having long been so intimately connected with it and its people, that we cannot be supposed to speak as a stranger, to give first impressions of any thing, but of the present in comparison with the past. The view of Cape Mesurado, from whatever point, is extremely beautiful and imposing—from some, particularly in the moon light and a few miles distant, it presents the appearance of a crown or elevated walled city. Fronting on the harbor or road-stead, westerly, it is bold and abrupt, the highest part elevated some three or four hundred feet from the water: although rocky from the base, it is yet covered with heavy forest timber, interwoven with thick undergrowth and creeping parasites. The Cape itself appears very much as it did a quarter of a century ago. The old block houses of Ashmun are at present merely supplied by a poorly constructed light house. The north and easterly sides of the Cape are covered with the town of Monrovia, much of which can be seen from the inner anchorage and is vastly improved since our first visit, although it seems but a forest town as yet, owing to the many fruit, forest and shade trees intermixed. But the condition of things in the harbor or road-stead presented the greatest contrast. Now, there lay here some four or five regular foreign traders, making this their main port of business, also two good sized merchant vessels or coasters under the Liberian flag, and here too was the national vessel of war or Garda Costa, the Lark. In the river, too, lay several small Liberian coasters. On coming to anchor here in 1831, we found only two vessels, half dismantled, apparently deserted, and so they were—most of the crews having gone to that country whence there is no return. They were vessels trading up the rivers Nunez and Pongas, and only came down to the then new American Colony for medical aid and relief of various kinds. At the request of the Captain we visited one, and found only himself, two men and cabin boy alive, and they in a state of great debility. The vessel had just arrived in port and not yet received assistance from shore The cabin boy seemed to be suffering most, giving indication that something under his body caused him great pain. On turning him over we found near half a pint of black ants, with which the ship was filled, embedded in his flesh on which they were feeding. A more shocking sight we never witnessed and only mention it to shew what African traders endured in olden times, when the love of gain tempted owners to send their vessels into the rivers. We are glad to say, this trade is almost entirely abandoned now, or made less hazardous by the relief readily obtained from Liberia. We remember too, a few days after we went on shore, seeing a vessel in the offing, with sails flapping and apparently not under steerage way. The Governor dispatched a boat and found her to be a Philadelphia Brig, under command of Captain Sharp. He had lost all his crew in the rivers and attempted to reach Monrovia by aid of Kroomen alone. He kept up till within sight of the Cape and then dropped at the helm. The vessel was brought into port, the Captain saved and a new crew shipped. Such were some of the features of the *legitimate* African, trade a quarter of a century since.

On coming to anchor about 11 o'clock on the morning of the 23d Jan. we soon found that our arrival had been long anticipated, as boats from

the vessels in harbor and from shore at once centred upon us in numbers, among which, we soon noticed two bearing insignia of office; one containing the boarding officer from the Custom House, and the other an officer from the Government Cutter, Lark. Each mounting just enough of yellow buttons and lace to indicate their official capacity. We were pleased to note the etiquette observed by the masters of the other boats, no one presumed to mount the sides of the ship till the boarding officer had been received, and then one, who was looking for a long absent friend on board, was peremptorily ordered off, till the officer had left the ship or dispatched the mail on shore, that being one of their Custom House regulations.

But, little time was lost in observing officials or even in receiving the greeting of friends. It was Saturday afternoon, and we had pre-determined that the emigrants should be on shore before Monday morning, bag and baggage. We had advised Mr. Dennis, the agent of the Society, by note of our intent, while running in for the anchorage and received an answer informing us of his readiness to receive them. Accordingly, as soon as the boarding officer gave us liberty to land, the boats were all manned by the first Kroomen we could secure, and under way for the shore, with Africa's returning children, and happy, joyous children they were—for no one ever yet left the side of a vessel with regret, after a six week's voyage. The Captain of the ship being on shore to undergo the regular form of entry, we took charge of loading the boats with emigrants. It seemed like old times this, driving, scolding and shouting to the Kroomen and emigrants, now coaxing this timid female over the vessel's side, now slinging down that urchin by one limb to its expectant parent, half agonized for fear it will fall into the water. Now hallowing to the Kroomen to keep the boats clear of the side, now pitching some reluctant gawky into the boat, who had blocked up the gangway a half hour to be delivered of a few last words. It was an afternoon of hard work, bustle and excitement—but by sunset the coast was clear—the emigrants ashore and the boats hauled up on the beach or anchored inside the river, and the first time for many a long day and evening, quiet reigned on board our good ship: the few that remained, destined for the interior settlement, tired of the noise and bustle soon disappeared below. To most on board it was an evening for reflection and the night, one of repose—but not so, the latter, to us. Although fatigued with the bodily labor of the day, there was too much of mental excitement, from causes many and various, to allow of the balmy influences of sleep. Independent of unpleasant tidings which had reached us of the war at Cape Palmas, and other matters of the like character, the first night under the shadow of Cape Mesurado, after an absence of fifteen years, could not be devoted to sleep. The mind had a long range of time to traverse and a countless multitude of events to recall, and many scenes of general and personal interest to live through again, during the early hours of the night. Towards morning, in a kind of half somnambulistic state, we went through nearly the same process, each event accompanied with many fantastic variations, all no doubt greatly condensed in time, although it seemed ages to us. With these imaginings we will not trouble

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)

1857