Memoranda of a Journey to Denah on the Cavally river in Dec. 1844.

Conceiving that the interest of the colony would be much furthered by a journey through the Bandah country to Denah, I concluded after some thought, to make the attempt. The route was a new one and I knew not how many obstacles might arise to block up the path, from the known jealousy of the Bandah people — I go, I was determined, not through fool-hardiness — but with eyes and ears to see and hear for myself — what were the obstacles which could not be removed by a prudent & firm line of conduct.

Before leaving, it had been told me privately, that the Half Cavally were opposed to my going and would throw every obstacle in the way — Yet declining to perform what I conceived to be duty, never entered my imagination, because they were opposed.

With every thing in readiness we started on 12 Dec 1844. with a lowering sky which the forerunner of a tornado, accompanied with a heavy thunder and rain which lasted at least two hours — We hardly crossed the Hoffman river about one fourth of a mile beyond Tubman-town before it overtook us — in less than 15 minutes we were all drenched to the skin, and as poor Jack showed an unwillingness to proceed only at a snail's pace, he was left behind to the care of one Colonist, & our party pushed ahead through fields of wet grass, and across rivulets, in places 3 & 4 feet deep.

We had enough of adventure on this part of our route, if the chattering of monkeys & the horrid noises made by the chimpanzees, every time there was a vivid flash of lightning, louder than common, had any claims to the civilized ear. Mixed with it, there was some danger as we were journeying through old fields, where lofty trees, according to custom, were left standing; & several times our