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THE

NEW REPUBLIC.

Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and approved by the Committee of Publication.

SECOND EDITION.

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## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPTER</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I.—THE LITTLE SEED.</td>
<td>7.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II.—A VOYAGE.</td>
<td>18.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III.—SIGHT-SEEING IN AFRICA.</td>
<td>33.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV.—A NIGHT OF TOIL.</td>
<td>47.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V.—FRE AND FIGHT.</td>
<td>71.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI.—LOTT CARY.</td>
<td>108.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII.—THE GAP FILLED UP.</td>
<td>111.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII.—MECHLIN'S ADMINISTRATION.</td>
<td>114.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX.—STRUGGLES AND EXPERIMENTS.</td>
<td>125.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X.—THE NEW ERA.</td>
<td>161.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI.—GOVERNOR ROBERTS.</td>
<td>199.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII.—THE NEW REPUBLIC.</td>
<td>239.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE NEW REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE SEED.

"Is he not man, though knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head?
Is he not man, by sin and suffering tried?
Is he not man, for whom the Saviour died?
Belie the negro's powers:—in headlong will,
Christian! thy brother, thou shalt prove him still:
Belie his virtues: since his wrongs began
His follies and his crimes have stampt him man."

MONTGOMERY.

A PRESIDENTIAL campaign had just closed, in which party strife and political intrigue were for the time merged in a general vote; the national councils were relieved from the burden of an expensive war with England; business long cramped began to fall back into its old channels, or force itself into new ones; new enterprises and bright hopes quickened the energies and warmed the hearts of the people, and the winter at Washington, in 1816, opened with gay promises and a hopeful future.
On the evening of the 20th of December, a gentleman of that city, Elias B. Caldwell, sits alone and expectant in his parlor. Friend after friend drops in with quiet step and a thoughtful greeting. As you look into each face, you feel that it is no ordinary object or common occasion, which has drawn them hither. It is not the secret session of a political party, or a club for literary debate, or a meeting for old friends to renew broken friendships and severed ties at the festive board. It is none of these.

It is an hour for prayer. Here are gathered men of large hearts and lofty purposes, moved by the same mighty motives, and stirred by the same powerful interests. They have turned aside from the busy interests of life, to pray for the African within our borders.

A public meeting was to be holden the next day at the Hall of the House of Representatives, to discuss measures and to concert plans for the present relief and future benefits of the negro race.

It was a subject of the profoundest interest, and of almost overwhelming magnitude, and hedged about with a great wall of difficulties.

"We must ask help of Almighty God," said they, who understood that it was the God of Israel "who giveth strength and power to his people," and who bringeth out those who are bound in chains; and this meeting for prayer on the 20th of December, preceded the great public assembly of the 21st.
An interest for Africans was no new and strange thing at this time. The hearts of Christians all over the country had long been burdened by their sufferings and their wrongs. Often had they in secret sighed, and in public exclaimed, "What can be done? Whence cometh relief, and where is the place of his rest?"

When was negro slavery introduced into North America?

In the year 1620, two vessels ploughed their watery way to the Western shores of the Atlantic. Each bore a human freight. One anchored on New England's stern and rock bound coast, and landed a rich cargo of bold, brave, Christian freemen. Fleeing from British oppression, amid snow and sleet, they leaped upon Plymouth rock, and thanked God that they were free; in the depths of a rigorous winter, through cold and hunger, nakedness and peril, they laid upon this virgin soil the corner-stone of those liberal and enlightened institutions which have made our Republic the model Republic of the world.

In 1620 also, a Dutch man-of-war entered James River, and cast anchor at Jamestown, Virginia. Beneath its dark hatches was slavery. Twenty negroes were landed and sold. Thus was slavery begun in our country; at first like a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, it has gradually risen and spread over the whole horizon.
Though in time it was forced upon all the colonies, its progress was watched with alarm. It was met with remonstrance. It grappled with a fearless opposition both from the South and the North. When James Smith and Thomas Keyson, as early as 1645, brought the first slaves into Massachusetts, they were immediately denounced as malefactors and murderers. The magistrate, Richard Saltonstal, declared the act of stealing negroes expressly contrary to the laws of God and the country; the men were found guilty of man-stealing, while the negroes were ordered to be restored to their own country, with letters, expressing the indignation of the court at their wrongs. Virginia, the annals of whose history are strown with an intelligent and manly opposition to the slave trade, as early as 1699, passed an act imposing duties upon imported slaves, the design of which was not revenue, but to prevent importation. This was at first five per cent., which was afterwards increased to twenty per cent.; it was with the greatest difficulty that the sanction of the British crown could be obtained for these acts; and when, owing to the interfering interest of the African company, this law was repealed, the royal assent could never be again obtained for a renewal of the duty, although the utmost efforts were used by almost every assembly under the colonial government. Their earnest language is, “we implore your Majesty’s paternal assistance in averting a calamity of a most alarming nature. The importation of
slaves into the colonies from the coast of Africa, has long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity; and under its present encouragement, we have too much reason to fear will endanger the very existence of your Majesty's American dominions."

Their petitions were thrown aside; and the independent constitution of that state cites the conduct of the English crown in this matter, as one of the reasons for a separation from the mother country.

Nor was South Carolina less urgent in her remonstrances; but they proved unavailing, and her Governors were directed by British authority not to attempt any restrictions on the slave trade on pain of removal.

"My friends and I," wrote Oglethorpe, "settled Georgia, and by character were established trustees. We determined not to suffer slavery there; but the slave merchants and their adherents not only occasioned us much trouble, but at last got the government to sanction them."

The policy of England towards her American colonies, is unmistakably expressed by the Earl of Dartmouth, in his instructions to a colonial agent: "We cannot allow the colonies to check or discourage in any degree a traffic so beneficial to the nation." In a political tract entitled, "The African slave trade, the great pillar and support of the British Plantation Trade in America," published in 1745, we find these words: "Negro labor will keep our British
colonies in a due subserviency to the interest of their mother country; for, while our plantations depend only on planting by negroes, our colonies can never prove injurious to British manufactures, never become independent of their kingdom." In this course, England admitted no change.

At the North, where, owing to a variety of circumstances, slaves were never numerous, measures were early taken for the entire removal of the evil. From the first, Massachusetts made an unrelenting opposition to the introduction of slaves from abroad; and as far back as 1701, the town of Boston instructed its representatives "to put a period to negroes being slaves." Statutes were passed in the Connecticut Legislatures of 1783 and 1797, having for their object the gradual extinction of slavery. New Jersey took up the subject in 1784. Pennsylvania in 1780. It was not until 1817, that the Legislature of New York passed a law, declaring that every subject of the State, from and after the 4th of July, 1827, should be free. In all cases our fathers seem to have regarded the subject of emancipation as one requiring wise, cautious and deliberate action.

Christian philanthropy had long contemplated the condition of the African within our borders, with a profound and sorrowful interest, and the time had now arrived, when it was felt that a beginning must be made, a movement must be originated, having for its direct object the social
and moral elevation of the African race in our country.

It could number no truer, warmer, braver friends than those who assembled in Mr. Caldwell’s parlor, on that night of the 20th of December, 1816.

There sat Robert Finley, whose ardent mind had long been grappling with the subject. “We must plant a colony of free blacks on their own home-soil, on Africa, where they can be true men, unoppressed by the prejudice and the unrighteous legislation of the whites,” he had declared long before to his friends in New Jersey.

“Very well,” they had answered, “very good,—there is only one objection: it can’t be done.”

“But we must try it.” Maturing and publishing his plans in spite of the doubts of some and the opposition of many, he had now gathered together a few others of like sentiments for a careful deliberation of the subject, and for seeking wisdom from on High.

There was Samuel J. Mills, in whose calm, far-seeing benevolence, the neglected cause of his “poor African brethren,” as he used to call them, lay cradled in tender concern. “Something must be done,” was the silent yet stern resolve of one who never wavered at difficulties, nor was ever daunted by trials. He had collected facts, consulted wise men, commended the subject in prayer to a just God, and he felt that it was a cause which admitted of no delay.
Francis S. Key, was there, whose clear, judicious mind is fastened upon the subject with a keen and anxious interest.

No record remains of the doings of that evening; we know not what was said, we heard not the supplications, neither are the names known of all who assembled there. It is enough for us to know, that the subject was presented before the Almighty Disposer of events; that his merciful aid and righteous interposition were invoked by men who knew the excellency of his power.

Thus was planted a little seed of good for poor Africa. It was sown in tears, shall it not be reaped in joy?

The next day the capitol in Washington was thronged by numbers, met to listen, to inquire into, and to discuss a subject of a far different nature from those which usually awakened the interest of politicians, or engaged the attention of statesmen. The Hon. Henry Clay presided over the meeting. He, with John Randolph, Robert Wright, and Elias B. Caldwell, made eloquent and able addresses upon the subject which had drawn them together; and at its close, Mr. Caldwell offered a resolution, that a society be formed for the purpose of collecting information, and assisting in the formation or execution of a plan for the colonization of free people of color, with their consent, in Africa or elsewhere, as may be thought most advisable; and a committee of gentlemen be appointed to
prepare a constitution and rules for such a society. The resolution was adopted, and the meeting adjourned until the following Saturday. On the appointed day it re-assembled in the same place. The Committee presented their report, and a constitution, two articles of which were as follows:

(Article I.) "A society shall be formed, and called the American Colonization Society for colonizing the free people of color of the United States."

(Article II.) "The object to which its attention shall be exclusively directed, is, to promote and execute a plan for colonizing with their consent the free people of color, residing in our country, in Africa, or such other place as Congress shall see fit. And the Society shall act to effect this object in co-operation with the general government, and such of the states as may adopt regulations upon the subject."

The Constitution was unanimously adopted; Hon. Bushrod Washington was chosen its first President; we find the names of Robert Finley, and Francis S. Key, among its long list of Vice Presidents, and Elias B. Caldwell is Secretary.

The cause of the poor African was now fully before the public. Something must be done for him, is the great idea, and it was embodied in a society, connected with some of the best and most prominent men from all parts of the land. "The blacks are not capable of taking care of themselves,—they can never acquire the art of self-government,—they occupy a lower posi-
tion in the scale of creation,—they are destined to be hewers of wood and drawers of water;” so reasoned some, and coldly turned away from the new movement.

“'We do not believe what you say,” replied the friends of the African; “no, no,—they are immortal beings,—they have a common birthright with us,—we owe them a just debt, which must be paid. There are facts enough to show that under the most disadvantageous circumstances, they are capable of both moral and social advancement. Look at Lott Cary, a man, in spite of his condition! Only give them a fair chance, and negroes are as capable of exercising all the rights and discharging all the duties of freemen, as you and I are.” And a fair chance their friends did mean to give them.

The little seed is beginning to take root, and nobody was watching it with deeper interest than Lott Cary.

Who is Lott Cary?

Lott Cary was born a slave near Richmond, Virginia, in 1780. His parents, truly excellent and pious people, endeavored to train up Lott, their only child, to be a useful, industrious, God-fearing boy. As he grew older, he fell in with profane and intemperate companions, who led him into vicious habits. At the age of twenty-four, he was sent to Richmond, and employed as a laborer in a large tobacco warehouse. For two or three years, he grew worse and worse, until his attention became suddenly arrested by the powerful appeals of a Baptist exhorter.
Lott paused in his career of vice. Overwhelmed by a sense of his sins, in bitter repentance, he resolutely forsook them, and resolved henceforth to devote himself to the service of God. In 1807 he joined the church. It proved no half way work with Lott.

He immediately began to study the alphabet, and it was not long before he could both read and write. His thirst for knowledge rapidly increasing, he read a large number of valuable books, and soon began to preach to his brethren around him. In these efforts he was greatly blest. Lott now wished to become a free man. Being a most useful man at the warehouse, winning both the confidence and respect of the merchants, small sums of money were often given him for his fidelity and promptness. By carefully investing these, he was at length able to pay down eight hundred and fifty dollars for the redemption of himself and his two sons. He afterwards received at the warehouse a salary of eight hundred dollars a year for his services. As early as 1815, Lott felt a lively interest for Africa, and aided in the formation of a society which raised one hundred and fifty dollars a year for the support of African missions. When the plans of the Colonization Society became known, he, at once, turned to it with the deepest interest, and looked forward to its movements with the greatest anxiety and solicitude.
CHAPTER II.

A VOYAGE.

"From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away;
Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendors of the solar zone;
A world of wonders,—where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams;
Great, wild and beautiful, beyond control,
She reigns in all the freedom of her soul;
Where none can check her bounty, when she showers
O'er the gay wilderness, her fruits and flowers."

"Who will go for us? Who will explore the
African coast, to find a suitable spot for the location of a colony? Who has the judgment and perseverance necessary for an undertaking like this?"

Samuel J. Mills was pronounced to be the man.

"I will go," responded Mills with quiet energy, "God willing, God helping me, I will go."

"But not alone, a fitting man shall accompany you,—choose some one," said the society.

Mr. Mills cast his eyes around the circle of his acquaintance. "Who so loves the cause of Africa as to undertake it?" questioned he. They
rested on Mr. Ebenezer Burgess, now Dr. Burgess, of Dedham, Massachusetts. Mr. Mills sat down and wrote his friend, saying,—"I have been appointed by the board of the Colonization Society as their agent in this noble expedition, and I am requested by them, if possible, to find a person who will engage in this mission with me. Will you go, brother Burgess? My brother, can we engage in a nobler effort? We go to make freemen of slaves. We go to lay the foundation of a free and independent empire, on the coast of poor degraded Africa!" Mark that! there lay the New Republic, a great idea cradled in the far-reaching mind of Mills; and he knew it would not remain there and die out, a mere idea. He does not say, "I wish," "I hope." He does not speak discouragingly, or doubtfully, or fearfully. No! he says, "We go to lay the foundation of a free and independent empire, on the coast of poor degraded Africa." Already it loomed up in his mind's eye, and he beheld in the far off future, as with prophetic vision, the schools and churches, and coffee fields, and Christian homes, and happy hearts of the black man in that new Republic, planted on Africa's soil, by the Christian efforts of his own countrymen. The agency seemed so responsible, that Mr. Burgess at first thought to decline it; but bleeding Africa appealed to his Christian sympathies, and he dared not turn his back upon the proposal. He decided to go.

Wherever these young men went, they strove
to stir up and to deepen an interest in their mission. At home, abroad, and by the way, they pleaded the cause of Africa. Funds were needed to commence their work, but the money slowly came; while multitudes said, "Oh yes! it is an excellent, a glorious object," but they failed to give undoubted evidence of the sincerity of their declarations, by helping it on, by giving of their substance as they had opportunity. Sometimes things wore a discouraging aspect, but Mr. Mills never faltered. "I think the necessary funds will be provided, was his ever ready reply, and provided they were. Sums of money at last began to flow in from various channels, until the amount became large enough to cover the expenses of their journey. The Missionaries longed to be on their way. The Society instructed them to proceed to London; there to gather all the information that could be obtained about the West Coast of Africa, and procure letters of introduction to the Governor of the English Colony of blacks at Sierra Leone; from London to take ship to Sierra Leone, and make that Colony their head-quarters, while they should explore the coast, consult with the natives, and see if a good spot could be bought at a fair price for the purposes of the Colony.

Nov. 16, 1817, they went on board the ship Electra, at Philadelphia, bound for London. By the 5th of December, the shores of merry England met their gaze. The perils of the
ocean passed, they rejoiced in the speedy termination of their voyage. It was Sabbath evening. Hark! how fearfully the wind howls among the cordage! The captain stands on the quarter deck, anxiously surveying the stormy sky. The tempest increases. Through the long, dark night, every sailor is on duty. Daylight breaks, but the storm abates none of its violence. "Cut away the masts!" "Clear the decks!" "Let the wind have a clear sweep!" shouts the Captain. The crew work like men who feel that life hangs on the issue. The ship eased, the captain went below to change his clothes, drenched and frozen by the icy waters.

"Breakers ahead!" roared the mate. The captain rushed on deck to behold his ship rapidly drifting towards a ledge of rocks, over which the waters were breaking with fearful violence.

"We are gone for this world!" he cried in agony. Seizing his two sons, and jumping into the stern-boat, he ordered the stoutest sailor to follow. The boat swung off, rose on the top of an angry wave, then sank to rise no more. Where were the agents at this terrible moment? Was this the end of their mission? Were the first, feeble attempts for Africa thus to die? Were the pioneers in that New Republic to perish in the great battle of the waters? Cries of despair arose above the wailings of the storm. On the tempest-tost deck stood Mr. Burgess, commending to the mercy of God the trembling crew, who crowded around him;
"their souls melted because of the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Mr. Mills was in the cabin, with his fellow passengers, calling in importunate prayer upon Him "who holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hands, and the winds in his fist." A terrible doom awaited them. Swift destruction seemed fast coming upon them, when in a moment, a strong under current bore the ship into deeper waters, to the right of the ledge.

"Helm to the starboard side!" shouted the mate. The ship wore away from the rocks, and was safe.

"It is the work of God!" they all exclaimed. Yes, it was the work of God. He can save, and He can destroy. The next day they found themselves on the coast of France. At twelve o'clock on Tuesday, they made the port of St. Malo.

After remaining there six days, the missionaries took passage in a regular packet for England; and in thirty-six hours reached London. As soon as their object was made known, they received a cordial welcome. The excellent Mr. Wilberforce, who loved the cause of Africa with no common love, expressed the deepest sympathy for their object, and introduced them to William Dillwyn, Dr. Hodgkin, and a number of other gentlemen, who readily aided them in the furtherance of their designs. This visit to England greatly encouraged and strengthened their hearts. On the 3d of February, 1818,
they set sail for Sierra Leone. A pleasant passage took them to the coast of Africa by the 12th of March.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon," writes Mr. Mills, "we exulted at the sight of Africa, and began to draw imperfect sketches of the coast, the eminences, the trees, and every thing we could see."

And now, before we follow the travelers further, we must say a few things of Africa, speaking chiefly of the Western coast. There seem to be three races of people occupying this coast, the Moors, the Arabs, and the Negroes, which are far the greater number. Their villages are usually built in by-places, with the huts so huddled together, that if one takes fire, the remainder are rapidly consumed. This is done in hope of affording some protection against kidnappers. Rice is the chief food, with yams, plaintain, and sweet potatoes. The rice is merely thrown on the ground, and scratched in with a kind of rude hoe. The most delicious oranges, pine apples, guavas, grapes, and other tropical fruit grow upon the coast; but the people take no pains to cultivate them. The palm is their most valuable tree. It is said to be applied to three hundred and six-five uses. Huts are thatched with palm leaves; its fibres are used for fishing tackle; a rough cloth is made from the inner bark, while mats and baskets are manufactured from the outer; the fruit is roasted, and is excellent; the oil serves
for butter, and palm wine is a favorite drink. A large worm which thrives on this tree is a species of animal food, of which the natives are very fond. Vegetation is extremely luxuriant; and so rapid is its growth, one can almost see it grow. The trees never lose their verdure in this region of perpetual summer. There are two seasons, the wet and dry; drenching rains, violent gusts of wind, and dreadful thunder and lightning, indicate the approach of the rainy season, which is very unhealthy, and without extreme precaution, often proves fatal to foreigners.

The Western coast of Africa is visited and desolated by one of the most dreadful scourges which ever afflicted any portion of the human family, the Slave trade. It has killed its thousands, and tortured its tens of thousands; it is a traffic literally dyed in human blood. The Spanish and Portuguese have been principally engaged in it; though with pain be it added, that England and the United States have also shared in its emoluments and disgrace. Near the close of the last century, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Sharpe and Thornton, with resistless importance and unflagging efforts, regenerated public sentiment by spreading the iniquities of the traffic before the world. Their views and measures met with a lively sympathy in this country, where efforts had been so long made to resist the introduction of slaves. Massachusetts abolished the slave trade in 1774. Virginia
passed acts against all foreign slave trade in 1778; while Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Rhode Island prohibited it to any of their citizens in whatever form or degree, and under the severest penalties, in 1780, 1787, and 1788. The American Continental Congress passed a resolution against the importation of slaves from Africa, and published an exhortation to the Colonies to abandon the trade altogether. After the formation of the Federal government, the third Congress, in 1794, prohibited the carrying on of the slave trade between foreign countries from our ports, under penalties of fines and imprisonments. England abolished it in 1807. In the United States government, the laws upon this subject became more and more stringent, until in 1819, when, for the first time, the African slave trade was declared piracy, and participation in it was made punishable with death. It is worthy of note that Charles Fenton Mercer, of Virginia, proposed this measure, and urged it forward with all the energies of his strong mind, until at length it became the law of this land, and has since been adopted by most of the civilized nations of the world.

Slave markets are established all along the coast of Africa; and native kings are induced to engage in it, on account of its enormous profits. The following is not an unusual mode of supplying its demands:—

Boatswain, an African prince of great note, whose name will frequently appear in these
pages, received a quantity of goods from a French slaver, to be paid for in slaves. As the time of payment approached, the stipulated cargo was not in readiness. The king looked around the country for supplies. His eye at last lighted upon a small, peaceable tribe, the Queahs, into whose jungles he speedily and secretly dispatched a body of his boldest warriors, with orders to fall upon the sleeping and unoffending people at midnight, and capture all the young of both sexes. Every hut was burned; the aged and the little ones were inhumanly butchered, while the youth were hunted down, caught, chained together and driven down to the coast, where they were secured like wild beasts, until the arrival of the slaver.

Would you visit a slave factory? It will be painful, but it may awaken your sympathies for this dark land, and lead you to inquire "What can I do for the redemption of poor Africa?" Let us go with one who has been an eye witness of the scenes which are described. The barracoon, or slave pen, is an inclosure of an acre or more, one side of which is formed by a substantial bamboo house, two hundred feet long, and eighty wide; which serves as the sleeping apartment of the slaves. The adjoining side is formed by a shade of similar dimensions, the two ends and inner side of which are open. This serves as a place of rendezvous during the day. The remaining two sides are formed by a double palisade, which might be
easily forced by the occupants, if they were not fettered and guarded day and night. On our arrival at the gate, the slaves were all talking and making a loud and confused noise, not unlike that which is heard on entering a large menagerie. But when we opened the gate and entered, there was a most profound silence. Every eye was fixed upon us. What were their thoughts or feelings, can only be told by the expression of their countenances. Many of them had never seen a white man before, except the one who had bought them, and some had not even seen him. Most of them had imagined they were to be devoured by the whites. They suppose whatever kindness is shown them at the barracoons, is prompted by the same feeling which fattens the ox for slaughter. When we entered, many may have thought a victim was to be selected, or the time of their sailing was at hand, and in that very moment, may have given up the last lingering hope of being restored to their kindred and their homes. Among the slaves were persons of both sexes, from five to forty years of age. Not one of the number, of whatever age or sex, had any covering. A few of them appeared to be light-hearted and frivolous in spite of their chains; the countenances of others showed they were almost sunk to a state of idiocy; but most of them appeared thoughtful, pensive and melancholy.

With the exception of twenty or thirty inva-
lids, all were seated on logs laid lengthwise, and about three feet apart under the shade. The men were fastened two and two, one ankle of each being fettered. In moving about, which was apparently done with pain and difficulty, each rested one arm on the shoulder of the other. The women, girls, and half grown boys were made secure by a brass ring encircling the neck, through which a chain passed, grouping them together in companies of forty or fifty. There was one company which particularly appealed to the heart. It was a group of mothers, recently bereft of their children. Their countenances indicated an intensity of anguish, which cannot be described. Though heathen mothers, a flame had been kindled in their hearts which no calamity could extinguish. When infants are born in the barracocon, or when they are brought there with their mothers, because it is inconvenient to keep them in the factory, and almost impossible to carry them across the ocean, they are subjected to a premature and violent death. This is a common incident in the operations of the slave trade.

On one occasion, two or three hundred slaves broke their chains, and escaped from the barracocon. Most of them were afterwards retaken. The owner, having discovered the two leaders, determined to punish them in a manner calculated to frighten others from a similar attempt. As soon as they had been fastened, with their hands behind them, to two of the front posts of
the shade, the rest were assembled to behold the bloody spectacle. The Spaniard, in the presence of his victims, put a double charge into his gun, and then placing it within two feet of one of them, discharged the contents into his heart. The head of the poor creature dropped, the blood gushed forth in a torrent, and so he died. This, one would have thought, was sufficient to glut the vengeance of a fiend; but it was not enough to satisfy the merciless Spaniard. He reloaded and discharged his gun several times into the bleeding corpse, before he began his work of death upon the other, whom he at length dispatched in the same way. The bodies hung on the posts during the day, a ghastly spectacle, to palsy all future efforts of a similar character. This also is but the beginning of sorrows.

The horrors of a long passage across the Atlantic, scarcely admits of description. Four hundred human beings are sometimes crammed into a hole twelve yards in length, seven in breadth, and three and a half feet high; hot, parched, suffocating, wallowing in their own filth, kicked and beaten at the voice of wailing or complaint; so insufficiently supplied with water and food, that when on deck they greedily catch the drippings from the sails after a shower, apply their lips to the wet masts, lick the decks when washed with salt water, and crawl to the coops to share the supply placed there for the fowls. And even then scores of crushed and mangled corpses are often death’s allowance in
the hold of a slaver. And the end is not yet—the wretched captive is sold in Christian lands, to wear out his life in hopeless bondage, in weary, wasting and unceasing toil.

Are these things now so? is anxiously asked. Yes, the slave trade is prosecuted with greater vigor and to a greater extent than at any previous period. Where fifty thousand slaves were annually exported, there are now two hundred thousand. Brazil, Cuba, and other of the West India Islands are deeply involved in it. And it is calculated that at least one third of all the negroes taken on board, perish before reaching the coast of America.

The laws passed against it by the different Christian governments, and the measures adopted to enforce their authority, by increasing the chances of detection, have multiplied its horrors, without in any degree diminishing the evil itself.

"But," it may again be asked; "Can nothing be done to put a stop to this traffic in human misery? Shall Christians look tamely on and suffer such things to be so, in these later days of the world's civilization?"

