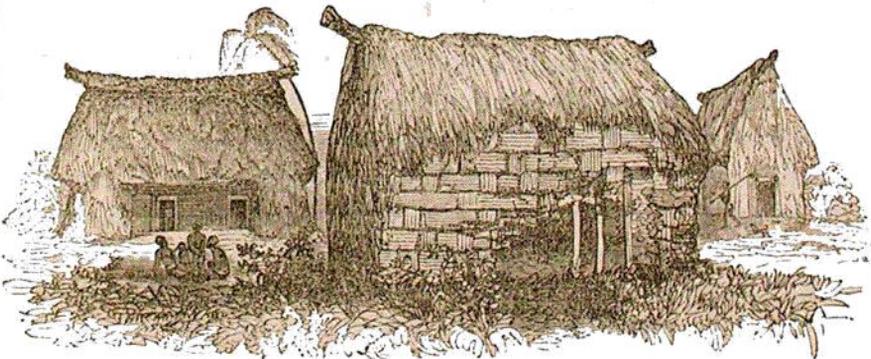


so that their view was confined to a short distance. Near the top of the mountain they found two species of cinnamon, very aromatic in flavour; they also met with a handsome little palm (*Corypha*), and obtained specimens of it in flower.

They returned to the town by a different route, through the woods, and concluded that it was better to attempt to reach the boat before sunset, than to remain among these savages. They accordingly set out for this purpose, but were benighted, nearly opposite to the town of Myandone, where they met the chief, who invited them to his town; and, as there was nothing better for them to do, they accepted the invitation. The path led over many mud-holes, which it was dangerous to cross, even in the daytime, as the means of doing so were no more than a single stick, and that stick under water. What was dangerous by day, of course became vastly more difficult at night. The chief directed that they should mount on the shoulders of the natives, and thus astride, they passed over the morass for a distance of upwards of a quarter of a mile, finding their way by the light of the torches, which served to show them the difficulties they were encountering, and the disaster that was to be expected from a false step of their bearers.

On their arrival at the town, they entered the mbure, and became the guests of the chief for the night. He treated them to a supper of small clams and yams, and a corner of the mbure was assigned to them for sleeping.

The night was passed under some feeling of insecurity, for their host was the noted rebel chief who had been making war on Tui Mbua, and was not considered very trustworthy.



CHIEF'S HOUSE.

The next morning, after rewarding the chief with jack-knives and tobacco, they recrossed the morass in like manner, and reached the