have been unable to form any definite idea as to course or distances traveled—or the bearings of the travelers from any given point at any one time.

The absence of any valuable statistical information, too, is much to be regretted—the site of towns, course of rivers, height of mountains and the like, are rarely given. The extract we make from Mr. Sims' journal is one of the most interesting we have seen—the more so, as he informs us that he estimates the capital of the Barlain country to be about 200 miles east of Monrovia.

From the Liberia Herald.

SCENES IN THE INTERIOR OF LIBERIA.

Pessah Country.

Tuesday morning, 19th.—By the time it was light we were ready for traveling. The king and nobles were all assembled in front of my house, so as to be ready at a moment's warning to accompany me to the landing. The women and children brought me presents of eggs and ground-peas. A man was sent to bail out the canoes, and prepare them for crossing us; we shook hands with the kind people of Passilla, seated ourselves in the canoes, and amidst firing of guns and the deafening shouts of the natives, we bid adieu to Goulah. A few minutes more, we crossed the St. Paul's, and were hurrying on through the country of the Pessahs. The Pessah people, called by us *Pessies*, and sometimes Pessahs, are, without exception, the largest tribe in this part of Western Africa; and a greater number of these have been sent into slavery than any other tribe in Liberia. Their country commences immediately in the rear of, though some distance from, Cape Mount, and extends in a direction nearly the whole length of the Republic. It seems that they were never a warlike people, until driven into it by the slave-hunters. Situated as they were, they could have no intercourse themselves with foreigners—thus their only weapons of defence were a few rude knives and bill-hooks of their own manufacture. This, together with their simple habits of life, rendered them an easy prey to their more powerful and warlike neighbors—the Veys, Goulahs, and Kroos. These avaricious people, armed and equipped by the slavers, carried death and desolation into the very heart of the Pessah country. Thousands and thousands were slain; thousands and thousands were carried into slavery; whole districts were depopulated, and in fact, a regular war of extermination has been kept up against the Pessahs, ever since the days of Pedro Blanco. On the other hand, the Manni-Mohammedans, in the rear of the Pessahs, carried on a slave-hunting war as disastrous to these unfortunate people as the one so vigorously prosecuted against them by the Veys and others living near the coast. What wonder, then, is it that they are, though powerful in numbers, weak and feeble, poor, miserable, and degraded? Such they are, and such they will be until the influences of civilization shall regenerate them.

It is not an unusual thing to hear the natives about the settlements say: "Before you Americans came here to live, a Pessah man dared not come to the beach; but now they can come and go just whenever they please."

We passed several half towns during the day, at each of which, as we passed through, the little children fled, screaming as though something frightful was after them; the women ran into their houses, and closed the doors, as though the plague was passing through the town. At night we camped beside a rivulet, the Tuma being yet some two miles distant.

Next day, about twelve o'clock, we reached the Tuma—a small stream not more than one hundred and fifty yards wide. The headman, who

said he had never seen a Liberian before, seemed to be overjoyed when I told him that I intended to pass the night in his town.

Next morning we crossed the Tuma on floats, which consisted of several logs of cotton-wood firmly bound together. About an hour after crossing the river, we came to the farms of the Tuma people. Some forty or fifty women and half-grown girls were busily engaged in gathering up the sticks and rubbish, while the men removed the heavier timber. Perched upon a stump in the centre of each farm, might be seen a little fellow with a drum, which he thumped most furiously, to which the people sang and kept time while working. On leaving the farms, we entered a beautiful country—a country of hills and valleys, shady groves and meandering streams. Here, too, a bird,

> "With purple beak, and rainbow colors flung
> At random o'er his plumes, among the rest,
> Was one pre-eminent; his supple tongue
> A gift like human eloquence possessed,
> And with such art and copious numbers sung,
> That all who heard, a prodigy confessed."

A little after sun-down, we arrived at a considerable town called Dagla. On entering the town, a multitude of people gathered round me, exclaiming: "*Quee-ar-pie! Quee-ar-pie!*"—An American has come! An American has come! They conducted me to the King, who was seated on a leopard skin, before a large fire, surrounded by the principal headmen, and a number of women. A few minutes after I had been ushered into his royal presence, a deputation of five men was sent to me from the people, requesting me to come and take a seat in the palaver-house, so that everybody might have an opportunity of seeing me. A refusal would have been considered most uncivil. But the good old King, who saw that it would be anything but pleasant to me, said: "No; the American is hungry and tired, go and prepare water for him to wash, and something for him to eat." These orders were instantly obeyed. A large brass kettle of warm water was produced, which the King took, and first dipped the tips of his fingers in, and then drank some. This was to let me see that nothing had been put in it to injure me. Next, a large bowl of rice was brought, and a chicken, which the King handed to Gotorah, saying: "This is for your father; go and cook it; we don't know how to cook for Americans." That night the drivers* very unceremoniously entered my house; being very disagreeable companions, I left them to look out for somebody else, and the house for itself. I slept the balance of the night on a mat in the palaver-house. It was at this town that I saw, for the first time, tobacco growing in Africa. The *quality*, however, was *very inferior*.

On the 23d, we arrived at a town, much larger than any we had yet seen, called Pallaquorly. This town did not contain less than two thousand inhabitants. The headman appeared to be a man of about forty years of age, jet black, with European features. He was tall, stood erect, and was of the most dignified appearance. On being told that I was going to Barlain, he asked why I wanted to go there. "What is there that is not here?" he continued. "I have ivories, cattle, horses, and camwood, if you want them." I told him that my object in going to Barlain was more to see the country, than anything else. On hearing this, he turned round to an old man that was sitting not far from him, and said: "There is something about these people that I cannot understand." I met with

*A species of black ant, very ferocious, which go in millions, and with sharp forceps bite severely. When they enter a house, the custom is to leave it till they depart.

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