What can be done? Truly, it is one of the great questions of the day, involving the rights and happiness and immortal destinies of millions of human beings. English and American ships of war have been sent to cruise all along the African waters, with orders to seize every vessel engaged in the trade. While they may
have accomplished something, it is at the same time true, that they cannot be at the entrance of every harbor, cove, and river's mouth. Slavers, being usually fast sailing craft, built or altered for the purpose, and "possessing" says one, "the same cunning as men-of-war-men, watch an armed vessel as closely as they can possibly watch him, and taking advantage of every movement, no sooner is it out of sight, than they cram their human cargo into the hold, and commit their safety to the agility of the vessel, which is almost always superior; and nine times out of ten, are not taken, even though pursued." There is one thing more to try. Wise men regard it as the only safe thing which can be done, and which, if done, in the end must annihilate the slave trade; a glorious result, worthy of patient hope, of earnest endeavor, of slow, unceasing, unwearied effort. It is to plant Christian civilization, to lay the foundation of Christian institutions all along the coast of Africa, "like sunlight on the edge of a dark cloud, giving promise that the shadow shall pass away." Is not this the more excellent way? If school-houses, and churches, and Bible truth could protect her shores, and pour their united blessings upon her suffering and benighted people, the slave trade must be dried at its fountains, giving place to new sources of revenue, and new spheres of activity, drawn from her exhaustless vegetation and her luxuriant forests. Is there any thing but the power
of Christian truth, oftentimes slow and almost unperceived in its effects, yet sure and powerful in the end, that can break the bands of oppression, and let the oppressed go free; that will cause the sighing of the captive to cease, and restore to him those unalienable rights, granted to him by his Maker, of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

What then seems to be needed in Africa is Christian institutions. Perhaps the friends of Colonization saw this years ago. At any rate with unwearied zeal they have labored for this great end. England took the lead, and planted Sierra Leone; American Colonization followed on, and the course of this history will develop its measures and results.

Where are our travelers? We left them standing on the deck of the ship Mary, rejoicing to behold Africa.
CHAPTER III.

SIGHT-SEEING IN AFRICA.

"To heaven the Christian negro sent his sighs,
In morning vows and evening sacrifice."

On March 22d, Sabbath morning, we find Mills and Burgess sailing up the river of Sierra Leone. What was the first distinct object which met their eager gaze in dark, degraded, slave-making Africa? A slaver sweeping swiftly by them? A barracoon of captives? A savage war-dance? Groves of the lordly palm dotting the coast? No—none of these. It was a beautiful church, with its sky-pointing spire, built on an elevated position, and commanding a view of the neighboring country. They beheld, as it were, "Ethiopia stretching forth hands unto God." It gladdened their hearts, and gave a deep and peculiar interest to this, their first Sabbath in Africa. "There are signs of promise for poor Africa," they exclaimed gratefully. "She shall yet shake herself from the dust, and loose the bands from her neck—she has sold herself for naught—she shall be redeemed without money."

The ship landed at Freetown, the chief place in the Colony. Sierra Leone, as you know, is
an English Colony of Free Blacks; it was planted in 1787: after struggling through many and severe difficulties, it has become a happy and flourishing settlement. On presenting their English letters the next day, they found the Governor absent, but the other officers and the principal colonists kindly received them, and proffered every assistance in their power.

How much that was deeply interesting, had our travelers to see and hear in this new country! As they went over the farms and visited the workshops, the industry and thrift of the colonists surprised and gratified them, while their examination of the schools gave them the greatest delight. They were first introduced to the boys' school, where two hundred black boys were as orderly, as studious, as intelligent-looking, as two hundred white boys at any time. Classes in reading, spelling and arithmetic were called out, and Mr. Mills declared he never heard better recitations in any school in the United States. The girls' department numbered one hundred; they were neatly dressed, and the same obedience and good order everywhere prevailed. Not a white child was among them.

One evening, they were invited to meet several colored gentlemen at the house of one of the colonists.

"We should like to hear something of your plans," said Mr. John Kizell, who seemed to be a prominent man among them. "The object pleases us very much—perhaps we can help
you—I have been in America, and I feel interested in Christian people there." They were surprised at Mr. Kizell's declaration, and asked concerning his history. He then stated, that when a little boy, while on a visit to an uncle at the sea-coast, a gang of wretches rushed upon the sleeping villagers, to secure a cargo of slaves. The natives fought for their lives; many were butchered, many fled; almost all his uncle's family were killed, while a number of the youth were seized, chained and hurried off to a slave-ship, bound for Charleston, South Carolina. It was a dreadful passage over the Atlantic. Torn from their country and homes, under the lash of a cruel master, the poor captives were as wretched as could be. One heart-broken mother, refusing to be comforted, pined away in sorrow. The savage captain ordered her to be tied to the mast and flogged to death, as a warning to others, not to suffer their grief to prey upon their spirits and make them sick, sick negroes commanding no price in the market. Soon after reaching America, he joined the English army, who offered freedom to every slave who would desert the enemy's ranks. In 1792, he found his way back to Africa. The story deeply affected our travelers. They made known their plans, asked the best way of exploring the coast and of holding intercourse with the natives.

"Our instructions are to visit the Island of Sherbro," they went on to say.

"It is where I live," said Kizell; "the Gov-
ernor sent me to Sherbro to use what influence I could, in breaking up the slave trade in those regions. Go with me, and I will aid you."

It proved an interesting evening to Messrs. Mills and Burgess. Before the company parted, they knelt in prayer, to thank God for his mercies and to entreat his blessing upon benighted Africa. Kizell's appearance made a most favorable impression upon them; he seemed like a true-hearted, Christian man, having the best welfare of his country deeply at heart. Being anxious to secure the object of their mission before the hot weather came on, a week at Sierra Leone was all that could be spared. On Monday, the 30th of March, behold them sailing down the river in a small sloop of ten tons, which they had hired with its captain and crew for six dollars a day. Kizell and one other negro accompanied them. The weather was serene, and keeping near the coast, they had fine views of the country. By the first of April, Sherbro Island was in sight. This island, distant about one hundred and twenty miles from Sierra Leone, is about twenty-five miles long and from fifteen to twenty wide, and was the home of several chiefs. As the sloop hove in sight of Bendou, King Samona sent out a canoe, to ascertain who was on board, and what they were in quest of.

"Tell the king, two gentlemen from America have come to see him," said Kizell to the messenger. At ten o'clock, they went on shore,
conducted by Kizell, who was well acquainted with all the chiefs and head-men far and near. They proceeded directly to the Palaver house, where the king was waiting to receive them. A Palaver house is an African town hall, consisting usually of a roof supported by posts. Kizell sat down by the king, while the white men took their seats in front of him. Samona made quite a respectable appearance in a gown and pantaloons, hat and shoes. Presently another chief entered, who was visiting Samona. He was gaily attired in a silver-laced coat, a large three-cornered hat, and a long, rich mantle about his neck, with bare legs and feet. Kizell then introduced the parties to each other. Their majesties declared there could be no business, until presents had been given them. Kizell hastened to the sloop and brought back a piece of cloth, a keg of powder and some tobacco. These were laid at their feet, but very ungraciously looked upon by the kings. Their countenances wore a sullen and dissatisfied look. "We cannot hold a palaver without rum," they declared at last. This was a mournful sound to the agents, although the temperance movement had not yet begun, and conscientious scruples regarding the use of ardent spirits, either as an article of traffic or as an interchange of courtesies, had as yet scarcely existed.

"We will not hold palaver without rum." With this flat refusal the proceedings seemed about to end, or rather never to begin, when a jar was reluctantly set before them.
"There are two kings, and there must be two jars;" nor would they speak farther until their demands were complied with. A second jar was produced, and the palaver went on.

Kizell arose and said: "These gentlemen come from America—from Washington, the capital of the United States. Wise and good men want to help the black people, who wish to come back to their country. It is good—good for black people, both in America and Africa. If you will sell them lands, people will come and till the soil, and buy what you want to sell, and sell what you want to buy."

"Have they got a book?" asked Safah, meaning their instructions. They showed him their papers, while Kizell read aloud that article which directed them to go to Sherbro.

"We be younger brothers to King Sherbro—we wait his answer—we thank you for the presents—if the people come, they must bring us more presents," said the kings. One wanted a large hat and shoes, the other a silver-headed cane and a black horse-tail! a black horse-tail being a badge of distinction in Africa. After the palaver was over, rum was handed freely around among the people, which soon produced a noisy mirth far from agreeable to the ears of our travelers, and from which they were glad to escape by a speedy return to the sloop.

The next day, with a favorable wind and tide, they crossed over to Yonie, the residence of King Sherbro. Kizell went on shore to give
notice of their coming. On the beach he was met by Prince Kong Couber, King Sherbro's eldest son, who shook him by the hand and begged him to visit his hut.

"Two gentlemen are out in the vessel yonder," said Kizell, pointing to the sloop. "They come from the head-men in America—from Washington."

"Hem! hem!" answered the prince.

"They are sent to King Sherbro, to get a place for some black people who are free in that land, to come and sit down by Sherbro, if he will give them land," proceeded Kizell.

"Hem! hem!" answered the prince.

"The offer is made to Sherbro. If he don't want them, they find some other spot—spots plenty."

"Hem! hem!"

"If they come, a great thing to Sherbro and his people; they bring schools and teach the children, and tell the big ones how to till the land. We die soon, but the children will learn, and know more than their fathers."

"Hem! hem!" was the still cautious reply of the prince.

"These people will make things cheaper and plentier—they come quiet—no war—no fight—if our people do bad, no muskets fired, but a regular palaver—if you don't believe it, send some head-man to Washington, and see," persisted Kizell.

"Hem! hem!" still responded the non-com-
mittal prince, who maintained his reserve until after dinner, when he said, "It's good, what you talk—good—we must see the king, I am only a boy to him. The kings and head-men own the country—they must say—palaver tomorrow—all come—then answer."

Kizell went back to the vessel, with a more favorable message than might have at first been expected. The next morning, laden with presents, they went on shore. Couber watched them from his hut, and ran down to the beach to meet them. His manners were very friendly, and immediately he led them to his father's hut, where the old king sat, dressed in a calico robe, a three-cornered hat on his head, with a silver-headed cane in his left hand, and a black horse-tail in the right. Sherbro received them kindly, and motioned to them to sit down under the cooling shade of a spreading tree. Some eighty head-men arranged themselves in a circle around their chief, while scores of women and children stood afar off, peeping at the white strangers with wonder and curiosity. Kizell then made known their object in coming to Africa. "See," added he, "no arms in their hands—wish no war—they bring school—they bring the book of God, and when you understand it, it will make you more happy when you live, more happy when you die. What word will King Sherbro send back to America?"

Prince Couber answered for his father, saying, "All you say is well, very well; but no answer till Safah and Samona come."
Many questions were asked, and no small degree of interest was manifested in their plans. The palaver lasted some hours, and ended with a pleasing impression on both sides.

The next day was the Sabbath. No church-bell echoed along the shore, no house of prayer attracted the pious heart, no morning and evening incense was offered to the Living God upon this pagan soil. Our travelers sorrowed for the darkness and degradation of Africa; they longed to preach to the poor natives the gospel of peace, to offer them the bread of life, and direct their steps to the wells of salvation. In company with Kizell, they went to Prince Couber's hut.

"This is called the Sabbath day in Christian lands," said Kizell, "when the great God's book is read to all the people."

"Our people be glad to hear the great God's book—the best book it is—God's palaver is the old and good palaver," answered Couber seriously.

Then Mr. Mills in plain and simple language narrated to him the story of creation and of redemption; he dwelt upon the goodness of God in sending his beloved Son Jesus Christ into the world to become the Friend and Saviour of sinners, and how worthy was he of our love and worship, and he alone above all other gods.

"Yes," added Kizell, "devils, that Africans worship, tell lies. Leopards come down and drive us away, alligator catches a boy and eats
him—negroes say, witch kill him—then we go and sell a whole family to be slaves, to please witch. This is all devil's lies."

Couber looked very sober, and listened with great attention—"Good words—good words—good for me and my people." Poor Couber never heard words, like those which now fell upon his ear. He felt that these white men were far different people from the slave dealers, and he longed for the blessings which they could bring into his dark land.

Messengers had been despatched to the other chiefs, summoning them to a general palaver. It was several days before Safah and Samona arrived.

One morning, they were awakened by fearful howlings from the land.

"Somebody in the king's family is dead," said Kizell, in answer to their anxious inquiries; "this is African custom." It proved to be one of Couber's wives. Mr. Burgess immediately went on shore to offer him their sympathy and consolation.

"May the Lord bless you," said the afflicted, but grateful prince; "as you came to this country with good wishes, may you find good things."

Meanwhile the kings arrived, but the palaver could not go on until after the burial of the princess. Kizell spent most of his time with the chiefs, urging the importance of selling their land to these distant brethren, and expatiating upon the advantages which would flow to them
from their re-settlement in Africa. "Yes," he often used to declare, "Africa is the land of the blacks, and to Africa they must and will come. As to the land, it belongs as much to the Africans abroad as to those in the country. The good people in America have only to help them out, and get them fairly started, then they will find no difficulty in helping themselves."

At last, on Friday, at ten o'clock, word was sent to the sloop, that the kings were in readiness for business. They hastened on shore, and were soon assembled under the friendly shade of the spreading palm. There sat old Sherbro, grave and dignified, Safah on one side and Samona on the other, each holding in the right hand a black horse-tail, the insignia of royalty. Couber squatted on a mat before his father. Kizell and the missionaries sat opposite, facing the kings.

"We are come," said Kizell, breaking the silence.

"We see you," replied Couber, who seemed to be spokesman; "we are glad—we love you—we do not hate you—we love your country—we are friends—we love peace—war is not good—but when you did come from the head-men of your country to Sherbro, where is the letter you did bring to Sherbro?"

The missionaries told him, their instructions were to visit the Island of Sherbro and consult with the kings, but as King Sherbro in particular was unknown, no letter was directed to him.
The palaver lasted many hours. Mr. Mills at last asked, "What answer shall we carry back to our people? Will King Sherbro receive his children?"

"Yes," answered the king, "yes—we cannot hate them—we receive them."

"Are the presents you gave us to pay for the land?" asked Safah.

"No, we will pay you a fair price for your land," replied Mills; "these are gifts."

A general agreement was then entered into, the definite terms of which were to be settled upon the arrival of the colonists. It was written in two books, one for king Sherbro and the other for Mr. Mills. No one seemed more deeply interested in these proceedings than Couber; he keenly felt the degradation and ignorance of his countrymen, and had long in secret desired that something might happen to bless and benefit his poor, unhappy country. He wanted to send two of his sons to America for an education; and whenever he looked at Kizell, he wished that he too had been made a captive, if through slavery he could but learn the manners, customs and knowledge of other nations. Alas! few slaves have found the happy redemption which John Kizell had.

At parting with Couber on the beach, he gave the missionaries two mats for their fathers, and a goat for their men. "May God bless you, and give you a good voyage to your country!" he exclaimed, grasping them by the hand with
deep emotion. When the vessel weighed anchor, he sank down beneath an orange tree, watching her with anxious and sorrowful eyes, as she bore away over the dark blue waters. It was the last they ever saw of poor Couber.

After making some further examination of the coast, they returned to Sierra Leone, highly gratified with the result of their survey.

On the 22d of May, they went on board the brig Success, and set sail for the United States.

"We may now," said Mills to his friend, as they stood upon the quarter-deck, taking their last, long look at poor, unhappy Africa, "we may now be thankful to God and congratulate each other that the dangers and labors of our mission are over—the prospects are fair, that we shall once more return to our dear, native land, and see the faces of our beloved parents and friends."

Never did the privileges of a Christian land and the blessings of a Christian home seem so inexpressibly dear to them, as they did then, in contrast with the vacant and dreary ignorance of native life in a heathen land.

Our travelers are on an untroubled sea, and prosperous winds are bearing them onward, "but one shall be taken, and the other left;" one was nearing his last home; one was rapidly drifting to the Port of Peace. Just thirty days after leaving Sierra Leone, Mr. Mills was no more. He had taken a severe cold, and every remedy was fruitless: death was approaching,
but it had no terrors for him. A heavenly smile rested on his face and his hands were clasped in prayer, when the sainted spirit returned to God, who gave it. The next evening his body was committed to the great deep, and Mr. Burgess was left sorrowing and alone.

Thus fell by the way, the first workman in the new Republic. Brave, great-hearted, holy man, we honor thy work, and thy memory is precious! Farewell!
CHAPTER IV.

THE NIGHT OF TOIL.

"Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both over them and in them; The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail."

_Tupper._

The news of Mr. Burgess' return spread joy and sorrow through the country; joy to behold his face again, and for the good report which he made of the land; sorrow that he came alone, and that one so eminently fitted for usefulness in the church and the world had been cut down in the prime of his life; but he had entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God, and his friends wept not as those without hope. The favorable account which Mr. Burgess gave of their mission to the African coast, greatly encouraged the friends of Colonization, and added many new allies to its ranks. They now prepared for definite action, which was to lay the foundations of a Colony.

Perhaps on no mind did their journal make a deeper impression, or awaken a more stirring
interest than on Lott Cary's, and on that of his friend Colin Teage. Colin lived in Richmond, and had raised 1300 dollars for the redemption of himself, a son and a daughter. Their purposes were soon formed. A desire to go and carry the blessed gospel to that benighted region "was like fire in their bones." Lott's friends gathered around him, beseeching him to pause and consider. How could he leave his snug farm, his handsome salary, and his thousand opportunities for usefulness, to encounter the dangers of an African climate, and risk everything to plant a colony on a distant shore? "I am an African," he replied firmly, "and in this country, however meritorious my conduct and respectable in my character, I cannot receive the credit due to either. I wish to go to a country where I shall be estimated by my merits, not by my complexion; and I feel bound to labor for my suffering race."

When his employers learned his decision, they raised his salary to a thousand dollars; but dollars could not buy him off, or tempt him from his purpose.

"I long to preach to the poor Africans the way of salvation," he exclaimed. "I do not know what may befall me—whether I may find a grave in the ocean, or among savage men, or more savage wild beasts; nor am I anxious what may become of me. I know my duty, and I am resolved to do it." Though he was not able to go out with the first colonists, he soon
followed to face their foes and to share their toils.

Congress, in 1819, passed an act authorizing the President to send out an agency to Africa, for the purpose of providing an asylum for recaptured negroes. The Society determined to plant their Colony beside the government station.

"And now, who are willing to move in this enterprise? Who is ready to meet the hardships which the first settlers on any soil must encounter?"

There was no lack of laborers. A large number of blacks offered to go.

"We will go back to the land of our fathers," said they.

"We go to be men—no longer to be crushed by superiority, by scorn, by poverty."

"We go to show what the black man is capable of being—reasonable, industrious, persevering, reflecting freemen."

"We go to plant Bible institutions and Christian civilization on the soil of Africa."

"We shall be exiles, self-banished from our homes, to starve, to die on foreign shores," said others, more timid and less hopeful for the future. Thinking, intelligent Africans were decidedly in favor of the movement. Thirty families, numbering eighty-nine persons, were accepted by the Society, and began to prepare for their departure. The government concluded to send out two vessels, one a sloop-of-war and the other
a merchantman, to carry out workmen and tools necessary for beginning a settlement. Emigrants were offered a passage on board the Elizabeth. Rev. Samuel Bacon and Mr. John P. Bankson were the government Agents. Dr. Samuel Crozer acted for the Colonization Society. The whole party assembled at New York, and Monday, 21st of January, 1820, was the day of embarkation. Religious services were performed in the African Church of that city, where a large number assembled at an early hour. The greatest interest was awakened; indeed, amid the sadness of the departing, the opposition of the fearful, the anticipation of untried dangers, the difficulties consequent upon every new movement, the excitement increased to such a degree that the emigrants went secretly on board, before the multitude could assemble on the wharves to witness their embarkation. The Elizabeth then weighed anchor and fell down the stream. An intense cold came on in the night, and she became ice-bound in the harbor, nor was she released from her fetters for more than a week. The farewell spoken, it was painful for the emigrants to linger within sight of those shores which they never again expected to behold, and almost within sound of those scenes, now doubly dear to their hearts, in which they could never again mingle. Ships in those days had fewer comforts than ships in our time, and already the passengers began to have a foretaste of those inconveniences and
sufferings which every one must expect to experience in reaching and rearing new and distant homes. Some grew faint-hearted, and murmured, "Wherefore are we brought here, with our wives and our little ones, to be a prey?"

Those who had counted the cost, and made up their minds to look every difficulty in the face with a steady eye and a brave heart, stood firm and unmoved, rejoicing even that they were accounted worthy to be pioneers in an enterprise, whose far off yet glorious results already seem to gild the dark mountain tops of Africa with the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

Once fairly at sea, after a short passage, the Elizabeth entered the harbor of Sierra Leone. The Governor received them cordially, and offered to expedite their plans by all the means in his power. What was first to be done? Must they wait for the sloop-of-war, which had not yet arrived? Could the Elizabeth navigate the Sherbro waters? It was feared not, and John Kizell was not there to benefit them by his advice. Mr. Bacon bought a small schooner, and putting some of the cargo on board, both vessels sailed towards Sherbro Sound, about 120 miles distant. Arriving at the Sound, the waters were found to be too shoal for the Elizabeth, and she cast anchor several miles from the shore.

The colonists now needed the presence of Kizell; they longed to behold one whose prudent and urgent counsels had been of such es-
sential service to the exploring agents, and whose warm heart they were assured would welcome them with a brother's love.

"John Kizell we must find," said Mr. Bacon, and he determined to explore the country in quest of his settlement. Mr. Bacon coasted along the shore, occasionally landing and making inquiries of the natives, until he came off Campelar, the place of his residence. Here he landed and made himself known. Kizell wept for joy at beholding him.

"I am glad you have come—glad to see your people!" he exclaimed, and thanked God for the good day. He begged them to make no delay in landing, promising speedily to provide both huts and food. That evening, the voice of praise and thanksgiving ascended from this little band of African Christians in the palm groves of their father-land, with a savor sweeter than spices, and a token of the planting of that tree whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. Their naked countrymen, wild, dirty, and savage, came lounging through the thickets, with curiosity and wonder, trying to hold intercourse with them through the medium of the few English words already familiar to their ear. Alas! those English words were little more than oaths and curses, learned from the slaver's crew. How striking was the contrast between them and the new comers, clean, orderly, well dressed, sober, Christian men and women. It was a happy evening. Kizell's friendliness
gave favorable indications for the future; Mr. Bacon was full of hope; the emigrants began to conclude that after all, it was not so bad to live in Africa, with a plenty of goats and fish for food, and with an abundance of oranges, cocoas, and every delicious fruit hanging over their heads.

Meanwhile, the war-sloop Cyane reached Sierra Leone, and a messenger was sent to Mr. Bacon, informing him of its arrival. He immediately returned to Sierra Leone, where it was agreed that some of the Cyane's crew should man the Augusta, the little sloop which Mr. Bacon had bought, and return with him to visit Sherbro. Lieutenant Townsend took the command. On reaching the island, the men were busily employed in removing the stores from the vessels to the shore, while Mr Bacon visited the chiefs, to know what land they were willing to sell, and on what terms it could be bought. He was coolly received by the Sherbro kings. On urging the claims of their agreement made with the former agents, they sometimes promised an immediate attention to the business, sometimes refused to sell without consulting others in the interior, and sometimes declared they did not want to hold palaver with him at all.

In this unexpected emergency, he turned to Kizell for aid, who said, "Yes, yes—I help you. I talk with head-men." But it was not long before Mr. Bacon discovered that no progress was making in the business. One day, on returning
from an unsuccessful interview with the kings, he found several of his people complaining of dreadful pains in the head, back and limbs. Anxious forebodings filled his bosom. Fearing the African fever, he prescribed to the best of his ability, and awaited with the deepest solicitude the arrival of the schooner which had gone to the Elizabeth for stores. Twenty-five were soon ill with a burning fever. Badly provided with shelter, with none of the comforts and few of the necessaries which sick men need, under a scorching sun and amid the heavy night-damps, in a strange land, surrounded by suspicious and jealous natives, no wonder that the prospect became disheartening. On every side were groans, and tears, and bitter complaints. A messenger was hastily despatched to Dr. Crozer, begging him to make no delay in reaching the island.

Nor was it long before a boat hove in sight, bearing Mr. Bankson, Dr. Crozer and Lieutenant Townsend; all, alas, lying dangerously ill of the same disease. Mr. Bacon’s cares and anxieties multiplied. Eight sick families were on his hands, with not a single member able to cook his own food, or perform the smallest service; while those who continued well, refused to work, stole from the stores, and seemed to be fast loosing all respect for themselves, or interest in their friends and employers. Up early and late, without shoes, stockings, hat or coat, behold Mr. Bacon attending the sick, comforting
the dying, dealing out stores, handling casks, toiling at the oar. In wet and heat, in hunger and thirst, he wrought unceasingly for the comfort and benefit of his suffering companions.

The island on which the emigrants landed, had unfortunately proved to be low and unhealthy. The wet season was approaching, so dangerous to strangers, and the absorbing desire now was, to remove to a more salubrious situation.

What was to be done? Where is Kizell?
To whom could they look for aid?

"O God! who can help but thou?" cried Mr. Bacon, in the extremity of his troubles.

The apparent coldness of Kizell in this emergency, added to his perplexity and distress. He seldom came among them, and at last entirely withdrew. This change of conduct in one whose intelligent views and friendly zeal to promote the good of his countrymen had greatly encouraged their hopes and fortified them for the enterprise, appeared unaccountable and disheartening. The reasons which influenced him are unknown; but it can scarcely be doubted, had Mr. Bacon lived, the seeming misunderstanding might have been cleared up, and the cloud which now rests upon his conduct might have passed away. Mr. Bacon sank beneath his multiplied cares, Dr. Crozer died, Mr. Bankson soon followed, Lieutenant Townsend and all the boat's crew sleep their last sleep on the African coast. Contending with toils and
discouragements of no ordinary kind; grappling with a fever of no common malignancy, these brave men stood at their posts of duty, cheering each other on, encouraging the dismayed, sympathizing with the suffering, nursing the sick, until they sank to rise no more. Twenty emigrants shared the same fate. What a pall hung upon the prospects of the feeble remnant. Their leaders fallen; without a guide or counsel or protection, they were like sheep without a shepherd in the howling wilderness; but He "who led his people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron," gave power "to the faint, and to them that had no might he increased strength." Before his death, Dr. Crozer committed his agency into the hands of one of the leading emigrants, Rev. Daniel Coker, a colored clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Finding himself at the head of affairs in a most perilous crisis, and feeling the need of advice, he determined upon going to Sierra Leone, as soon as the condition of the sick would allow. At that hour, with the sick, the dying and the dead about him, entrusted with new responsibilities connected with the welfare of a large body of people and the preservation of a large amount of property, with no one to counsel or befriend him, how does this new workman on the foundations of the new republic stand out to light? Does he flag, or flinch, or fear? Alone he stands, with a dark present and a darker future; but does he draw fearfully and timidly
back? His language on that night of toil, is truly sublime.

