

thought it the anniversary of joy—as it was the anniversary of that day which formed the tenderest, the dearest of connexions.

December 4, 1825. Sunday. The boat has not yet arrived[.]

Yesterday the Cabinet Maker [Mr. Harley] whom I met in April at Mompox¹⁹⁵ came here on his way to N. York. He has made money at Bogota.

Robt. [Anderson]* has found in his trunk the Comegin[?], a most destructive ant. It is common in all the hot lands of this Country—& will in a single night destroy a bale of goods. Mr. Montoya tells me that in Antioquia¹⁹⁶ when they have gotten full possession of a house, it is common to burn it, as the only mode of getting rid of them. They destroy all the wood of the house[.]

This evening some of the English have introduced races of Jack asses & also foot races. It is difficult to make the natives comprehend that the winner would receive any thing. They could not comprehend why any one should pay them for running. A purse of \$10 was made up, & each successive winner recd. a dollar until it was expended. There was one race, in which Jack asses & four footmen started, one of the footmen won the money.

I have been very unwell for two or three days[.]

We sometimes amuse ourselves shooting—but it is too hot except early in the morning. We read a little; & play a little at draughts.¹⁹⁷

A child died in the house this day. I could see no evidence of sorrow or mourning—even in the mother. I am at a loss to satisfactorily account for this. That the mother can quite stifle her feelings I hold to be impossible. Does her religion bid her to rejoice that the child is transfer[r]ed to Heaven? What is the cause of her apparent gaiety?

¹⁹⁵. See above, April 9, 1825.

¹⁹⁶. Western part of Colombia, see Map 3, p. 133.

¹⁹⁷. Checkers.

Brizeno is an intelligent well educated man. I have seen no one here who has so much literary accomplishment.

There are many sick in this place [Barancas]—& certainly there is every thing here to make one fear that he may be sick.

December 5, 1825. A hot morning. This day the Congress of the US. meets. They will no doubt find subjects to keep them together until May—altho I know none likely to produce much heat, except the contest with Georgia about the Creek lands & Creek Indians.¹⁹⁸

December 13, 1825. We are now at St. Sebastians 2 leagues above Mompox, tak[*in*]g in wood.

The Steam boat arrived at Barancas on the 6. We left it on the 8th came to Plato—next day to Pinto—Next day 10th to Mompox—where we remained 11 & 12th. Mompox is one of the neatest, cleanest looking towns in Colombia—population said to be 12,000. I saw the College, a fine building built by an individual. The College owns the house, but little more.¹⁹⁹

At Mompox there is one N. American with whom I dined, [R. K.] Travis [*sic* for Travers] of Baltimore. He seems to be a good natured active man but of no education. I breakfasted with [John] Lynch* an Englishman who has become naturalized.

This seems to be a noble river. I think it has much more water than the Mississippi. The water is in fine order—but is falling—and from the infamous management & delays we may well fear that the water will run away before we get up [to Peñon.]

¹⁹⁸. During the 1820's the federal government decided that the Indians in Georgia and elsewhere in the south and southwest had to be moved to the west. The move was accomplished, but not without the use of force.

¹⁹⁹. Members of religious organizations founded most of the schools that existed in Colombia during the colonial period. The College at Mompox, actually a seminary where grammar, theology, and the arts were taught to novices, was founded by the Society of Jesus sometime after 1653. Colleges were also founded at Honda, Cartagena, and Antioquia, to mention only three.

We have about thirty passengers besides servants—three ladies. The ladies occupy the Cabin. The Gent: sleep in hammocks or cots on the deck. It is very hot. The musquitoes [are] intolerably bad[.]

There is more appearance of agriculture near Mompox (above & below) on the river, than we have seen lower down.

Among the passengers are Señor Taliaferro Senator from Panamá [and] Señores Martines & Pardo members of Congress from Carthagena.

Brizeño of Caracas

Montoya merchant Carthagena

Señora Martines

Cayetano—Colombian

A Merchant of S[an]t[a] Martha[,] a creole & two ladies[,] his wife & her sister.

Colo: [George] Woodbine*—of Florida memory[;] Colo: Hamilton[,] Irishman & Colombian Consul at Baltimore[;] Doctor Mills—an English physician, chymist &c. who is going to Bogota to make some propositions to the Govt. relating to working & coining P[l]atina. He says that he has discovered the method of doing it. Hitherto [this has been] considered a desideratum in Science. [There are also] Messrs Ferguson, Tenant & Wills—three young Englishmen going to Bogota—to be book-keepers I believe.

