

At the Village of Godome. (Africa.)

1850

Thursday 19th August. At home this day having the *Fonds* around my dwelling levelled, and put in order.

Friday 20th In the afternoon went alone to the woods to hunt, and fired at a Monkey and wounded him so that he fell from the tree to the ground, being about 50 feet.

I found him nearly dead, and started to go to my hut with him, when he began to recover, and endeavor to bite me, when I covered his head by winding my handkerchief around it and between his jaws. In my hurry and agitation I took a wrong path and travelled lugging my Gun and Monkey, about a mile out of my way, and reached the village almost worn out by fatigue. He was of a large size being 2 feet in length, 2 1/2 feet tail. His color a sort of bay, black and white, and white face and hands. Finding he was so badly wounded that he could not live, I gave him to a negro who wanted him to cook and eat, and he to return the Skin. I never saw any thing so like a human being in a dying state, as the countenance of the Monkey. His large grey eyes as big as a man's, sinking in their sockets, and pale wan complexion, seemed as he looked on me so piteously, to implore death as a relief and rest from his sufferings.

Saturday 21 In the morning went into the woods and killed another Monkey of the same species but smaller. Gave him to the same Negro and he to return the Skin. Went into the woods alone in the afternoon to hunt, the Sun being about two hours high. At Sundown I found that in coming out of the woods I had taken a wrong path and could not tell where I was. Retraced my steps, but thinking I had got the right path by taking another, I still came out in the same place. I was now completely lost, and having a dog with me tried several ways, to try to make him find the right one but all to no effect. I then struck out of the

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29

woods and travelled, as I thought by looking at the moon being about 3 days old, I came into gaps higher than my head through which I could scarcely make my way. In about an hour I came out where I could have a more extended view, but could see no sign of human beings, and nought but the cry of night birds shrieking in the woods, assailed my ears. I however still continued on until at a distance I descried a negro travelling to the westward. I soon came up to him and made myself understood & could gather from him that he was in the path from Godome to Whidah to which latter place he was bound. I heartily thanked him and joyfully followed the path to the village where I arrived about 9 P.M. having travelled about 15 miles and five miles away from the village. At my entrance into the village I was met by Don Andrew's Servant Quam, who said they were all alarmed about me, and that the Gebogea or Mayor, was then getting ready to send out scouting parties, in all directions to search for me. It was very fortunate in my falling in with the negro, as I had passed the village about one mile to the westward, and was travelling directly away from it.

Retired to rest immediately after supper, more fatigued than I ever recollect to have been, with a thankful heart.

Sunday 22 At 2 P.M. Don Francisco and Don Andrew came from Whidah. On their arrival they were welcomed by the negroes by firing Muskets, and a band of Negro Music, consisting of hollow logs covered with sheepskin, three different sized hollow cylinders of thin iron, three whistles, 6 different sized gongs covered with net work and a small bone in every one of the meshes, four cowhorns, and the sweet voices of thirty or forty woolly heads. No cotton factory with all its machinery in motion, ever sounded half so melodiously, but might be the next touch to it. You cannot persuade the negroes that there is better music in the world.