"We have met with trials; we are but a handful; our provisions are running low; we are in a strange and heathen land; we have not heard from America, and know not whether more provisions or people will be sent out; yet, thank the Lord, my confidence is strong in the veracity of his promises. Tell my brethren to come—fear not—this land is good; it only wants men to possess it. I have opened a little Sabbath school for native children. O, it would do your hearts good to see the little naked sons of Africa around me. Tell the colored people to come up to the help of the Lord. Let nothing discourage the Society or the colored people." Herein do we not read the words of a stout-hearted Christian hero? He daunted! he fearful! he dismayed! No! The work must be done, though hundreds fall in the outset. He sees that Africa must be Christianized and civilized, and stands boldly relying upon the promises of God that it will be done. "Come up to the help of the Lord; let nothing discourage the Society or the colored people."

When the news of these disasters reached this country, the faint-hearted exclaimed, "Our effort must be abandoned—no one can live on the African coast. We cannot row against wind and tide; it costs too great a sacrifice." Abandon it! No true-hearted man for a moment thought of abandoning it. Was North Carolina
abandoned because the whole colony at Roanoke was swept from existence? Was Jamestown abandoned, when one-half of her people perished before autumn? Did the Pilgrims abandon Plymouth in that distressing season, when there were but seven men able to render assistance, and seven kernels of parched corn for each one's daily ration? Did the border settlers abandon their villages because the forest was skirted by a savage foe?

The baptism of suffering is sprinkled upon every lofty enterprise, and he is unworthy to engage in it, who timidly shrinks from bearing his part!

As the shadows of disease and discouragement began to pass away, it was found that only twenty out of the eighty-eight emigrants died of fever; the remainder recovered without the aid even of medicine or nursing. The African climate still proves dangerous to the white man though it seems well adapted to the constitution of the negro. After the first acclimating sickness, he enjoys good health, with the prospect of long life.

Brave spirits were soon ready to start and occupy the posts of the fallen leaders. Rev. E. Bacon, a brother of the deceased, and Mr. Winn, were appointed government agents; Rev. Joseph Andrus and Mr. Wiltberger, agents for the Society. With all possible dispatch they were fitted out, and reached Sierra Leone in
safety, where they found Mr. Coker anxiously awaiting an arrival from America.

After much inquiry and consultation, it was concluded to abandon the Sherbro country, and seek a more healthy location. The Governor of Sierra Leone kindly offered the emigrants a home at Fourra Bay within the limits of the English Colony, until a better and more permanent situation could be provided for them. For this purpose, a new exploration of the coast was necessary, and Messrs. Andrus and Bacon prepared for the voyage. Coasting along for some 300 miles in a southeasterly direction, they hove in sight of a high bluff of land, whose healthy position and safe anchorage, had long made it one of the most commanding and desirable points on the coast. It was called Cape Mesurado. For an hundred years, the principal powers of Europe had in vain tried to gain possession of it. France and England had made repeated offers to the head chiefs, occupying the territory, who steadily and invariably refused to part with even an acre. Indeed the kings were known to be extremely hostile to the whites, always rejecting their most advantageous proposals. The schooner cast anchor, and Mr. Andrus went on shore to look about. King Peter held dominion over the land; a warlike and powerful prince, deeply engaged in the slave-trade. A head-man came forward, and begged to know the object of his visit. An interview with the king was requested, and mes-
sengers were immediately sent to his majesty who peremptorily declined seeing the strangers. A present was dispatched to conciliate him, but his majesty was not to be conciliated; the present was returned. After so unpromising a beginning, all further attempts towards a negotiation seemed hopeless, and the agents reluctantly went back to their boat. On their way, they beheld large droves of Africans, penned like wild beasts, and a French schooner lying off, waiting an opportunity of running in and carrying away a cargo of slaves. Weighing anchor, they proceeded 60 miles along the coast, when the schooner became becalmed at the mouth of a river, at a place called the Great Bassa. Ten or fifteen canoes put off from the shore, filled with natives, bringing out a plentiful supply of yams, plantains, pine-apples, palm-oil, and palm wine. Fowls were sold for one leaf of tobacco, and an hundred oysters for half a pound. A friendly invitation to come on shore was given, which the agents readily accepted, and a jolly old Kroo-man by the name of Bottle Beer, offered to conduct them around the country. Coming to the left bank of the Grand Bassa river, and no canoe being in sight, they were at a loss to know how to reach the villages on the opposite side.

"Me carry you over," proposed Bottle Beer; "hoist your legs over my shoulders." Thus relieved of their perplexities, Mr. Andrus was soon safely landed on the other side.
"I am so fat, Bottle Beer, you cannot carry me," said Mr. Bacon.

"Me strong, me carry you, Daddy," persisted the accommodating Bottle Beer, and Mr. Bacon was speedily mounted. They proceeded to Bottle Beer's town, where they were kindly welcomed by the natives, who flocked around them with curiosity and interest. Several other villages were visited, and the same friendly disposition was everywhere manifested.

The appearance of the country made a favorable impression upon the travelers, and upon more extended observations, it was thought to be a suitable spot for the location of a colony. They signified their wish to hold a palaver with the chiefs, and to further this object, various presents were dispatched into the interior. This is called "pay service," and is necessary to secure the good-will of the lords of the soil. A meeting was appointed at the palaver-house of Jumbo-town, and King Jack Ben of Grand Bassa presided over its councils. When Mr. Bacon laid some gifts at his feet, he said in broken English, "Me tanke you—me tanke you—now what you want—tell." They clearly stated their objects—"to get land for the black men in America to come and sit down upon. They would make a great town, where ships would come and trade with cloth, beads, knives, tobacco, pipes, and in return take ivory, palm-oil, and every thing that grows in their fields;
then they need no more to sell their own people, but carry on good and lawful trade."

The chiefs listened with profound attention, and the object seemed to make a favorable impression upon their minds. "Palaver to-
morrow—palaver tomorrow," they said, and therewith ended the business of the day. The result was, that King Jack Ben agreed to sell them a tract of land for the Colony, the terms of which were written in "Book," as every written agreement was called by the natives. His majesty seemed highly delighted at beholding the young prince dressed in a pair of trowsers, given him by the agents, while the people joy-
fully exclaimed, "He gentleman, all one white man!" Indeed they succeeded in inspiring Jack Ben with so much confidence in their char-
acter and intentions, that he was desirous of intrusting his son to their care, to be taken to Sierra Leone to "learn read."

The natives of this region were found to be in the grossest heathenism, the devil being lit-
erally worshiped, by the name of the "Dibbly man." They believe in a good and evil deity, but the latter, to whose malign influence all the ills of life are attributed, obtains by far the largest share of their worship and sacrifices. Every village has its own devil, who is represented by a man covered with dry rushes, with two or three handkerchiefs tied in a fantastic manner about his face, a row of coarse shells around his eyes, while his head is surmounted by a flaming
1red cap four or five feet high. The creature
goes about uttering hideous yells and making
frightful grimaces; his senseless chattering are
regarded as divine oracles, and the fate of many
a hapless victim is dependent upon his will.
How pure, how reasonable, how exalted are the
requirements of Christianity, compared with the
tyranny and ignorance of pagan superstitions!

After an absence of nearly seven weeks, the
schooner made the port of Sierra Leone. The
agents returned from their voyage in good
health, and increasingly interested in every-
ting pertaining to the enterprise. The desola-
tions and degradation of heathenism deeply
affected the mind of Mr. Andrus. His Christ-
ian sympathies became strongly enlisted in be-
half of the poor Africans. "I must preach to
them the gospel of our Lord Jesus," he ex-
claimed; "I will stay and devote my whole life
to missionary labor in this dark land." But the
Heavenly Master had a wider sphere and a
nobler work for this devoted servant. A few
weeks more, and Mr. Andrus left the scene of
his earthly duties, to enter upon the joyful rea-
lities of the heavenly world. Mr. and Mrs.
Winn soon followed, while Mr. and Mrs. Bacon,
weakened by fever and brought to the verge of
the grave, were put on board a vessel bound to
America, where they safely arrived, greatly
benefited by the voyage.

Again the leaders are prostrate! the front
ranks are cut down! Dark is the night of toil.
Mr. Wiltberger, one of the Colonization Agents, is left alone, unaided by the wise counsels and unsustained by the cheerful courage of his fellow laborers. He is sorrowful and weary, but not faint-hearted. God sustains him. Stretching his hands towards America, he exclaims, "Who will stand in the breach? Who will come over and help us? Who will work for Africa?"

Already another brave heart is enlisted in the cause.

"Here am I—I will go!" responded Dr. Eli Ayres, of Philadelphia, and immediately offered himself to the Colonization Society.

Soon after his arrival at Sierra Leone, Captain Stockton, of the war ship Alligator, came on the coast, bearing instructions from the American Government to coöperate with the agents of the Colonization Society in securing a suitable territory for the settlement of the emigrants.

Leaving the negroes in charge of Mr. Wiltberger, Dr. Ayres accompanied Captain Stockton on an exploring agency along the coast. On the 11th of December, they came at anchor in Mesurado Bay.

"That is the spot we ought to have," said Captain Stockton, pointing to the high bluff of Cape Mesurado, as they stood together on the quarter-deck; "that should be the site of our colony—no finer spot on all the coast."

"Then we must have it," answered Dr. Ayres, with Saxon energy. Did they know all
the obstacles in the way of a measure so bold? England and France had been trying for it for one hundred years without success; the interview with Messrs. Andrus and Bacon six months before positively was refused, and even their gifts were sent scornfully back by King Peter. Though well aware of the ill success of every previous attempt at a negotiation, and the uncompromising hostility of the natives to anything bearing the semblance of a white settlement, they did not mean to sail tamely or timidly by, without making an effort, or at least inquiry; and every new aspect of the coast only strengthened their desires to obtain possession of it. They determined to land. Some head-men met them on the shore, to whom they gave suitable presents, and upon entering into friendly conversation, it was soon clear that a favorable impression had been made upon their minds. They expressed a desire to see King Peter. Messenger after messenger was sent to beg a palaver with his majesty; but it was not until he had disappointed and deceived them again and again, that he consented to an interview, and then only upon the condition that they should dare meet him in his own capital, three miles into the interior. To accomplish this, they must leave the coast, wade through water, wallow through mud, cut through dismal jungles, and in an enemy's country, surrounded on all sides by savages, whose fiercest passions had been nursed by the slave-trade, and who cared
not a straw for human life. They must go armed to the teeth, and even then expect at any moment robbery and death.

"Could they dare visit King Peter at such hazards? Could they brave the lion in his den? Yes, they could dare any thing in the prosecution of a great and worthy enterprise.

"We will go!" was the resolute answer. In order to convince the natives that their object was a peaceful one, they determined to go unarmed, with the exception of a small pair of pocket pistols, which Captain Stockton usually wore in his coat. Wild beasts, and savages armed with muskets, roamed through the forests, but they reached the capital in safety, where groups of naked barbarians came out to meet them, gaping with wonder. Having been conducted to the Palaver Hall, which was spread with mats for their reception, a head-man came forward and shook them by the hands, announcing the arrival of his majesty. When the king entered, he took no notice of the strangers, but went to the farthest corner of the hut, where he sat down, with an angry frown upon his brow, and a glance of defiance in his eye.

On being introduced by one of the chiefs, he asked, in a surly tone, what they wanted, and what business they had in his dominions. The plan of the colonists was carefully and minutely explained, all about which, he well knew, having been informed of the object of Mr. Andrus' visit several months before, and more recently,
through his head-men, of its contemplated renewal by Captain Stockton and Dr. Ayres. Meanwhile large bodies of the natives began to darken around them; but everything wore a peaceable aspect, until, on the entrance of a fresh band, an unusual excitement began to agitate the crowd. Affairs looked dark and threatening. Captain Stockton arose and took his seat near the king. Presently a mulatto rushed forward, and doubling up his fist, charged Captain Stockton with capturing slave-vessels. "This is a man trying to ruin the slave trade!" he cried, in a loud and angry tone.

"These are the people who are quarreling at Sherbro!" shouted another.

A horrid war-yell broke from the multitude; every one sprang upon his feet, scowling vengeance upon the agents. Captain Stockton, fully conscious of the extreme peril of their position, instantly arose, and drawing out one of his pistols, pointed it at the head of the king, while, raising his other hand to heaven, he solemnly appealed to the God of Heaven for protection in this fearful crisis. King Peter flinched before the calm courage of the white man, and the barbarians fell flat on their faces at the apparent danger of their chief. The Captain then withdrew his pistol; their savage rage was hushed; awed and subdued by the fearless energy of their visitors, some crept away, while their chiefs began to listen with respect to the advances and proposals now made to them.
And what was the result? Success crowned their efforts. After two or three palavers, the kings consented to sell a tract of land to the colonists. A copy of the contract entered into upon this occasion, may not be uninteresting to our readers.

"Know all men, that this contract, made on the 15th day of December, 1821, between King Peter, King George, King Zoda, King Long Peter, their princes and head-men, on the one part, and Captain Robert Stockton and Dr. Eli Ayres on the other, witnesseth: that whereas certain persons, citizens of the United States of America, are desirous of establishing themselves on the western coast of Africa, and have invested Capt. Robert Stockton and Eli Ayres with full powers to treat with and purchase from us," (here follows a description of the land,) "we being fully convinced of the pacific and just views of said citizens, and being desirous to reciprocate their friendship, do hereby, in consideration of so much paid in hand, namely—6 muskets, 1 box of beads, 2 hogsheads of tobacco, 1 cask of gunpowder, 6 bars of iron, 10 iron pots, 1 doz. knives and forks, 1 doz. spoons, 6 pieces of blue baft, 4 hats, 3 coats, 3 pairs of shoes, 1 box pipes, 1 keg nails, 3 looking glasses, 3 pieces of kerchiefs, 3 pieces of calico, 3 canes, 4 umbrellas, 1 box soap, 1 barrel rum, and to be paid the following: 6 bars of iron, 1 box beads, 50 knives, 20 looking glasses, 10 iron
pots, 12 guns, 3 barrels of gunpowder, 1 doz. plates, 1 doz. knives and forks, 20 hats, 5 casks of beef, 5 barrels of pork, 10 barrels of biscuit, 12 decanters, 12 glass tumblers, and 50 shoes—for ever cede and relinquish the above described lands to Robert Stockton and Eli Ayres, to have and to hold said premises for the use of said citizens of America."

King Peter ≈ his mark.
King George ≈ his mark.
King Zoda ≈ his mark. Capt.
King Long Peter ≈ his mark. Robert Stockton.
King Governor ≈ his mark. Eli Ayres, M. D.
King Jimmy ≈ his mark.

At last, after many unsuccessful endeavors and severe disappointments, an agreement is entered into, signed and sealed, granting to the Colonization Society, a tract of land, suitable for their new colony. One decided and most important point is now gained, a healthy spot to build upon.

In due time, the poor colonists, once at Sherbro Island, and now at Fourra Bay, are transported to their new and permanent home. Dangers at first threatened them, difficulties were strown at every step in their way, but by courage and perseverance these were conquered, so that on the 25th of April, 1822, the American flag was hoisted on Cape Mesurado.

Three cheers for the American flag!
Three cheers for the little band, who have planted themselves beside it, to lay the cornerstone, they hardly knew of what—for the great result of their efforts was far in the untrodden future—but standing where we now stand, we behold them laying the foundations of that new Republic, which is to bless and benefit Africa, with the light of its Christianized civilization.

Three cheers for the little band, who have stood undaunted on a savage coast, and who, while their leaders are falling around them, can exclaim, with Christian confidence, "Let nothing discourage the Society or the colored people. Thank God, our confidence is strong in the veracity of his promises."
"Faith, commerce, knowledge, law, these will be springing, Where'er thy standard flies."

Behold the American flag waving for the first time on the shores of Africa. See it towering above the lofty forests of Cape Mesurado, a herald of Freedom! Hark! what new sounds break the stern silence of that bold peninsula? The axe and the saw, the spade and the plough are there, instruments of peaceful industry, unused and unknown by the savage tribes which for ages have desolated those fertile shores. A colony of Christian men and women are there, few in number, but fearless in heart, rearing Christian homes in the very centre of barbarism and slavery. Cape Mesurado is elevated seventy or eighty feet above the level of the sea, and is a bold tongue of land, bounded on the south west by the ocean, and on the north east by the Mesurado river. The Veys occupied the land northward of the Cape, and between Cape Mount and the Gallinas; an active, warlike and haughty tribe, whose principal employment was the slave
trade. The Deys inhabited the coast at and around Mesurado, treacherous, profligate and cruel in their character; while different divisions of the Bassas lived on the coast southward. The Queahs ranged back of the Deys; and farther in the interior, the land was ruled by a powerful and warlike tribe called the Condoos.

The spot chosen by the Colonists was about one mile from the extremity of the cape, and one hundred and fifty yards from the river on the north east, down which there was a steep and abrupt descent. It was covered by a thick forest, interwoven with vines and underbrush.

After doing everything which the circumstances of the case admitted, for the comfort and safety of this little band, ninety in number, both agents, Dr. Ayres and Mr. Wiltberger, prepared to return to the United States. Leaving their affairs to the care of Elijah Johnson, they sailed on the 4th of June, 1822.

The emigrants are alone amid the wild luxuriance of this eastern wilderness, a little one among a thousand; no city of refuge extends its strong protecting arm; no friendly aid is near to cheer with its warm sympathies the desponding heart,—and yet they are not quite alone. The Almighty One is with them. Morning and evening from the stately palm groves arose the voice of prayer to Him "who guided his own people in the wilderness like a flock, and who was their chief strength in the tabernacles of Ham." A little church, formed some time
previous in the city of Richmond, composed of Lott Cary, Colin Teage and five or six others, is now transferred hither, and Mr. Cary is its pastor. The Bible, the Sabbath and the Church, have begun to distill their soft mercies, and the "solitary place shall be glad for them, the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Two months passed away, and the lonely clearing was cheered by the sight of a brig standing in for the cape; it bore Mr. Jehudi Ashmun, thirty-five additional emigrants, and various stores. Before landing, a terrific storm broke over the bay, which swept the little craft from her moorings, and for thirty-six hours put her in the greatest peril. The passengers at last were safely on shore; but owing to the loss of her principal boat during the hurricane, and the heavy swellings of the surf, her cargo was landed with the greatest difficulty.

How did Mr. Ashmun find the little colony? What progress had it made in its two months' existence? With severe labor a small spot had been cleared, on which a store-house and thirty huts had been erected; but there were no preparations for the accommodation of new settlers, and no means of defence in case of hostile attack from the natives.

Mr. Ashmun was accompanied by his young wife, who came ready to suffer the privations and share the labors of his new home in the wilderness. After providing a cabin corner to shelter her from the drenching rains, which had
now set in, he cast his eyes over the new born settlement to learn what was most needful for its interests. A vast work was before him. Orders were immediately given to provide huts for the newly arrived emigrants, and to begin a large store-house for the fresh supply of provisions. Meanwhile startling intimations of danger reached his ears. The chiefs and head-men of the country had by no means relished King Peter's sale of the land, and they began in various ways to threaten the new comers with hostilities. He saw that the matter must be quickly attended to, or very serious disasters might ensue. He accordingly made a visit at the capitals of two of the most powerful sovereigns, King Peter and King Brister, and tried to bring them to friendly terms by offers of trade, and proposals to instruct their sons in the English language. These courteous advances were coldly received. In company with Mr. James and Elijah Johnson, whose name will hold a distinguished place in these records, he then met the chiefs in a regular palaver, but no offers or professions which they could make, seemed to appease the angry natives. Anxious to prevent any open outbreak, for which the undefended colonists were so poorly prepared, Ashmun and James proposed to buy a peace for two or three hundred bars; a bar being valued at about seventy-five cents. From this, Mr. Johnson dissented, constantly declaring that the sum would be thrown away; for he had already
learned enough of the native character to convince him that nothing but a fight would settle the difficulty. The bargain however was concluded, the amount paid, and the deputation returned to the little settlement.

After a few days the correctness of Mr. Johnson's observations became alarmingly corroborated. Intelligence was received that the natives were mustering their forces in every direction, and preparing for a united attack upon the colony. Preparations for defence were instantly set on foot, leaving no time for regrets over the past, or fears for the future. The whole number of colonists was about one hundred and thirty, of whom only thirty-five were capable of bearing arms. Thirteen, most of whom had never loaded a musket, were enrolled in a lieutenant's corps, and daily exercised in the use of arms; a quantity of ammunition was made up, and a plan drafted for the erection of a tower. Forty muskets, and five iron cannon and one of brass were all the colony could boast of, and four of the cannon were on the shore, almost buried in mud. With incredible labor these were brought up a steep bank, mounted on rude carriages, and in the end did no mean service. The thickets which surrounded the little clearing, afforded the savages an opportunity of prowling around their dwellings without being discovered. Mr. Ashmun directed these to be cleared away as speedily as possible, and the felled trees to be piled up for a wall of defence.
Warnings were from time to time received through friendly natives, that the danger was advancing; but how great or how near, it was difficult, with any degree of certainty, to find out. In addition to all their other labors, twenty men were now drafted to stand watch during the night.

All this time heavy rains were falling, and sickness began to break out among the new emigrants. Mrs. Ashmun became seriously ill, and her husband experienced a slight attack of the prevailing disease; but he never suffered himself to flag until the fortifications were nearly completed. Often after a night of delirium and distress, he would arise at early dawn, fling his cloak around him, and spend the whole morning in superintending the public works. Mr. Ashmun received great assistance from the good sense and sound judgment of Lott Cary, and of Mr. Johnson and others, who had served in our last war with England. Mr. Cary was one of those who could adapt himself to any circumstances, and do any thing which he undertook. Besides preaching, he could fell trees, build cabins, and what was still better, now that they were deprived of the services of a regular physician, he turned doctor, and his prescriptions were crowned with remarkable success.

Five heavy cannon were stationed at different points around the settlement, protected by a musket-proof stockade, while the brass cannon and two swivels were mounted on carriages in
the centre, ready to assist the post most hotly attacked. All the posts were then connected by a picket fence. The works were urged on with the utmost diligence.

In the midst of these cares and labors Mr. Ashmun had the grief to see his wife sinking at his side. Her constitution gave way before the violence of an African fever, unrelieved and unsoothed by any of the comforts of refined life. Behold her in the corner of a wretched hut, beneath a thatch dripping with rain, lying on a mat drenched with water. Fear, anxiety, fatigue, and want, are her attendants, yet God strengthens and comforts her soul. On Sabbath morning, the 15th of September, her spirit entered upon its eternal rest, and Mr. Ashmun is left alone. Sinking beneath the three-fold pressure of care, sorrow and sickness, for six weeks he lies prostrate upon his mat, unconscious of any thing around him.

In this perilous crisis, shall he too fall at his post? As the rains subsided, his strength began to return, and by the first of November, he was again able to attend to public affairs.

Meanwhile the savages have been active, and from time to time, intelligence has reached the settlement of the plans and debates of their war councils. On the 7th, the agent is secretly warned to prepare for an assault within four days. We can readily imagine what days of suspense and anxiety they must have been, to a handful of men in hourly expectation of an
attack from the combined warriors of every savage tribe in the region.

Mr. Ashmun, after taking a turn around the works, and reviewing his little force in the evening, thus addressed them with all the solemnity and impressiveness which their circumstances were calculated to inspire. "War is now inevitable," he said. "The safety of our property, our settlement, our families, our lives, depends under God upon your courage and firmness. Let every post and every individual be able to confide in the firm support of every other. Let every man act, as if the whole defence depended upon his own single arm. May no coward disgrace our ranks. The cause is God's and our country's, and we may rely upon the blessing of Almighty God to succeed our efforts. We are weak, He is strong. Trust in Him." A stern silence pervaded the little band; the men were marched to their posts, where they lay on their arms, with matches lighted, during the long watches of that anxious night. It wore away and no enemy appeared.

The next morning Mr. Ashmun aroused himself from the languor of sickness to make a more thorough inspection of the fortifications. It was with deep anxiety as well as regret, that he perceived the western quarter of the settlement could be easily approached by a narrow pathway, where was only a nine pounder, and no stockade to defend it from assault. The eastern quarter was also exposed, but the station was
well guarded, and a steep ledge of rocks made the approach both difficult and dangerous. From bed Mr. Ashmun issued his orders with thoughtful vigilance. He commanded all the houses in the outskirts to be abandoned, and every family to sleep in the centre of the village. Guards of four men were posted one hundred yards in advance of each station during the night, and no man was to leave his post until sunrise. Another night passed, and another day arose on the anxious few. It was the Sabbath. A few hours' sleep were hastily snatched by the weary men, while earnest prayers went up from many a brave heart to the God of all mercy for his protecting providence. Divine service was held at noon, and Lott Cary addressed his little church under the most tender and affecting circumstances. Perhaps it was their last Sabbath on earth; death, in its most cruel form was hovering around them; another Sabbath's sun might witness their little colony given over to butchery and plunder, and every vestige of industry and Christianity forever blotted out.