Senor [Lazaro de] Herrera [sic for Herrera] of Carthagena[.]

Mr. Meade Secy to Doctor Mills.

Mr. [William] Bunch.*

Mr. Grice an English Merchant[.]

December 16, 1825. This is the anniversary of the presentation of my credentials in Bogota[.]

We have gone on badly, principally for the want of wood. The weather is very hot & the musquitoes are more numerous than below.

Yesterday I had a conversation with [George] Woodbine*

concerning the Musquetoe [sic for Mosquito] Shore.²⁰⁰ He seems to think the grant from the Musquetoe [sic for Mosquito] king to [Sir Gregor] Macgregor,* good.

Woodbine* lives in St. Andres—a small Island 12 miles long on the Musquetoe [sic for Mosquito] shore, belonging to Colombia. There are about 900 inhabitants who speak English & are governed by English laws & customs. They are the descendants, (mixed with the aborigines) of the Buc[c]aneers, who settled there. The other island is Providence—fine land & fine harbours—20 leagues from the Coast.

During the day we talk, play back gammon, shoot without killing, eat & drink bad water & worse wine. In the Evening [we] have had music & musquitoes.

December 24, 1825. We are going on somewhat better for the two or three last days. The day before yesterday we were at St. [sic for San] Pablo. I walked with the gun into the woods. Saw very large trees, rich vegetation, beautiful birds and many monkeys.

A Mr. Meade a passenger yesterday took my likeness with a pencil. He has a pretty talent in that way & has taken very accurate likenesses of several of the passengers. Mine is said to be very good & I intend to send it to Elizabeth [Anderson] if I have an opportunity.

Several of the passengers & hands are sick—none dangerously so I believe. We are getting out of the regions of musquitoes. I have this morning had an opportunity of seeing in the Spanish American character, that which I had frequently observed before in them & I think in the French—most violent quarelling attended with vehement gesticulation, & verbal insults, but with no intention of striking. It seems to me that fistfighting is exhibited almost exclusively

200. The Mosquito Kingdom was on the east coast of Nicaragua and until 1892 it had a rather independent existence under British protection. It was a "state" of half-breeds, Indians, and Negroes who from the colonial era had commercial relations with nearby English pirates and woodcutters and, through them, the Governor of Jamaica. Arguments over the right of control of the area went on long after Anderson's death.

by the English & their descendants. This quarrel too, among Members of Congress & other gentlemen arose out of a quarrel between two of their servants—and each discussed the merits of the original quarrel.²⁰¹

December 26, 1825. This day at 1 oC. Colonel Hamilton* died. He was buried a few hours afterwards on a sand bank, on the left side of the river. His attack was most violent—whether typhus or yellow fever I know not. Colo: Woodbine is better.

December 27, 1825. We are anchored in the middle of the river 6 leagues below St. Bartholomew without wood. The hands are sent ashore to cut wood & are getting some miserable rotten stuff. Our utmost hopes are to reach St. B[artholomew] tomorrow. Mr. Martines & family have left us today—also Bunch* & Montoya. They despair of getting on in the S. Boat. I think it possible that they will again join us tomorrow or the next day.

The fatal death yesterday & two or three sick cases on board has produced much alarm—particularly among the natives; even the cups and saucers used for Colo: H[amilton]* were thrown overboard.

This day is excessively hot. I do not feel quite so well as I did a few days ago.

December 28, 1825. 12 oC. at a place called St. Juanito—a house uninhabited. We have come only a league today. [We] are again getting word from the sand banks—which when gotten does not carry us, as long as we were getting it. The day is very hot. Thank God I feel very well[.]

The Captain Batis is a good natured, smart active industrious fun-loving, ugly fellow—but has no capacity for command [and] no one respects or obeys him.

The passengers have been grumbling all the way—& this

^{201.} At this point a page of the diary is missing. The end of the final entry which began on the missing page reads "necessary privation. I submit to it as such. I desire it to end as such."

morning they are more clamorous than ever. An old fellow[,] Mr. Pardo[,] a Member of Congress who has been silent & chewing his cud the whole way, has now broke out vociferously. [Johann] Elbers* is to be deprived of his privilege of navigating the river &.&.&c.

Bunch & Montoya, who went ahead yesterday have sent down some chickens & eggs to the sick on board—& the Agent of the boat has sent a little wood which however is not enough to carry us to St. Bartholomew.

