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<33/c>	of your high esteem. The first is a cotton bush: Figure a. describes the fruit in bud, like a green mitten. The Figure b. reveals the fruit in ripeness, when the floss inside is ready to be plucked, as soft as the lock of hair I keep with me always from your dear golden head. The second drawing I submit to your lively discernment is the indigo bush, from which a deep and lustrous shade of blue is obtained by a kind of alchemy. The natives who abide here practise this art most skilfully: at the Figure a., a sprig, like a tamarind in the size of leaf; then, b., a piece of indigo compact and ready for use. The natives are amenable for all their savage state, and impart their wisdom to us in exchange for fribbling items: a mere hairpin will set them to an ecstasy of delight, for they are like to children and have no metals. The third is the tobacco plant: a., the flower; b., the leaves plucked and drying. I know you know of it and have even assayed it in a pipe, as they did at court when Astraea ruled and she was inclined to taste it now and then. Companion of my heart, I trust in God that all we venture here bear fruit and I count on your prayers too, for the Lord must incline his will when such a one as you petitions him. We are settled on the southern shore, called Belmont for the amenity of the situation, within a stout stockade I am causing to be built. Though these measures are not due to necessity, as the people here are glad to be of service to us and treat us with courtesy in which not a little deference is admixed, for as I say they count many simple things great wonders: my fine paste shoe buckles (the only part remaining after some native rats that are very large and like to be tame devoured the rest of the appurtenances) inspired much clicking of teeth and clucking of tongues till I thought I should have to part with them. But I restrained the impulse, for it is as well to eke out such tokens of our goodwill as we possess. I desire you to ask your good father if he can procure me a joiner or two and one or two masons. They will be very serviceable, and needs must bring their tools with them insofar as these be scant indeed on the island. Their labours will meet reward, for such servants are as gold in these parts. I desire he would send also
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	<p>a box of Castile soap</p> <p>, a chest of candles, four hats (the sun does not like my complexion), a small case of drinking glasses (the supply on board the Hopewell was dashed to pieces) and should the passage lie by the isle of Madeira, a pipe of that nectar, for I have exhausted my store. But let not these requests from a young planter discourage you, my dear cousin. He has planted himself and his small company betimes; indeed, apart from the few native people as I say, there is no one here to give us hindrance in our enterprise. Our sojourn here will raise such a city as Cadmus when he sowed the Theban field. May God continue to give us his blessing. I would have you smile too, fair cousin, as it is my hope and one that you are privy to that you may soon be more to me than cousin. In this we will meet the desires of your good father, who has been gracious enough to give permission for my suit and endow his future son with the means withal to be worthy of your hand. Fly here to stand by my side, sweet lady, for we can further the walls of Christendom on this isle in goodly state.</p>

	<p>then shall my happiness be complete. I give thanks to the Lord that he has seen fit now to bless my long devotion to the wind. Ever yours in hope, from the fair newfoundland of Everhope ... Fourteen THE BELMONT STOCKADE, EVERHOPE, 1619 C.E. DULÉ SKIMMED INTO shore silently, under cover of darkness, and threaded through the banana fronds and mango groves to Ariel's cabin; a leaf here, a twig there gave under him, but the English sailor posted watch in the clearing was fast asleep and the others would not have woken from their stone weariness if Dulé had halloped at them. Some of his companions had reported smoke, but Dulé had thought little of it - Sycorax could have been stewing the indigo with special enthusiasm. Then the fear reached him that there had been an assault - a ship had been seen, moored, the men had been observed returning with limbs dressed for wounds. Dulé had been at sea all day beyond the outer reef, fishing for rose conches and the sweet eggwhite-smooth lambie inside; he returned to his paddle and plied it swiftly, making the crossing under the stars. He had overcome the islanders' deep dislike of the sea by night, when shadows welled in the phosphorescence and the pale monster Manjiku reared his snout from the waves. He addressed the invisible monster in an undertone, swearing at him till he laughed out loud at his</p>
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