At this moment one of the scouts came running in, with the news that the hostile army were crossing the Mesurado river, only a few miles above the settlement. By evening, the whole body had encamped to the west, little less than half a mile distant. Silently and sternly did each man march to his post, and you could read on every face, "Give me victory, or give me death." Another night went by, and no
war yell broke the stillness of the forest. The day dawns. The western guard, owing to misapprehension or inadvertence, or neglect of duty, left their posts at day-dawning, instead of sunrising, as the order ran, and consequently before the fresh guards were in readiness to take their places. At this unguarded moment the savages, who had stolen with silent step to the very verge of the clearing, and were watching with fiendish anxiety every movement of the little band, were now stirring for action. An immense body suddenly issued from the forest, fired, and then rushed forward with horrid yells upon the post. Taken by surprise, several of the men were killed, while the rest, driven from their cannon, without time to discharge it, fell back in haste and confusion. It is a fearful moment! If the savages press on, there is no time to rally, and all is lost! Instead of following up their advantages, they pause, and surround some houses in that direction, to plunder and destroy. Several women and children, who, in spite of orders to leave, remained in their houses, are now shrieking in the hands of a savage foe. Mr. Ashmun rushed to the scene of action, and assisted by the determined boldness of Lott Cary, rallied the broken forces of the settlers. Two cannons were instantly brought into action, double shotted with ball and grape. They did a rapid and fearful execution. The enemy began to recoil. Fear seized their ranks. The settlers, seeing their advantage, pushed forward
and regained the lost post. Directing their cannon to rake the whole enemy's line, every shot took effect; while Elijah Johnson, at the head of a few musketeers, passed around the enemy's flank and increased their consternation. A savage yell echoed through the forest, filling every soul with horror. As it died away, the horde fell back, and rapidly disappeared among the gloomy wilds. In thirty minutes the day is won! God be praised! At nine o'clock orders were issued to contract the lines, leaving out a fourth part of the houses, and surrounding the rest by a musket-proof stockade. As there was no safety until it was completed, the work was urged on with the utmost rapidity; for no one could tell when or where another attack might be made, and it was not until the next day that an hour could be spared for the burial of the dead.

On the part of the settlers, it was soon discovered that considerable injury had been sustained. One of the women in the outskirts, Mrs. Ann Hawkins, had received thirteen wounds, and was laid aside as dead; but after incredible sufferings she finally recovered. Another, Minty Draper, received a wound in the head with a cutlass, while flying from her house, and was robbed of both her children. A young woman, with a mother and her five children, finding their home surrounded by savages, barricaded the door in hope of safety. The doors were quickly forced, one of the defenders
was instantly stabbed to the heart, while the mother rushed through a small window on the opposite side of the house and escaped to the lines unhurt, between two heavy fires. The children were made captives. Stephen Kiah, one of the most aged of the colonists, having passed the age of three-score years and ten, and who had come out to aid the enterprise by his example, suffered the greatest bereavement. Two of his grand-children fell before his eyes; five were carried into captivity; and then his son-in-law, his principal earthly prop, was disabled for life by a severe wound in the shoulder; but the old man's spirit was unbroken, for he had counted the cost. "If these things must needs be," said he, "I am willing to bear my portion, so God Almighty help me." The numerical force of the settlers amounted to thirty-five persons, including six native youth, not sixteen years old. Of this number about one half were engaged.

In this trying hour they were comforted by a present and offers of friendship from Prince Tom of the Bassa country; but on a calm survey of their circumstances, their situation seemed extremely perilous. There were not provisions in the store-house to last fifteen days, while the men could not long bear up under extra fatigue on stinted allowances; and what was still more appalling, there was not ammunition enough to stand a single hour's attack. Seven children were in the hands of a cruel enemy, and that enemy not conquered, but
routed, as they had every reason to fear, only to marshal a more powerful host.

When aid would come, or where, none could tell. Worn down with no common fatigues, suffering from wounds and disease, surrounded on all sides by enemies bent upon their destruction, can we wonder if the faith of some wavered, and desponding thoughts arose in many a bosom?

But the dangers which multiplied around them, only neried Mr. Ashmun to fresh exertions. By night and by day he stood side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the men at their work, urging and encouraging them on by the strength of his own strong, earnest spirit. He faltered not. Every effort was made by the settlers to make a peace, but every offer was scornfully rejected, and the savages were making active preparations for another onset.

The 23d of November was set apart by the colonists as a day of humiliation, thanksgiving and prayer; thanksgiving for past mercies, and prayer for Divine help in this hour of need. They cast themselves upon the protection of Almighty God, and He did not abandon them. With what delight and gratitude did they look toward a large ship in sight, to which they immediately sent a boat, with the story of their distresses. It was Captain Brassey, of Liverpool, who soon showed a generous interest in their behalf. He brought ashore all the stores that could be spared from his vessel, and did
every thing in his power to relieve the sick and wounded. What was more, he went into the interior, visited some of the principal chiefs, and tried by every means to conciliate their goodwill, and induce them to listen to offers of peace. Though well known along the coast, and exerting no inconsiderable influence over the tribes, his efforts were now in vain. War and plunder they were determined upon, and war and plunder they would have. The kind Captain took sorrowful leave of the little band. Dark was the day he left, darker the future.

"We must make God our trust," cried Mr. Ashmun. "We have only to wait his deliverance, or to lay our bones on Cape Mesurado."

The enemy were all along prowling in the neighborhood.

At half past four on the morning of the 2d of December, just as he had sank down to catch a few moment’s sleep, after days and nights of wakeful vigilance and unremitting toil, the savages opened a brisk and sudden fire upon the western post. It was promptly returned from the cannon, and the assailants for an instant fell back. In a few moments they rallied and forced their way higher up the bank. Again they were driven back. A third attempt was stoutly made to seize the post, but they were boldly met and routed. On the opposite side of the settlement the battle was furious with raging. A large body of natives crept under a ledge of rocks, until within a few feet of the east guard, when they suddenly rose
up, fired, and rushed forward like tigers. The two gun battery was set to work, with its sure and rapid fire. Four times they attacked, and four times were they driven back over their dead and dying comrades. Each man of that little band stood firm and cool, like a veteran soldier, at his dangerous post. One hour and a half of hard and obstinate fighting, and the settlers were again victorious! Again a yell of defeat and of flight sounded on the morning air, and the savage warriors fled to their dark retreats, panic-struck at the power which conquered them. It is said that nearly a thousand savages had been engaged, and their loss, though very great, could never be exactly estimated. In the last encounter only one colonist was killed, and several wounded.

They had now bravely battled the outward foe; but there was a foe stealing into their ranks which they could not hope to brave. It was famine. For six weeks had they been on an allowance of bread and meat, and this was running lower and lower. The groans and sufferings of the dying and wounded rung on their ears, and no surgical instruments were to be had, to afford relief. Add to all this, there were not three rounds of shot for their guns in case of another attack, and no one could tell but the angry savages might again make a last and more desperate assault.

"We again cried to God for aid," says Mr. Ashmun.
During the night, a rustling in the thickets alarmed one of the outposts; a cannon was fired, and several men made random shots. It proved a false alarm, and the poor emigrants could only bitterly regret a waste of ammunition, when ammunition was so valuable.

But that midnight cannon, booming along the shore, startled the night-watch of a solitary vessel as she ploughed her watery way around the Cape.

"It is the roar of cannon! What means it—what is it?" cried the astonished officers, gathering on deck. "What is doing on this savage coast? Is it a signal of distress? Stand to! Down with the long-boat! Pull to the shore!" A strange and unexpected scene burst upon the boat's crew, as, at the breaking of day, they approached the coast. Behold a little band of brave men, contending for life amid privations, poverty, sickness and death, surrounded by barbarous tribes, thirsting for their blood. The generous sailors grasped the hands of the settlers, and bade them take courage. The vessel proved to be a British schooner, laden with supplies for Cape Coast Castle, and having on board Major Laing, the distinguished African traveler. The officers of the schooner proved noble and disinterested friends, granting them every aid in their power, while Major Laing immediately offered to use his influence with the hostile chiefs, to secure a treaty of peace. Humbled and awe-struck by the supe-
riority of the handful of settlers over their large and undisciplined hosts, the kings lent a willing ear, and the foundations of a firm and lasting peace were then laid between the natives and the colonists. Intelligence of their bravery and success spread far and wide along the coast and deep into the interior, inspiring fear and respect in every savage breast. Midshipman Gordon and twelve British sailors signified their wish to remain at the Cape, in order to witness the sincerity of their new professions, and help the settlers to repair their buildings. Alas! their generous self-devotion proved their death. Through trial and exposure, they were speedily attacked with fever, and in a few weeks, amid the tears and grief of their new-made friends, Gordon and eight of his men were borne to their last home.

Mr. Ashmun's health, which had greatly suffered by his arduous labors, now began to recruit, and he sat about to restore industry and good order, and the more peaceful habits of civil life. In process of time, the sick and wounded recovered. Repairs went on well, new houses for new emigrants were built, and a trade opened with a rich tribe in the interior, who supplied them with a plenty of bullocks. Better than all, the children who had been captured by the savages, were freely sent back to the Colony, and thankfully welcomed by their parents.

In the spring, May, 1823, Dr. Ayres returned to the Colony, from the United States, bringing fresh supplies.
The Doctor found many improvements in the settlement, notwithstanding the people had been compelled so long to leave their farms for the drill and the musket. When he left, they had hardly begun to clear up the underbrush; and now fifty good houses, three excellent storehouses, a substantial stone tower mounting six cannon, industry, good order, and regularity, met his eyes on every side, besides one hundred and fifty emigrants, strong, courageous, and in excellent health. He was exceedingly gratified with the energy and resolution which seemed to pervade the settlers, nerving them to bear with cheerful courage, with patience and gratitude, the trials and hardships consequent upon a new settlement.

"There never has been an hour or a minute," said Lott Cary with great emphasis, "no, not even when the balls were flying around my head, when I could wish myself back to America again."

Mr. Ashmun's connection with the Colonization Society in America, at this time, was not as harmonious as could have been wished. In sending home his reports, the Managers thought his expenses far too large, and some of his contracts they refused to fulfill. This was very painful to Mr. Ashmun, acting as he did according to the best of his judgment, under the most embarrassing circumstances, and knowing far better what those circumstances required, than the Managers could do, five thousand miles off.
Feeling himself unjustly blamed, yet supported under the trial by his own conscious integrity, he determined never to abandon the Colony, while his services could benefit her. After Dr. Ayres' arrival, he withdrew, in a great measure, from active duty, in the hope of firmly re-establishing his health; but the respite did not last long. The Doctor was soon taken sick, and seeing no hope of recovery in Africâ, especially during the rainy season, in a few weeks he again took leave and sailed for America, leaving the Colony without the services of any regular physician. The responsibility of managing affairs fell once more on Mr. Ashmun, who thus far had shown himself equal to the task.

On the 13th of February, 1824, the ship Cyrus arrived, bringing 105 emigrants from Virginia. They were industrious and intelligent, and many of them possessed property. Lots were assigned to them, and with cheerful alacrity they set about supplying the wants of their new homes. Fresh difficulties began to arise, and new dangers to threaten the welfare of the Colony. Dissatisfaction with the Board of the Colonization Society arose in the minds of many of the settlers, regarding the tenure of their lands; it gradually spread, embittering their feelings and rendering them hostile to its government. Many abandoned their labors, and refused to work until their grievances were settled. To Mr. Ashmun's great grief, Lott Cary was among the number. He strove in vain to quell the disturbance. It
increased to an alarming degree, defying all restraints, and endangering the welfare of the settlement. At last, the Agent collected the insurgents together, and addressed them in a most solemn and affecting manner, reminding them of the oaths by which they had bound themselves to the Society, and the duties which they had sworn to perform. "Your neglect of duty," said he, with great emphasis, his eye glowing with intense emotion, "will bring on you and your families, the severest sufferings. Had you obeyed the government which you are bound to support, every man of you would begin to see the comforts of life pour in upon your families—but now you have nothing in possession—nothing growing in your fields—you have nothing—no, not a week's supply of vegetables in prospect. You feel the pinching hand of want today; it will be worse tomorrow. Continue to neglect your duty, and it will either disperse you up and down the land, or destroy you by starvation. The authority of the United States and the Colonization Society must be re-established in all its perfection on this Cape, or you must scatter and perish. United, we stand—divided, we fall. I ask you to take no new oaths, but here, this hour, in the presence of that God who has recorded your vows in heaven, to recognize those which you have already taken, and pledge yourselves in future to obey them. Either sustain the authority of the Society, or, mark it well, the Society will never uphold you in a course, which leads you
to ruin, and *themselves* to disgrace and disappointment. I require every true man to give me the pledge I ask. Then will I devise a plan of industry, which shall carry us safely through the season; but, mark, it all depends on you."

The address produced a happy effect. Mr. Cary then clearly saw the evils which their course of insubordination must inevitably produce upon the Colony; he came frankly forward: "I give the pledge, sir—I acknowledge my error, and cheerfully submit to the laws of the Society. Henceforth I stand by her side, so help me God!" And Mr. Cary is again in his place, on the side of good order and obedience to authority. Most of the insurgents followed his example, while others, ashamed of their conduct, went away silenced, if not altogether subdued. The welfare of the little colony was dear to Mr. Ashmun's heart. He had fought, struggled, prayed, suffered the loss of all things for its sake: through evil and through good report, he had cherished its interests, and devoted all his energies to its improvement; but as yet the Society at home had failed to acknowledge his self-devotion, or recompense his invaluable services.

When Mr. Ashmun left the United States, he was in debt. Conscientious, educated, and truly pious, his spirits had been greatly depressed at failing to realize a sufficient profit from a literary work in which he had been engaged, to cover its expenses. When he first thought of
coming to Africa, it was in the hope of doing something to discharge these engagements. On reaching Cape Mesurado, he complied with the wishes of the Colonization Society to take charge of its affairs, in case of the absence of its Agents. How unreservedly he devoted himself to his charge, has already been recorded.

Borne down by sickness and poverty, by care and anxiety, he now felt he must withdraw from duties both so arduous and so ill-reqiited. A sea voyage offering the only prospect of relief, he delivered up the papers and property of the Colony into the hands of Elijah Johnson, and gathering up the few articles which he could call his own, set sail for the Cape de Verd Islands. As the vessel bore him away from Mesurado, painfully and sadly did he take a last farewell of the infant settlement, which owed its existence, as well as its improvements, to his watchful care. He had nourished and brought it up; it had rebelled against him, yet he loved it with a father's love—and now, as he beheld it, a mere speck in the distant horizon, his heart bled for the love he bore it, and he wept in believing he should behold it no more for ever.

No sooner had he departed, than the savages again began to wear a threatening aspect. Mr. Johnson managed his little resources with admirable ability; but poorly supplied as they were with arms and ammunition, the sight of a British man-of-war entering the harbor was
hailed with delight. He lost to time in making his situation known. The Commander generously supplied his wants, and offered his men for action, on condition that he would grant and deed to England a piece of land only large enough to plant her flag-staff upon, as British troops could only be called upon to defend the flag and soil of their own country. "No! no!" answered Johnson, "no—no; we don't want any flag raised here that will cost us more trouble to pull down, than to flog the natives." The spirit which prompted the reply, proved equal to the emergency; the natives were quelled, and the little settlement saved from even the shadow of British authority.

In July, Mr. Ashmun reached Port Praya, on the Cape Verdes. Not long after his arrival, the American sloop-of-war Porpoise entered the harbor. With a beating heart, he bent his solitary way to the wharf, and as soon as she cast anchor, hastened on board. On the deck, stood Rev. R. R. Gurley, sent out by the Colonization Society, with full powers to settle grievances and to regulate the Society's affairs at the Cape. The meeting was as delightful as it was unexpected. There was something in Ashmun's earnest and impressive manner, which deeply interested Mr. Gurley, and he soon felt that he was in the presence of no ordinary man. After some persuasion, Mr. Ashmun consented to return to the Colony with him, and on the 13th of August, the sloop hove in sight of Cape Mesu-
rado. Among other important articles on board the Porpoise, was a name for the new Colony. At a meeting of the Colonization Society, in December, 1823, at the Senate Chamber in Washington, Robert Goodloe Harper, of Baltimore, Maryland, proposed the name, Liberia, the home of the free, which met with universal acceptance. Its first settlement was called Monrovia, in honor of President Monroe; who took a deep interest in its growth and welfare.

Mr. Gurley's stay in Africa was short, yet long enough to convince him that the affairs of the Colony, under trying and embarrassing circumstances, had been conducted with no common ability. Together, they remodeling the laws, and settled the old difficulties, which had proved a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to the best and most intelligent of the settlers. In the new constitution, made at that period, the colonists were for the first time admitted to a share in the government. One hundred of them assembled beneath the thatched roof of their little church, and, having heard it read and explained, they gave it their cordial approbation and pledged fidelity to the sacred trust committed to their hands. Mr. Ashmun, at first, seems to have doubted the expediency of yielding to the colonists so large a share in its political arrangements; but his fears proved groundless, and he declared a year afterwards, in relation to the annual election of officers, "that it was distinguished by an intelligent selection of the
most suitable men, which afforded the best pledge of the kind yet given, of the increasing competency of the people for self-government."

Peace having been now established within as well as without their borders, the settlers began to turn their attention more directly towards agriculture. Harris Clarke, a farmer from the vicinity of Petersburg, Virginia, raised the first garden vegetables in the Colony. His first crop was eaten up by insects, and his second was destroyed by a flood! but he made a good use of his ill luck, and at last succeeded in furnishing earlier, better and a greater abundance of American vegetables than any other settler, for many years. Mr. C. M. Waring, an enterprising colonist, at a great expense, cleared up ten acres of land, and planted it with cassada rice, and other grains. It promised a plentiful harvest, when the rice was invaded by millions of ants, which ate it to the ground. Soon the cassada shared a similar fate from vermin, swarming from the neighboring wilds, and the whole plantation miscarried. Deers, porcupines, monkeys, and a small species of gazelle, came in troops to the farms, and sometimes laid acres waste in a single night. In this way many of the earliest settlers lost their all. Every one will allow this to have been discouraging, and it was probably the reason, why, for so many years, the Liberians were adverse to tillage, preferring the speedier, surer returns of trade; but as the woods were cut down, im-
proved systems of agriculture were introduced, and the proper season for planting African crops began to be better understood, these evils gradually disappeared, and the husbandman was as amply rewarded for his toils in Africa as in America.

The first female in whose name title deeds for land in Liberia were executed, was Sarah Draper, a free colored woman from Philadelphia, who, without property or friends, distinguished herself by her steady and well directed industry. She improved her land, built a house, and brought up two African children put in her charge by the United States’ agency.

The United States’ agency, as is known, resulted from an act passed the 3d of March, 1819, “whereby the President was authorized to make such regulations and arrangements as he might deem expedient, for the safe keeping, support, and removal beyond the limits of the United States, of all negroes, mulattoes, and persons of color, delivered from on board vessels seized in the prosecution of the slave trade, by commanders of United States armed vessels, and to appoint a proper person or persons residing upon the coast of Africa, as agent or agents for receiving such.” The necessity of such an act by the general government had been long felt, by the occurrence of cases like the following: A United States ship captured a slaver, with thirty-eight negroes, and brought her into Georgia. "The negroes were advertised for sale at
Milledgeville, according to an act passed in 1817, by the Legislature of Georgia, whereby, "all negroes, mulattoes, and persons of color, brought in by United States armed vessels, were to be sold, on account of the state, after sixty days' notice; the Governor, however, being authorized to deliver them to the Colonization Society, on the payment of all expenses. The Rev. William Meade, now the excellent Bishop Meade, of Virginia, visited Georgia as the Society's agent, and obtained their release. They were among the earliest emigrants to Cape Mesurado. A spot of land was assigned them on Stockton creek, a few miles from the Cape, to which was given the name New Georgia, a settlement which has done credit to African industry, and has amply repaid the benevolent exertion made in its behalf.

An appeal, written by Mr. Ashmun, for an increase of pious laborers at the Colony, recrossed the Atlantic in some of the publications of the day, and fell under the eye of Rev. Dr. Blumhardt, one of the Directors of the Basle Evangelical Society in Switzerland. He immediately wrote to Mr. Evarts, Secretary of the American Board for Foreign Missions, enclosing letters to Mr. Gurley, the American Colonization agent, and also to Mr. Ashmun in Liberia. To the latter, among other things, he thus writes: "I had much weighed in my mind, in what manner we might find entrance into the negro land; and when I read your appeal to
missionary societies, I really felt that I had received an answer to inquiries, which I could not see to whom to direct. May I ask your advice upon the following points?

"By what kind of individuals do you think the first missionary attempt should be made among the Africans? By such as are exclusively fitted for teachers, or those who at the same time possess a competent knowledge of mechanics or agriculture?

"Are there any preparatory labors made to facilitate the teaching department?

"Can you form any idea of the possible expense of the first establishment of a mission on a small scale?"

To this letter, at once so encouraging and auspicious, Mr. Ashmun wrote an immediate reply. As there are some who may feel interested in his answers to the several inquiries, we briefly state, that to the first, he expressed his opinion that a missionary establishment in Africa neither required, nor ought to comprehend, any farmers or mechanics who are not also well qualified teachers, inasmuch as those arts will advance as fast as Christianity advances among the people. The possession, however, of tools and agricultural implements, and a knowledge sufficient to enable them to build their own huts and cultivate their own vegetables, might be of great use to them.

In answer to the second, he wrote, that no preparatory labor had been done, unless it was
that many of the tribes spoke a strange corruption of the English language. In his reply to the third inquiry, Mr. Ashmun says: "A mission family will need six houses, for a place of worship, store house, and residences for a number of native laborers and children. These, in the best native style, will not cost more than twenty-five dollars each, and so built will need no repairs; but owing to the inroads of insects, new houses must be built every five years. For the next year, including the buildings, the farm, and garden, and the subsistence of ten or twelve native laborers and pupils, a mission family of five persons need not expend more than fifteen hundred dollars."

As new emigrants arrived, their borders were enlarged by the purchase of a fine tract of land on the St. Paul's river, and a new town was laid out, called Caldwell, in honor of Elias B. Caldwell. The land was exceedingly fertile, and the air clear and wholesome. The houses of the settlers began to wear a neat and pretty aspect without, while every thing within bespoke cleanliness and comfort. Laborers and mechanics found ample employment, and good pay. In time, two new chapels were built. Sabbath schools were in successful operation, while four day schools were open during the week. The boys' school at Monrovia was under the care of Mr. Steward, who received twenty-five dollars a month for his services; the rate of tuition for each scholar being seventy-five cents
a month. A school committee of three was chosen by a general vote of the settlers, one of whom weekly visited the schools. Miss Jackson, who had charge of the girls' school, was paid twelve dollars a month. Every parent was required to educate his children. In case of neglect, the causes were speedily inquired into, and if poverty prevented, aid was rendered from the public treasury. Through the labors of Rev. Lott Cary and Mr. Lewis, a missionary school of native children was gathered and taught, which received handsome donations of clothing, books and stationery from several benevolent individuals in the United States, while its chief support was derived from the Baptist missionary society of Richmond, by whom Messrs. Cary and Lewis were in part supported. Good order, good morals and quiet industry everywhere bore their happy fruits. The closing year of 1825 beheld Liberia, long struggling with difficulties, standing up with strong limbs and a smiling countenance.

At the beginning of the next year, two ships arrived with supplies, one of which was the brig Vine, from Boston, having on board sixty emigrants. Eighteen of these, previous to their sailing, were formed into a church, and at the monthly concert on the 2d of January, 1826, services of a deeply interesting nature were held in behalf of the African race at Park street church, Boston. The importance of a printing press having been spoken of, one was
given by Charles Tappan, Esq., and Samuel T. Armstrong gave a font of types. The apparatus necessary to a printing establishment was thus furnished, and a printer, Mr. Charles Force, engaged to go; to whom a salary of $416 dollars was guarantied. The ship was filled with agricultural implements, nails, a bell for the Lancasterian school, a pair of globes, and divers other things, useful to new settlers. Rev. Calvin Holton, a missionary and teacher, Dr. Flint, a physician, and Rev. Horace Sessions, the agent of the Mass. Colonization Society also embarked, the latter intending to return in the brig.

One aged black was among the number, who seemed to be filled with almost youthful enthusiasm for the cause. "I go," he exclaimed, "to set an example to the youth of my race. I go to encourage the young. They can never be elevated here. I have tried it sixty years,—it is in vain. Could I, by my example, lead them to set sail, and I die the next day, I should be satisfied."

They arrived safely in February, and were hailed with great joy by the Monroviens. Suddenly transferred from a northern winter to the summer heats of the African coast, the New England emigrants suffered severely from the change. In a short time, two faithful and devoted friends to the negro race, Messrs. Sessions and Force, fell victims of the fever. Mr. Holton recovered, and was enabled to commence
his professional duties. To the subject of education he diligently applied himself, but death early closed his much needed and highly useful efforts, to the great grief of his new found friends. His place as teacher was supplied by Mr. John McGill, of Baltimore.

Meanwhile Dr. Blumhardt, having received Mr. Ashmun's letter, laid it before the directory of the Society, at Basle. Five young men were immediately directed to prepare for missionary labors among the native Africans in Liberia. The Swiss mission arrived in 1827, and commenced their efforts by teaching a number of young men, and such of the natives as lived about the settlement. They remained some years in the colony, until part of their number having died, and others having left, on account of ill-health, Mr. Lessing at last removed to Sierra Leone, assigning as his reason, "that the door to the natives was not yet quite opened, and many obstacles are in the way, which must first be removed."

Their talents and piety were universally esteemed, and the young men whom they taught are now among the most enterprising and well informed citizens of Liberia.

Emigration was rapidly on the increase; another tract of land was bought, and Millsburg was laid out. The new Colony was advancing slowly yet surely, towards what Mills beheld it with his large, prophetic eye, before the coast of Africa ever met his gaze. Tribes all along the
coast were anxious to be on friendly and commercial terms with neighbors at once so powerful and so peaceable. The Dey Chiefs made grievous complaints, because the influence of the Colony began to injure the slave trade; for it soon became evident that wherever its influence extended, a more healthy and peaceful trade sprang up in its stead.

But why not let the settlers speak for themselves? Owing to some misrepresentations circulated in America against Liberia, the citizens of Monrovia called a meeting on the 27th of August, 1827, and united in an address to the colored people there, in order to correct their false notions, and make a plain statement of their condition. The feelings of the settlers are expressed in some of the extracts here recorded. "The first thing which caused our voluntary removal to this country, and which we still regard with the deepest concern, is liberty; liberty in the sober, simple, but complete sense of the word; that liberty of speech, action, and conscience, which distinguishes the free, enfranchised citizens of a free state, and that liberty which was denied to us in America; and now we truly declare to you, that our hopes and expectations in this respect have been realized. Our constitution secures to us, as far as our condition allows, 'all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the citizens of the United States,' and these rights and privileges are ours. We are proprietors of the soil we live
on, and possess the rights of free-holders. Our suffrages, and what is of more importance, our sentiments and our opinions, have their due weight in the government we live under. Our laws are our own, framed for our exclusive benefit, and administered either by officers of our own appointment, or such as possess our confidence. We have a judiciary, chosen from among ourselves. We serve as jurors in the trial of others, and are liable to be tried ourselves, only by juries of our fellow citizens. We have all that is meant by liberty of conscience.