A champan²⁰² which set off from St. [sic for San] Pablo with us is now passing us. This gives the natives a poor opinion of *Steam*—& we all have a poor opinion of the way in which steam is managed on the Magdalena.

Robert [Anderson]* still has the head ache almost every day. It is a pain in the back part of his head. [George] Woodbine, I think, is getting well fast. Our little doctor Mills who was wondrously frightened yesterday, is well today[.]

December 29, 1825. A few miles below St. Bart's stopping again for wood. Very hot. A canoe filled with wood upset with three men in it this morn'g. One caught hold of the wheel. One held to the canoe. The other swam until he was taken up by the long boat—nearly exhausted.

December 30, 1825. At St. Bartholomew—where we are likely to be 2 or 3 days. Bunch & Montoya have joined us again. They say there is nothing here—neither fowls, fish, eggs, or fruit—nothing but one *bull*. To all this, I would have but little objection if there was *wood*. Woodbine is nearly well.

These Villages are settled by Indians [and] sometimes a few mixed negroes. Rarely a white man is among them[.]

The Country on the river still very rich; a little more rolling than lower down.

^{202.} See above, April 2, 1825, n. 145.

January 1, 1826. Sunday.

We are still lying off St. Bartholomew's. It is a dull, hot, tiresome day. Being Sunday there is no preparation going on to get wood. It is not proposed that we leave this place before Tuesday.

On one side there is a Colombian party playing cards. On the other two Englishmen playing chess; even those playing have a lazy, dirty look.

I am ruminating on the events which have occurred on the anniversaries of this day. I can remember where I was, & my occupation on most of them for the last 30 years. A quarter of a century has just closed. Great have been the revolutions of Empires within that time—and great the change in my own situation. From boyhood, I have grown to middle age. I have been a boy—a young man,—married—a father and now—

I have had the pains & the pleasures of all these situations. I have been full of hopes. It seems to me that few men at my time of life can have run their race more completely than I have. I have no great hopes to be accomplished; no particular views to answer—no intention to make much exertion to change my situation in any way. To have something in prospect is indispensable. My children & their interests must give me the necessary excitement. I shall seek business, seek employment to fill my time & my mind, but it will be sought in a tame & careless way.

The delays on this river would at some former period of life have produced great vexations. Now indeed they produce but little. I feel that it is comparatively unimportant whether I am here or in Bogota. There is nothing pleasant in prospect there—and my quick arrival there does not hasten my return at all[.]

I am very anxious to hear from my children—particularly from Elizabeth. She was not well. Oh God grant a happy year,—many happy years to my dear children, to my Elizabeth, my Arthur, my Nancy.

January 2, 1826. This day we moved half a league for wood. [The] land is very rich. The cacao [is] growing spontaneously in the forests. Its bark looks something like that of young hickory. The tree is about the size of an apple tree. We have not seen many water fowls, nor many of any kind of birds lately. There are much fewer alligators than below.

January 3, 1826. This day we moved on with wood we suppose for 2 days—that is to Nare. The Champans which left Mompox since we did are passing us.

In observing the rich luxuriance of the forests on this river & in different parts of America, we may well believe that the minds of the European discoveries were impressed with admiration. One who has seen only the sterility or at most stunted trees of many parts of Europe, might well feel & express admiration at what is presented here[.]

The weather is very hot—equal to our warmest summer weather in Kentucky. The nights are however cooler than they were below—& we have no musquetoos[.]

January 4, 1826. We are told that we shall soon pass Angostura—the narrowest & swiftest part of the river & shall arrive at Nare today. My anxiety to get up [to Bogota] has greatly lessened. It is difficult to account for it—but it is certainly so. An anxiety to get the letters I hope to receive is the only foundation of much concern about it. It is now 5 ms. before 1 o'clock. One man is sleeping, five Colombians talking with mouth, hand & feet. The Doctor [Mills] is feeling an Indians pulse & looking wise. By the bye—that is the only thing he can do *wise*. One Englishman is drawing, another reading the Spanish grammar. Bunch is talking to himself—no doubt about the Colombian funds.²⁰³ Woodbine is examining his map of the river & making pencil marks of correct[ions.] Robert [Anderson] is reading Shakespeare when he ought to be at his Spanish grammar. Two Englishmen [are] playing

203. See above, November 30, 1825, and footnote.

chess & two Irishmen draughts. Denis [Hite] (as well employed as any of them) is cleaning my shoes.

