tility of the African soil; the mildness of the climate during a great part of the year; the numerous commercial advantages; the stores of fish, and herds of wild animals to be found here, invite her scattered children home. As regards myself, I counted the cost of engaging in the service before I left America. I came to these shores to *die*, and any thing better than death, is better than I expected."

On the 9th of April, which was Sunday, Mr. Bacon administered the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper to such of the company as were Episcopalians, and some Methodists, and at the close observed, "We had a sweet season." Mr. Bankson and several of the people were delirious during the day. None appeared to have past the crisis of the disease, and some new cases had occurred. Those who were sick on board the schooner, had not been removed to land, and it was the wish of Dr. Crozer and Lieutenant Townsend, that she should be sent to Sierra Leone, but unfavourable winds prevented.

The wet season was now approaching, and the impatience of the people to be removed from Campelar became so great, that in a written memorial which they presented, they expressed the intention of taking the direction of affairs into their own hands. Upon which they were assembled and remonstrated with, after which their groundless agitation subsided, and their disorderly purpose was abandoned.

It had now become apparent, that Kizell had employed a secret influence to produce and aggravate the disaffection of the people. Mr. Bacon determined, therefore, to rely no longer on his mediation or agency, in conducting the negotiations. As no evidence is given of this man's duplicity and dishonesty, we of course cannot judge of his conduct, except so far as the opinion of Mr. Bacon may be our guide; but it is difficult for us to conceive, what motive he could have for promoting disaffection among the people, as he did not wish them to leave his place. In such a state of distress and privation, the mind of the most judicious person may be easily infected with groundless suspicion. As this subject will come up again, it is best that the reader should suspend his judgment of Kizell's unfaithfulness, until the whole evidence is before him.

Mr. Bacon, in his intense anxiety to obtain a place for a permanent settlement, went himself to visit King Kouber, a son of King Sherbro, at his town, on the Bagroo; but the interview

was without any present beneficial result. When he returned on the 12th, he found the sickness not in the least abated. Dr. Crozer, apprehending a fatal issue in his own case, formally committed his agency to the Rev. Daniel Coker, a coloured man, of the Methodist denomination, to which he himself also belonged; and awaited the closing scene of his life with composure. One person died on shore, this day, and several new cases of fever occurred. On board the Augusta, a very unpleasant event took place. Mr. Townsend in a fit of delirium, came out of his berth, on deck, and fell overboard, and was with great difficulty saved from a watery grave; and the violence of the fever was increased by the accident. On the 15th of April, the number of the sick amounted to forty; on which day, Dr. Crozer died on board the Augusta.

On the 16th, Lieutenant John S. Townsend departed this life; and also, one of the sick on shore. The seamen of the Augusta carried the remains of Messrs. Crozer and Townsend on shore, and buried them with the honours of war.

Mr. Bankson appeared to be convalescent, and was removed on shore; but Mr. Dugan, a young man who accompanied Mr. Bacon, was now seized: and on the following day, Mr. Bacon himself began to feel unwell; and on the two following days his disorder increased. He therefore adjusted his accounts; and began to contemplate the prospect of his own end. The heavy weight of care and anxiety which burdened his mind, proved very unfavourable to his recovery. His chief concern to the last, seemed to be for the people of his charge. In contemplating his own death, he saw little, except a bright and boundless expanse of glory, piercing with its light the gloom which hung over the dying scene. But his heart was wrung with the contemplation of the event, as it would affect the colonists and the success of the expedition. On this theme he vented his feelings in the most pathetic language. But even in this heaviest, and doubtless, his last trial, he found relief, by a vigorous effort of faith in the mercy of God; and by ultimately confiding in the wisdom and righteousness of all his purposes. The last expression which he committed to paper, arising out of the gloomy prospect of the colony, was accompanied by the words, "Thy will be done."

From the 22d of April, to the 28th, there was no intelligent friend near him to observe the progress of his symptoms, or

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XIV. Books

3.

A History of Colonization on the West Coast of Africa

by Archibald Alexander, Philadelphia, 1846