as my personal attendant and cook, with seven carriers, afterwards increased to nine, made up our number to thirteen persons. We went up the Mesurado river a distance of ten miles east southeast, which is the head of navigation, landing, and walking ten miles to a native town, where we spent the night. A walk of twenty-one miles the next day, through a very fertile and undulating country, finely timbered and well watered, brought us up to Pawblee, a native town, where we spent the next day, Sabbath, and held religious meetings with the natives twice:—Mr. Paxton, who speaks several of their dialects, acting as our interpreter. The headman of this town, Gayison, an old friend of mine, received me with joy, and being exceedingly anxious that the new settlement should be in the Queah county, made an eloquent speech on the subject, and accompanied us in our explorations on Monday and Tuesday, through a most inviting, elevated, and rich mountainous range of country, from ten to sixteen miles from his town. Meantime Zoda Quee, who had known me years ago during my superintendence of the Methodist Missions in Liberia, hearing of my being at Gayison's town, sent an escort of eight men, among them his own son, a distance of twelve miles, to accompany me to his town. On Wednesday we accompanied the escort to the residence of my old friend, and his reception of me, as in the case of Gayison, was not merely cordial, but enthusiastic. This man, a powerful chieftain, in a speech which he also made to an assembly of headmen and others, insisted that this first interior settlement of Americans be made in his country, and offered to accompany us in person to search out the hilly range immediately in his neighborhood. This was done, and faithfully, though the whole route was performed at the expense of sore feet, skinned shins, bruised and lacerated extremities, several severe falls, and sometimes, on my part, under the influence of fever, with a pulse at 128 to the minute and a degree of lassitude only known in Africa. At Zoda Quee's territory, about ten miles from his town a mountain site was found, excelling the others, and not to be surpassed in the accumulation of every thing needful and desirable for the object we contemplated. Excellent timber, in quantities and variety, the purest water, and soil fifteen inches deep. On Saturday we left for Robertsville, fourteen miles distant and due west, on our way to the St. Paul's river, which I designed on our return to Monrovia, thus making an entire circuit.

On Saturday evening we were all very kindly welcomed, and most hospitably entertained by Mrs. Wilkins and Miss Kilpatrick, at the Seminary for young females in Millsburgh. Here we spent Sabbath, holding religious services in the Methodist E. Church at the polite request of Rev. Mr. Gross, and on Monday took one of the packet row boats for Monrovia, as our own boats had been sent down the Mesurado the day we commenced our route.

On arriving in Monrovia on Monday the 16th, I soon learned that the Government schooner Lark would sail, as I expected, by 6 the next morning for Grand Bassa. In her I must go, and in her return, or there would be no going or coming at all, with any certainty. So making some hurried arrangements we took passage in the Lark the next morning. I deeply regretted that Mr. Paxton, to whom I felt much indebted for his aid—possessing as he does much influence among the natives—could not accompany me to Bassa. He is a member of the Cabinet, and the approaching session of the Legislature prevented him. In his stead, however, I obtained the company of Mr. John Clarke, a native of Bassa, who for many years, during his boyhood, was a member of my family, and for a long time a teacher in the Methodist Episcopal Mission.

Head winds, calms, and adverse currents, all combined, hindered us from reaching Bassa until the morning of Thursday. We landed at Fishtown, the surf tolerable on that occasion, but found much difficulty in obtaining

natives to carry our luggage. At the Rev. Mr. Rambo's Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Mission, we found a delightful home. This gentleman's location, "Palm Grove," is less than a mile from the landing and two miles from Upper Buchanan. Mr. Rambo had kindly, by letter, invited me to his house, and promised to accompany me to "the mountains."

We walked up to Buchanan, a hot walk on the beach of two miles, that same day; and with some difficulty obtained through Mr. Liles, merchant, a boat and hands to go up the river the next day. The next day we were ready to start at 7 from Mr. Rambo's, but when we got to Buchanan, the boys all ran away, and a new set of hands had to be employed. These had not eaten, and we must needs stop at Harrisburg to buy some food for the boys, but there was nothing to be bought. A few potatoes were dug, hardly thicker than a man's finger, and a few eddoes, not ripened. After cooking these we left again, reached Mr. Von Brun's, and there took our own refreshment. This gentleman is a native, educated at Sierra Leone by the Church Missionary Society at Fourah Bay, and subsequently became a Baptist Missionary. He was not at home, but his lady received us very cordially. At 2 we left for the "Rapids," a boat and canoe carrying ourselves, our baggage and our carriers of burdens. The current became increasingly swift, and at last it was announced that the rapids were in sight. We reached them, we got into them, but for nearly half an hour our boys could not make an inch of headway, while Mr. Rambo, who was at the helm, had to exercise the utmost skill to keep the bow of our little boat head on to the mighty rushing waters, or we must have been hurled around, swept broadside down the impetuous stream, upset, and perhaps some lives lost. As it was we were driven on the rocks, then our boat stuck fast, and from it we had to be taken, one by one, in the canoe and landed, thus being mercifully preserved by an Almighty power from imminent danger. On re-embarking above the rapids we proceeded one or two miles more, landed, walked to King Ben's town, through a heavy rain, and here found, as everywhere else, the natives starving. They live on the kernels of the palm nut and on palm cabbage, an article which requires the tree to be cut down in order to get it out, being the heart of the tree or leaves in embryo. There was no rice to be bought—no cassavas, no plantains; and the king, a very stoic, sat with all the indifference imaginable, and never asked our errand, nor seemed to care aught about it or us. The hut appropriated to Mr. Rambo and myself was too filthy, and we preferred an unfinished hut, open and insecure but clean. We held divine service, after sending off a boy with some tobacco and cloth to try and buy, in a neighboring Pessah town, some food for our carriers. In this he succeeded, and our boys had some supper, while we partook of the ham and bread, brought from Buchanan, with a little chicken we contrived to get.

On Saturday we left for the mountain, and reached Ghee's town, within two hundred feet of its summit and twelve miles distant, at half past one P. M. The country through which we passed was finely timbered, though the forests not so dense as in the Queah country. The ascent was over spur, followed by spur, and fine streams of water intervening. Ghee's town is on a beautiful plateau, or table land, with the most fertile soil in and around it imaginable, and would make an admirable mission station. The town was the most dilapidated and filthy I ever saw. As we were all very much fatigued and could go no further that day, indeed no other place to go to for spending the Sabbath within reach, we determined to stay, but the hut given to us was the most forbidding, and we could not consent to occupy it. So, as a dernier resort, I determined to build a hut forthwith. At 2½ we dug the first hole for a corner post, and at 8 it was done, and Mr. Rambo and myself

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