3 oC. We have passed Angostura. It is a swift place produced entirely by the current of the river being contracted into a narrow channel. All remarkably narrow places on rivers are called in Spanish "Angostura."

January 5, 1826. A few moments after the last note was made, the boat struck on a sand bar—& we have been either on sand bars or warring against a very strong current ever since. We are now on the point of an island apparently fast. Although exertions are making to get off, still the probability of sending on the passengers in boats, is talked of. Several passengers have left us & gone to Nare, $\frac{1}{2}$ league to get other means of conveyance.

We are almost without provisions; entirely without any but of the coarsest kind. It has occurred to me that probably it might be well for me to be kept on very thin & coarse food for a week or two. I certainly feel best when I am in situations where my diet is of the plainest kind. The bad wine is out & so is the sugar.

January 6, 1826. Still on the bar. Exertions are making to get the boat off; but it was amusing to see how immediately the anxiety of the passengers to get the vessel off, was changed as soon as it was known, that no farther [*sic* for further] attempt wd. be made to ascend the river, even if the boat was put afloat. Damn the boat, I wish that she may never get off, was the exclamation of half a dozen.

Doctor [Henry George] Mayne [*sic* for Maine]* passed us this morning going down the river on his way to Europe—with his wife, ugly & a *slut*. I pity him—no mind or elegance of manners about her.

January 7, 1826. This morning we got afloat. I fear that it is not much to avail the passengers, as I hear nothing yet of any attempt to go on.

This day I heard of the surrender of the fort of San Juan de Ulloa to the Mexicans.²⁰⁴ Then the fortress of Callao [Peru] is the only point remaining of the vast possessions in America held by Ferdinand 7th at his ascending the throne. Certainly there are not many men living, who have fewer, just grounds of pleasing reflexion than that man. There is nothing in his public or private life not calculated to make miserable a sensitive mind.

January 8, 1826. Sunday. Very hot: still in the same position. The water has unexpectedly & greatly risen. It is said we are to go up; however, as I can as yet get no other conveyance, it is not necessary for me to determine whether or not I shall leave the boat. Cutting wood.

January 10, 1826. Yesterday we moved a mile or two above Nare—& took in wood. This day we are proceeding slowly. The current is strong & the steam low on account of the badness of the wood. This determination to go on comes from the *agent*, sorely against the will of the Captain [Batis]. Yesterday I killed a Gaucharaca—a bird between a turkey & a pheasant. Pardo [the congressman from Cartagena], Taliaferro [the senator from Panama], & another Colombian with his family went on yesterday in champans.

The Young Englishmen on board are more complaining & clamorous about the bad treatment on board than any other passengers. Not a day or an hour passes that they have not some demand to make for better treatment or better accommodation.

January 13, 1826. We are proceeding very slowly. The Engine is now in very bad order. The day before yesterday we came up to a Champan which had been overset on a log. We had previously heard of the wreck & met some of the cargo floating. We stop[p]ed, righted the boat & left her.

Yesterday I killed a very beautiful bird—red breast, green

204. A small island off the coast of Vera Cruz, Mexico.

were joined by [Charles] Sutherland* the British Consul for Maracybo who is going down to Carthagena[,] & by others. At "Quatro esquinas" Martin & his wife returning to Carthagena came up. Came to this house & stayed all night. [On the] 14th [Beaufort T.] Watts left us yesterday mornng. & ret'd. to Bogota. We came on to this place half a league N. of Villeté.²⁵⁷ Roads good, that is dry.

June 15, 1826. Yesterday we came here ("Guaduas") & arrived at 11 oC. Found my acquaintance Colonel Acosta* well and I believe glad to see us—that is Robert [Anderson], myself, & our travelling companion [Charles] Sutherland*—*who seems to have no kind of objection to take advantage of my acquaintance on the road.* I brought my riding horse & gave him to Acosta. This I did because it was pleasing to me to acknowledge his politeness & because I did not choose to sacrifice him by sale to the advantage of some Englishman, who would be the buyer in Bogotá.

Here we met Batis the capt. of the S. Boat. This mornng. [Alejandro] Vélez* the Consul Genl. for the US. & his brother came up on their way *via* Antioquia to US—& also Martin & his wife.

June 16, 1826. Bodegas below Honda. Yesterday eveng.—We left Guaduas & came to Sargento—thence this mornng. to Bodegas opposite, whence Sutherland, Robert [Anderson] & Velez, whom we again overtook here, passed over to Honda & engaged a boat to take us to Peñon where the S. Boat lies. They ret'd. at 2 o. & we came down here—where we have just dined in a hovel at the invitation of Lawless a brother of Colo: L[awless] of St. Louis.

