

and commenced talking the matter over, and reasoning with them upon their unjust proceedings; but all to no purpose, they did not pretend to reason, but said they would do as they pleased, right or wrong. I then stated fully our circumstances to them; that unless they permitted the Rock town people to bring us provisions, we must starve; that we were as ready to meet death one way as another; that as yet we had never done them wrong, or threatened violence, when they were sensible they deserved it; that they had now broken the contract but lately made, to allow free trade with all tribes; that I had but one word more to say, which was this, that if they attempted to stop by force any trade coming to me, or intercepted any trade goods which I might send for rice, that war should then begin, and would not end while one American was left on the Cape, or until I had destroyed every native town within gun shot of our fort. This was totally unexpected to them, and produced a great deal of excitement, and the menaces were so strong towards me, that being alone, I thought it best to make my way home. I made all my arrangements that night, expecting hot work on the morrow, when I should send my boat to Rock town; but in the morning was agreeably surprised by a message, by the interpreter, from the king and head men, saying that they were convinced of their error, and were sorry for the trouble they had given me. Since then they have been more quiet, and less troublesome than heretofore; and I have been very formal and distant in my intercourse with them. I told them that I would have no more confidence in them; that if they wished peace, they should have it, and fair treatment as before; but I should always be ready, if they took a *notion*, as before, to trouble me without cause, to hold no palaver, but to let my big guns off upon the town at once.

*May 20th.* I yesterday returned from a tour to the Cavally river, which I completed, with much fatigue, in two days. I left here on the morning of the 18th at daylight, and having the day before sent my ass to Grahway by the beach road, I took a canoe at the head of the lake, and arrived there in two hours. This lake is a beautiful sheet of clear salt water, upon an average half a mile in breadth, extending from the site of the mission house, about eight miles parallel to the sea beach; and in some places separated only by a wall of sand thrown up by the surf, of not more than fifty yards in breadth. At the narrowest place, the natives, once or twice a year, dig a trench below the surface of the lake, and it soon discharges its waters into the sea, leaving an immense quantity of fish of all kinds, which are gathered up by all the tribes in the vicinity, and smoked in great numbers. The sea very soon fills up the breach thus made, and the lake is again replenished by the rains and small creeks.

The king of Grahway has three towns, one of which is very large, where he resides. I had formerly visited this town, and passed the ordeal of saluting his head men; and eating a bullock with them, so that I was detained here only to breakfast, which I did most sumptuously, on a dish called palaver sauce, (the only pleasant thing I ever found connected with the word palaver,) prepared at the house of the king's head trade man, Groy. It very much resembles, and is prepared from similar materials with the French dish called callaboo, but far surpassing it; especially after