at 8. a.m. at Bluroh, King Deuce's town, where notice had been despatched previously of our being "En route" — We were wet through, and putting on dry clothes visited on the old King who the week previous visited the Cape & received a royal dash" — our reception was quite cool, & no notice whatever was taken of our royal friend — of course, this we considered an insult. but King Neh of B. begged us to take no notice, as he & King Tuah would proceed on to the next town which belonged to Tuah's father — We begged Neh to partake of our salt beef & rice which were all we had to offer, as old Deuce only killed one fowl for five civilized people.

This Deuce was formerly King over the whole country but was deposed for some of his dirty acts. In the last war, he assisted the Kwakahs to burn one of the Barakah towns: for which a heavy palaver hangs over him — He is between 70 & 80 years of age & has a most dastardly appearance — after having treated me thus, he had the assurance to send his son for "trust money." Hurrying away from Bluroh we again commenced our wearisome journey to Denah — Hardly had we proceeded 1/4 of a mile before a palaver broke out between our Cape boys & the next town people — We were in advance, and for a few moments knew not what to make of the affray, as our Cape boy struck hard to mislead us about its rise, but they could not deceive Robert, who soon returned & explained matters — It seems a custom pretty generally among the beach people to maltreat Bushmen when they bring in trade, & one of our boys had been recognized by a man whose ill he had freely

cried upon for a pretended debt of one of his towns people. By falsely denying being the culprit, our boy was finally let off, but he could not have escaped so easily had it not been known that the Kings of Barakah & Denah were of our party & near at hand — this was followed by a delay of nearly one hour on the road, as King Tuah, who sent word that his father would meet us with a pot of palm wine — this civility, little as I valued the palm wine I could not refuse, though our patience was sadly tried before the parties did appear.

It was past 11 before we were fairly under way again; with a hot vertical sun pouring down upon us & our progress was but slow — the heat was more intense than on the beach, with a path worse than any I have ever seen, in fact, some parts were so bad as to have prevented a travel on horseback without danger, & though warned beforehand of this by King Neh, yet, I hardly credited him, thinking he might have some motive unknown for dissuading me. But I did him injustice. The route between the two towns is mostly level, until you approach the Cavally when the country becomes more hilly — The land is superior to that on the beach & would produce every tropical fruit & vegetable. about 3. p.m. we arrived at the long wished for town of New Denah (the old one having been abandoned at the death of Neh) which is located a little lower down the river. Standing by the grave of Neh in the old town you are perhaps 100 feet above the river & 120 feet above the Cavally, which fine river at this spot, 20 or 25 miles from its mouth, is as wide as the Connecticut at Hartford.

As the King had preceded us, we were