gradually to increase

so that in the afternoon we got on faster with our mate. I visited several houses in quest of flowers but some pretty ones made of feathers and shells which I intend to carry home.

What a relief it was to me after ascending one of these hills to "sit under the orange tree" and behold the tempting fruit and listen above all to the notes of some of the sweetest singing birds in the branches overhead. There was such a cool breeze drawing through these delightful shades that I was quite unwilling to leave them for further walk in the scorching sun. Towards night however it got to be comparatively comfortable and we made the most of the remainder of the day. We were very kindly entertained by some of the inhabitants who could talk a little English and they gave us some of the best coffee I ever drank. Some of the paths or roads leading over the hill are completely hedged in with coffee and cotton trees and underbrush entirely keeping out the wind while the recent rain in many places have made deep gullies which in the night must be dangerous passes for a stranger. In traversing these difficult places under a burning sun I often found myself wilting and almost unable to get a breath of air. At such times feeling faint and weary we would hurry along to the nearest grove and throw ourselves under their delightful cooling shade. Finding the relief we sought in this to us perfect paradises. Eat but little fruit fearing