in it, having caused a fire to be made while the boys thatched the roof. We slept comfortably, though had it rained the thatching was so imperfectly done we must have been wetted. The next day Mr. Rambo preached at 11 and I at 3, and as it proved to be a rainy day, my man Jenkins insisted that he be permitted to clean out the first rejected hut, spread borrowed mats, not the most inviting in the world, and the floor, transfer our bamboo bunks and bedding, and "Sunday or no Sunday," move into this, where the roof at any rate was tight. We consented, and well we did, for it rained most heavily that night, with very severe thunder and lightning.

On Monday we sallied out and explored the mountain, ascended its very summit; judged it from the only data in our power to be from 550 to 600 feet above the sea, and twenty-six miles from Buchanan. The king of this place, old Ghee, had been dead more than a year, and was unburied in a hut in the town, but his brother, the present Ghee, had the original paper ceding this territory to the New Jersey Colonization Society. On this ground I stood, and Mr. Rambo and myself left our names and the date, on a very large tree on the highest part of the mountain. It is a fine place, and though most difficult of access, the sides of the mountain extremely rocky, yet it could be cleared and made the site for a flourishing town, men and means being at hand and sufficient time allowed for opening, before an emigration be located on the spot. As the Lark had gone to Sinoe for the members of the Legislature from that county, and would be at Bassa in the middle of the week, in order to be there in time, or be left and remain perhaps for weeks, we started from Ghee's on Tuesday, passed through the fearful rapids again, our lives being endangered, and arrived safely at Buchanan at 5½ P. M. The boat and canoe had been sent up by Mr. Liles very punctually, and at 7 we were again at "Palm Grove," where, arriving with a slight attack of fever, the kindness and attention of that good and hospitable man of God, its proprietor, were manifested with the most fraternal sympathy.

On Wednesday I spent some hours at Buchanan, looking after the interests of the Society, of which an account with particulars will be forwarded, and in the afternoon walked to Fishtown for a similar purpose.

On Friday morning the Lark arrived, but had been crippled in a strong breeze off Grand Coro and carried away her topmast.

Some twenty persons—men, women and children, with any quantity of trunks, boxes and luggage—went on board off Fishtown. The surf—no new thing; I have known it for twenty-two years—was horrible. We were all wet, wet to the skin, and almost every trunk soaked, their contents saturated. But by 4 P. M. the two boats of the Lark, with their indefatigable crews, had made three trips, for no other boat could be had in Bassa for love or money, and we were "all aboard,"—legislators, ministers for conference, &c. thirty-three all told.

As usual we had a long passage. The wind scant, the current setting the other way now, and the vessel an excellent sailor when in good trim, but now a Lark with one wing broken. On Sunday, at 10 A. M., within two miles of our anchorage, we had to drop anchor, becalmed off the South beach in sight of the town. By a vote, which some friend insisted on offering and passed very unanimously, I preached at 11 to our passengers and crew, and the sea breeze setting in we took anchor, run in, and dropped anchor again at 2½ P. M. At ¼ to 3, I was on shore, and after a little refreshment, had the privilege of listening to a most edifying discourse from Rev. Mr. Thomas, Chaplain to the U. S. Frigate Jamestown, then in port, the flag ship of the squadron under command of Commodore Crabbe. This sermon was delivered in the M. E. Church to a crowded congregation.

Monday was a great day in the history of Liberia, December 1. No business could be done. All were engaged in processions, rejoicings, and in attending an oration delivered in the M. E. Church by a son of the great and good Elijah Johnston, deceased.

With some little effort and perseverance I left Monrovia yesterday morning with a part if not all the necessary articles and implements for the location of the New Settlement in the Queah Country; having come to the deliberate conclusion that I owe it to the American Colonization Society and all its friends to select a site in that region in preference to any other hitherto examined. I am staying at my friend's (Mrs. Wilkins;)—have employed four sawyers, one carpenter, four clearers of land and agriculturists, one interpreter, one steward and stewardess; and as soon as the pioneers arrive Dr. Smith is to join us.

As it is due to all who are interested, to know my motives for arriving at the conclusion above named, permit me to state the reason why I have selected the Queah instead of the Bassa country as the site of the New Interior Settlement:—

1. The mountain, on the brow of which I design building the new town, is about fifty-one miles from Monrovia, and thirty due east of Millsburgh on the St. Paul's river. It is about 140 feet from the valley east of it, and not less than 225 from the sea, the height of Cape Mesurado. It is a continuation of the same range which terminates in the Junk Mountains, so very visible from the sea, and is a part of the same range taking a more northerly direction and going through the Goulah country.

2. It is easily accessible from Monrovia, at the end of the second day's travel.—The first day being taken up in water conveyance, 21 miles to Millsburg, and 6 by land to Robertsville, where a good framed building, the M. E. Mission House, can be had for the comfortable occupancy of the pioneers during the night. The second day's travel of 24 miles leads first to Fennquelle (Friend's town,) 5 miles from Robertsville, then 9 to Zoda Quee's, our fast and firm friend, a town of forty houses, clean, dry, and comfortable; then 7 miles to George Smith's little town, and then 3 to the "City on the Hill." This George Smith, who is a civilized man, and one of Zoda's chiefs, is also our firm friend.

3. In the transportation of the newly arrived pioneers, every facility is at hand. Boats and hands to any reasonable number and at any, the shortest, notice, can be procured by Mr. Dennis, the Society's Agent at Monrovia. On land, Zoda's people, dependants he cannot number, are ready in scores to carry burdens, cut paths, do anything for moderate compensation.

4. The Queahs are an inoffensive, peaceable—nay, effeminate tribe—great friends to the Americans, anxious to have the settlement in their country, and all or most of their headmen especially those of ripe years, my particular personal friends, and will aid in protecting my work, from their respect and love for me.

5. The Queahs have rice, cassava, plantains, eddoes (vulgarly called cocoa,) goats, sheep, fowls, ducks, &c. in abundance. Zoda's cassava fields are acres upon acres in extent. One eddoe hill or plant which he presented to my boys contained thirty-six roots, many of them long and thick enough to make three of the largest size white mercer potatoes; none less than one good potatoe; thus averaging at least two, in other words, seventy-two potatoes to one hill!! I am familiar with the plant, and yet I never saw the equal of this even in Trinidad, W. I. where they are raised in perfection.

6. Access to Monrovia so readily will enable us to get supplies with despatch. Every other place is necessarily dependant on Monrovia for foreign meats and breadstuffs. It is the general depot.

7. Access so readily to Monrovia will enable us to get help in case of any trouble with the natives. This, though a most improbable thing, I will guard

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