the water turbid, especially in the rainy season. As we left Caldwell we began to pass the farms of emigrants on the opposite shore; in fact both sides were lined with farms and gardens, alternating with occasional reaches of wood, from Caldwell to Millsburg. Having no time to spare, we landed but twice on our way up; and, therefore, cannot describe the different towns, or even name them. All appeared to be one continuous settlement, and required no naming for our enjoyment or satisfaction. The farms were generally cultivated, even to the water's edge, or top of the bank,—grass or garden and field vegetables, alternately. The plaintain and banannas formed a conspicuous feature in the landscape, generally lining the river bank. Many houses were immediately on the river, others, and generally the larger ones, some distance removed, with a lawn in front. Material used, brick and wood; we do not recollect a stone building. Some of the brick houses were quite large, square buildings, and must have been expensive. Most likely, all that the individual possessed, or could get credit for, was put into the house—this is the weak side of the Liberians. But, paid for or not, owned or not by the occupants, we have never seen in any tropical country, so many good and comfortable dwellings in the same distance, or more indications of comfort and a full supply of the necessaries of life.

When approaching what is, or was called, College Hill, we landed and walked over it, and cannot imagine a spot more suitable for the proposed college. From this, we passed on to what is termed Clay Ashland, where we made a flying visit to many of the emigrants who went out in our ship—poor people, they were then undergoing their first attack of fever—heavy toll, to pay, for entering their father-land. We also jumped on shore at the former home of our old friend Zion Harris, the Nimrod of Liberia and great snake killer, killed at last in his own bed by lightning. He had a strong premonition or warning of his approaching death, which he expressed to sundry persons. It certainly cannot be said, in philosophical explanation of this, that he brought down the lightning upon himself. We obtained a brief sketch of his death from his devoted wife, and, on parting, exhorted her to keep, intact, Zion's beautiful farm. She gave assurance that she would do so, and that she had engaged a man to help her in the work—too late, we saw, for condolence.

The ultimate point or intended terminus of our visit was Richardson's, the sugar planter, which we reached about eleven o'clock, sixteen miles from Monrovia; but to our regret, learned he was absent, having gone down to Monrovia very early, probably arriving there before our departure, as we did not meet him on the way. We, however, patiently awaited his return, knowing that as soon as he learned we were on a visit to his place, he would instantly set out for home. In an hour or so we had the pleasure of seeing him pulling rapidly up in a canoe. Another hour was spent in dinner, &c. when we sallied out to look at his establishment. The house is situated about one hundred yards from the river, at some forty feet elevation above it, and is far from being of the first class of dwellings; the lower part being used for a store or trade

room; but Richardson's ambition reached beyond having a big house. Near the landing was a large kiln of good brick, one-half of which had already been laid in the foundation and first story of a capacious sugar house. Into the latter he intended to put a large steam power and sugar mill, already ordered from the United States. He had planned a wooden railway from the mill to the water's edge, by which he could load and unload boats with steam power, intending also to use it for sawing and other purposes, when not engaged in cane grinding. Every thing appeared to have been judiciously arranged for practical operations on a large scale. On proceeding back from the house, we passed a large garden, well laid out and fenced with a great variety of fruit and vegetables under way. Farther on, we came to his pasture ground, also well fenced, and feeding in it were some twenty head of fine large cattle, mostly of a cream colored, long horned kind, from the interior. Going through this, we came upon his field of sugar cane—estimated by him to contain an area of sixty-five or seventy acres. We passed entirely through the lot to a farm house on an elevation at the farther side, in which lived his head farmer or manager—if Mr. R. could be said to have any manager besides himself. Here then was before us, under our own eyes and no mistake, the ground-work of a large and extensive sugar plantation, of large mechanical operations, and also of a great commercial establishment, for Mr. R. carried on a profitable trade with the natives from the interior. And by whom, and by what means was all this brought about? Simply by the energy, ability, industry and frugality of one man, and that too, in three years, and little or no capital to start upon! Let these facts speak trumpet tongued to the confusion of all opponents of Liberia and Colonization, be they Northern or Southern fanatics, or the discontented, whining, begging, homesick emigrants, who write home begging letters, willing to return to bondage for the flesh pots.

It is well known that this man who had done so much for himself, for Liberia, and for his race, was drowned in the St. Paul's river, but a few months after we parted from him. and we repeat what we then wrote to a mutual friend, that we never so deeply regretted the death of any man. As we spoke of Zion Harris' premonition or anticipation of his decease, we will state a fact in connection with the death of Richardson, even at the risk of being considered superstitious. A week or two after our return from Liberia, a young lady, who came passenger with us, a teacher in one of the mission schools, was detained at our house over night by a heavy rain. In the morning, at breakfast, she remarked, "It is said that the dream of a person on sleeping in a house the first night, will prove true, but I hope mine will not, for I dreamed that Mr. Richardson was drowned in the St. Paul's River." Two months after, came the news of the fact—happening as nearly as we could calculate about the time of the dream. Would it were all a dream, and Richardson were now managing his affairs on the St. Paul's.

Before we finished examining and admiring the extensive and varied improvements of our host, we noticed a heavy tornado rising in the east,

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