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1851.
which the Captain supposed to be thirty miles long, and its elevation from the sea, in some parts, 7,000 feet. Next day, 16th, we saw Brava, another of the islands. On the 17th, 18th, and 19th, we had very calm weather. On the 20th, a little breeze sprung up which lasted until the 22d, when another calm ensued. On the 23d, we had rain and head winds in the morning. About two o'clock in the morning of the 25th, Cape Mount was visible. About 8 o'clock, we saw Cape Mesurado, on which stands the town of Monrovia. No sooner was it in sight, than we saw the natives coming off in their canoes to meet the ship. In a few minutes the deck was thronged by natives—large, robust, intelligent-looking men, with no other clothing than a rag tied around their waist. Many of them had a tolerable smattering of the English language. About twelve o'clock, we were riding safely at anchor opposite the "beautiful bluff" that screens the town of Monrovia. You can easily imagine the delight with which I gazed upon the land of Cyprian and Terrutilian, ancient fathers in the Christian Church; of Hannibal and Henry Diaz, renowned generals; yes, and the land of my forefathers. On the top of the elevation that intercepted the town from our view, was seen, "waving gloriously," the "lone star." In the harbor lay the Liberian Government schooner "Lark," also, two merchant vessels, a Liberian and an English. In a few days, the port of Monrovia presented quite an interesting sight. At one time, while we were there, six merchant vessels were seen lying at anchor, accompanied by two of Her Britannic Majesty's brigs, "Ranger" and "Cygnet." On the 26th, which was Sunday, I landed on African shore. It was now my privilege to gaze upon a delightful country—nay, to tread upon the land of my forefathers. Everything appeared with a delightful verdure. As I proceeded up the "heights of Monrovia," everything I saw inspired admiration. When we are on the other side of the Atlantic, we cannot conceive of African scenery, without associating with our ideas a plentiful supply of burning sand, with here and there a "fiery serpent." But how pleasantly disappointed are we, when, for the first time, we witness the reality! The dryness and aridity which we conceived, are exchanged for an ever-verdant scenery—"all nature charming the beholder with her ever-varying, yet ever-beautiful and living riches." The land here actually teems with everything necessary for the subsistence of man. "Here," said a young man to me, "a man cannot starve. I have been here," said he, "about three years, and if I could get nothing to eat but palm oil and cassava, I would not return to America." I have myself witnessed the fertility of the place, and can safely say that I did not hear of the half. As to snakes, &c., the fact is, that they are not so common here as in some parts of the United States, on account of a species of ant, called drivers, that prevail here. These insects travel in large troops, destroying every species of reptiles with which they come in contact. I am told that they are even troublesome to the famous boa constrictor. When this huge snake has taken and eaten a prey of any considerable bulk, he is unable to remove from the spot. On such occasions they are often attacked by the drivers, to escape from which they assume all postures, and so fatigue themselves as to render their death inevitable. Were it otherwise—were it not for these drivers, I believe it would be dangerous to live here. There is one remarkable fact, Mr. Pinney, to which I would call your attention, and that is, that I seldom see any child here with a low, narrow forehead; almost every one has a large and high brow, probably indicative of the strength of mind that is to characterize the rising generation. While at Monrovia, I visited Judge Benedict's farm; he has, I believe, near seven thousand coffee trees; most of them are bearing, and his men were planting more. He said, he drank coffee of his own raising, and was in hopes soon to have enough for exportation. I know that "truth is stranger than fiction," therefore I advise all those colored persons in the United States who do not credit my assertion in reference to the fertility of this country, to come and see for themselves.

I remain, sir, very respectfully, yours,

EDWARD BLYDEN.

BEXLEY, LIBERIA, February, 1851.

BEXLEY, March 21, 1851.

