two Albinoes in this town. They were slaves of the king's favorite wife. There were a great many people here of a dark olive complexion, and good hair. Several Manni people lived here also, and exercised great authority with the King.

On the 25th, we arrived at Bata-ta, a larger town than Pallaquorly. The day after our arrival at this place, was a day that I never shall forget.

As soon as this execution was over, I collected my men together, and started. After traveling about three hours through a dark, dreary forest, we found ourselves suddenly in the midst of an open plain, and before us stood the "cloud capped" mountains of Pessah. Our route lay directly over these mountains. After a sore struggle, we ascended one, the summit of which commanded a view of all the surrounding country. The sight was lovely beyond description. As far as the eye could reach, east and west, was a chain of mountains. Before us, mountains! mountains! Some of these mountains are clothed, from base to summit, in a livery of verdure; others, with their dark iron fronts, looked as sterile as mounds of sand.

After walking about half an hour, we descended into a deep valley. Before we could reach the next mountain, a heavy rain came up. We were all wet and chilly, when we reached the desired haven. We climbed up to the top, where we found a few huts. These little huts, however, contained all that was needful—kind hearts, that were always ready to give a drink of cool water and a shelter to the weary traveler. The few remaining inhabitants gave me a hearty welcome. One old woman, however, could not be prevailed upon to shake hands with me. "He looks like any other man," said she, "but I am afraid of him." This good old lady resigned her house to me, it being the best in the town, though not until she had swept it out, and put new mats on the bed and floor.

Next morning as the sun rose, the country presented the loveliest scene my eyes ever beheld. A heavy mist or fog hung just below the summit of the mountains, and stretching out on every side to the horizon, looked like a vast ocean, and the tops of the mountains, peering one above the other, had every appearance of a group of islands.

After settling with my kind hostess, we took our departure for Kelling, which place would terminate our travels in Pessah. Kelling stands on the summit of a rocky mountain. It is an old, dilapidated town, with but few inhabitants. It was taken in war by the Barlains in 1855, which put an end to a long and bloody struggle between the Barlains and Pessahs. As usual, I was cordially received. The King gave me a house to sleep in, and two others for my men.

Leopards are numerous in this part of Africa, and the people of Kelling were not without their share of troubles from these sheep-stealing prowlers. A single leopard would in one night butcher a dozen sheep, suck the blood, and leave the flesh for the owners. One had gone so far as to knock a bull down. As the town was not enclosed, the people feared lest some more dainty than the rest, might take a liking to a bit of *nu-sjewa*, (human flesh.) So, to prevent the leopard from eating them, they thought they would just eat the leopard.

On the 28th, we took our departure for Barlain. We traveled some four or five hours over a rugged, mountainous country. Late in the afternoon, we reached the Yea river, which is about two hundreds yards wide, and separates the Barlain from the Pessah country. We crossed the Yea on floats, constructed like those on the Tumar. Several Liberians visited this country in 1856.

That night we reached Boidee, where we passed our first night in Barlain. I was received with every demonstration of joy. The headman, who was a relative of the King of Barlain, said I should have an escort of ten men from his town to accompany me to Pallaka. I slept but very little that night. Drums were beating, guns were firing, and songs were singing, until near daybreak, in honor of my arrival.

Very early next morning, we pursued our journey through a lovely country to Seewauta. This was the largest native town I had seen in Africa; and everything exhibited a degree of civilization that is not to be found among any other tribe in Liberia. Their houses were larger and more comfortable than those of the Pessahs or Goulahs. I counted five looms for weaving cloth; the blacksmiths displayed much art in working iron and copper, and the women produced earthenware beautifully ornamented. The country in this neighborhood is beautiful and exceedingly fertile. Cultivation is conducted with some skill and great diligence; rice is raised in immense quantities; large fields of Indian corn may be seen, together with small quantities of sugar-cane; great attention is paid to cotton, also.

I left this place on the 1st of February. My company had swelled by this time to nearly one hundred men, principally Barlain people, who wished to congratulate the King on my arrival. That afternoon we passed the ruins of several small towns that had been destroyed by war. At length we came to a spot where one stood, as I was informed, the largest town ever built in Barlain. A part of the wall was still visible, but with the exception of this, no vestige was left of the unfortunate thousands who perished in a single night by fire and sword.

The town was situated on the bank of a branch of the Yea river, and was enclosed by a thick clay wall, several feet high. The people had, by a long and uninterrupted trade with King Boatswain's people, who carried on a direct trade with the Liberians, accumulated large quantities of foreign goods. This excited the avarice of the Kpellays, a savage, barbarous tribe inhabiting a mountainous country north-east of the Barlain. About this time, disturbances broke out between the Barlains and Pessahs. Nothing could have transpired more favorable to the designs of the Kpellays than this. Accordingly, a Kpellay chief, with several hundred men, offered his services to the King of Barlain to fight against the Pessahs. The unsuspecting Barlains gladly accepted the offer, and quartered their supposed allies, at their own request, at Du-gla-ta—the town alluded to above.

One night, while the inhabitants were asleep, little dreaming of the storm that was gathering over them, they were aroused from their slumbers by the savage war-cry of the Kpellays, who fell upon their sleeping victims, like "furies from the bottomless pit." Men and women, old and young, were mercilessly put to the sword. The goods were removed, the town set on fire, the wall beat down, and even the cattle and sheep shared the fate of their owners.

We slept that night at the farm of an old gentleman, who gave us a hearty welcome, and seemed to be much surprised at seeing how contented I made myself, stretched out on a mat on the hard clay floor.

Next morning at sunrise, we were standing on the banks of a small river, simply called *Nyar* (water.) Now that we are in the country of the Barlains, fording and swimming rivers are done away with. These "partial civilized" people have invented a way of crossing rivers that I was not prepared to see. It is done simply by ascending a platform about ten feet high, and walking over a suspension bridge as many do in

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