friend in regard to the emigration of a certain class, he says: "First knock them on the head, and send them embalmed."

Elmina he considers the "ante-chamber of Hell," and not unfrequently he dashes in like manner right and left when in the mood.

The winding up of the following musing fit, after coming to anchor in smooth water one evening, smacks of the worldly, although of a heavenly world.

"Never shall we forget the pleasant emotions and sensations of physical comfort, which we experienced on coming to an 'even keel' in the smooth bay of Loando, after so many days of wearisome tossing and brain sickening cradling on the tropical Atlantic. The evening was mild and balmy; the light breeze, which fanned us so gently that it seemed trying to bestow its freshness upon us without our cognizance, produced not a ripple on the water; and our proud and beautiful ship, held by the mere weight of her cables motionless as the hills on the shore, lay mirrored in the depths below, like a beautiful creation of art transferred to the canvass by a touch of faultless magic. It requires but a short stretch of imagination o endow, as do the Chinese, a well built vessel with the attributes of life and intelligence; and I could fancy, as our trim craft floated on her own image that evening, that, like a beautiful, but vain woman looking at herself in a glass, she was conscious of her beauty, and, intoxicated with the vision of loveliness, rested spell-bound and enamored of her own reflection. The atmosphere was clear; sheets and wreaths of fleecy clouds rested overhead, and to the north and west, banks and mountains of clouds rose one above the other, like masses of snow floating in the sky. As the sun approached the horizon, his dimensions seemed to increase tenfold with every degree of descent; his color passed, by softest blending, from a rich bright yellow, through various tints of orange and scarlet, to the deepest red; and long after his departure, the clouds, in silver and gold, and soft vermillion, and scarlet, and purple, reflected the sunset glories on the water beneath, until the ocean glowed like a sea of fire. Never have I beheld so grand a sunset; never beheld so entrancing a vision of beauty; never before warmed with such grand conceptions of the glory that shall be revealed, when He who is the author of the beautiful, as well as the good and the true, shall welcome us to the brightness of his own abode. But the clouds, true to themselves, for they are the emblems of change, faded away, and the silent sea changed its borrowed glory for a abysmal darkness.

"'Ah, messmate! air castle building, eh?' said the officer of the deck, approaching the arm chest on which I sat. 'How would you like to be going home to Georgia to night, astride of one of those fine clouds?'

"'Ah, my friend, you have struck the key-note in this fleshy heart! I've just been thinking of a brighter and a better world than this; but, now that you've called me back, I believe that, supposing it to be the same to all parties concerned, I'd rather go to see my wife to night than to go to Paradise.'"

With one more extract we will let the "Adventures and Observations" of the Rev'd gentleman slide.

He visits Cape Palmas, and after some brief sketches of the topography of the place, with the customary inaccuracies, making the tidal Hoffman's river "an impetuous stream," pushing Harper the town on the Cape, a half mile inland, making the Missionaries the agents in breaking up the post mortem deposits on Auburn Island, and sundry like blunders, he proceeds to give a bird's-eye sketch of the history of our little settlement, thus:

"The agents of the Society, in purchasing this territory, readily accepted the condition that the natives should retain their villages and the lands then under cultivation. This they did, supposing that the natives resident in the territory would assist in defending the colonists against the encroachments of other tribes; and that, by contact with the civilized blacks, they would more readily submit to civilization and Christianity. For a time, these results seemed to be working out. The natives assisted in building their houses, and even a fort; aped some of their manners, and attempted to learn their language. The colonists, in turn, shared with the natives their tobacco—blessed plant! bedewed with the fragrant rum of New England, the peace branch of modern civilization!—took their medicines when sick, the best proof in the world of friendship; learned to fish and hunt in the African fashion; and, for aught I know to the contrary, gathered the mysteries of detecting witches and catching young devils—arts in which the Grebos excel. The natives went to hear the missionaries preach, professed to embrace Christianity, because they thought it would please the white men, offered their idol grisgris at the low rate of a plug each, or a canoeful for a bottle of rum. They were going into civilization with seven league strides—railroad speed was nothing compared to it—but the progress was suddenly arrested. "Money makes the mare go," but in this case the oats gave out. The land agents paid up; the missionaries found out, on closer survey, that their newly-gathered flocks were wolves in sheep's clothing, and arch deceivers. They ceased to make presents, and began on more common-sense principles. As to the colonists, poor fellows, they were soon past the giving point, and where the maxim, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," met an exception, and turned back inverted.

"The chiefs now began to see the effect of selling their terrritory, and signing the treaty against illegal traffic, in the suppression of the slave trade, which followed the establishment of the colony and the mission. This had been the source of their revenue, and furnished the means and incentives to war and plunder. They had not then, as many of them have since, seen the advantages of civilization, and felt the power of that Truth, before which men must bow or fall. They saw, in short, that they must labor, or do without the rum and tobacco, and beads and gay kerchiefs, so abundant in the days of the slave trade. Human nature, African nature in particular, hates work, and with the work, those natives soon learn to hate those who brought the necessity for it, in any degree, upon them. This hatred was deepened by the discovery that between themselves and the colonists there was fixed an impassable gulf of *caste*. The dislike became mutual. The colonists did not hide that they considered the natives little better than brutes, and the natives despised them in turn, for putting on the clothes and manners of white men, while their skins were black.

"Then commenced, in feeling, a war, not of races, but of the *culottes* and the *sans cullottes;* savage nature and civilized taste. The superiority of the colonists over the natives in arms, ingenuity, industry and comfort; their increasing numbers and commerce, and the respect shown them by men-of-war on the coast, was constantly increasing the hatred of the former, and showing itself in frequent personal encounters between the parties, and complaints and menaces, without sufficient cause, on the part of the natives. For the last three years of the hardly preserved peace, the flags of the native village waved *in terrorem* over the trembling colonists, who lived in constant dread of an outbreak. To be prepared for such a

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