sisted of nothing more than a kind of black sand tied up in a piece of rag. I threw the gregre into the sea, which grieved him very much.

"The Kroomen were all alarmed at their loss; and expressed fears that 'tornado catch us,' or that some other accident would happen to us. They said that they 'make bad palaver on me,' when we arrived at Sierra Leone, and that I should have to pay twenty bars (equal to twenty dollars.) They are poor creatures indeed, in every sense of the word. They appear to be very affectionate to each other. When we are visited on board by other Kroomen, they beg food for them, or divide their own portion among the visiters. They prefer rice, which they boil and use with palm-oil, to animal food. They sit down around a large dish of rice, and make use of their hands instead of spoons.

"Tuesday morning, April 17th.—We were off the Galinas with a light wind, proceeding on towards the Shebar, which is the entrance into Sherbro Sound, near the eastern part of Sherbro Island. We wished to cross over the Shebar, which is difficult without a skilful pilot. A native, who resides at Bohol, within the bar, on discovering a vessel, generally goes out in his canoe to meet her. We hoped to be discovered by him, so that we might pass over in safety. Our object was to visit our people at Yonie, a native town on the island, opposite Bohol, which is on the main. At evening we heard the surf roar as its waves rolled over the Shebar; it is heard several leagues; the wind was ahead, and we made slow progress. Our vessel appeared to leak more than she had done, and the inexperience of our navigators gave us great anxiety; but our trust was still in God alone.

"Wednesday, April 18th.—Still we were off the Shebar, but had made little progress during the night; at twelve o'clock there was a tornado; the wind blew powerfully twenty or thirty minutes, and was accompanied with considerable rain. These tornadoes are nothing to be compared with the hurricanes which are common among the West India Islands.

"Thursday morning, April 19th.—We were within sight of the Shebar, and had a delightful air after the rains. Lying off and on with our vessel, hoping a pilot would come off to our assistance, several guns were fired as signals for pilots, but none came; therefore, we had but two alternatives, one was to

sail round the Island, which as the wind is light requires seven or ten days; the other was to send our boat over the Shebar for a pilot. As our sailors were unwilling to go in the boat, I prevailed upon them by proposing to accompany them. After approaching as near the Shebar as was thought prudent, the vessel was brought to anchor at 4 o'clock, P. M. The boat was manned with the mate of the vessel and three natives, one a sailor, the others Kroomen. The mate, although a tolerably good boatman, apprehended more danger than I did, for I had not much experience in crossing such bars. At length we started in the boat, and approached near the bar. It appeared dangerous indeed. The mate being at the rudder, gave directions to the oarsmen to obey him promptly; he told them he should watch the motion of the waves, and that, when he ordered them to pull at the oars, they must pull for their lives. We soon found our boat first soaring over the turbulent waves, then plunging into the deep, while the waves were rolling in quick succession after us, each appearing as if it would ingulf us in the ocean. One wave poured about sixty gallons of water into the boat, which caused me active employment in lading out the water; the boat having been brought quartering to the waves, it required quick exertion by the men at the oars, who were somewhat frightened, but were enabled to bring the the boat to its proper position before the succeeding wave came, which carried us over the greatest danger; by that time I had nearly laded out the water. Indeed, it was mercy to us that we were not swallowed up. Not unto us! not unto us! but unto thy name, O God, be all the glory, both now and for ever!"

When Messrs. Bacon and Andrus had returned from this exploring voyage, they found Mr. Winn and the emigrants from America, comfortably situated at Foura Bay; some of those who had been located at Sherbro had joined them. The people continued, in general, to enjoy comfortable health up to this time; except that within a few days some complaints had been made of slight fever. Mr. Bacon learning that his wife was sick, obtained a horse and proceeded to Regent's Town, where she had been hospitably and kindly entertained at the Rev. Mr. Johnson's. Here, morning and evening, she enjoyed in the church, the sight of the children of Ethlopia stretching out their hands unto God. Mrs. Bacon's health continued to

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XIV. Books

A History of Colonization on the West Coast of Africa by Archibald Alexander, Philadelphia, 1846