DEAR SIR: It is with great pleasure that I see our people from the North emigrating for Liberia, for it is such that we want in the Republic, with a few exceptions. Yet, if every man of them can be inspired with a spirit of nationality, they will at once depart from a land of darkness to them, as to the prospects of such enjoyments; as every reasonable man will admit the colored man in the United States is a citizen as much as a white man here, and he will even stand the same in political relations with a people of the American model; therefore I would have them feel as I
now do about our prosperity as a people; for I am persuaded that there was never in the world, since time commenced its revolutions, a nation whose situation excited such general sympathy as the African, and likely none for whom so much has been done; and yet they, with all the advantages of a delightful country, will not enjoy the blessings of men; their prejudices will not allow them to investigate the merits of the Colonization scheme in general, but now and then one. I had my prejudices, also, and wished to and did regard the Colonization plan as a compromise with slavery; but I am convinced to the contrary, for it is in accordance with emancipation principles; for the Republic of Liberia, a monument of the expediency of Colonization, affords protection to some 100,000 helpless natives, who, under other circumstances, would be, in part or whole, a prey for the slave-dealer. Wherefore, it will appear that Colonization has struck at the root of the tree, by which the whole must finally decay at the fountain head, and all the streams will eventually dry up; so that whatsoever may be said of this noble Society, it is the best in the known world for the colored man; for it appears to coincide with prophecy to carry out the designs of Providence in the return of the exiled sons and daughters of Africa; and it is an absurd idea to remain in the United States for the benefit of two or three millions of persons who, from these very circumstances, will be obliged to flee from the house of bondage, while at the same time there are ninety to one hundred millions of heathen to be instructed and taught the rudiments of the Christian Religion, to be redeemed and saved; and yet, such is the prejudice of my more enlightened brethren in America, that they will look with a pitiless eye upon the many millions in Africa, while at the same time they affect to have a sympathy for the three millions in America, who are in tolerable circumstances, their bonds excepted. There their views are circumscribed, but here a boundless field opens to their fancy; there their prospects are gloomy, but here bright and charming; not as the merchant in a distant country, who is glad of the general prosperity, as he will sooner effect his purpose and return to his native land, but as a part and parcel, yea, members of a Republican Government, destined to assert his rights among the nations of the world. If they should but return home to Africa, they would be enabled to help the Black African Lion to throw off his chains, and rise and shake his mane, and roar that all the nations might hear and give audience, and be disposed to help redress his grievances. But, alas! my people have no national spirit, no desire to be great, no wish to collect the fading laurels of their forefathers, which have for ages been intermingled with the rubbish of time; no desire to have a city or town; yes, no wish to rise above the common of the land of oppression; while, at the same time, here they can have an opportunity of helping man a city and build a railroad, subdue the forest, tame the elephant, conquer the buffalo, and drive back the ravenous beast, and introduce the domestic of all kinds for their comfort, and have deer-parks for their pleasure. This, sir, I say, is possible; and some inducement must be held out to invite them to return. But you know none other can be than has been, and I am compelled with you to admit the fact, while at the same time I am willing to say and do all that I can for the purpose of encouraging my brother in all parts of the United States to return to his fatherland; and I hope the time is not far distant when a general return will be witnessed by every bystander who wishes the good of Africa. You will please pardon me for my blunders and boldness, and believe me your humble and obedient servant,

GEO. L. SEYMOUR.

To REV. J. B. PINNEY,
Agent of N. Y. Col. Society.

The two following letters from H. W. Foster and Susan Ann Johnson, two intelligent emigrants from Hartford, Connecticut, who were aided by the New York State Colonization Society, were addressed to their personal friends (colored persons) in Hartford, and have by them been kindly furnished for insertion in the Journal. Surely, testimony such as is furnished by this number of our paper, from sources so impartial and intelligent, will work conviction in the minds of honest inquirers.—

Editor Journal.

BEXLEY, April 18, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—In accordance with the promise I made to you to write, I would simply say that you must not expect much, as I have not been as yet able to observe much. The passage occupied thirty-five days, and was part of the time very tempestuous. I was a little sea-sick, but, upon the whole, I very much enjoyed myself. Upon my arrival at Monrovia, I delivered the letter, and was very favorably received by Dr. H. Roberts. He inquired very particularly about yourself, and also Mrs. Washington. He showed me every