ber the brilliant picture of that morning. The sky was clear and hot, and the palm rustled their shining leaves in a light wind. The fields of beans lay spread out before us and the river, their purple blossoms rolling in long drifts and flakes of color, and warm, voluptuous perfume. The red caps, the green and scarlet housings of the horses, the rich blue, brown, purple and violet dresses of the Beys, and the snowy robes of the Arabs, with their crimson borders thrown over the shoulders, projected against the tawny hue of the distant plains, and the warm blue of the sky, formed a feast of color which, in its entire richness and harmony, so charmed my eye that the sight of it became a luxury to the sense, as palpable as that of an exquisite flavor to the palate. Away we went at full gallop, the glittering array of colors dancingand inter changing to the rapid music, as our horses' hoofs tore the bean vines and flung their trailing blossoms into the air, until we reached the banks of the White Nile, where the Bey's vessel was just coming to land. Here the Arab shekhs and the greater part of the inferior

officers embraced Abd-el Kader and returned to Khartoum.

The rest of us crossed over to the island of Moussa Bey and walking over the thick green turf to a large mimosa tree, of the variety called araz, where the carpets were spread on the ground for us and the slaves were ready with our pipes. We lay there two or three hours, in the pleasant shade, talking, smoking, and lazily watching the motions of the attendants, who were scatterred all over the Island. An Albanian in a scarlet dress shot a wild goose, and Dr. Reitz tried to bring down an ibis, but failed. Finally the showrmeh-an entire sheep stuffed with rice-appeared, garnished with bread, onions, radishes, and grapes. We bared our right arms and buried our hands in the smoking flesh with such good will, that in half an hour the dish contained nothing but a beautiful skeleton. Abd-el Kadey Bey honored me by tearing off a few choice morsels with his own fingers and presenting them to me. A bowl of rice cooked in milk and sweetened, completed the repast. At noon we went on board the sandal, and after being shipped to the other side, took leave of Abd-el Kader with an embrace, and "God grant you a prosperous journey!" to which he replied: "God grant it!" He sailed off up the White Nile, for Tura, with a fine breeze, and we turned homeward. The wind which blew across the plain in our faces, was as hot and dry as the blast of a furnace, and my head reeled under the terrible intensity of the sunshine. The Beys took every opportunity of displaying their horsemanship, dashing over the bean-fields, in wild zig-zags, reining up in wild career, throwing their crooked canes into the air after the manner of a jereed, and describing circles and ellipses at full gallop. The finest of all was my handsome Albanian friend, Musaka Bey.

I called upon the Pasha the same afternoon, to give him an account of my voyage up the White Nile, and was obliged to remain and dine with him. He was very much interested in my adventures with the Shillooks, but gave me to understand that the negroes had great fear of his power, and that if they had not known I was under his protection they would certainly have killed me. When I spoke of the giant statue of the Shillooks he confirmed what I had already heard, that the Kyks and Baris are full seven feet in height. He also stated that his predecessor, Achmet Pasha Menekleh, had captured in the regions beyond Fazogi thirty blacks, who were nine feet high and terrible to behold. They were brought to Khartoum in chains, he said, but refused to eat, howling like beasts and died in paroxysms of savage fury. When I remembered that the Pasha had already told me that there was a subterraneous passage from Alexandria to the Fyoom (a distance of two hundred miles,) made by Alexander the Great, and that the Sultan of Constantinople had an ape which grew to be twenty feet in height, I received

this last communication with a grain of allowance. He fully believed in the existence of the N'yam N'yam, (a horrible suggestive name,) or cannibals, who I have no doubt, are a fabulous race. Dr. Barth heard of them in Adamowa, south of Lake Tsad, and Dr. Knoblecher in the Bari country, but no one has ever yet seen them.

The expedition of Lattif Effendi had met with many delays, but on Monday, the 2d of February, everything was ready for its departure. It consisted of two large nekkers or trading vessels, each armed with a cannon, and carried six soldiers in addition to the crew. It is also provided with interpreters, who spoke the language of the different tribes. Fat Abou-Balta, who was the owner of one of the vessels, Dr. Peney, Dr. Reitz, and myself, made up a party to accompany Lattif Effendi the first stage of his voyage. We took the same little sandal in which I had sailed, and pushed away from Khartoum at sunset, followed by the nekkers. The relatives of the sailors were crowded on the bank to bid them good-bye, and as the vessel weighed anchor, the women set up the shrill "lu-lu-lu-lu-lu," which they use to express all emotions, from rapture down to despair. We had a light, but favoring wind, and at 9 o'clock reached a long, sandy beach about five miles above the mouth of the White Nile, where we came to a halt. The vessels where moored to the shore, fires kindled, pipes lighted and coffee made, and we gathered into groups on the sand, in the light of the full moon. At midnight the customary sheep made its appearance accompanied by two bottles of claret, whereat Abou-Balta affected to be scandalized, so long as any Moslem attendants were in the neighborhood. When the coast was clear, he sprawled out like another Falstaff, his jolly face beaming in the moonlight, and took a sly taste of the forbidden beverage, which he liked so well that he no longer resented the wicked nickname of "gamoon elbahr," (hippopotamus,) which we bestowed upon them. We tried to sleep a little, but although the sand was soft, the night air was chilly, and I believed nobody succeeded but Abou-Baito, whose enormous belly shook with the force of his snoring, as he lay stretched out on his back. By three in the morning everybody was tired; the fires had burned out, the meats of the banquet had grown cold, and the wind blew more freshly from the north. Lattif Effendi called his sailors on board, and we took leave of him. The two nekkers spread their huge wings and sailed off in the moonlight for the lands of the Baris, while we made our slow way back to Khartoum, where we arrived at day break.—Journey to Central Africa, by Bayard Taylor.

STEPHEN AND MAT PREPARING FOR LIBERIA.

We find in an interesting description of the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, from the pen of Bayard Taylor, the following notice of two slaves who are expecting emancipation soon, and making preparation for future usefulness in Africa. Would that hundreds of their class, equally fitted, might turn their thoughts to that far-off land waiting to be blest:

Stephen, who has had a share in all the principal explorations and discoveries, is almost as widely known as the cave itself. He is a slight, graceful, and very handsome mulatto, of about thirty-five years of age, with perfectly regular and clearly chiseled features, a keen, dark eye, and glossy hair and moustache. He is the model of a guide, quick, daring, enthusiastic, persevering, with a lively appreciation of the wonders he shows, and a degree of intelligence unusual for one of his class. He has a smattering of Greek mythology, a good idea of geography, history, and a limited range of literature, and a familiarity with geological technology which astonished me. He will discourse upon the various formations in the cave as fluently as Prof.

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers A. Maryland Colonization Journal

2. June 1841 (n.s. I, 1)--May 1861 (n.s. X, 24)