"Forming a community of our own, in the land of our forefathers, having the commerce, soil, and resources of the country at our disposal, we know nothing of that debasing inferiority with which our very color stamped us in America. There is nothing here to create the feeling on our part; nothing to cherish the feelings of superiority in the minds of foreigners who visit us. It is this moral emancipation,—this liberation of the mind from worse than iron fetters, that repays us ten thousand times over for all that it has cost us, and makes us grateful to God and our American patrons, for the happy change which has taken place in our situation.

"The true character of the African climate is not well understood in other countries. Its inhabitants are as robust, as healthy, as long-lived, to say the least, as those in any other country. Nothing like an epidemic has ever appeared in this colony; nor can we learn from
the natives that a sweeping sickness has ever yet visited this part of the continent. But the change from a temperate to a tropical climate is a great one—too great not to affect the health more or less, and in cases of old people, and very young children, often causes death. In the early years of the colony, want of good houses, the great fatigues and dangers of the settlers, their irregular mode of living, and the hardships and discouragements they met with, greatly helped the other causes of sickness, and were attended with great mortality. But we look back to those times as to a season of trial, long past and nearly forgotten.

"People now arriving have comfortable houses to receive them, will enjoy the regular attendance of a physician; will be surrounded and attended by a healthy, happy people, who have borne the effects of the climate, who will encourage and fortify them against that despondency, which alone has carried off several in the first years of the colony. A more fertile soil and productive country, so far as it is cultivated, there is not, we believe, on the face of the earth. Its hills and plains are covered with a verdure which never fades.

"Cattle, swine, fowls, ducks, goats and sheep, thrive without feeding, and require no other care than to keep them from straying. Cotton, coffee, indigo and sugar may be cultivated at pleasure, to any extent. The same may be said of rice, Indian corn, millet and fruits, and vegetables too numerous to be mentioned."
"Our trade is already valuable, and fast increasing. It is carried on in the productions of the country, consisting of rice, palm oil, ivory, tortoise-shell, dye-woods, gold, hides, wax, and brings us in return the products and manufactures of the four quarters of the world. Seldom, indeed, is our harbor free from European and American shipping.

"Not a child or youth but is provided with an appropriate school. We have a large public library, court-house, meeting-houses, school-houses, and fortifications.

"Our houses are built of the same materials, and furnished in the same style, as in the towns of America. We have an abundance of good building-stone, shells for lime, and clay for brick.

"The cheerful abodes of civilization and happiness which are scattered over this verdant mountain, the flourishing settlements which are spreading around it; the sounds of Christian instruction, and scenes of Christian worship, which are heard and seen in this scene of pagan darkness; a thousand contented freemen united in founding a new Christian empire, happy themselves, and the instruments of happiness to others; conclusively testifies to the wisdom and goodness of the plan of Colonization."

Have not these men clear heads and true hearts? Do they not prove themselves worthy of laying the foundations of this new republic?

Mr. Ashmun, whose soul-stirring energies
were all at work for the improvement and welfare of this infant settlement, at last sank under the weight of his burdens. He was told that nothing probably could save him, but a voyage to the United States, where his services began to be highly estimated by all the friends of Liberia. In March, 1828, he went on board the brig Doris, escorted by the military, and accompanied by a large body of the settlers. Men, women and children flocked around him on the wharf, weeping and sorrowful, and willing only to part from him in the hope of a speedy return, with recovered strength. It was a sad day at Monrovia. "He is so dear to us!" they exclaimed. "Oh, it will be a joyful day when we are permitted to see him again!" That day never came. Mr. Ashmun left Africa forever. He died a few days after his arrival, and was buried at New Haven, where his monument, erected by the Colonization Society, may be visited. Liberia lost a master workman. Ardent yet steady, brave yet prudent; of inflexible faithfulness and unwearied energies, he was a man equal to his day. And that day was one of danger, perplexity and toil. Before leaving, he entrusted his agency to the vice-agent, Lott Cary.
CHAPTER VI.

LOTT CARY.

"So thou didst reap the meed
Most grateful to thy heart; the glorious view
Of ignorance dispelled;
The arts improved, and O most blessed thought!
That faith which trampled slavery underfoot,
And led captivity in captive chains,
Embraced by men in superstition sunk."

GRAHAME.

No one is sorry to see Lott Cary at this responsible post, for he can sustain himself with dignity and wisdom. After Mr. Ashmun's departure, he called all the officers of the colony together, and read to them the instructions left in his hands.

"I trust," he said, "through the great blessing of the Ruler of events, we may be able to realize all the expectations of Mr. Ashmun, and render entire satisfaction to the board of managers."

About the last of June, the colony were thrown into some alarm by three suspicious looking vessels which appeared to be hovering around the coast. At length, one of them ran up Spanish colors, and stood in for the harbor.
Cary suspected them to be slavers, and ordered a cannon to be fired from the fort. At this she speedily sent a boat ashore, saying, she was no slaver, but being chased by a brig, had put in there for protection. "Besides, we want to wood and water," they added.

"I don't believe a word of it," stoutly answered Cary. "I know a slaver any time by the cut of her jib. Tell her captain she can neither wood or water at Liberia. We wash our hands entirely clear of any part or lot in the slave trade. In one hour, if she is not beyond the reach of our guns, we shall fire."

The spirited answer caused the Spanish captain to weigh anchor with all dispatch, and she was soon out of the waters.

Amid all the cares of business, he never lost sight of the great object which brought him to Africa, to make known the blessings of the gospel. He preached acceptably, not only to his own church, at Monrovia, but made frequent missionary tours among the native tribes, where some marked and hopeful conversions were the result of his labors. He greatly felt the importance of having good schools throughout the settlements, and seized every opportunity of laying his views before his countrymen. In every thing Lott Cary acted upon the liberal and comprehensive views of his predecessor, and the colony was thriving under his administration, when King Brister, a neighboring chief, suddenly one night, attacked and robbed a fac-
tory owned by the colony, a few miles north of Monrovia, and put it into the hands of a slave trader. Cary instantly sent to the chief to ask what such a proceeding meant, and to get satisfaction for the stolen goods. No answer was returned. He sent a letter to the trader. The letter was seized by some native sentinels, and torn up. Finding gentle measures made no impression upon the savages, he called out the military, and began to prepare for stronger ones. In the evening, while several men were in an outbuilding manufacturing cartridges for the next day’s service, one of the workmen accidentally overturned a candle; it fell in some powder, which instantly exploding, blew up the building, and killed eight of their number, one of whom was Lott Cary. The mournful tidings ran from settlement to settlement, producing sorrow and alarm in every bosom. Cut off in the midst of great usefulness, the event was solemn and afflicting to his brethren and to the whole colony. But “the Lord knoweth the end from the beginning.” “He cutteth down, and He maketh alive. Unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways are past finding out.” Lott Cary stands forth a noble specimen of what the negro is capable of being; a thinking, intelligent, sagacious, Christian freeman.
CHAPTER VII.

THE GAP FILLED UP.

"Youth's buoyant spirit languished in his frame,  
He turned from pleasure, and grew cold to fame:  
But not in moody loneliness he pined  
For fortunes treacherous, or for foes unkind.  
Oh! warmed by charity—the angel guest,  
Of all man's heavenly ministrants the best;  
By her, inspired to take the suppliant's place,  
To live unblessed for Afric's injured race."

Mr. Ashmun's death gave to the managers of the Colonization Society a great shock. They had seen how the Colony prospered under his management, and were ready to acknowledge his distinguished merits. Where now shall they look for a successor to such a man? Who will go? One there was among that Board of Managers, who, having traced Ashmun's career at first with suspicion and distrust, and afterwards with respect and admiration, seemed affected in no ordinary degree. It was a young physician, intensely interested in the cause of Colonization—Dr. Richard Randall, a man of science, ability, and of great kindness of heart, already in extensive practice at the city of Washington; and Professor of Chemistry in the Columbian College. A deep seriousness overspread his mind; his voice was scarcely heard
among the councils of the Board. It was evident something weighed heavily upon his spirit. At last he exclaimed, "I offer myself to Liberia—here am I—send me!" As soon as it was known, his friends gathered around, beseeching him to consider the dangers of such an enterprise. "Think of the exposure!" they cried; "the hazards of a life in Africa—think of the society, the business, the reputation, which you abandon—think of your career at Washington, already so brilliant!"

"In doing what seems to be my duty," he answered calmly, but firmly, "I disregard life. With my present purposes and feelings, I can readily give up the endearing intercourse of relations, the delights of refined Society, the promised success of professional exertion, for the humble duty of promoting the happiness of the poor negroes in Africa, and be happy in so doing." Another instance of that spirit of self-sacrifice, that heroic devotion, which so emphatically distinguished the leaders of this noble enterprise. He arrived at Monrovia about six weeks after Lott Cary's death, December 22, 1828, in company with Dr. Mechlin, a young gentleman who went out as physician of the Colony. Dr. Randall had longed to behold Liberia, nor were his most ardent hopes disappointed. The location seemed to him commanding and beautiful, and the climate delightful. One of his earliest duties was to locate some re-captured negroes, which he did on a tract of land
purchased by Mr. Cary; and the settlement was named in memory of him, Carytown.

The difficulty with King Brister, in which Cary lost his life, was finally settled, and the slave factory broken up. Being anxious to explore the interior, and learn more of the resources of the back country, with three of the colonist traders, Dr. Randall visited King Boatswain at his capital, some fifty miles inland, the traders carrying tobacco, pipes, muskets and powder, to receive in return, bullocks, ivory and gold. Their way led through huge forests, filled with elephants and all manner of wild beasts, and they met no one but the elephant hunters, who on every occasion treated them with great civility. King Boatswain, it is remembered, was a powerful king, always at war with his neighbors to supply the demands of the slave-trade, in which he was deeply engaged. Three thousand warriors formed his body guard. The colonists were hospitably entertained, for King Boatswain, with all his power, feared the Liberians. In February, the Doctor had the African fever, which he did not regard half so dangerous as an Alabama fever, and as soon as possible, was up, pushing his discoveries towards the sources of the St. Paul's river. Here, through fatigue and exposure, he took a severe cold, and on the 19th of April, 1829, he died, lamented by all who knew him. His early death blighted bright promises of future usefulness.
CHAPTER VIII.

MECHLIN'S ADMINISTRATION.

"My notion is, that no missionaryzing is half so good, as to try to pour sound and healthy blood into a young, civilized society; to make our colony, if possible, like the ancient colonies or like New England—a living sucker from the mother country, bearing the same blossoms and the same fruits; not a reproduction of its vilest excrescences, its ignorance and its wickedness, while all the good elements are left behind in the process."—DR. ARNOLD.

Dr. Mechlin, the young man who accompanied Mr. Randall as physician to the colony, after his death succeeded him in the government. Emigrants continued to arrive at Liberia in such large numbers, that it was feared by many, the means of education and Christian improvement might not keep pace with her numerous accessions. Accordingly, a brig was chartered at Philadelphia, to bring out two Swiss missionaries from the Missionary Society at Basle, Dr. Anderson, a physician and fifty negroes. Mr. Joseph Sheppard, a highly successful colored teacher from Richmond, soon followed, to open a high school at Monrovia, and Rev. George Erskine, a colored Presbyterian clergyman from Tennessee. No sooner did he reach the shores
of Africa, than he wrote: "I am thankful to the Great Parent in heaven, that I may preach the gospel in Africa. He has brought me into this harvest field, which is indeed white for labor. I long to be engaged heart and hand in this glorious work." The hopes of the good man were realized but in part. After some months he was, through great imprudence, seized with the fever; feeling the approach of death, he called his son-in-law, Zion Harris, to his bedside, and laying his hand impressively upon him, prayed that he might one day return to Tennessee, and bring to Liberia the children and grand-children whom he had left behind. Mr. Harris promised obedience to these his last wishes, and the old man laid himself peacefully down to die.

About this time also arrived Mr. J. B. Russwurm, a colored gentleman educated at Bowdoin College, who, not long after, established a paper, called the "Liberia Herald," the first number of which excited no small degree of interest in the United States, as an evidence of the growth and demands of the Colony. We find one notice of an exceedingly interesting as well as important nature, as showing something of the tone of public opinion upon the subject of Temperance, as early as 1829. It is thus:

"Organized, on the 15th instant, the second Trading Company of Liberia, on the basis of uniform prices and equitable trade, both with the different tribes and foreign nations. Any
traffic in human blood or spirituous liquors with the natives is a violation of the constitution, and incurs heavy penalties."

Here is another notice which may interest:

"Wanted immediately—the following articles, namely: boards, planks, shingles, window glass, nails, crockery, all kinds of hard ware, household furniture, tobacco, pipes, pound beads, American cottons, gingham, calicoes, shoes, hose, cambrics, muslins, buttons, thread, combs, butter, lard and hams. In exchange of which, may be had camwood, ivory, turtle-shell, gold dust, deer, leopard and tiger skins, goats, sheep and fruits."

Liberia now received a visit from two colored gentlemen, Rev. Gloster Simpson and Mr. Archy Moore, members of the Methodist Church of Mississippi, sent out by the free colored people of Natchez, to see the Colony and make a faithful report of every thing which fell beneath their notice. They were warmly welcomed, and hospitably entertained at Monrovia. Soon after their arrival, the Methodist Quarterly Meeting was holden, whose exercises filled their hearts with joy and gladness. "I seem to be born a second time," exclaimed Mr. Simpson; "the heavens appear to open over our heads—every thing looks kindly around us—this is indeed the home of the colored man!" On walking
around, and being shown the graves of the missionaries, white men, who had come to preach the gospel to poor, benighted Africa, but who, in rapid succession, had fallen martyrs to the cause, he cried with deep solemnity: "Oh, Lord! and shall there not come from our own ranks, men to take their places, and preach to our benighted brethren, the gospel of Christ?—For one, I am willing and determined to come." Receiving an invitation to dine with Mr. Devany, the high sheriff of Liberia, they were introduced into a parlor, handsomely furnished with carpets, mirrors, and two elegant sofas. Presently the folding-doors opened, and they were conducted to a table spread with every thing that could tempt the appetite. The style of living, farming, trading; the climate, soil, and means of improvement, went far beyond their expectations. After a stay of three weeks, they left in the ship Jupiter, and on arriving at New York city, published the following Card:

"During a residence of nearly three weeks at Liberia, we visited the four principal settlements, in all which we found the settlers healthy, well pleased with their situation, and improving their circumstances very rapidly. A uniform expression of gratification, that they had found a place of freedom and comfort in Africa, was uttered without exception. Such was the impression made on our minds, of the advantages of emigration to this Colony, that we are determined
to report favorably of the object, to those who sent us—and as the best testimony of our full persuasion of its great advantages, have determined to settle our business, and remove thence, the first opportunity. We see our brethren there, freemen, and advanced to the full privilege of unrestrained enterprise and Christian liberty.”

GLOSTER SIMPSON,
ARCHY MOORE.

As emigration flowed in, an extension of territory became necessary. The Colonial Agent made a journey to the Bassa country, sixty-five miles down the coast, and bought a tract of land at the mouth of St. John’s river. Mr. Ashmun had always considered this an important point, and had negotiated with the kings to settle there, but owing to a distrust of the savages in that quarter, and a want of proper means to defend it, no settlement had ever been made, except the erection of a store-house, to buy palm-oil, camwood, ivory and rice. Dr. Mechlin now determined to beat up volunteers, offering a bounty to every settler, besides his farm lands. Thirty-three stout men offered themselves as pioneers, and with their tools and stores were sent down in a sloop. They set about clearing up the thick forest with great diligence. Soon a little spot began to open to the light, rude huts to arise, with a strong, high fence around them, as a wall of defence against wild beasts and savages. The natives in this
quarter had, on several occasions, proved faithless to their promises, which caused the settlers to be suspicious of their professions. A fast friend was soon found in Bob Grey, an active and powerful chief, who came generously forward, and stood by them through several dangers. He saw clearly all the advantages which the settlers enjoyed over the native tribes, and was very anxious to have a school in his own town, "one them good head-men, dat talks good things to people." The pioneers in due time sent for their families, and others quickly followed. The name Edina was given to this settlement, in honor of some Christian friends in Edinburgh, Scotland, who assisted them in various ways. At Edina was a famous tree, called the Devil's Bush, where many a wretched victim had been sacrificed. If any calamity befall the natives, it is attributed to witchcraft. In such a case, they go to the Grand Devil, and pray him to point out the witch; the Grand Devil points out any one he pleases, as the suspected person. He is immediately seized, to be put on trial; the people form around him, and he is forced by the Grand Devil, in full dress, to drink a two-gallon pot of poison, steeped from the sassy wood, a very poisonous tree. If the victim survives, he is regarded innocent—and this is possible, if in a short time he can freely vomit. But if the poison remains long on the stomach, the subject dies in great agony: and what adds to his misery, on drinking the fatal bowl, a guard of sol-
diuers approach, chasing him around on the hot sand, with sticks and knives, allowing him no rest, until he sinks exhausted and dying before his persecutors. The settlers built a neat Baptist church beneath the long-spreading branches of the Devil's Bush at Edina, that the habitations of cruelty might echo with the praises of the living God.

Another important site, Cape Mount, long desired by Mr. Ashmun, was negotiated for by the Agent. It is a fine height of land, forty-eight miles northwest of Cape Mesurado: it had long been an important trading post, affording, as it did, good anchorage and a safe landing for vessels, with a command of the mouth of the Pissou, which extends one hundred miles into the interior. Formerly this place had been an extensive slave-market. The English had in vain tried to buy it, and Mr. Ashmun made various offers for purchase, which the Cape Mount chiefs steadily declined, although they suffered him to erect a warehouse for the purposes of trade. Mr. Mechlin made a treaty, securing the land to the Colony, whenever it should be sold, and stipulating for the suppression of the slave-trade.

The native chiefs kept a sharp look-out upon every thing passing around them, and they could not fail to see what advantages the newcomers had over their own people. King Long Peter undertook to reason on the subject. "Yes, here am I and my tribe, always afraid lest the
bigger kings get mad, or get poor, or want goods—then they come pounce on us, steal us, handcuff us, whip us, sell us slaves over the seas. New settlers no such fear. Here I, my tribe, Devil King make us drink sassy water—we die—we don't want to die—we die—settlers don't drink sassy water—I'll be settlers—I'll be"—and away he sent a deputation to Governor Mechlin, begging to place himself and his men under the protection of Liberia. The Governor and Council said, "Yes, if you will be no more called king, if you will mind our laws, and have nothing to do with the neighboring tribes." When the answer was brought to the king, he and his poor people were so glad, they did not know what to do; they wanted to rush in a body to Monrovia, to express their thanks. "Yes, yes," they shouted, clapping their hands; "yes, yes, we'll mind the laws—we be like you—we be Liberians." Not long after, Far Gay, Prince Will and King Tom wished to follow Long Peter's example. "We 'fraid King Boatswain—he terrible slave-dealer—his bloody warriors snatch us off any night—we be Liberians, then we be no slaves—we no fear."

Some of the kings began to grow jealous of the increasing influence of the Colony, and longed for an opportunity of commencing hostilities against it. At last they seized upon some of the border settlers, and robbed their houses. A messenger was quickly dispatched to demand their release. "Tell your Governor we shall
not give them up—no! no!—but we mean to seize and imprison every colonist we can fall in with. We are for war, war, war!'' they said scornfully: "we 'fraid of war? no!—go back, tell him;'' and the next day a large body of savages appeared on the bank of St. Paul's river, opposite Caldwell, blowing their war-horns, firing their muskets, and with loud and angry yells daring every body to a fight. A small force was sent over the river, to King Willy's town, where they were driven back by the superiority of numbers. The savages were highly delighted by this seeming success. They sent to the colonists—"Come, meet us again for fight—come, or we fall on Caldwell, on Millsburg—we burn 'em, we plunder, we kill!"

Dr. Mechlin immediately resorted to more decided measures. A force of 270 men were collected under the command of our old friend, Elijah Johnson, who crossed the river, and on the first day captured King Brumley's capital, without even a show of opposition. The next day, they took up their line of march for King Willy's town, where a large body of savages were firmly encamped. Though the distance was but ten miles, they were seven hours on the route, in many places being obliged to force their way through large trees and thick underbrush, cut down and piled up to stop their passage. Issuing at last from the narrow path they suddenly found themselves in front of the enemy's barricade—a huge pile of logs, filled
with loop-holes, through which their guns were pointed. A cannon was so placed as to do great execution in the narrow path, which the settlers crowded. Besides this, a force was placed in ambuscade to attack the little army on the flank. Capt. Johnson instantly saw it, and word was immediately given to fire on the ambuscade. At the same moment a Dey chief, the principal mover of the war, was shot down while setting fire to his cannon. At these unexpected disasters, the savages fell into confusion and fled. Capt. Johnson pressed forward, captured the field-piece, and found it was loaded to the muzzle with pieces of iron bolts, pot metal, and balls, which must have proved dreadfully destructive to their ranks, huddled together as they were in so narrow a space. It was not long before some of the confederate kings sent messengers to sue for peace. The Agent sent word, they must come themselves, and see upon what terms peace could be agreed to. In a short time, King Brister, Willy, Sitma, Short Peter, and King Jemmy, appeared at Monrovia, extremely humbled by their late defeats. They readily consented to the terms, and a treaty was speedily signed; for the energy and courage of the Liberians, in bringing their artillery through the thick forests, and attacking a town which they had hitherto considered one of their strongest holds, filled them with the profoundest alarm. "War no with them agin—war no—peace—good peace," they said, and very wisely.
Two promising missionaries left America to come to Liberia at this time: Mr. Cox, sent out by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Mr. Pinney from the Presbyterian. They seemed to understand their field, and with the largest plans of usefulness began their labors, with cheerful courage and ardent hopes. The career of Cox was short. With his armor just buckled on, he fell in the conflict. In the spirit of a true hero, his last words were, 'Write on my monument, 'Let thousands fall before Africa be abandoned.'" "Let thousands fall before Africa be abandoned!" The glorious message echoed over the broad Atlantic, and kindled in other hearts the fires of a lofty purpose and a heavenly zeal. Two missionaries, with their young wives, resolved to give themselves to Africa, and as soon as possible set sail to occupy the post of the lamented Cox, and preach the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ to those who sat in the valley of the shadow of death.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto the nations, thy God reigneth."

After a time, the health of Dr. Mechlin having failed, he resigned his situation, and returned to the United States.
CHAPTER IX.

STRUGGLES AND EXPERIMENTS.

"All beginnings must be small: it is only by slowly and heavily piling one stone on another, that foundations are ever made. Discouraging as such beginnings are, it is evident on looking back on every such enterprise, that their hopelessness at first has been their greatest blessing, calling out patient hope, inspiring successive as well as strong endeavors, and giving the new element time to ripen into consistency and hardness, to bear the weight that shall afterwards come."—NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

On the resignation of Dr. Mechlin, the temporary services of Rev. John B. Pinney, who had returned to this country on account of his health, were secured for the Colonial Agency. He returned to Liberia on the 1st of January, 1834, and was received by the Monrovian Authorities with all the respect due to his distinguished position. Already familiar with the moral and social wants of the people, among whom he was greatly beloved, he made himself speedily acquainted with the duties of his new office, and set about discharging them with great energy and judgment. The government buildings were refitted. A beautiful craft of 100 tons, which had been built and equipped, at a cost of nearly $4000, by the Pennsylvania
Colonization Society, for the use of the Colony, and which had been laid up for want of tackling, was put in thorough repair and sent down the coast upon a trading expedition. This schooner was called Margaret Mercer, in commemoration of the virtues and sacrifices of that noble-hearted woman in behalf of the cause of emancipation. For the use of the sick, a large hospital was planned, to be built upon a high and healthy bluff in the outskirts of the town. There were at this time, many floating and disputed land titles in the Colony, occasioning much jarring and discord. To examine and settle these, the new Agent applied himself with the greatest assiduity.

In the month of June, interesting and important accessions were made to the Colony. Among these, were Dr. Ezekial Skinner, a missionary and physician of the Baptist persuasion in Connecticut; Mr. McDowell, a colored physician, educated at Edinburgh, and Mr. Webb, a colored student; also Mr. Josiah Finley, a son of Robert Finley, one of the founders of the Colonization Society, and Mr. Israel Searle, sent out as teachers. Rev. John Seys, a clergyman from the Methodist church, was also among them. They were all warmly received. On the day of their arrival, divine service was held in the agency house, of a deeply impressive and interesting nature. The warm heart of Mr. Seys kindled with delight, as he visited the different settlements, and beheld on
every side, tokens of present comfort and future success. In relation to Millsburg, where he thought of locating himself, he exclaims: “If I am pleased with Monrovia and Caldwell, I know not how to express myself in reference to this beautiful spot. Surely nature’s God has been lavish in his bestowment of blessings on this favored part of Liberia. The soil is extremely productive. Here may be seen cultivated, with a little pains and certain success, plantains, cassava, sweet potatoes, yams, papaws, sugar-cane, arrow-root, cotton, pine-apples, and a great variety of beans, peas, and fruit, all of which grow to an astonishing height, and well repay the labor of the agriculturist. The colonists are industrious, and suffer much less from ill health, than those who reside at Monrovia. Indeed, those who on their arrival from America, went up the river immediately, either did not take the fever at all, or had it very lightly. The next morning after our arrival, I called together our little society of nineteen members, and preached to them. They had a meeting-house, which is very small, but would answer very well for a Sabbath school-house, could we erect a larger one. Millsburg is twenty-one miles from Monrovia, and is thus much on the way to King Boatswain’s territory, which I intend to visit the first favorable opportunity, should the Lord, in his mercy, see fit to spare my life.”

Almost all the territory skirting Liberia, and far into the interior, was the theatre of destruc-
tive wars, waged among the different tribes of savages. Inland trade was almost entirely broken up, and a continuation of hostilities threatened serious injury to the Colony, by depriving them of supplies of food, and drying up the springs of their commercial interests. Mr. Pinney, with the advice of the Colonial Authorities, despatched commissioners into the interior, in order to negotiate with the chiefs, and to select a suitable spot for an inland settlement.

