have visited that country, that the truth in regard to it had never before been told: and no one had ever before seen it in its true light, or to use a favorite expression of our author's, from the right "stand point." Mr. Thomas has treated the subject fairly, candidly and ably, but he could scarcely be expected in a flying cruise or two, down the coast, to give more valuable information about Liberia, than those who have spent years in the Republic, equally fair, candid and able as himself. Truth is, he had his own "stand point," the pulpit of the "Methodist Episcopal Church South," set up on board a man-of-war, and from that he preached the Gospel he believed to be true, and considering the stand-point, and the limited opportunities for observation the writer enjoyed, it may be considered pretty good gospel for Liberia.

There are, however, many little errors scattered through the pages, on Liberia, of little consequence in themselves, yet indicating a want of acquaintance with subjects on which the writer speaks *ex-cathera*—and an occasional exercise of the *long bow*, to help out a sentence or a chapter. One instance of the latter is so obvious, that we cannot forbear a reference to it. Speaking of the kroomen, to whom we are always introduced by every African voyager and missionary, he says "as evidence of their muscular development, *we state*, that he is considered a weak man among them, who cannot hold a barrel of beef, 200lbs. at arm's length, above his head, and walk with it through a heavy surf, to a boat two hundred yards from shore." At 200lbs. the beef would be heavy enough for the kroomen, poor fellow, but a barrel of beef more often overruns 300lbs. salt, pickle, barrel and all. In all our *going-a-fishing*, we have never seen this feat performed, but have often wished we could find one strong enough to carry a barrel of flour thus "high in air," through the surf—it would have saved us many a dollar.

We have said that Mr. Thomas throughout his book, evinces the kindest feelings towards the African. The first and one of the best specimens we find, is in his chapter on Sierra Leone. After travelling all the morning in the hot sun through the streets, and finding nothing but English churches and prayer books from which "responses were read with a great deal of unction," he is fortunate enough, at last, to light upon a Methodist Chapel, where they used the service "as no people can use it but Methodists."

"The preacher, officiating, was a black man, dressed in black clothes, relieved by a necktie of spotless white. He read as only spiritually-minded men can read, and his respectable looking audience responded as those only can respond who understand and feel what they say. A polite sexton, out of respect to my brass buttons, I suppose, led me to the furthest seat in the amen corner. It was cushioned comfortably, and supplied with books—a Bible, a prayer book, called "Sunday-Service of the Methodists," and a hymn book. A venerable black gentleman, in the uniform of an English army officer, was the only occupant of the seat besides myself, and after my long and hot walk, I found the ample and soft cushion a resting place. * * * * * * *

The preacher gave out a hymn in short measure, which was sung to Cranbrook; the music was led by the teachers and scholars of the Sabbath-school; who occupied the front seats. They sung well. In attaining a good knowledge of the science, they had not lost the spirit; and to the spirit of music was added the soul of prayer. The congregation generally followed; they stood while they sung, although this was the second or third singing, and I doubt not but the sacrifice was accepted before the Throne.

"My spirit also was stirred with gratitude and love. I had been long thirsting for the assembly of the saints, and just such praise as this. I felt that I was among God's people, however ignorant or obscure they may have been, and I felt that whatever else divided us, we were one in depravity and darkness, one in dependence and frailty, one in the immortal hopes of the eternal redemption that is in Jesus Christ. Deep in my own consciousness I found a sympathy that claimed brotherhood with those who expressed their wants and hopes in the songs and prayers that expressed mine—a sympathy that is superior to questions of original unity or diversity of races, intellectual comparisons, or social caste. Memory, too, was busy. The singing carried me back to Andrew Chapel, Savannah, to camp grounds in Middle Georgia, where "the darkeys" make night melodious with their simple songs and inimitable music; and with camp-meetings came the friends and labors, and successes and sorrows, of other days; the spiritual and sympathetic in me were aroused in unison, and the better part of my nature was soon thousands of miles away, revelling somewhere between Griffin, Georgia, and the third heavens. When I came to myself, I alone was standing, the preacher was taking his text, my handkerchief was at my eyes, and my spectacles were dim with moisture. I felt ashamed of myself." * * *

After the singing, comes a discourse from the "black man with black clothes," which our writer enjoys vastly, till the preacher happens to express some sympathy with his sable brethren, in bonds, on this side the Atlantic. Then he is "out of his depth and stupid." After service, our author very kindly informs the preacher that he is mistaken in all this, and how happy the Southern slaves are. The gentleman in black, much to the astonishment of Mr. T. quotes the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin:"—Here too, he sets the preacher right, assuring him of the fictitious character of that work. "Thus," says he, "is abolitionism doing its accursed work, spreading even, in Africa, the venom of falsehood, and engendering strife."

The phantom of Abolitionism seems to follow the author wherever he goes, for when speaking of the Government and social state of Liberia, he finds occasion to ejaculate "Abolition is there sowing many seeds of strife." What this means, or how it is applicable to Liberia, or the poor black preacher in Sierra Leone, we cannot conceive. There is no slavery there to abolish, and no likelihood of there being any. We had supposed it enough to satisfy any Southern man, to concede, that all the evils incident to slavery, and even to humanity, in this country, were attributable to Northern Abolitionism. But no, it crosses the Atlantic, and even there annoys our naval chaplains.

Among the declarations of opinion in which Mr T. frequently indulges, as if speaking of a matter of fact, specially patent to himself, he says:

"Let us say to you, dear reader, that the talk of which we hear so much now-a-days, from secular and religious men, about the civilizing influence of commerce, is *only talk*—nothing more! That, when accompanied by

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