Steam Boat at Peñon—17th[.]

We arrived here at 11 oC. The Passengers have all arrived & we shall set out tomorrow. I found on board the Boat Colo: [Brooke] Young* who came with us from the

²⁵⁷. Anderson's stopping points on his trip to Panama may be located on Map 4, p. 195.

US. in 1823. Also Martin & his wife, Grice an Englishman, Carnaval & [blank,] members of Congress are passengers.

June 19, 1826. Yesterday mornng. we set out & had a fine run, with fine water until 4 oC. when he stuck on a bar, & are now there 11 oC. AM—about a league above St. Bartholomew's. It is extremely hot & the sand flies are troublesome.

No Musquētoes yet. The time is not unpleasant, if we can rid ourselves of the apprehension of sticking here too long. We have as a passenger a Swedish Gentleman who tells me that he intends on his return to Europe to publish something on this Country, particularly on Antioquia. His name is—too hard for me to write.²⁵⁸ [Things that in the past have] distressed me have now comparatively little effect. The natural effects of great & real calamities seem to be to show the folly of regarding minor incidents & have an influence which strengthens the mind against the lesser vexations—but this experience is bought at a price costly & dreadful. May my worst enemy never feel it! May God guard me against any further purchase of an experience so dreadful.

The Thermometer hanging against the middle post of the Boat, sheltered by the awning, ranges in the middle hours of the day from 90 to 98°.

June 26, 1826. We are on another sand bar. Yesterday with the exception of one hour we were on one just below St. Pablo. The weather is excessively hot. Last night we suffered severely from heat and musquētoes. The mail passed yesterday & I wrote to [J. M.] MacPherson, [US Consul] at Carthagena. Sutherland & the Swede playing whist now (as they were yesterday Sunday) vs. Grice & Young for 4, 5, & 6 doubloons a rub[ber]. *The latter are cheating, as I heard their agreement.*

June 27, 1826. At 2 o Clock P. M. The Thermometer is (in its usual position) at 103° of Farenheit. It is to be ob-

²⁵⁸. A page of the diary is missing at this point.

served however that it is protected only from the Sun by an awning of sail cloth. We are again on a sand bar and the prospects of getting off are by no means, bright. Ascending the river, the doleful cry was "x falta la lena," now it is "estamos^x barrados."²⁵⁹

The game of whist still goes on and the cheating continues. It has not yet had its ordinary success. What is called "luck" has as yet overwhelmed it. The steward is now setting the table and the passengers are looking anxiously to see what will be put on it, as it is currently reported among them that the last piece of meat is gone and we seem to be equally distant from every place in the world. This moment a canoe has come along side with plantains. It has raised a laugh at the idea of raising *our bellies*.

Last night we had no musketoes. I took a bath & slept better than I have done for many nights. My general health is better [than] while I was in Bogota.

The Swede's name is Gosselman.²⁶⁰ He is going to Jamaica & the US. to Sweden—& seems to be going only for observation & rational instruction. He is modest & honest enough to admit, that he is obliged to consult economy in his travels. This is an admission that very few travellers, whom I have met, ever make. The English rarely do. There are three of them now on board, two of them I know to be scarce of money and they talk as if frugality was a thing not necessary for them at all.

June 28, 1826. 11 oC. All hope of getting off pronounced as gone—unless the river should rise, of which there is no indication. Here we are basking in the broiling sun, for the thin awning gives but little protection, and with but little to eat. Most of the passengers have gone on shore for the purpose of shooting. Although in the proper temperature I

²⁵⁹ Anderson's footnotes (x) are explained by the diarist eight lines below. The first "x" reads "the wood is out;" the second reads "we are on a bar."

²⁶⁰ Carl A. Gosselmann, *Reise in Colombien in deu Jahren 1825 und 1826* (2 vols.; Stockholm, 1829-1831).

am a veteran sportsman with a gun, this propensity never comes over me in the tropics.

We are waiting, without making an effort of any kind, for a boat to come and kindly take us on our journey and as more than one will be required to take us all, it will probably be some time before all of us leave the boat.

Very hot—92° at Breakfast[.]

June 29, 1826. On the sand bar, with no immediate prospects of getting off. At 2 oC. the thermometer was at 105°.

This day we have lived entirely on the fruits of Denis's [Hite]* shooting. He killed six Guaduaracas (a bird something between a turkey & a pheasant) and a pigeon[.]