The embassy consisted of Messrs. Whitehurst, Williams and Mc. Gill, accompanied by a missionary, Mr. Matthews. They left Monrovia on the 19th of November, 1834, with twelve Kroomen. After a short absence, Mr. Pinney recalled them, owing to the distracted state of the country; but a strong escort arriving from King Boatswain, soliciting an immediate renewal of the embassy, and giving the most earnest assurance on his part, that every thing should be done to secure the object of the mission, the Colonial Agent re-appointed the same commissioners, associating with them Josiah Finley.

Their journey was both dangerous and interesting; they passed over rugged paths and through dense forests, sometimes climbing over almost perpendicular heights by the help of the projecting roots, sometimes wading through stagnant ponds, or leaping from rock to rock, over rapid currents, until, after many stops and detentions, they reached Bo Poro, the royal residence of the mighty Boatswain. The white
portion of the delegation produced a most alarming effect upon the children, who ran in all directions, shrieking with fright. On their entrance into the town, they found it densely peopled, with habitations very compact, and thatched with palm and other leaves of various figures and sizes. The market presented a most busy spectacle, where five hundred women and about half the number of men, from all the tribes far and near, were bargaining with all the zeal and shrewdness of more enlightened traders. From an abundant display of plaintains, pumpkins, pepper, pea-nuts, pine-apples, as well as monkeys, rats and grubs, which latter are well suited to the dainty appetites of the town's folks, our hungry travelers selected a tempting breakfast of pine-apples, bananas and cassada, for which they paid a leaf and a half of tobacco. Tobacco, salt, powder and flints, form the medium of exchange, of which salt is the most valuable, and can buy their most valuable commodities, slaves, ivory and gold. Salt is manufactured on the coast, and is packed in sticks of bamboo, three feet in length and about three inches in diameter; it is closely wound around with leaves, to preserve it from the rain, and in this way it is sent far into the interior, an able-bodied man being able to carry from sixteen to twenty of these sticks.

At noon, they held an interview with the king, whose massive frame had been greatly shattered by intemperance. He was reclining
upon a bamboo couch, behind which sat fifteen slaves, chained by the neck. On presenting their gifts, which consisted of fifty pounds of tobacco, a piece of cotton cloth, 2 pairs of Madras handkerchiefs, 1 piece of satin stripe, 3 red caps, 1 yard of scarlet, 25 pipes, 1 pound of thread, 2 papers of needles, 1 Turkish cap, 1 Arabic Bible, he bade them welcome, in good English, and courteously accepted their offerings.

The commissioners remained at Bo Poro a fortnight, which gave them a good opportunity of observing the home-life of the savages. Here, they witnessed the trial by fire. His majesty having missed some salt, suspected three of his boys, who, denying the charge, were delivered over to a gree-gree man for detection. This officer, having placed a small piece of iron in the bottom of an earthen vessel, heated it to a white heat, and then filled it with palm-oil. The offenders were brought forward, and their hands were rubbed with a jelly-like substance which renders them less susceptible of the heat. Those who succeeded in taking out the piece of iron, were accounted innocent. Two did this; one failed, and his failure establishing his guilt, he was taken away for punishment.

A letter from Mr. Williams, the colored missionary, who accompanied the commissioners, thus speaks of his reception:

"King Boatswain was much pleased at the proposed location of a school among them,
and readily assigned land for that purpose, which was soon cleared, and the limits of the building marked off. The school-house is forty feet front, by eighteen in depth, and will accommodate as many pupils as can occupy my attention. During the protracted residence of the commissioners at court, I employed my leisure time in teaching a school of fourteen persons, from the ages of seven to fifty years. Their proficiency was truly astonishing, and in the space of six weeks, boys who had never seen a book, nor could speak a word of English, were in words of five syllables. Their attention was most regular, and their deportment correct. The eldest pupil was a Mandingo, who when he found it difficult to retain the English sound, would write it in the Arabic characters, and by that means was enabled to pronounce it accurately. The explanation of words through an interpreter afforded him great pleasure; and his ambition was very much stimulated, when he was informed that by a little labor, he would be enabled to read about the Saviour. The country still continues agitated by war, but we have every reason to believe it will soon terminate by the conquest of the Golahs. Humanity shudders at the barbarity incident to their conflicts. Death, and that with the most refined cruelty, is the lot of the captured. It will be necessary to have light clothing for the school. I shall write more fully before I leave, which will be as soon as the caravan returns."
The commissioners returned to Monrovia, after an absence of three months, without having accomplished all which the Liberian government desired and hoped for; but the journey had enabled them to obtain a better knowledge of the manners and habits of the interior tribes, than any opportunity had as yet afforded, and to learn something of the hatred, violence and desolations which mark their warfare. Their health was good, except a few ulcers and sores on the feet, occasioned by the rough roads, and the poisonous sword grass of the country. A caravan from Boatswain accompanied them on their return, consisting of more than three hundred persons, by far the largest company which ever came to the Colony before, bringing ivory, camwood and cloths.

Beverly R. Wilson, a very respectable free man of color, uniting the offices of clergyman and carpenter, living in Norfolk, Virginia, arrived in Liberia at this time, for the special purpose of examining the Colony. He remained here a year. On his return, he made an address to the Free People of Color in the United States, a few extracts of which cannot fail to interest the reader.

"After more than a year's residence in Liberia, I have returned to the United States. I went to satisfy myself; I sought every opportunity of informing my mind. Some of the things already said about the Colony, are a fair and
candid expose of things as they exist; other persons are too favorable in their estimates; while a third class, with hearts bleeding for the loss of friends, or angry at the loss of property, have wielded their pens to bring the whole scheme into disrepute. I hope to correct these statements. The facilities held out by Liberia are rarely equaled. Industry and economy meet with a sure reward. For proof, look at a Williams, a Roberts, a Barbour, and others, who a few years ago possessed limited means, but who now can live like the wealthy merchant of Virginia.

"The morals of Liberia I regard as superior. A drunkard is a rare spectacle. To the praise of Liberia be it spoken, I did not hear during my residence in it, a solitary oath uttered by a settler. The Sabbath is rigidly observed and respected.

"If the colored man desires liberty, Liberia holds out great and distinguished inducements. Here, you can never be free.

"Liberia! happy land! thy shore
Entices with a thousand charms;
And calls—his wonted thraldom o'er—
Her ancient exile to her arms.

"Come hither, son of Afric, come!
And o'er the wide and weltering sea,
Behold thy lost, yet lovely home,
That fondly waits to welcome thee.

"In one or two months I go to Liberia."

Beverly R. Wilson.

June 5, 1835.
Mr. Searle was charged to act with Mr. Pinney in locating a colony, to be sent out by the Pennsylvania Young Men's Colonization Society. Bassa Cove had been previously selected by Mr. Cresson, the founder of this Society, as the site for the new Colony, and the purchase had been entrusted to Rev. Colin Teage and Dr. Mc Dowell. The spot chosen was opposite Edina, on the St. Johns, a fine river, commanding a trade with the interior, of camwood, rice, and palm oil. Besides the natural advantages of the situation, the hope of ultimately breaking up a slave factory in the vicinity entered largely into the views of the agents. A few days after the bargain was concluded, the owner of the barracoons asked, with great anxiety depicted upon his face, how the affair was going on?

"The purchase is completed," was the reply.

"Then it is high time for me to quit," cried he.

This Society, though acting as auxiliary to the Parent Board, wished, in the formation and government of its colony, to carry into practice certain principles of moral action more thoroughly and entirely than had yet been attempted. "This will be done," they say, "by fostering with more care the agricultural interest, checking the deteriorating influence of petty and itinerant traders, maintaining the virtue of sobriety, the nurse and parent of so many other virtues, by obtaining from the colonists a pledge of abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, and by
withholding all the common temptations and means for carrying on war, or for engaging in any aggressive steps with the native population of Africa."

Three conditions were proposed to every one who offered to embark in their enterprise, which, could they have been carried out, must have exerted a sound and healthful influence over their little community, but which perhaps we might hardly dare to hope for, surrounded as it was by savages, whose notions of self-interest were as bad as their principles.

1st. Entire abstinence from ardent spirits in every colonist.

2d. Total abstinence from trade in ardent spirits and the arts of war.

3d. An immediate Christian influence and operation upon the surrounding heathen.

The colony consisted of one hundred and twenty-six persons, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoe makers, weavers, tailors, spinners, brick-layers, stone-masons, all well acquainted with their respective trades, of excellent characters, and of whom many could read and write. A large number were manumitted slaves from the estate of Dr. Hawes, in Virginia, who left twenty dollars a head to defray their expenses. Just before sailing, a Temperance Society was formed, to which each man freely gave his pledge. Perhaps a more promising company never left this country for the African coast. The following verses, composed by the Rev. George W. Be-
thune, express more forcibly than we can do the blended prayers and hopes which followed the Ninus as she left our shores.

Oh, Thou who built Jerusalem
For Israel's wandering race,
And yet in love will gather them
Back to their dwelling place;

Who captive Joseph like a flock
Led forth with prowess high,
And gave them water from the rock,
And manna from the sky;

Smile on our efforts—who would fail
 Redeem each outcast slave;
And waft them to that land again,
Thou to their fathers gave.

"They seek a better country," where
Their toils and tears shall cease.
Build thou their city—grant them there
A heritage of peace.

Thy name, O Christ, and thine alone,
Is all their hope and trust,
Be thou their precious "corner-stone,"
To raise their walls from dust.

Thy Spirit's sword, unto them lent,
Thy cross, their banner free;
Thy Word their only battlement,
And faith their victory.

Their watchman shall lift up their voice,
Together shall they sing;
And in the guardian care rejoice
Of Israel's sleepless King.

The little one—men's scoff and scorn,
A mighty realm shall be;
And generations yet unborn,
Shall give the praise to Thee.
After a prosperous passage they reached Liberia, where they were warmly received, and every aid was offered them in preparing for their new homes. On arriving at Bassa Cove, the men entered upon their respective labors with patience and energy. Little or no sickness visited their families, and the beginning of things in this new colony of Port Cresson was more than ordinarily auspicious. By the 1st of June, seven months after its first establishment, it could be said that the emigrants were all comfortably located in eighteen houses, with lots presenting the prospect of an excellent harvest. A government house, twenty feet by fifty, and two stories high was built, with a garden of two acres, well stocked and enclosed; forty acres of cleared land, a smith's shop with a pit of coal were nearly ready for use; a kiln of lime was burnt, and six head of native cattle were almost broken to the yoke, and ten additional houses were completed for new emigrants.

It was not long before a coolness began to manifest itself on the part of the natives, which was hardly noticed by the industrious and hard-working settlers, until it began to wear a threatening aspect. Such was their peaceable character that there were no difficulties to settle, for none had arisen. They became alarmed, and begged for some mode of protection and defence. This was refused by the too trusting superintendent, Mr. Hawkinson. The hostile intentions of the savages becoming too evident to be mistaken, the
colonists applied to Edina. Thirty volunteers crossed the river to their aid, but Mr. Hawkinson promptly declined it. They consequently went back, and the defenceless emigrants were left alone to the work of blood, which commenced that night at twilight. The savages issued from their wilds, rushed upon the huts, and butchered men, women and children to the number of twenty, while the remainder fled to the forest and to Edina, or wounded, robbed, hungry, and panic-struck, skulked to the glens and swamps, or to whatever could afford them shelter. Delighted with so easy a victory, the savages were for falling upon Edina; but the timely appearance of Bob Grey, who more than on one occasion had proved the settler's friend, disconcerted their plans, and they escaped with their booty to the woods. Mr. Weaver, the superintendent of Edina, immediately sent an express to Monrovia, with the following dispatch.

To the vice-agent, Nathaniel Brandor, Esq.
Edina, June 11, 1835.

Dear Sir,—I am sorry to inform you of the dreadful circumstance which took place on the night of the tenth. King Joe Harris has taken an armed force over to Port Cresson, and killed and wounded about eighteen persons. We are at present in a state of war. If you can get any volunteers to come down, you will confer a great favor on an unprotected people. We on this side of the river are in a state of defence,
enough to defend ourselves in a small way; but we have only one barrel of powder on hand at present.

No more, but remain yours respectfully,

Wm. L. Weaver.

Immediately on receiving this communication, in the absence of the agent, Mr. Brandor convened the inhabitants of Monrovia, and dispatched orders to the other towns for men to proceed to the defence of Edina. One hundred and twenty volunteers were soon ready, and on their way, accompanied by three commissioners, Major Barber, and John Day, Esq., of Monrovia, with John Hanson, Esq., of Edina, charged with instructions to inquire into the causes of the attack; to demand of King Joe a reparation of the outrages done to the persons and property of the settlers, and secure a guaranty for the future peace of the colony. The king refused to give any reason for his conduct, and repulsed every overture to a peaceable settlement of affairs. He was then attacked and put to flight, and his towns and defences demolished, without the loss of a single Liberian.

It has been ascertained that some time before the catastrophe, a slave trader, an old acquaintance of his majesty, anchored at the Cove, and finding a Liberian settlement, he declared "that he should not think of buying slaves so close to the Americans, and he meant to go and establish his factory at the river Bras." The king was
angry, and promised to drive the Liberians away; but it is thought the attempt would never have been made, had he witnessed suitable means of defence. The defenceless condition of the inhabitants probably stimulated his passions, and he felt that the prey was too easy not to be secured. It is somewhat remarkable that the houses and the persons of only two of the emigrants were unmolested, one who had a gun, and the other, who sometimes ventured to use one. "It does not seem to be enough," remarked one in reference to this event, "to withhold, as was done by the colonists and temporary agent at Bassa Cove, the incentives to quarrel and the means of destruction, namely, ardent spirits and the ministers of war. It is not enough to distinctly avow and sedulously act upon the principles of justice and equity in the purchase of land. Something more than all this is required for the protection of an infant colony in the vicinity of savages and heathens, who are too often insensible to generous appeals and forgetful of all promises. The law of self-defence points out the absolute necessity of new settlers, thus situated, placing themselves in an attitude which, whilst it shall enable them to repel attacks, will be one of the surest means of preventing them, and thus of securing peace, by depriving the savages of the motives to war.—hope of success, and the prospect of plunder."

Meanwhile boats were sent down the coast to seek out the suffering fugitives, and bring them
to Monrovia, where they arrived from time to
time in a state of extreme destitution. Gener-
ous provision was made for their comfort by the
authorities, not only at Monrovia, but at all the
other settlements. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkinson
owed their lives to a trusty Krooman, who con-
trived their escape to his own village. When
the news reached America, it excited the deep-
est interest and compassion. Abundant supplies
were immediately provided and sent out under
the charge of Mr. Thomas Buchanan, the agent
of the New York and Pennsylvania societies,
with instructions to revive the settlements as
soon as circumstances should make it safe. On
reaching Monrovia, January 1, 1836, he found
many of the emigrants had already re-established
themselves at Bassa Cove, at the earnest desire
of King Joe himself, who found he had in no
way improved his situation by making war on
the colonists. Heartily repenting of his folly,
he sent Prince John of Grand Bassa, as his am-
bassador to beg an interview with the agent,
and to declare his willingness to make any
satisfaction for the damages done to Port
Cresson, offering to the settlers any part of
his country, if they would only come and give
"God's book," and "’Merica trade" to his peo-
ple again. Such was the industry and enter-
prise manifested by these people, that six
months after the disaster, Mr. Buchanan could
write thus to his friends in America:
"Bassa Cove, June 28, 1836.

"Our affairs are generally in a flattering condition. The people are industrious, healthy, and contented. The village has a beautiful and thrifty appearance, exceeding any thing of the kind, considering its infancy, which I ever saw. The streets are clean, and finely shaded with palm trees; the lots are all well cleared, and teeming with luxuriant vegetation. This people have for some time past been supplying their tables with the fruits of their industry, drawn from a soil which five months since was covered with a thick wilderness. Among our public improvements, we have a commodious Baptist meeting-house, just finished. On the 10th inst. we had Divine service in commemoration of the melancholy disaster which broke up our first settlement. The scene was solemn and impressive. Bob Grey, the native ally, who stood our friend in that time of peril, was present by invitation, together with a number of the neighboring kings and head-men. In the evening a prayer meeting was held, and a good, and I trust a lasting effect was the result. So far this little Jerusalem has been signally blessed by a merciful Providence. Not a death has yet occurred since the settlement was reëstablished in December last.

"I have been laboring by every means to inculcate and cherish the spirit of your resolution in relation to agriculture, since my first arrival, and it will, I have no doubt, be warmly
seconded by the people, as soon as the means are put into their hands. I have just broken a pair of wild bullocks to the yoke, and they work well. This is a beginning. We have lately got a weekly mail established between this place and Monrovia, which promises great advantages to the whole colony.

"Though we have got a large quantity of land cleared for the use of the next expedition, the work of building houses proceeds very slowly during the wet weather, which had fairly set in before we could commence."

The colony reëstablished itself two miles northward of its former site, Port Cresson, and took the name of Bassa Cove.

Another voice comes over the waters. It is from Mr. Beverly R. Wilson. What does he say? "I am happy to inform you that we arrived here well, and to say that I am more in favor of the Colony of Liberia, than when I left it on my return home. No, there is no place like this for the colored race to be found in their reach, where they can enjoy the same privileges as here. To fly to the North or South is all folly; to go to Canada or Hayti is nonsense; for in either there are obstacles as high as mountains. Here is our home. Farming is going on well."

The failing health of Mr. Pinney did not enable him to carry out his proposed plans of colonial improvement, or longer to retain his office. His administration though short, was
vigorous, provident and discreet. In a few weeks after the arrival of Dr. Skinner, the duties of the agency in a great measure devolved upon him, and at Mr. Pinney's formal resignation, the Board of the Colonization Society appointed him his successor.

It will be remembered that two colored gentlemen, Rev. Gloster Simpson, and Archy Moore, had been sent out to Liberia, in 1832, as exploring agents, by their brethren in Mississippi, to make a report of the land, and see if it was a safe and suitable spot for emigration. Their report being satisfactory, seventy-five began to make preparations for their departure hither, the exploring agents with their families among the number. Mr. Simpson was a regularly ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, and a man of great respectability. He owned a well-stocked farm of one hundred and fifty acres, valued at two thousand dollars. On signifying his intention of removing to Liberia, Mr. Robert Cochrane, who owned his wife and children, generously gave him a bill of sale for them, estimated at four thousand dollars. Soon after dying, he left in his will the sum of one hundred dollars to each of Gloster's children. Through the liberality of the citizens of Natchez, the family of Archy Moore was purchased for two thousand dollars. He was pious, and intelligent, and the possessor of a small estate. David Moore, a brother of Archy, who accompanied them, had been emancipated nine years before, on account of his excellent conduct,
and was both a planter and shoe-maker. He took with him a cotton gin, one thousand dollars worth of agricultural implements and mechanic's tools; one thousand dollars worth of provisions and trade goods, and three thousand in specie. Twenty-six more slaves emancipated by the will of James Green, and furnished with an outfit of one thousand dollars, and money to pay their passage, and five thousand more to promote their comfortable settlement in the colony. The whole company possessed property to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars. After reaching New Orleans, many interesting meetings were holden, previous to their embarkation, in the Methodist Chapel, before a large audience of emigrants, free blacks and slaves. Mr. Simpson thus addressed the people relative to the motives which led him to leave America:

"For a long time," said he, "I have desired to find a place of refuge, where I might enjoy liberty, and such advantages as I could not here. Not that I have been treated unkindly in Mississippi. I have many dear friends there. But it is not possible for colored people to enjoy among white men all the privileges and advantages of liberty. I heard a good deal about Liberia, and read a good deal. Good people told me a heap about it, and I wanted to see it; so did some of my friends. One said to another, 'Will you go and see it for us?' But all were too busy. They sent to me to know if I would go. I said 'yes,' so did Archy Moore. We started. First
we came to New Orleans, but the vessel we expected to go in, had sailed. Then we had to go to an eastern port. We started for Washington City. We met with many discouragements. In Fredericktown a lady said to me, 'Where are you going?' 'To Africa.' 'Where?' 'To Africa.' 'What! are you such a fool as to go there? Don't you know that the niggers will kill and eat you?' So other persons tried to dissuade and dishearten us from going, till we found Mr. Gurley. He received us in a friendly manner, encouraged us to go on, and provided us a passage from Norfolk. Our voyage was much pleasanter than I expected. We found many Christian friends among the emigrants of the ship. We arrived at Monrovia the last day of June. I went ashore. It looked like the home for the colored man. Mr. Moore and I went all about and examined the country. We saw an abundance of every thing growing. The people looked as healthy as they do here. Old Teage, of Virginia, said he had been prejudiced against the colony—he had tried Canada, and wanted to go to Hayti; but he blessed God his lot had been finally cast in Liberia. He told me not to try to get others to come, but persevere and come myself, and they will then see what you think of it. There will be enough to come. I have persevered so far, and expect soon to embark for Liberia. I hope to do something for my blessed Master's cause there, if he spares my life. If
death be my early lot, I hope to be as ready and willing to meet it on the coast of Africa, as on the shores of the Mississippi. Brethren, pray for us."

A temperance Society was formed among the emigrants, in which they pledged themselves to abstain from the use of ardent spirits, either as a drink or an article of merchandise. The company embarked on board the brig Rover, and after a pleasant passage of fifty-four days, reached Monrovia. During the passage Mr. Simpson led in morning and evening worship, and held the usual services on the Sabbath. The greater part of them went up to Millsburg, under the charge of Josiah Finley, to remain until the end of the rainy season. Mr. Simpson and David Moore remained at Monrovia. The town seems to have favorably impressed Captain Outerbridge of the Rover, who declared, "I heard not a word of ill fame, while I was at Monrovia, among the Americans, for it appeared to me they had left off that practice, as well as drinking. You will see them all going to church on Sunday, three times a day, and appear very strict in their devotions. You cannot get a man to work on Sunday, for love or money." A rare and most extraordinary testimony for any shipmaster to be able to give of any sea-port; perhaps the only one of the kind on record.

A year after the departure of this interesting colony, David Moore gives us his experience and prospects in an interesting letter, as follows:
"According to promise, I sit down to write from my long wished for Africa. I am glad to inform you that myself and family are well, and have generally enjoyed as good health, if not better, than in the United States. Indeed, our expedition has suffered very little with the fever of the climate. I have been very busy since we arrived, in building and in settling my farm, and I think I shall be well repaid for my labors. I do truly thank God and my kind friends who directed my feet to this land of liberty. We have, although a few privations to undergo, many of nature's blessings, and I do expect in a few years to be able to say that we live in a land of unrivaled plenty and luxury, and what is most cheering, we enjoy so many religious privileges. We have truly a goodly heritage. All we want here is proper men with a little beginning. Although we have not as yet work animals, yet I have eight acres of corn. Some sugar cane we planted. We want some of your good seed-corn, cow peas, &c. Please send some. Gloster Simpson and family are quite well; his daughter Rhoda is just married; he has a thriving farm adjoining mine. Our children are all going to school. The thermometer ranges from 72 to 87."

A light-house, the want of which had been seriously felt by vessels on the coast, was erected on the Cape, thirty feet high, which added to the extreme height of the Cape, two hundred and fifty feet, made the light two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea.
A manual labor school was established at Millsburg, by the Methodists, called the White Plains Manual Labor School, in honor of several individuals of White Plains, New York, who generously aided it. Orphan children were here to be apprenticed until the age of twenty-one, educated and trained to some useful occupation. The plan was given to Mr. Beverly R. Wilson, who superintended the erection of the buildings, and at the same time became pastor of a small church of nine members. His labors were greatly blessed, and it soon increased to seventy.

Bassa Cove and Monrovia had public Libraries, the former numbering some fifteen hundred volumes, while many of the colonists possessed small though valuable private libraries. In that of Mr. Samuel Benedict, a highly respectable colored gentleman from Georgia, were to be found works upon divinity, medicine and law: Blackstone's Commentaries, Rollins' Ancient History, Henry and Clark's Commentaries; Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and books of a similar character. Mr. Benedict, both a scholar and a man of fortune, could not but command a high position wherever he lived. What does he say regarding his adopted country? for his opinions are entitled to respect. "I would not return to live in the United States for five thousand dollars. There is scarcely a thinking person here, but would feel insulted, if you should talk to him about returning. The people
are now turning their attention to agriculture, and are beginning to live within their own means. I believe that a more moral community is nowhere to be found than in Liberia; and I never saw more religious enjoyment in my life. I hope that God will send us some good inhabitants—men of piety, intelligence, and pecuniary means. This is all that we want to render us a happy republic."

In Monrovia are the Liberia Lyceum, and "Female Benevolent Society;" "A Union Sisters of Charity Society," and a Moral Friendship Society, whose anniversaries are celebrated by addresses, and appropriate religious exercises, and oftentimes closed with a social gathering. The 1st of December, the anniversary of Ashmun's celebrated victory over the savages, and of their very existence as a people, is honored with peculiar honors. We find the order of the day similar to our observance of the fourth of July. All foreign as well as colonial vessels that are in the harbor, are requested to display their flags on that day. Each warehouse and grocery to be closed, and every mercantile operation is suspended. One gun from Central Fort announces the dawn of day; at sun-rise another gun from Central Fort, at which time the Flag of the Colony is displayed. The forenoon is occupied by an oration, and other exercises, and at twelve o'clock a national salute is fired.

A hymn, composed by Mr. Hilary Teage for
the 1st of December, and sung on one of these occasions is a specimen of the poetic art on Liberian Soil.

Land of the Mighty dead!
Here science once display'd,
And art, their charms;
Here awful Pharaoh sway'd
Great nations, who obeyed;
Here distant monarchs laid
Their vanquish'd arms.

They hold us in survey—
They cheer us on our way—
They loud proclaim,
From pyramidal hall—
From Carnac's sculptur'd wall—
From Thebes they loudly call—
"Retake your fame!"

"All hail Liberia!—hail!
Arise and now prevail
O'er all thy foes;
In truth and righteousness—
In all the arts of peace—
Advance, and still increase,
Though hosts oppose."

At the loud call we rise,
And press towards the prize,
In glory's race;
All redolent of fame,
The land to which we came,
We'll breathe the inspiring flame—
And onward press.

Here Liberty shall dwell,
Here Justice shall prevail,
Religion here;
To this fair virtue's dome
Meek innocence may come,
And find a peaceful home,
And know no fear.
Oppression's cursed yoke,
By freemen shall be broke,—
In dust be laid.
The soul erect and free,
Here evermore shall be.
To none we'll bend the knee
But Nature's God.

