about half a fathom deep. After this we walked about three hundred yards, to Bottle Beer's town, a little cluster of cottages inhabited by Kroomen, of which Bottle Beer is head-man; several of these people can talk broken English; the king placed Bottle Beer at this town as a factor or a harbour master, as it is a place for vessels to water. The population is perhaps from sixty to one hundred; we were conducted to the palaver house, where the people soon gathered together, and shook hands with us. After remaining a short time, we were conducted to another town (so called) where the people were boiling sea-water for salt, as they do at all the towns near the beach; this is called Salt Town; through this we passed to Jumbo Town, which is about one mile from Bottle Beer's town, and much larger.

"In Jumbo Town there are from thirty to forty houses, and several hundred people. There is also a large palaver house, to which we were conducted. There we were accosted by Jumbo, the head-man, and the natives, and shook hands with them. The land is prolific beyond description. Indian corn grows luxuriantly and is in the ear. Indeed, the country is beautifully variegated, and the water is good and plenty.

"About one o'clock, P. M. we returned back to our boat, which was at Bottle Beer's town. After the boat was in readiness, one of the Kroomen took me in his arms and carried me above the surf to the boat, and likewise Mr. Andrus, so that we were not wet; and all this kindness without being solicited. Indeed, they are very kind and hospitable; they gave us water to drink, and palm wine, and made us welcome to such as they had. As is customary, they begged for tobacco, of which we gave a small quantity to the head-men, who always distribute among the people.

"After returning on board the schooner, we dined on fish and oysters sumptuously. We then went in our boat over the bar, into the mouth of the St. John's river, about four miles distance from the schooner, when we sounded on the bar, and found not less than nine feet water at ebb-tide. The river is about three miles wide at the bar: there is plenty of water and good anchorage: vessels of two or three hundred tons burden, may lie perfectly safe. It being nearly dark, and the tide beginning to make, which was against our returning in the boat, over the bar, it was thought most prudent for Mr. Andrus and

myself to go on shore and return by land to Jumbo Town, which we did accordingly. There was no path on the shore but the sand beach, which was fatiguing, as the sand was so loose that a great part of the way our shoes would sink two or three inches every step. Moreover, being exposed to the night air, is thought in Africa to be dangerous to foreigners; however, we arrived at Jumbo Town about eight o'clock, and waited for our boat, which soon came. The natives again carried us through the surf, and we returned on board much fatigued, having been in a profuse perspiration and exposed to night air, until nine o'clock. I was very weary. After having taken some refreshments, we had prayers and retired to rest. Heard nothing from the king, the Krooman not having returned.

"*Tuesday, April 3d.*—This morning brother Andrus was not in very good health, and did not go on shore, but took medicine. We were again visited by natives, with a great variety of fruit, vegetables, fowls, fish, &c. &c.

"We this day sent another message to the king. At ten o'clock I went on shore, in company with Tamba and Davis, and walked about one mile into the country, where I found the land remarkably good. We passed through four or five towns, as they called them; the houses as in other towns appear at a distant view more like the same number of stacks of straw or hay, as they are covered with a kind of grass. Davis and Tamba improve every opportunity to talk with their country people upon the subject of our mission. Davis saw some of the head-men to-day, who appear to be suspicious that we had some unfriendly object in view; but as he can speak their language fluently, he is endeavouring to remove their doubts.

"Returned on board with not only my locks but my flannels drenched with perspiration; even while I am writing, if my handkerchief were not in my hand to wipe it from my face, I should be compelled to discontinue. No prospect as yet of seeing the king.

"This evening brother Andrus's health is better. We commended ourselves and the cause in which we are engaged to God, who alone can accomplish all things, according to his purpose, and retired to rest.

"*Wednesday morning, April 4th.*—At six o'clock, according to our arrangements made yesterday, we started in our

Maryland Historical Society

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XIV. Books
3.
A History of Colonization on the West Coast of Africa
by Archibald Alexander, Philadelphia, 1846