had gone to be initiated, that the people threatened to depose him. All his head-men, after learning the nature of the Mama, refused to join, and there are but few Mamas in the King Boatswain country now. Had Memmoru known the nature of the oaths that he was about to take before entering the Mama bush, he would never have taken it. By this means, and this means only, the interior natives are enabled to visit the settlements. Mama has done good in more ways than one. Every king who becomes a Mama man is obliged to admit all in his dominions who wish to become members—free or slave; and yet nobody can hold a Mama man in bondage. Consequently, thousands and thousands of slaves have been made free men, by the institution of the Mama. There are several powerful chiefs yet in the King Boatswain country, who would not join the league, and who still interfere with travellers. Barlain is now the strong-hold of the Mama people, and Mama himself, who died in 1856, is supposed to be living in splendor somewhere in or near Pallaka, a report to that effect having been promulgated by his followers.

According to tradition, Barlain was once inhabited by the Kpellays, the most uncivilized, with the exception of a portion of the Pessahs, I have yet seen. King Bassee, great grand-father of the present King, drove the Kpellays out and took possession of the country. The Kpellays, however, have been waging a very destructive war with them ever since. However, there have been no wars in Barlain now for several years. The last fight they had with the Kpellays, if what they say be true, was bloody in the extreme. The fight took place in front of Pallaka, between the town and the river. They fought from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same.

"Long time the victory in even balance hung."

However, the Barlains prevailed. The Kpellays were put to flight: a youth hewed himself a passage through the ranks of the Kpellays, and cut away the bridge which cut off the retreat of the enemy. The Barlains pursued them to the banks of the river, where many of them, seeing no way to escape, plunged in and perished. Several bush fights took place after this. At length, "grim" visaged war smoothed his wrinkled front in Barlain, and "capered nimbly" over (perhaps) to Russia, where "brain spattering" was carried on in a more civilized manner.

VISIT TO KPELLAY.

I have said that the Kpellays inhabit a mountainous country to the north-east of Barlain. They are a tall, handsome race of people, rather grave looking, and might pass for Mannis or Mandingoes. I had begged of King Bassee Darn several times to allow me to visit Kpellay, but he always refused, alleging that my person would not be safe amongst such savage people. Some of my friends hinted, confidentially, that the Kpellays were great elephant hunters, and, consequently, were owners of several very large tusks, which they would be willing to exchange for cloth, tobacco, &c., and that Bassee Darn was afraid that I would like Kpellay better than Barlain. I saw very plainly that I would never be able to go with the king's permission: so I concluded to go without it. I told Gotora and Fasseena of my intention—they approved of it, and on the 1st of March we started for Zeppea. To allay suspicion, we took nothing with us but our guns, one of which I intended to present to the king as a "dash." On the 4th, about mid-day, we ascended one of the Kpellay mountains, and after a walk of about two hours, reached Kamo, a town of perhaps two thousand inhabitants. Du-gla-ma-kinna, the king, was seated under the palaver house, on a leopard skin tastefully adorned

with cowries and bound with red leather. Kamo, though of considerable size, is a miserable collection of circular huts; the people, however, are very industrious; they raise more rice than the Barlains: cotton is pretty extensively cultivated also. Ilisu is a town not so large as Kamo, but is of more importance, on account of its being the market town. Kpellay is noted for the great number of elephants that roam over this beautiful country. Nearly all the ivory bought in Montserrado county is brought from here. The Kpellays are very expert in taking the elephant, though their mode of attack is perilous in the extreme. The hunt is generally attended with much ceremony. The company, before leaving for the bush, is drawn up before the house of the king, who makes a sacrifice of a white fowl to his gree-gree, as a sort of bribe to the "fickle goddess" Fortune.

The next in order is a sort of scalp dance, in which all the leading hunters make all sorts of grotesque gestures, showing how they intend to hang, draw, quarter and eat the first elephant that should be so unfortunate as to be caught napping or grazing. The ceremonies being ended, the "mighty hunters" take their departure for the bush. So soon as they come upon the track of an elephant, the party separates; and whoever happens to be so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to get the sight of the "big meat," has the most dangerous part of the work to perform. The hunter noiselessly approaches the elephant from behind while grazing, slaps him on the side with his open hand, and slips under the elephant to the other side, and as the elephant turns round to see what it was that touched him, the hunter discharges a triple load of pot legs and iron slugs behind his ear. Very often the elephant falls dead on the spot, but sometimes he will walk off a considerable distance, where, however, he is soon surrounded by the dispersed party.

The danger in this mode of taking elephants is this—if the man who approaches the elephant and strikes him on the side should happen to stumble or make a mis-step whilst passing under the elephant, he would either be crushed to death by the elephant treading on him, or be beat into a jelly by his trunk. Several have lost there lives in this way.

We remained in Kpellay four days, the most of which time was spent at Kamo. A great many people came to see me from the adjacent towns, who brought me presents of rice, fowls and ground nuts. The Kpellays are, physically, one of the finest tribes in this part of Africa—tall, erect, muscular, with Semi-European features. They are warlike and vindictive in the extreme. The most of their time is spent in piratical excursions against their neighbors. Prisoners taken in war by them are cruelly treated, and some are put to death in the most barbarous manner. The languages of the Kpellays seems to be a mixture of Bassa, Pessah and Vey.

The soil here appears to be as good as any, and the beauty of the scenery in some places is indescribable. A number of beautiful birds is to be seen in the forest, and a tribe of the sauciest little red monkeys I ever saw. During our stay at Kamo, Fasseena gave us the slip and went over to Bo-Pora, where he remained until my return home. Early in the morning on the 9th of March, we left Illisu for Pallaka, where we arrived on the 14th. On my return, I was informed that the king had concluded to spend several months at Ngarella, (water side,) and that the king was having a house built for me like the one built by myself at Pallaka. I was glad of this, because there was some talk of war, and the walls, etc. round about Pallaka were not in a very satisfactory condition. However, no war came, and on the 20th of March we took up abode at Ngarella.

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