Commerce shall lift her head,
To auspicious gales shall spread
Expanded wing;
From India's spicy land,
From Europe's rock-bound strand,
From Peru's golden sand,
Her tribute bring.

O Lord! we look to Thee,—
To Thee for help we flee;
Lord, hear our prayer:
In righteousness arise,
Scatter our enemies,
Their hellish plots surprise,
And drive them far.

Oh happy people they,
Who Israel's God obey,
Whose Lord is God!
They shall be blest indeed,
From anxious cares be freed,
And for them is decreed
A large reward."

Dr. Skinner, whose indefatigable labors, both as a physician and an agent, had seriously undermined his health, was obliged to leave Africa and try the benefit of a sea-voyage. The agency fell into the hands of the vice agent, Mr. Anthony D. Williams, a colored gentleman of great worth. Liberia met with some severe losses
also at this time in the death of Mr. Searle, Dr. Webb, Rev. Mr. Laird and wife, and Mr. Cloud, missionaries of the Presbyterian church.

On presenting his report before the Colonization Society, at his return to the United States, in 1837, Dr. Skinner says: "Much can be done to render the settlements more healthy than they are at present, without incurring any great expense. Monrovia, for example, is capable of great improvement in this respect. The draining of two swamps, which might be done for two hundred dollars, would greatly improve the healthiness of the town." He thinks with proper exercise, diet, cleanliness and nursing, many of the emigrants might escape the sickness altogether, or have it in a light and greatly mitigated form.

The mortality, however, has been less than it has been generally estimated, and greatly less than took place at the Colonization of this country.

With one of the finest soils in the world, agriculture had not received that attention from the settlers which it should have done. Captain Nicholson, of the United States' ship Potomac, in visiting Liberia in 1837, says: "The slave trade within the last three years has seriously injured the colony. Not only has it diverted the industry of the natives in the vicinity from agriculture and trade, but it has effectually cut off the communication with the interior: the war parties being in the habit of plundering and
kidnapping for slaves all whom they meet, whether parties to the war or not. If the slavers were kept from the coast, which I am informed could be effected if the colony could possess an armed vessel, to be manned by their own people, four-fifths of the wars would be removed, and the natives would return to their peaceful pursuits. It is complained that many of the emigrants are forced to expend what little they have in erecting their buildings, &c., and to resort to petty traffic for immediate subsistence, to the neglect of the slower returns of agriculture. It is said Monrovia is not so prosperous looking as formerly, which I ascribe to a neglect of agriculture. It is important that a greater proportion of farmers be sent among them, for on the produce of the soil, by their own labor, must the settlers mainly depend."

Visiting New Georgia, four miles from Monrovia, on the Stockton river, which, it may be remembered, was then a settlement of two hundred and fifty recaptured Africans, the officers declare the village to be far in advance of all others in agriculture; they were patient, pains-taking laborers, and the soil amply rewarded their labors. The Liberia Herald contained an article so full of good sense, that we wish everybody to have the advantage of it, and we doubt not there is a large class of people in this country, who need the advice as much as the Liberians did. After speaking of the necessity of individual exertion, and the folly of expecting too much from America, the writer says—
"The extent of the Society's promise to direct personal assistance, as far as we are acquainted with it, has been always limited to a passage to the Colony, and subsistence for a short period after arriving here. And considering its nature, circumstances, and the precariousness of the sources whence its funds are derived, it is exceedingly strange that more should be expected. We ought to withdraw our attention from every uncertain source, and direct our energies immediately to that quarter whence a sure and independent subsistence can be derived. For us to be grievously complaining that the Society does not afford us the means of support, would be degrading to us as a people, and go far towards justifying the slander, so often thrown upon us by our enemies, 'that we are incapable of improvement.' The great practical error of all, consists in fixing an unavailing and covetous desire on distant objects, without being willing to encounter the difficulties of the way which leads to them. Advert to the prosperity of the Colony, its independence and stability, and all are ready with the general concession, that agriculture would secure these blessings. They will say farther, that with proper means, agriculture can be carried to any extent. Urge people to act according to these concessions, and you are immediately confronted with, 'But what can I do with my limited means?'

"If the objections which are so continually brought up against farming were analyzed to
the bottom, we have no hesitation in saying beforehand, they would be found to consist of pride and ignorance, and perhaps a small portion of laziness. All are willing to work, if it can be done on a large scale, and in a respectable manner; if there is a probability, not only of making a living, but a fortune in a short time: which being interpreted, is, all are willing to work, if they can get others to do the work, while they stand idly, and merely give directions. Tell it not in Liberia, publish it not in the streets of Monrovia, lest these natives laugh, that there are those in Liberia, who are ashamed of honest labor. It is exceedingly strange that it has not long since occurred to our people, that every thing must have a beginning—that agriculture in every country is progressive until it reaches its acme of improvement. The North American Colonies, during the first years of their agricultural experiments, raised little more than enough for their own use. But the produce of preceding years enabled them to enlarge their operations the succeeding years, and soon they had a surplus, after supplying their own wants, to give in exchange for the productions of other countries. They had during that time, to content themselves with such coarse fare and home-made dress as their own industry and ingenuity could furnish them, and this conformity to their circumstances was the main cause of their future prosperity and independence. Could we subdue our pride, and
content ourselves a few years with such articles of clothing and provisions as our own soil and a little industry could abundantly supply us, we should soon reap the benefits in ample resources, increasing with every returning year."

James Brown, an observing and intelligent emigrant, gave much of his attention to the agricultural interests of the Colony. An association was entered into, to advance this great object, called "The Liberia Agricultural Society," the principal object of which was to enter vigorously into growing the sugar-cane, and the manufacture of sugar. Some ears of corn, carried out by Mr. Simpson, on being planted, came to maturity in two months, of a finer and better quality than the original. If peas and beans are fit for the table in four weeks, fresh vegetables could be grown every month in nine out of the year, while half an acre of cotton trees would clothe a whole family, it would seem that ample means of living were in the hands of every one, who is willing to set himself patiently and industriously to work; and he who is not, can be poor and complaining on the best soil and in the finest country in the world.

The Mississippi Colonization Society took measures to plant a Colony under its own superintendence, to be called "Mississippi in Africa." Territory was purchased in the Si-nou country, one hundred and fifty miles below Monrovia, and a town laid out, called
Greenvile, in honor of Mr. James Green, of whom mention has been already made, and who, in addition to freeing a number of his own slaves, and defraying their expenses to Liberia, left twenty-five thousand dollars to be used for colonization purposes. Josiah Finley was appointed Governor. He wrote, not long after its establishment, that the three most pressing wants of the Colony were, wheaten flour, soap, and most important of all, emigrants. For the first, they could substitute rice flour and corn meal; for the second, they could find no equivalent; and for the third, they were looking with longing anxiety, inasmuch as the labor of native Africans could never make up for the labor of civilized men. Rev. Gloster Simpson removed from Monrovia to this settlement.

In view of their condition and prospects, and under a deep sense of their obligation to the means and measures which had enabled them to come to Africa, the inhabitants of Monrovia held a meeting about this time, to give a public expression of their opinions upon the results of their great work. Speeches were made and resolutions passed, to the effect, that the operation of the Colonial experiment in Liberia had proved itself, thus far, safe, beneficial and advantageous; that it had provided a free and happy home for the colored man, and was entitled to his confidence; that it was laying the foundations of Christian institutions in Africa, and thus appealed to the sympathies of every
friend of humanity; and that, in view of what has been already accomplished, devout thanks and heartfelt gratitude are due to those philanthropists who planned and carried out the scheme of African colonization.

We find among the speakers, on this occasion, David Moore, Beverly R. Wilson, Rev. J. Revey, Major Elijah Johnson, G. R. McGill, J. J. Roberts, Esq., enterprising and intelligent citizens, many of them long residents in Liberia, and sound, practical, sagacious business men, whom we must allow capable of making a fair estimate of the present results, and of the future prospects of their new settlement. Are not their opinions entitled to our confidence? Shall we suffer the impressions of a few idle, discontented and dissolute spirits to prejudice us against testimony like this? Or more than that, shall we allow the disappointments of an ardent imagination, or the too sanguine, and of course disappointed hopes of the merchant, or the one-sided report of a transient visitor, to have any thing like an important weight, against the matured views of intelligent residents? Every wise and reasonable man will give but one answer.

A new settlement, six miles up the St. John's river, was surveyed and commenced by Louis Sheridan, an enterprising emigrant from North Carolina. It was named Bexley, in honor of Lord Bexley, President of the British African Colonization Society, at the request of the Society, who subscribed five hundred dollars towards
its foundation. Another had been commenced on the Junk river, called Marshall, for Judge Marshall, a distinguished friend of the African cause.

If it be true that little things are often the best indications of the true state of society, another quotation from the Liberia Herald may occupy an apt position on our pages.

"African Improvement.—In conversation the other day, it was said that some people abroad thought our Colony going back. Happening to be passing up street, we noticed an iron railing with brass knobs being put up in front of the house of Mr. Elijah Johnson."
CHAPTER X.

A NEW ERA.

"But still imperfect is the work of love.  
Ye generous band, united in the cause  
Of liberty to Africa restored,  
Oh, may your hands be strong and hearts be firm  
In that great cause!"  

GRAHAME.

As the settlements, planted by the different State Colonization Societies, and in some measure under their control, sometimes conflicted with and embarrassed each other's proceedings, it was thought expedient to unite them, by one constitution, under one efficient government, granting to the settlers a greater degree of power than they had hitherto exercised, and accustoming them to the responsible duties of sovereignty. For the purpose of drafting a Constitution, a Committee was appointed by the Colonization Society, consisting of Charles F. Mercer, Samuel L. Southard, Matthew St. Clair Clark, and Elisha Whittlesey. After various meetings, Mr. Mercer, who was Chairman, presented a paper upon which the constitution was drawn. To the clause, declaring the right of white missionaries, officers and agents to hold in the Colony a fee of land to a limited quantity, Mr.
Whittlesey made objections, and moved that *no white man* should become landholder in Liberia. After much discussion, the Committee unanimously sustained the motion, and the Constitution was accepted by the Society. The following are some of its most important Articles.

"*Article 1st.* The Legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Governor and Council of Liberia; but all laws enacted by them, shall be subject to the revocation of the Colonization Society.

"*Article 2d.* The Council shall consist of representatives, elected by the people of the different settlements, and shall be apportioned among them according to a just ratio of representation. The Commonwealth shall be divided into two Counties. Monrovia, Caldwell, Millsburg and New Georgia shall constitute one County, called the County of Mesurado, and shall be entitled to send six representatives. Bassa Cove, Marshall, Bexley and Edina shall constitute another, under the name of the County of Bassa, and shall send four representatives.

"*Article 15th.* The Judicial power of the Commonwealth of Liberia shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Governor and Council may from time to time ordain and establish. The Governor shall be, ex-officio, Chief Justice of Liberia."
"Article 20th. There shall be no Slavery in the Commonwealth.

"Article 21st. There shall be no dealing in slaves, by any citizen of the Commonwealth, either within or without the bounds of the same.

"Article 23d. The right of trial by Jury and the right of petition shall be inviolate.

"Article 25th. Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one shall have the right of suffrage.

"Article 26th. All elections shall be by ballot."

The new Constitution and the new Governor, Mr. Thomas Buchanan, already known to our readers, were both shipped in the Saluda, a ship owned by the Colonization Society. It came to anchor at Mesurado Bay on the 1st of April, 1839. A boat was sent ashore, announcing the arrival of his Excellency, when a salute was gallantly fired from the Fort, which was answered from the ship. The military was soon seen filing down to the wharf, to receive and escort the new Magistrate to the government house.

As soon as practicable, an assembly of the citizens was convened, to whom was read and explained the new Constitution. Some demurred at the veto power of the Governor, but in every other respect, it met with general approbation. "It is wise and liberal," they said,
"and a good stepping-stone to independent sovereignty." The inhabitants of Monrovia took the oath of allegiance, and their example was speedily followed by the other towns. It bound the interests of the settlers more strongly together, and in that union, they felt there was strength.

The new Legislature held its first session at Monrovia, in September. A brief notice of some of its earliest proceedings may not be uninteresting to our readers.

A post office department was established, and the Colonial Secretary was elected Postmaster General.

An act was passed, regulating the employment and oversight of the Poor of the Commonwealth of Liberia, and another concerning schools. They provided as follows:—

"Be it enacted and ordained by the Governor and Legislature of Liberia, in Council assembled, That the support and maintenance of aged widows, destitute orphans, poor persons and invalids, shall be borne by the Commonwealth, out of any moneys in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated.

"Be it further enacted, That a number of good cards, wheels, looms, knitting and sewing needles, shall be provided for the use of all females who reside in the asylum, so that they
may be employed in carding, spinning, weaving, knitting and sewing; and to the end that there shall be no idlers about this institution, the requisite quantity of wool, cotton, flax, hemp, and such other materials as may be manufactured into useful articles for the convenience of the community, shall be kept constantly on hand.

"Be it further enacted. That there shall be a regular teacher employed to take charge of a school attached to the asylum, whose business shall be to instruct the youth belonging to the institution in all the branches of a common English education.

"Be it further enacted, That for the improvement of the youth of this institution, carpenters, rope makers, blacksmiths, and such other mechanics as the improving state of the Colony may demand, shall be employed in and about the establishment, for the purpose of instructing the youth in their several branches.

"Be it further enacted, That in each of the Counties of this Commonwealth, there shall be one or more asylums established, on the plan suggested and to which paupers, whether natives or colonists, shall be admitted, where they shall be fed, clothed, educated, and instructed in agriculture, or in some useful branch of mechanic art, if they are of a proper age.

"Be it enacted by the Governor and Council of the Commonwealth of Liberia, in Legislature
assembled, That there shall be established in each settlement and township that is, or hereafter may be, formed in this Commonwealth, one common school, the same to be under the supervision or control of a School Committee, to be created for that purpose by the Governor and Council."

"How large was Liberia at this time?" you may want to ask. It contained nine towns, and owned five hundred thousand acres of rich land, where the finest vegetables, and the most delicious fruits could be cultivated to any extent. It had four printing presses, and two newspapers—the Liberia Herald, already mentioned, and the African Luminary, a religious paper. What is the best token of good in the world, it numbered twenty-one churches, thirty ministers, ten day schools, and many Sabbath schools. Few new settlements could compare with it, in its supply of the means of Christian improvement. In this respect, it looks like the Puritan colonies of New England. The Monthly Concert for Prayer, so dear to the hearts of American Christians, was early established at Liberia, in which the Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists united. A deep interest in missions was generally felt, and surrounded as they were by heathen in every jungle, their hearts often gushed out in most powerful appeals to Christians in America.

Behold Mr. Seys on one of his missionary tours. He is at King Doongy's town; men
women and children are squatting around him, beneath the spreading thatch of a rude cabin; an old wooden mortar, turned upside down, is his pulpit, large enough for a light and a book. He has lifted up his heart to God in prayer, and now, through an interpreter, he attempts to teach the naked savages the way of eternal life. So interested did the interpreter become, that he suddenly stopped: "Me no tell fast enough—come here, you boy, who 'peak English—come help! dat no word be lost—no single good word." With one on each side of him, explaining his words to the listening audience, he again went on. Again the interpreter stopped, and turning around, asked hastily, "Suppose poor African man do good fash, no do bad—but he never hear 'bout God, 'bout God's love, 'bout new heart—so he dead—he go up top? will God take him?" Ah! we cannot answer the poor African's question. We fear few heathen men "do good fash—no do bad;" and for such, who do, we can safely trust them to the tender mercies of an all-wise and all-compassionate Creator: but there is one thing we do know, and that is, our duty towards the heathen. "Go ye unto all the world, and preach the gospel—" and to leave us no room for doubt, it is added and reiterated, "preach the gospel to every creature." The gospel they must have, and mainly through our instrumentality. Let us hear what another good minister, Mr. Brown, says of a new station, just beginning to bud in
the wilderness: "I am on my post at Heding-
ton. It is one of the pleasantest situations in
the world, although the town has but just com-
cmenced building; and, under God, I have charge
of one of the most interesting little flocks in the
world. This flock consists of fifty-nine natives.
Oh, the power of the gospel! See the old man
dethrone his idol, in whom he trusted till his
head was gray; but now he casts the dumb thing
into the fire, looks up and prays the Eternal
God to curse the smoke thereof. See the sav-
age warrior lay his spear and sword upon the
ground, and see him kneel and look up, and
pray to God, that if he ever takes them up again
to war, they may be immediate instruments of
his death. Oh, sir, could you hear a little two-
pound bell ring in this dark forest, and see the
natives flock to the mission-house, like sheep to
the shepherd in time of drought, singing,

'Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;'
or,

'Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!'

and hear them thanking God in prayer for the
benefits and spread of the gospel, and hear the
loud amens; and add to this, their regular at-
tendance at family devotions, their sound rea-
sonings in meetings of business, and constant
applications to the missionary, to know what
God says about it; why, sir, you would be
tempted to lay down your fear, and come over
to Africa at once. Oh, Christians! pray that God may sustain us in this glorious work!"

Does not your heart yearn over little Hedington? Can you not almost hear the tinkling of its little two-pound bell, echoing in the almost unbroken wilderness? Should you not rejoice to see those dark savages, no longer savages, but gospel-freed men, kneeling in grateful prayer at the mission altar? The little settlement of Hedington was about twenty-five miles northeast of Monrovia. Near the spot where the mission-house was built, the paths of the negroes, from the Pessah, Gissah, Queah and Goolah tribes, leading to Monrovia, Millsburg, Caldwell, New Georgia, intersected, so that frequent opportunities occurred of communicating with the surrounding natives. Oh! that these little paths, so often trod by the treacherous savages, might become "a way of holiness," highways to speed the glad tidings of the gospel of peace!

Shall we take a peep at Mr. Ivory Clarke, another excellent missionary, of the Baptist denomination? King Joe Harris had long wanted a man to come and teach his people "book." He offered to build a house for any body who would come. At last, Mr. Clarke made a journey to his town, where he preached upon the creation. Joe and his people listened very attentively. After Mr. Clarke had finished, the king wanted to tell what he had always thought about it. "God made, first time,"
said he, "white man, den white woman—den black man, den black woman. God den held out his hands, book in one, rice and palm-oil in other—choose which, you both? White man choose book, black man choose rice and palm-oil. Book tell white man how get every thing else—black man never get nothing but rice and palm-oil. I want you come teach book to me, my people, then we get more." Mr. Clarke explained to him the treasures of salvation, which the book unfolded to him and to them. The poor creatures seemed touched by the life and death of Jesus. "Preach more—more book," they cried. Several missionaries were sent over to Liberia by the Presbyterian Board, to "preach more—more book."

But there were shadows mingling with these lights of Liberian life. There are darker tints to this pleasant picture, to which we must now sadly and painfully turn our eyes. The slave trade, as you well know, was the secret of all the wars, the kidnapping and the bloodshed, which prevailed among the native tribes, and of the difficulties which, from time to time, broke out between the Liberians and the savages. It was the main desire of the government of Liberia, to break up this traffic in all the territory over which they claimed any jurisdiction, and as far as possible among all the neighboring tribes, to turn the trade of the country into different channels. Towards this object, the settlers labored with firmness and courage. No
sooner had Governor Buchanan taken the oaths of office, than his attention was directed towards some suspicious movements at Bassa.

What were they? Two traders had come to the coast, erected a factory, offered great bargains to the natives, and made every preparation for carrying on the slave trade. "It must not, and it shall not be!" exclaimed Governor Buchanan. "Fire, famine, blood, and chains, are the necessary elements of the slave trade! What multiplied miseries is this devilish traffic inflicting upon this unhappy country! It must be stopped." He immediately sent an order to the traders to leave the coast instantly, or run the risk of having their property ruined, and their factories destroyed.

The order was treated with great contempt. "Leave! no! Tell Governor Buchanan, we shall stay as long as we please, and trade in just what suits us best," cried Lang, and forthwith he set about to add to his stores, enlarge his barracoons, and to make every preparation for a permanent settlement. The Governor again sent to him, threatening hostilities if his orders were not obeyed. The message was treated as before. The Governor resolved to let no time be lost in executing his threats. The military of Monrovia were immediately assembled; he presented the facts before them, and asked for forty volunteers to come forward, and support the government. Forty men grasped their muskets, and with one voice declared, "We
will go.” He then sent to New Georgia for thirty-five more, and the call was instantly responded to. These were put under the command of Col. Elijah Johnson, the old hero of Ashmun’s time, and took up their line of march towards Little Bassa. Three schooners, filled with a supply of ammunition, put to sea, to aid and coöperate with the land force, at the scene of action. The whole amounted to one hundred men, under the direction of the Marshal of Liberia, Mr. Lewis, all animated by the same heroic determination to expel the slavers, or die in the attempt.

Three days passed away, and the inhabitants of Monrovia were anxiously awaiting the result, when Governor Buchanan was thrown into the greatest alarm by beholding the return of his little fleet, after struggling against a strong head wind, and a heavy current, in a vain attempt to double the Cape. “What has become of the land force, deprived of the assistance of the schooners!” he exclaimed, filled with fearful forebodings for their fate. It was a moment of intense anxiety and gloom. Just then an English man-of-war arrived in the harbor, with a fine, snug, fast-sailing slaver, which had been recently captured, and which, on learning the critical state of things, the commander put into Governor Buchanan’s possession. In an incredibly short time, her captain and crew were landed, and the Governor was on board with men, arms, ammunition and provisions. By daylight on Friday morning, a little more than
thirty-six hours after her departure, the slave-schooner Euphrates anchored off Little Bassa. At that early hour, nothing could be distinctly seen on shore, and a canoe was instantly dispatched to learn the state of affairs around the barracoons. As the day opened, a scene of fearful interest burst upon the eyes and ears of the Governor and his crew. About one hundred and fifty yards from the beach, in a little clearing amid the forest, rose the barracoons, and a few native huts, from the walls of which, now gleamed in hot and quick succession, the fire and steel of musketry; the woods muttered a thrilling and angry answer; the roar and blaze of guns burst forth upon the barracoon, on every side. Stern and fearful was the contest. Who were the besieged? Who the besiegers? Were there friends or foes in the forest? Were there friends or foes behind the palisades? None could tell—none could even guess. Breathless and anxious stood the men on deck, watching the varying struggle. The return of the canoe was waited for with the utmost solicitude. "Dem live for fight dare now! 'Merica men had barracoon—countrymen in woods all round! Fishmen stay back. Pose you go shore, you catch prenty balls," shouted the Krooman, as soon as he was in hailing distance. "'Merica men in the barracoons!"

The little force of the Liberians then was surrounded, and hotly, closely besieged by a savage and angry enemy, of tenfold numbers,
thirsting for their blood. Their ammunition must soon be exhausted, and they must fight for every inch of life. A new difficulty and danger sprang up. The Governor was on board a well known slaver; the settlers, mistaking them for Spaniards, coming up to reinforce the enemy, might fire upon them, or seeing no way of safety but in retreat, abandon their barra- coons, and attempt to cut their way into the forest.

What was to be done? We must communicate with the barra- coons. We must convey information to our friends with all possible dispatch. "Who will go on this perilous enterprise?" asked the Governor, looking around upon his men.

"I will go, sir," cried a young American sailor, stepping forth from the crew, with fire in his eye, and an unflinching courage stamped upon every feature in his face.

"It may cost your life," said the Governor, fixing his keen eye upon the man.

"Never mind, I will go!" was the bold reply. With a hastily penned note to Colonel Johnson hid in his bosom, he put off upon his dangerous errand.

The brave Liberians in the barracon were all this while anxious watchers of the schooner. When her masts and spars became first visible in the morning light, they hailed her as their promised aid. "Aid! aid!" they shouted, one to another, joyfully and gratefully. "Thank
God, aid is near!" How must their hopes have been dashed on discovering her to be the slaver Euphrates! Already weary, and worn, with an increasing foe and failing ammunition, how desponding their spirits, how appalling their prospects! The second canoe pushed from the vessel's side. It was seen by Johnson. "There goes the slaver to concert measures with the natives, for a combined attack! If he reaches them, we are lost! He must be cut off!" and at the head of a handful of men, Johnson rushed out to attack him, as the surf threw the canoe upon the beach. The brave sailor found himself beset with foes on every side. No sooner had he landed, than a party of the natives concealed in the bushes, seized the poor fellow, and discovering him to be "'Merica man," were about to dispatch him with their knives, when Johnson's party, who saw in the movement something auspicious to themselves, made a furious onset. The savage who held his knife at the sailor's throat was instantly shot down.

Meanwhile the governor and his men were already under way. A party of savages stood ready to cut them off as they leaped upon the shore. Before it could be done, a sudden and heavy fire from the boat reached their ranks, and scattered them into the forests. What a joyful welcome did the governor receive as he crossed the threshold of the barracoon! For an instant the rattling shower of balls was forgotten, while the men threw up their caps, shout-
ing "hurra, hurra! for Governor Buchanan!"

Prompt measures were immediately resorted to. Some houses without the palisades, which had afforded shelter to the savages, were quickly destroyed. A sally was made into the nearest thicket, where a large body of the natives had intrenched themselves. They were speedily routed, and a party of axe-men soon leveled it to the ground. The property saved by the marshal began to be shipped, and the whole day was passed in industriously working, and as manfully fighting. It was a day of toil, vigilant, severe, unresting toil. The next day, it being reported that Lang had determined to reinforce himself with other native princes, and continue the combat, the schooner was dispatched to Monrovia, for more volunteers, two field pieces, fourteen thousand ball cartridges, and other articles necessary to their position. On her return, the Governor sent a message to the native kings demanding an instant surrender of the slaves in their possession, and desiring of them to make a treaty of peace within twenty-four hours. The messenger came back in the evening, bringing word that the kings would appear the next day on the beach. The next morning, a white flag was borne towards the barracoon. Bah Gay was said to be upon the beach, fearful of approaching nearer. Governor Buchanan, with an escort of 70 men, then marched up to meet him. It was sometime before Bah Gay consented to issue from the
bushes, and when he did, he shook with fear, though enclosed by a body guard of 300 warriors. Before saying a word, he gave up the slaves in his possession, and piteously bewailed his folly in making war on the 'Mericans. The terms of peace were readily agreed to, written and signed on a drum head, the principal articles of which were, that he, Bah Gay, would never deal in slaves again, or enter in any way into the slave-trade. The next morning, their encampment was broken up, and both land and sea forces returned to Monrovia with the loss of one Krooman. Six or eight of the Liberians were wounded, some severely but not seriously, among whom was Colonel Johnson. The loss of the enemy was declared to be ten killed, but it was thought greatly to exceed that number. The spot is now called Fort Victory.

