there is little to describe. No object, no action, all is calm and tranquil, and internal calmness and tranquility is the result. There is a softness—a blandness of feeling in the atmosphere, productive of the most delightful, but indescribable sensations, as Moore's fancy expresses it,

> "Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
> Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give."

The quiet of the African sea is only disturbed by immense shoals of fish and flocks of sea-birds. Sometimes many square rods, and even acres of the surface of the water seemed alive with fish, not jumping clear out of the water, but just enough to keep it in a violent state of commotion or apparent ebullition. At the same time flocks of birds of the size of pigeons gather around, covering nearly as much surface as the fish. Whether they are both attracted by insects or shoals of small fishes, we are unable to say, but doubtless one or the other, as the fish causing the ebullition are entirely too large for prey to the birds. A great variety of fish are always to be seen on the African seas, as the bonitas, barracontas, dolphins, and the long greedy shark, with his dull, up-staring eyes, watching for whatever may fall overboard, man or offal, is ever to be found on some quarter.

On the evening of the 19th of January, the lead told us bottom at 120 fathoms, so the emigrants took hope, and waited anxiously for the morning. All the latter part of the night they were more or less alarmed by the heavy roaring of the surf on the beach, and of course, were not surprised at day-break, at the sight of the lowlands of Sherbro Island, the location of the first ill-fated settlement by Mr. Bacon and the emigrants of the old Ship Elizabeth. Although the first indication of land was merely a shimmering view of trees, as if elevated above the water, caused by refraction, yet it was most delightful to the emigrants, who, from the tedium of a protracted voyage, began to fear that Liberia was likely to remain the "promised land," and that Jordan would still prove a mighty long road to travel.—Not an inch of the extended line of green was lost to one of them, even the old grey-bearded great grandaddas, of which there were several on board, rubbed their bleared eyes and laughed and cried for joy with their children and their children's children. The land side of the vessel was gemmed with bright staring eyes, every moment, from early dawn, until forced to breakfast, almost against their will. It was difficult for them to realize that this was Africa—Guinea—the very land from which their forefathers were torn by violence so long ago. As we hauled in shore, and the dim outline of the higher land began to loom up through the haze, and the big dome-shaped cotton trees, rising above the level outline of the dense forest, became more and more distinct, they almost feared that this could not be *their* promised home—it was too beautiful, it must belong to the white man.

To us, the sight was not less charming and interesting, however different our sensations. After a lapse of fifteen years we were once more in the tropics, on the border of our old tropical home, Liberia;—a home in which we had enjoyed so much, and suffered so much—endeared to us by un numbered associations and reminiscences, never to be obliterated.

We made the land, just above the sea bar, or she-bar, the little frith or river that separates Sherbro Island from the main-land, and by twelve o'clock we were just able to make out that notorious old slave mart

Gallinas.

We could not be content with a mere deck view of this remarkable spot, this modern Tyre, this den of iniquity, but took our glass, ascended to the mast-head, and made a comfortable seat for an hour's observation and reflection. Our observation resulted in nothing, literally nothing; it was even difficult to make out the old land-marks of the place. We could barely designate the northern bank of the river, within the bar-mouth, broken and abrupt, and opposite, a low sand spit, being a continuation of the southern sea-beach. A small dirty colonial craft of some 20 tons was lying in the offing, and one little black canoe was paddling from it, through the bar. Not even the old look-out station, in the tree top, or any other land-mark was visible, to indicate the *fuit* of Gallinas. Of the history of this place prior to our first visit to Liberia in 1831, we know but little, probably like Cape Mesurado, the Bassas, Trade Town and other points on the Liberia coast, it had been a place for shipping slaves for many years. There was nothing, however, to render it remarkable, or give it the prominence it obtained, until the advent and settlement of a Spaniard, named Pedro Blanco, about the year 1825 or 1826. This man, we understand, had been engaged in one or two ventures for slaves as a partner with others, which proving unfortunate, rendered him nearly or quite bankrupt. He considering himself an *injured*, as well as a ruined man, cursed the English for their interference with his *lawful* traffic, and determined to have satisfaction, if not of them, of those whom they had endeavored to screen from his rapacity. Being a man of strong will, and great energy, he fitted out a vessel and embarked in her himself, determined upon retrieving his shattered fortunes. He was successful in his first voyage, and made sufficient to enable him to go to work on a more extended scale. He established himself at Gallinas, opened an extensive correspondence, received consignments of vessels and cargoes, and loaded and despatched cargoes of Humanity, in return. A few successful voyages made him a man of wealth and placed him at the "head of his profession." There soon gathered around him other adventurers of a like character, and Gallinas soon became, not only the centre of an extensive and lucrative traffic, but the theatre of a new order of society and a novel form of government, of all of which, his excellency, Don Pedro Blanco, was the head, the autocrat. Over all his authority was absolute, acquired and maintained, not by his wealth alone, but by his will, energy, ability and address; for Pedro Blanco was no common man. He was a well-born, high-bred, Spanish gentleman, and in all save his profession, a man of honor—yea of strict integrity, whose word was his bond.

In the palmy day of Gallinas at all seasons of the year, vessels might always be seen in the offing, not unfrequently many at a time, and of different classes. First those chartered by Blanco and others to land staple a-

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