June 30, 1826. Last night there was a terrible storm of rain. All on the deck were drenched with rain. The passengers have a hope that this rain will cause the river to rise. It has as yet had no effect but to check its fall. Just as the steward had informed us that the last meat was on the table, a canoe arrived with a fat, black hog.

This day I expected certainly to have been at Carthagena & on this day I intended to date my letter resigning my situation as Minister to Colombia & commencing my duties as Commissioner to Panamá.

There seemed to be a fitness in it as it is the end of quarter in my diplomatic career and also in the financial year at the treasury.

July 1, 1826. This day Martin & his wife & Carnaval left us in some canoes, despairing of getting off. This renders the situation of the remaining passengers better, as our chance of getting off in *passing* boats is increased as our numbers are diminished—(Grice & the Priest & one other Creole left us yesterday)—and the number of mouths to eat our scant supply of provision is diminished by every emigration from the Steam Boat.

July 2, 1826. Sunday. This day there was killed among other

birds, a Pato *real*—a very large duck, essentially what we call the Muscovy duck.

July 3, 1826. About 10 oC. We (that is Colo. Young,* [Charles] Sutherland, Robert [Anderson], myself & our servants) left the S[team] B[oa]t & embarked on a Champan which came by, destined to Mompox. The river is rising & there is a prospect of the S. B. getting off the bar, but the opp[ortunit]y of putting ourselves out of suspense is too good to lose & place ourselves on the uncertainty of a rise in the Magdalena. This day we floated very slowly.

July 4, 1826. It being a bad night we made but little progress. This, the anniversary of American Independence, on which thousands of gallons of wine will be lavishly & almost wickedly drunk or spilt, on which the richest meats & delicacies of all kinds will be consumed in wasteful abundance, I was obliged to land at 8 oC. at the Indian Village of Regidor to purchase something for breakfast. Nothing could be gotten but 3 chickens, for which I paid 1½ dol. each & 3 eggs for w^h I gave 12½ cts.

This Village is situated on a *bottom* of the greatest fertility, so wide that I could not see the mountains & more than fifty miles long—where the cacao, coffee, oranges, cocoa nuts grow spontaneously, & where coffee, sugar, indian corn, rice, indigo, pine apple either may or do grow with the slightest cultivation. Of so little avail are the gifts of Providence without the exertion of man.

It is now exactly ten oC. & we have just breakfasted heartily—having coffee, chocolate & biscuit with our fowls. We eat off a trunk & hold the breakfast in the tight & secure grasp of our fingers, which it must be admitted, execute the office with more certainty than a knife & fork could do and I am the last person in the world who shd. complain, as what is called *hard living* is probably essential to my life. *This day my Country has existed one half Century.*

July 5, 1826. This day at 4 o. PM. we arrived at Mompox. Went to [R. K.] Travers a N. American Merchant settled here. Treated very hospitably. Staid all night—[and] saw U. S. papers to the 19. May. Learn that the Emperor of Russia [Nicholas] is not murdered²⁶¹—that Mr. [Albert] Gallatin* is appd. Minister to England instead of Mr. [Rufus] King* [who is] sick.

July 6, 1826. We left Mompox—cheated by Lynch an Englishman in getting a boat.

July 7, 1826. Passed a miserable night on account of the Musketoes.

July 8, 1826. We arrived at this place (Barancas) last night at 8 oC. P. M. We expect to get off tomorrow morning. Here we meet again Martin & Carnaval, who passed us at Mompox. We left Gosselman* the Swede at Mompox.

I hear that the Congress at Panama was installed the 13. of June—but [I have] no news in relation to the arrival of Mr. [John] Sergeant* or any other movement on the subject in the US.

July 11, 1826. Turbaco—4 leagues from Carthagenia [at] 11 oClock.

As stated yesterday evening, I detd. to stay here today. This morning Colo: Young* went on, and I have sent on Denis [Hite] with the baggage to Carthagenia. Robert [Anderson] & myself are here. The nights at this place are pleasant—but the days are warm; to those who come from Carthagenia this place presents a treat. Still I think it as hot here as in any of the Middle states of North America.

I have just ret'd. from a short walk. I saw piled up in the Church many human skulls & other bones. This is a spectacle not uncommon in the churches of the Catholic Countries where the dead are negligently buried & the bodies again disinterred by accident & inattention. Many Segars

²⁶¹. See above, June 3, 1826.