some parts of America; the only difference being in the materials of which they are constructed. These are builded of vines. I shall give a description of them in another place.

After crossing the river, we set out with light hearts for Bamaquorli, a large town, within three hours' walk of Pallaka. We passed two towns still larger than any I had yet seen. One of these was surrounded by a strong stockade, the other by a clay wall eleven feet high, and a stockade outside of that. Each of these towns had four gates, which are barred and locked at night. A great many cows and sheep were feeding near the town, some of which were the largest I have ever seen in Africa.

We arrived at Bamaquorli about four o'clock. It happened to be market day. Everybody in Africa and out of Africa knows what a "great noise" can be produced by an assembly of some three or four hundred women. Long before we reached the town, we could hear their voices, as the voice of a "vast multitude;" but on reaching the spot, we did not find over seven or eight hundred persons—men, women and children. The market was held in the open air, beneath several large cotton trees. The principal articles for sale were rice, palm-oil, "country cloths," salt, powder, and a few other articles of their own manufacture.

On entering the town, my men let loose a volley of about forty muskets. Du-gla Mannu, the King, a little short man, with a long grey beard, soon marshaled his forces, and burnt powder liberally for nearly an hour. It was agreed upon that I should remain here until next morning, for the double purpose of giving all the people a chance of seeing me.

The sun is down. From the eastern part of the town comes the sound of voices, floating on the evening zephyr, sweet, plaintive and mournful. The followers of Mahomet are at prayer. About one-third of the inhabitants of this town are Mohammedans, who have settled in Barlain for the purpose of trafficking with King Boatswain's people, and some of them are very often seen in the settlements. The country of these people is called Manni. They are scattered all through the Pessah, Barlain, and King Boatswain's countries, and subsist solely by trading. When they have accumulated a considerable amount of goods, they invariably return to their own country. They are as restless as Tartars, and in making bargains will "cavil on the ninth part of a hair." They are the same people whom the American Missionary, Mr. Bowen, saw at Sama, and, through some mistake, calls them Mandingoes.

We did not leave Bamaquorli the next day until near twelve o'clock, and arrived at Palaka, the point of our destination, about four o'clock. I was kindly received by King Bassee Darn, who had already prepared a very comfortable house for me, having heard, several days previous to my arrival, that a Liberian was coming to see him. Pallaka, which contained about four thousand inhabitants, half of whom were Manni-Mohammedans, and was surrounded by a clay wall nine or ten feet high, had every appearance of being a very old town. The wall in some places was in a very dilapidated condition. The town is situated in a valley, with high mountains on the east and west. In front is a beautiful little river, with a vine bridge over it. Between the river and the town were several very large cotton trees, and a large border of black granite rock. In the centre of the town was a market square. The people were the most industrious, and apparently the most happy I ever met with; it seemed that the whole country was one immense rice farm. The Mohammedan women had several establishments for manufacturing earthenware, while the Barlain women made rice, palm oil and other necessaries for market. Two days after my arrival, I had a conference with the King. He allowed me the

privilege of living at Palaka as long as I felt disposed to do so; and besides, I was allowed to build a house in the town, and was to have the enjoyment of privilege allowed the Mohammedans. I must not close this chapter without giving a description of the King of the Barlains. Bassee Darn was about ninety years of age, but did not appear to be over sixty. He was short but corpulent, and would weigh perhaps over two hundred pounds—good features, and sharp, keen eyes. He had, without any exception, the smallest hands and feet I ever saw to a man of his size. He was very black, but had curly hair. The most striking features in the character of the King was an excessive love of money. He was avaricious in the extreme. I was told that he built a large house somewhere in the bush, where he kept the most valuable part of his money; but nobody but himself and two or three of his favorites knew where the house was. But the redeeming points of the old King were hospitality, and an abhorrence of cruelty. He was much beloved by his people.

The first thing I did after my arrival at Pallaka, was to build me a house, which I completed in about a month, with the assistance of several Veys, whom I found in Pallaka. It was a small structure, being about thirty feet long, with a piazza, which the Barlains never have to their houses, and slab door and windows; the railings around the piazza were nailed, as were the slab doors and windows. Varni, my Vey carpenter, procured me a piece of timber for a table; the King added two chairs, which he had purchased from the Vey traders; these, together with my chests and boxes, presented a somewhat civilized appearance. But what excited the curiosity of the simple people, was the nails; people came from all the neighboring towns to see the "iron house," as they called it. And so great was my reputation exalted by what they considered my architectural skill, that had his Majesty, the King of Barlain, been acquainted with the European method of bestowing honors in monarchial government, he would have created me a knight of some order. There is no country in the world, perhaps, that affords more game than Barlain; deer, wild hogs, ground hogs, "bush" cows, and many other wild animals, too numerous to mention, infest the forest of this delightful country. The usual mode of taking these animals by the Barlains is very simple. A path is cut round several acres of forest where wild animals mostly visit, and the place is surrounded with strong nets, strong enough to hold an elephant, if he should happen to get into it. And then all the men, women and children that can spare the time, gather themselves on one side, and whoop and halloo in such a way that everything in the enclosure, snakes and all, are very soon on the move, seeking safety in flight. But it is fleeing from bad to worse: a few leaps, and the animal is sufficiently tied up in the nets to prevent his escape. The women are left to keep up the noise, while the men go round and kill whatever may be caught. I always accompanied them on these occasions, and have seen from twenty to thirty animals of different kinds taken in a day. Whatever is caught is carried and laid at the feet of the King, who deals out to every man his share; his own and mine, however, were always the largest. Whenever there was no hunting of this kind going on, I used to amuse myself by bird shooting in the farms; some of which were as much as three or four miles from town.

Barlain is a small kingdom about two hundred miles east of Monrovia. It is separated from the Pessah country by the river Yea, and from Bousa by the Bousa mountains. The people speak the Pessah language, but strenuously deny all relationship with them; yet they certainly are Pessahs, though of a higher order. They are the most industrious peo-

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