

1769, from here he, with a scientific party, observed the transit of Venus.

The ride thither lay through delicious groves of cocoa palm and bread-fruit trees, mingled here and there with citron, orange, bananas, and guavas. The tree-like oleander and beautiful red-flowered hibiscus towered above all, bright and blooming; the entire scene being one not easily forgotten.

The Broom Road (as it is named) ran on thus for a long way parallel with the shore, taking us under the shade of charming trees, and across innumerable little streams, where were seen numbers of native girls either bathing or washing their garments; and occasionally on the way meeting many of the men in their clean white shirts and parti-coloured waist-cloths; each, on passing, greeting us with a cheerful smile and a hearty "Ya rana," which means all kinds of salutations and blessings; sometimes even stopping and shaking hands, with no other earthly object but kindly good-fellowship.

The scenery, look where one would, was exceedingly pretty. Wherever there was a break in the glorious tropical foliage could be seen either precipitous mountains, clad in refreshing green, and cleft by deep, cool gorges, or the fine sweep of the ocean, a brilliant, transparent blue, bound and bordered by a long white line of foamy surf dashing against the reefs.

For some miles the road ran on, intersected occa-