them, at the head of his best warriors, towards one end of the house; he tore off some of the palings with his own hands, leaped the fence and pushed his way within ten feet of the door, where Harris stood alone and *without his gun*, which being discharged, and the enemy too near to reload, he had thrown down for the purpose of seizing an axe, which he supposed stood behind him; as he threw his hand backward to seize the weapon, only hoping to sell his life the more dearly, he struck a gun, which a moment before had been placed there by a wounded native of the town, and which most providentially, had a heavy charge of slugs and ball. With the eagerness of desperation he clutched it and wheeling, poured the whole contents into the body of Gotorah, who fell to the ground a mangled and hideous corpse. This decided the contest; the death of this famous leader struck a panic into the rest, and they made but few and feeble efforts afterwards to continue the fight.

At the time of this encounter, Governor Buchanan was at Bassa Cove, and an express was sent for him to return; on his arrival he found that the place had been fortified and a guard of thirty men placed, a renewal of the attack being dreaded.

The people of the upper settlements were thrown into a great state of alarm in consequence of this battle, and because it was reported that Gatoomba with a large force was about to make a descent upon Millsburg, and take vengeance for the death of Gotorah and his warriors who had fallen at Heddington. Governor Buchanan, from the circumstances of the case, deemed it his duty to bring the affair to a speedy termination; and he determined to make a sudden descent upon Gatoomba's stronghold, which was distant about twenty miles from Millsburg.

On Monday morning the 23d of March, he commenced preparations for his march, and on the next day he embarked nearly two hundred men, with arms, ammunition, and a week's provision, in boats for Millsburg. "Every thing," says Governor Buchanan, "was in readiness for the march, and the order was given to move at daylight the next morning, when news was brought me that a powerful chief from Bo Poro was at Mam-ma Town, at the mouth of St. Paul's river, with a large party of armed men. Whether his purpose was friendly or otherwise it was impossible to ascertain; but as there was considerable ground to suspect the latter

feeling, I thought it imprudent to leave him so near Monrovia in our absence. It was now ten o'clock in the evening, and I countermanded the order for the morning march, and started off myself with twenty armed men for Mam-ma Town, which we reached just at the dawn of day. The chief readily consented to accompany me to the camp, and to remain there during my absence on the expedition. Accordingly, we again embarked, the chief Go-no-nomina in company, and after a pull of six hours reached Millsburg. Thus we were detained twenty-four hours. Friday morning the 29th, we took up the line of march about sunrise from Millsburg: our whole force amounted to three hundred men and one piece of artillery. From this number are to be deducted some sixty Kroomen, employed as baggage carriers, and about forty native allies, who proved, instead of being useful, the greatest burden; so that the whole number of effective fighting men was two hundred. After dragging the cannon about six miles with incredible labour, through swamps and over creeks, we found it was delaying the march, and wearing out the men to such a degree that the object of the expedition would probably be sacrificed if we persevered in carrying it with us. It was accordingly drawn aside, and concealed in the thick bushes, and we proceeded without it. The rain fell in torrents throughout the forenoon, and we were all drenched and thoroughly fatigued, when at 2 P. M. we reached the ruins of an old walled town, that had been destroyed by Gatoomba in one of his old robbing excursions. There were several little huts standing, and as the ground was high I determined to encamp for the night, in order that the men might refresh themselves for the fatigues of the coming day.

"Our fires were kindled, guards posted, and after getting such a dinner as we could, the whole camp was soon disposed to rest. The next morning long before daylight we stood to our arms, and with the first gray light the line was formed and we resumed our march. The path was so narrow that we had to follow each other in single file—but to give you an idea of the other difficulties is out of the question. The rains of the two preceding days had swollen the streams and flooded the swamps, and the chief alternations of the route, were mud to the knees, and water to the waist. However, we struggled on as we best might, making only one halt about ten o'clock to get a morsel of breakfast, and give the men a moment's rest.

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XIV. Books

3.

A History of Colonization on the West Coast of Africa

by Archibald Alexander, Philadelphia, 1846