our readers; it is sufficient to say that we woke out of them in a violent struggle with old King Freeman and Yellow Will, demanding their town back which our people had burned; Mr. Seys engaging in the scuffle to hold on to his new town of Careysburg. However, the morning dawned hazy and lazy, as every thing else dawns and yawns of a Sunday in Africa. For the first time since leaving America we failed of punctuality at breakfast, and were rather late getting on shore, enduring as compensation, a long hot row at the hottest part of the day, between the land and sea breezes. As said above, we must, almost of necessity, speak of things comparatively—not a step could we take in all our visit to Liberia, without being reminded how this was a quarter of a century since. This Sunday we were at liberty to go on shore and greet our friends. The Sunday which first dawned upon us in African waters twenty-five years ago, we spent in that road-stead, assisting one of our emigrants in tendering to her new country a pair of healthy returning Africans, and attending to the poor ant eaten boy and other sufferers on board the brig. As we entered the river on our first visit, only one or two houses on the top of the hill appeared in view—Ashmun's old fort with the three "Martello towers" crowned the summit—not a shanty under the hill, or even an apology for a wharf to land on. Now the hill side was adorned with many dwellings and stores, some very imposing: the old fort had given way to the Wesleyan High School—and the water side was lined with wharves and warehouses. We were greeted on landing by our old friends, the Messrs. McGills and others, and conducted to an elegant and costly mansion, the residence of one of the brothers. After an hour's rest which we all really needed from the long pull through the bar, the hill and the sun, we put forth for church; "The Protestant Episcopal Church of Liberia," we presume, at any rate the edifice was Liberian enough, and the service Episcopal. We have an impression that the Church was of stone, very roughly built, of one story and nothing to distinguish the exterior from an ordinary dwelling. The interior consisted of one room not exceeding in dimensions 20 by 30 feet, very likely not that, furnished with a few wooden benches with backs, very plain but comfortable, presuming each one to be supplied with private cushions. The room was Episcopalized by a wooden screen, behind which, the pastor could do whatever is usually done in church vestrys. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Alexander Crummell, a well educated gentleman—and a coal-black man. Our Liberian readers must excuse our allusions to the color of the skin, which we shall often have occasion to do, as the uniform inference among Americans is, that in case any one is found in Liberia possessed of even ordinary intellectual powers, he must, of necessity, have *some* white blood in his veins. Mr. Crummell read, or performed, or conducted, which-ever may be the more proper term, the Episcopal service *well*. *Well* is the word, but in a sense admitting of no *better* or *best*. His sermon too, was one of the best we ever heard and delivered, as he read the service—well. The number in church was 26, of whom three were passengers by our ship, our own party; so that the inference is, Mr. Crummell's preaching, good as it is, from some cause, is not destined to affect

many in Liberia. After church, we took a stroll through the town of Monrovia, with the first view of which, we must confess, we were not a little disappointed. Hearing for fifteen years of the great improvement of the place generally, and of this and that dwelling or public edifice in particular, we were led to anticipate a better and more city-like appearance. The main difference in the general features of Monrovia now and on our last visit in 1840, consists in the substitution of some ten or a dozen expensive brick dwellings for about as many less expensive ones of wood and stone: of several stone fences or walls for gardens and lots, instead of wooden ones: a few good public buildings, the principal of which is the High School before mentioned. The town has extended considerably down the hill towards the river, and also westerly on the Cape, but it seemed to us rather to contract in other directions, certainly not to extend. We missed many dwellings on several streets, the places of which have not been supplied by others. To a stranger, we should think Monrovia would present an untidy, unsocial, unvillage or uncity-like aspect. The streets are very wide and much over-grown with grass, weeds and even bushes, through which there are winding paths worn into the turf, by man and beast; in the rainy season or in morning's dew, it must be difficult for females to walk with dry skirts, certainly if hooped. In olden times, when riding an ass, performing our professional duties, we were obliged to elevate our limbs when either dew or rain saturated vegetation. Although the place may be said to be new, or comparatively so, yet, from the continued heat and extreme moisture of the climate, there is an air of decay on almost all wooden structures, and even on those of stone. The condition of many slightly made fences and old rented and uninhabited houses add much to this appearance. What is strange too for so new a place; we noticed several walls of stone houses either unfinished or the wood part burnt out—covered with vines and mosses, apparently relics of centuries. Fortunately for the Monrovians, most of the town was well paved when the Cape was upheaved from the ocean, so that they are not incommoded by mud, however that could easily be avoided by walking on the grass, which almost entirely covers the unenclosed ground, called "street." Some parts of the town admit of a more favorable description, say the few squares in the immediate vicinity of the President's mansion. On approaching this spot, we missed the old Government House, the residence of all the United States and Society's agents, from Ashmun down to Buchanan. Here we found Mechlin and Russwurm domiciled, and here we spent near three years of our invalid, professional life. It pained us somewhat not to see the old broad spreading roof and double piazza. It seemed as if half of the Liberia, whom we once knew, had departed. The lot on which it stood and several adjoining ones form a public square, in the centre of which, is a neat and substantial monument, dedicated to that old able counsellor and brave soldier, Elijah Johnson, the man on whom the colony depended for defence in its early years, more than on *any other one man*. Speaking of Mr. Johnson's monument reminds us of an idea which struck us very forcibly while in Monrovia, and that is, the erection of a Battle Monument, or a

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