Few things grieved Governor Buchanan more, or filled him with deeper shame, than to see his own countrymen engaged in the slave-trade. He was anxious to have clear and distinct instructions upon the kind and amount of testimony required to condemn a slaver in an American court. "I cannot bear," said he, "to see these pirates escape when brought in my power; but it perplexes me often beyond measure, to know how to act."

Her Britannic majesty's brig Saracen, brought into the harbor of Monrovia an American slave schooner, Campbell, captured just after having anchored at Gallinas, one of the most extensive
slave-markets on the coast. The governor went on board, and having overhauled her cargo, was fully satisfied in his own mind that it was intended for the slave-trade, but the evidence, he feared, was not sufficiently strong to condemn her at court. The captain swore she was no slaver; and begged permission to remain and make some necessary repairs, without which it was not safe to re-cross the Atlantic. Permission was granted. On learning that an American cruiser was daily expected, he seemed exceedingly uneasy, and at last determined to sell both cargo and vessel. No sooner was the sale advertised, than one of the mates came forward, and under oath, declared that both vessel and cargo were owned by Don Pedro Blanco, one of the principal slave traders at Gallinas, that she was a regular slaver and came on the coast solely for that purpose. The sailors confirmed his testimony. Governor Buchanan immediately ordered a writ to be served; the property was seized, while the captain disappeared in the night, and made his way back again to his employer.

Have you heard of the sturdy bravery of those British seamen, who shipped on board a vessel engaged in the African trade, and on arriving at Gallinas, learned for the first time, that they were to take a cargo of slaves? Disgusted with a traffic condemned by every christian nation and indignant at being deceived into it, they resolved to bear no part or lot in the
matter. One day while the captain was absent on shore, the crew weighed anchor and put to sea. They carried her to Sierra Leone and gave her up to the authorities of that colony.

Frequent mention has been made of King Boatswain a powerful chief, and one of the greatest slave-dealers in the region. He was a most extraordinary African. When young, he visited England, and served for a time in a British man-of-war. Afterwards returning to his own country, he plunged into the interior, 50 miles from Cape Mesurado, and set up his standard. Of giant stature and unconquerable energy, he soon drew about him all the high bloods of the country. War was his business; his generals became the most noted warriors of the age; few tribes could long withstand their artifices or attacks. But King Boatswain, with an almost instinctive reverence for civilization, had always been a faithful friend to the Liberians. In fact, he was their most powerful ally, whose protection had been of service to them, more than once in overawing the turbulent spirits of some of their nearer neighbors.

His death proved the occasion of serious troubles. Gatumba, a bold and bloody chief, succeeded to the kingdom, while Goterah, a noted warrior, became commander of his forces.

The tribes around soon felt the weight of their power; they waged war in every direction, for the purpose of making captives, to supply the demands of the slave trade; and at
length they had entered the Dey country, a region bordering on Liberia. Thousands of unhappy Deys were butchered, or carried away and sold into hopeless slavery, when a poor, miserable remnant of the tribe, about 20 in number, came to the people of Millsburg, begging the protection of the Liberian government, and permission to settle quietly down among the colonists. They were kindly received. The people set about to instruct them in the arts of civilized life, and for the first time in their lives, they began to enjoy peaceable and pleasant homes. The poor Deys were as happy as could be. No fear of captivity haunted them, nor did the chains of slavery clank in their ears, for they now considered themselves beyond the power of their blood-thirsty pursuers. Alas! they knew not how relentless are the demands of the slave-trade. Suddenly, on the night of the 16th of November, 1840, a savage yell awoke the quiet sleepers at Millsburg. Gatumba was on their track. The people of Millsburg rushed to the rescue of the Deys, but not before the savage chief had killed four, captured twelve, and dreadfully wounded the remainder. The poor sufferers were taken to the hospitable homes of the colonists, nursed with the tenderest care, and finally recovered from their wounds. An express was instantly sent to Governor Buchanan with news of the outrage. Gatumba was found to be hanging on the outskirts of Liberia, and no one could predict where his
daring spirit would next direct hostilities. The Governor sent arms and ammunition to Millsburg with orders to keep the strictest watch by night and by day. He also dispatched messengers to the chief, demanding a release of the captives and reparation for the wrong done to the Colony. Gatumba sent back word that he had a war to fight, and he would not for an instant suffer the Americans to interfere with him. He declared that he had a right to every run-a-way slave, and that there were run-a-way slaves at Hedington which belonged to him. Arms and ammunition were immediately sent to Hedington, with orders to keep a sharp look-out, at any appearance of hostilities. Meanwhile a council of war was holden, in which, as the Liberrians always preferred peace to war, they resolved to seek a peaceable adjustment of difficulties, before taking more decided measures. Two young men, Peale and Wilson, a son of Mr. Beverly R. Wilson, undertook a mission to the chief. With the flag of peace in their hands, they fearlessly left their friends and plunged into the forest. On approaching the enemy's camp, alone, unarmed and undefended, the cowardly natives fell upon the too trusting deputies, and murdered them without mercy. An act, at once so atrocious and so unprovoked, sent a thrill of horror through the Colony. Liberrians felt that they had to grapple with an unscrupulous and deadly foe. Their spies were cut off in every direction, and it was difficult, if not almost impossible, to learn the movements of the savages.
Time passed away in a state of great suspense and anxiety, until the 17th of March, when a fearful onset was made upon little unoffending Hedington, by between three and four hundred warriors, Condoos, Veys, Manboes, headed by four chiefs, of whom Goterah was the principal. So sure were they of victory, that Goterah had brought a pot for the purpose of cooking Mr. Brown, the missionary, for his breakfast. The mission house was on one side of the settlement, behind a large field of cassadas. At this time there were two carpenters from Caldwell, living at the mission-house, Zion Harris and Demery, who had come for the purpose of building a church and school-house for the mission. At daylight, the report of guns was heard, and immediately a voice shouting "War! war! war is come!" while a horde of savages came rushing through the cassada field, sending up the most horrid yells. Harris and Demery, seizing their muskets and cartridges, rushed out and took their stand behind the picket-fence, which surrounded the house, as the enemy, like furious tigers, pressed madly forward. Their course was suddenly checked by a deadly discharge from Harris and Demery, which stretched several leading warriors on the ground. Before recovering from their surprise, Brown opened a heavy discharge upon them, from the upper window.

It was now just light enough to behold the work of death. The two below were soon out of ammunition. They ran to the house for more, and
quickly returned to the stockade. A brisk fire was kept incessantly up for some time, when some of the savages, led on by Goterah, tore off the palings of the fence, and leaping over the railings, made towards the house. The little party within were almost exhausted. Harris stood in the door at the moment, when a poor christian native came in, crying out, "Look, daddy, I shot," and crawled away, leaving his gun loaded with a heavy charge of slugs and balls. Goterah came on, brandishing his war-knife, and calling on his men to follow. "On! on! the town is ours!" The danger was imminent. All seemed lost, when Harris, reaching behind him for an axe, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, seized the gun, which the wounded native had left behind him. He clutched it like a dying man, took aim, and poured its contents into Goterah's body. The chief instantly fell, a mangled and hideous corpse. Several of his men ran up to catch the body of their prostrate leader, shrieking out, "War is done! The head-man is dead!" Others, growling with rage, rushed in to fill up the gap. Demery and Brown were no where in sight. Harris fearing for the fate of his companions, still kept at his post, while the slugs and shot rattled around the building in all directions. Every thing looked desperate, and as a last hope, he leveled his gun at a second chief, who fell to rise no more. The assailants now faltered and fell back. Harris blew a large bugle, which
greatly frightened the savages. Supposing it to proceed from an approaching reinforcement, they made a rapid retreat, carrying off their dead into the neighboring forest.

Some of the natives, gathering around Harris, began to lick his feet, exclaiming, "you got gree-gree—you got gree-gree—give me some." "I have none but what Almighty God gives me," answered he. Gree-grees are charms worn by the natives, to protect them from danger. Harris's remarkable preservation in the midst of perils so great, led them to suppose that he possessed one of more than common power and value. Ah, no! the well-being, nay, the very existence of this interesting village, just converted from heathenism to Christianity, seemed for the time, to hang on his own bold arm; defenceless homes were about him, his own life was at stake, either the band of savage Cannibals must be driven back, or they must all fall victims to their rage. The God who led the armies of Israel, and who gave Gideon the victory, gave victory to this poor carpenter of Liberia in that fearful struggle. The death of Goterah gave great joy to the natives far and near. Some came from long distances to see the man who had slain the tyrant, exclaiming, "'Merica man's God is God for true."

As soon as the news reached Monrovia, Colonel Johnson was sent down with orders to fortify the town. It was reported that Gatumba was determined to revenge Goterah's death at
Hedington, by an attack on Millsburg. The Colonies were in great alarm. It was feared that a general conspiracy might unite the interior tribes against Liberia, and attempts be made to blot it from the coast. At this moment of uncertainty and fear, Governor Buchanan determined to carry war into the very heart of the enemy's country, and strike a blow that would settle the matter at once and for ever. General Roberts was ordered to prepare for a sudden march to Gatumba's strong-hold, twenty miles from Millsburg, with 300 men, one piece of artillery, and 60 Kroomen to carry the baggage. On Friday morning, they took up the line of their dangerous march from Millsburg. It was an hour of deep and thrilling interest, as the little band filed away beyond the pale of civilization and protection, into a pathless forest, beset by foes, to meet an enemy of more than common ferocity, maddened by a late defeat. There were sorrowful partings between husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, friend and friend. The natives ruefully shook their heads, saying "no come back from de long bush," "no come back from there." But brave hearts bade them God-speed, and Christian hearts plead their cause in deep and fervent prayer before the Sovereign Disposer of events.

Fearlessly they went forth, not only to be a shield to their own countrymen, but to maintain their right to furnish a shelter and a home to the defenceless natives, who fled to them for pro-
tection from slavery and death, liable to be inflicted upon them, at any moment, by their own ruthless chiefs; a cause worthy of a noble defence! God be with them!

It was a painful, as well as perilous march. After dragging their cannon over streams and through swamps, the labor of which was found to be rapidly wearing down the men, it was concluded to draw it aside and leave it concealed in the underbrush. The little company proceeded on, in spite of a drenching rain, until 2 o'clock, when they reached an old, deserted town of Gatumba's, where they encamped for the night. By daylight, the next morning, they were on their way. The path was often so narrow that they were obliged to march in single file. At other places, the rains had so swollen the streams and swamps, that the mud was often knee-deep, while the water arose to their armpits. As yet, the enemy had scarcely disturbed them. On ascending a hill, from a deep, wet, muddy ravine, almost exhausted with fatigue, a sudden attack was made from the surrounding forest, which brought the brave captain Snetter, of the Rifle Corps, to the ground, mortally wounded. His men rushed forward and drove away the savages, without disturbing the line of march. As there was no longer any hope of concealing their approach, the music, which had hitherto been silent, now broke in enlivening strains upon the ear, inspiring the flagging spirits of the men, and urging them onward.
with a rapid and animating step. The next six miles was one of painful exposure. All along they were subject to the fire of an enemy, concealed in every jungle, and behind every tree. Though extremely disheartened, no murmur escaped their lips; no man recoiled from his post of duty. It was forward or death! Delay was certain destruction. At last, a tremendous roar of musketry announced their near approach to the fortress. The salute was rough and ready. A heavy fire was opened upon them with muskets and swivels from every port-hole in the wall. It was a fearful crisis. General Roberts quickly arranged his men for a desperate attack. So skillful were his maneuvers, so determined his assault, that on the first onset, before a hope of victory had animated their hearts, the enemy became panic-struck and hastily fled to the woods. General Roberts instantly forced his way into the town, planted their standard on the walls, and a proclamation was issued, declaring the battle fought and won. The suddenness of the event was astonishing even to themselves. They could scarcely believe the lion had been bearded in his den. The town was found in a fine state of defence, and pots of cassadas were boiling over the fire for supper, which proved very acceptable to the tired and hungry Liberians. Among the spoils were found the bones of Goterah's brother, covered with leopard skins, which was considered a most powerful gree-gree, and which while they possessed, they
supposed no harm could befall them; but it failed them before Liberian heroism. With their wants well supplied, General Roberts remained in quiet possession of the town, over the Sabbath. On Monday, they marched out, set it on fire, and took their homeward route. The natives were astonished to see them return, as it was very generally supposed they could never penetrate into the "long bush." The valor of the settlers won the admiration and respect of the whole region round about. Thenceforth Governor Buchanan, who accompanied the expedition, was known as Governor Big Cannon. Thus the expedition ended, with the loss of only two men, the release of the captives, the defeat of Gatumba, and a growing confidence in the strength and power of their government. This proved the last battle with the natives, in fulfillment of the Governor's hopes, when he declared, "We must strike a blow that will settle the matter at once and for ever."

Six or seven kings, who had stood ready to join the strongest party, now hastened to Monrovia, with presents and protestations of friendship; while from the interior tribes, messengers were dispatched to beg an alliance with Liberia. One article in every treaty, always insisted upon by the Governor, was—never in any way to be engaged in the slave-trade; so keenly alive was he to the horrors and outrages of this unnatural traffic. Every man seemed glad to be freed from the attacks of the dreadful
Gatumba, who, driven from his town, and shunned by the neighboring kings, was forced to skulk in the woods, without a hut for shelter, and nothing but wild yams, for food. Henceforth he became an outcast and vagabond, in regions once ruled by the terror of his name. The feeling began extensively to prevail, that in Liberia, and in Liberia alone, were they secure from the liability of being seized and sold into slavery. The idea cannot be more touchingly expressed than in the reply of a poor fellow, from the river Congo, on being asked if he did not wish to return to his own country. "No, no," said he, "if I go back to my country, they make me slave. I am here free, no one dare trouble me. I got my wife—my lands—my children learn book—all free—I am here a white man—me no go back."

The aptness of the native youth to learn, is encouragingly spoken of by Mr. Wilson, the teacher at White Plains.

"In reference to my own affairs, since I have been in Africa, up to the first of December last, I can truly say, I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted pleasure; but O, since that time, I have had sorrow. My eldest son was sent by the Governor to a hostile native prince with the terms of peace, and this fellow would have nothing to do with the ambassadors, but drove them from his town, and they were followed by a merciless mob, and my son, with Mr. Peale, a very worthy man, was slain on the second
day of December last. I would give you a detail of the whole affair, but it will be seen in the Luminary. This has caused much grief, but I hope the Lord will give us grace. Pray for us.

"Here at White Plains, we are doing well. We have been greatly blessed in our own labors. Our native boys and girls make rapid improvement. They read and write. Many of them promise great usefulness and to be future blessings to their generation, for many of them have already embraced the religion of Jesus Christ. We have a considerable farm under cultivation, and we intend to connect a sugar plantation and a saw-mill to this institution. Our work-shops are doing well. We are making wheels, bedsteads, tables, and other articles, such as are useful in the Colony. The native boys are remarkably ingenious. Indeed, sir, there is a glorious reformation going on in this vicinity, and as we believe the present wars are very near at an end, we look forward to a more glorious day. But I must say that a great deal depends upon the advancement of the Colony; for we plainly see, as she grows and strengthens, in the same proportion do the heathen superstitions yield to her influence, and thus the way is open for the Gospel. This we have sufficiently proved. Our first object was to extend our labors as far as possible into the interior, even beyond the general influence of the Colony, but we soon found that our labor was lost. Then we changed
our labors to the natives under the influence of the Colony, and we find that everything goes on well. My opinion is, that the only thing now wanting is men and means, and the barren land will soon become a fruitful field. Time will not permit me to give you all my views on this subject."

As has already been said, one grand source of all these wars was to be found in the two great slave-marts, New Sesters and Gallinas. New Sesters is about 70 miles south-east, on the coast from Monrovia, in the neighborhood of Bassa Cove; Gallinas is about 75 miles north-west of Monrovia. The slave-trade is principally in the hands of the Spanish and Portuguese. Traders go on the coast, and make some pretensions to place themselves under a negro king, whom they supply plentifully with arms and ammunition, in order to obtain captives either by war or robbery, or by any other means, either more or less iniquitous. Theodore Canot, a Florentine by birth, and once a resident of the United States, was at the head of the establishment at New Sesters. Don Pedro Blanco, principal in an extensive firm at Havana, Cuba, resided at Gallinas, where he had a princely mansion, six native wives and numerous children. Their barracoons were extensive and strongly defended, slaves were bought with goods, amounting to about 20 dollars, and sold at Cuba for 350. To give some idea of the immense profit arising from this traffic, a slaver took a cargo of 900
slaves at Gallinas, landed 800 at Cuba, and cleared 200,000 dollars, free of all expenses.

Sometimes 5000 captives are waiting to be shipped. These are often delayed by the vigilance of British and American cruisers. When the Grampus and Dolphin were cruising on the African coast, the slave-trade was exceedingly dull, and multitudes of the poor creatures died from the close confinement and filthiness of the barracoons. It is said if one vessel in three eludes the vigilance of the cruisers, the business is still profitable. For twenty years, Pedro Blanco had been engaged in the business. He argued in favor of it, declaring that the condition of the natives is greatly improved by a removal to Christian countries, and that he was effecting more good than all the missionaries in Africa, inasmuch as they convert comparatively few to Christianity, while he sent thousands yearly where the sound of the gospel could reach them, and the influence of Christian institutions could mould their characters and affect their hearts. The vicinity of these slave-marts was highly injurious to the interests of the Colony, "and no truth is more certain," said Governor Buchanan, in one of his dispatches, "than that, sooner or later, we must fight the slavers, or surrender the high principles upon which we have planted ourselves. As long as they remain in the neighborhood, they will annoy and injure us, through the medium of the savages. For my part, I care not how soon the
collision may come. It would be much less hazardous, and infinitely more agreeable to fight them, than to be exposed to these repeated conflicts in the outskirts of the Colony with the natives."

The Governor's wishes were in some measure fulfilled sooner than he expected; for not long after, Capt. Denham, of the British Navy, landed at New Sesters, with 200 men, and attacked the barracoons. Canot and his men fled to the woods, taking two or three thousand slaves with them. All their own property, which was not inconsiderable, fell into the hands of the captors, and was destroyed or carried off. Previous to the settlement of Liberia, the mouths of the rivers Mesurado, St. Paul and St. John were the greatest marts for slaves on the windward coast. Thousands came annually down those streams for transportation. Now those rivers are used by the husbandmen to bring their produce to Monrovia, Grand Bassa, and Edina, and the negro paddles his light canoe in safety, protected by the stout arm, the free, strong heart of this christian Colony. But he whose wisdom had guided its councils, and whose energy had lengthened its cords, and strengthened its stakes he, who had wrought for it what no other man had done since the days of Ashmun, was soon to sink, to rise no more. The sudden death of Governor Buchanan plunged Liberia into the deepest mourning. While on his way to some of the eastern settlements, he was attacked with
fever, which continued at intervals for several days. On reaching Bassa Cove, he partially recovered, and immediately gave his attention to the duties which had called him thither. They were too much for his already broken constitution, his strength gave way, and after a few suffering days, his eyes closed upon the scene of his earthly conflicts. He was buried with military honors at Bassa Cove. The following was the order of procession.

1. Military escort, commanded by Col. W. L. Weaver.
4. Bearers, Corpse, Pall bearers.
5. Heads of Departments.

Half-hour guns to be fired from sunrise to sunset.

"All that remains of our much loved and respected Governor," writes one from Liberia, "except the glory of his benevolent and devoted career, lies entombed in the government grounds at Bassa, beneath some stately trees, shading the house built by him some five or six years ago. While the green turf flourishes, and the south sea-breezes spread the perfumes of flowers, planted on the spot, sacred to his ashes, may his memory abide in the heart of every Liberian, and his praises diffuse a sacred love for his name in the bosom of every colored man, to
whose cause he was wholly and ardently devoted.”

Bound as he was to his mother-land, by ties that bind a son to a much loved and widowed mother and half orphan sisters and brothers, he thought not the sacrifice too great to forsake all for the love of the cause in which he was engaged.

What his self-devotion was to the glorious cause of fostering the work of Africa’s redemption, we learn from a scrap found in his journal, penned on his first voyage to this country, in Dec. 1835. “The Lord, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, can also temper the rays of a tropical sun to a northern constitution. But though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. The work is his, in which I go, and is worthy of all sacrifice.”

With nothing are we so forcibly struck in Liberian history, as the spirit of self-consecration, the generous and exalted principles, which inspired and animated the leaders of this noble enterprise. Death and dangers, public and pecuniary interests, the endearments of friends, and the delightful privilege of a Christian country, are alike unheeded, alike cheerfully sacrificed, to the supplicating cry of injured Africa, and the hope of enlightening her “habitations of cruelty” with the light of civil freedom and Christian institutions.

The following extract from a sermon delivered by Elder Teage, upon the death of his
Excellency, may not be amiss, illustrating as it does a strong point in Gov. Buchanan's character, and furnishing an interesting specimen of Negro eloquence. "Not unfrequently to be met with in the history of nations, is the fact of some individual's name, from a concurrence of circumstances, carrying terror wherever it is heard, among his or his country's foes. The brilliant and continuous chain of success which crowned the campaigns of Napoleon, is to be accounted for as much from this fact, as from his universally admitted skill in their science and courage on the field of combat. Victory was supposed to hover over their march, and in the field to perch upon their sword. Thus their enemies, pallsied with terror, were prepared at the first onset to yield an easy victory, or seek safety in an ignominious flight, or unconditional surrender. From similar coincidences, united with the strict integrity and good faith which marked all Gov. Buchanan's intercourse with the natives—readily conceding to them all their rights, and inflexibly demanding his—the like impressions pervaded their minds. The bare encounter with him in the hall of palaver, or in the field of fight, was regarded by them as an earnest of defeat. Never was a man more feared and respected by the natives, than Gov. Buchanan; nor is there a man in all the colonies, the influence of whose presence can so effectually check or hold in abeyance their blustering passions, as did the presence of our lamented Governor. Frank and open, he
was a stranger to duplicity. He possessed largely that charity which thinketh no evil, and acknowledgeth readily whatever was commendable in the character of his enemies. He presented a harmonious union of dignity and gentleness. To sum up his character, he was a christian and a gentleman."

At his death, the official duties of his station devolved upon the Lieutenant Governor, Gen. Joseph J. Roberts, until the appointment of a successor by the Colonization Society in America.

The following note, calling him to these new responsibilities, is not devoid of interest:—

"Agency House, Bassa Cove.
Sept. 3d, 1841.

"To General Roberts, Monrovia,
Sir,—The afflictive and mournful dispensation by which we have been bereaved of our late chief magistrate, places you in such a position to us and the Commonwealth of Liberia, as to compel us to throw all our weight of public cares upon you.

"As under the guidance and teaching of your illustrious predecessor, we have had inculcated upon us lessons of political economy and principles of Republican Liberty, permit us to hope that, being favored with the blessing of Heaven, you will be governed by the same imperishable principles, and to a similar end. How deeply we condole with you, in the almost irreparable loss we have sustained, need not here be stated;
but be assured of our coöperation in every emergency, of our prayers for the success of all our undertakings, and that our public affliction may be sanctified to the public good.

Wm. L. Weaver,
Nathaniel Harris,
John Day,
Louis Sheridan."
CHAPTER XI.

GOVERNOR ROBERTS.

"Dim thro' the night of these tempestuous years,
A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears.
Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
And healing arts to hideous arms succeed:
At home the bonds of peace her tribes shall bind,
Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind,
While pure Religion's hand shall build and bless
The church of God amidst the wilderness."

MONTGOMERY.

At the death of Gov. Buchanan, Lieutenant Governor Roberts was appointed to succeed him. Joseph J. Roberts, a colored youth from Virginia, came to the Colony many years before, and had grown up under her institutions. By a diligent application to business, he had become a wealthy merchant, and had filled with ability numerous offices under the Colonial government. In acknowledging the honor conferred upon him, he said, "There are few men who have the requisites which characterized Gov. Buchanan. I am sure I have not, neither should you expect so much from me—but thus far I pledge myself, that as long as I am intrusted with the affairs of this Commonwealth, I will do my best."
Peace being again re-established among the tribes, a renewed desired was manifested on the part of the natives to receive Christian instruction. Great numbers of native children were sent to Liberia to attend school, even from places as remote as Bo Poro. "I sen you my piccaninnie. I want you for keep him, larn him white man fash, s'pose he no larn, flog him." Mr. Elijah Johnson, in extending his missionary tours, found the people everywhere begging, "When you go, bring that God-palaver to my town." In some cases, the head-men did not reciprocate the wishes of their people, lest God's palaver might entirely destroy the influence of the Devil's Bush, which they considered necessary in order to keep their wives in proper subjection. The women, with the quick perceptions of their sex, beheld all the advantages which God's palaver had in store for them, and only plead for it more earnestly. A new Methodist mission was established not far from Hedington, called Robertsville.

Difficulties began to arise in relation to the rights of British traders on the coast owned by the Colony. A large part of the African trade was in the hands of the English. During the legal existence of the slave trade, English merchants, being actively engaged in it, gained access to a vast line of coast, at various points of which, fortifications were erected for its protection. When it was abolished, all the means and facilities for prosecuting a lawful trade were already
in their possession. In addition to this, English armed ships frequently visited the leading stations, aided in making treaties of commerce with the native chiefs, and by their presence securing their fulfillment. Thus the English influence was strong on the African coast; nor did the English traders seem disposed to relinquish any of their advantages, even over the land which had passed under the control of Liberia. In violation of her express laws, a British trader attempted to land and traffic with the natives at Bassa Cove. On a remonstrance being sent to him, he declared at one time, that it had been always done from time immemorial; on another, that the right of trading had been purchased by a British subject. As the evidence of such a purchase could not be produced, and a refusal to pay the colonial duties was still persisted in, the Collector of Bassa Cove seized goods to an amount sufficient to indemnify the port. This, it was feared, might be the beginning of aggressions, highly injurious to the commercial interests of the Colony. On a representation being made of the subject to Mr. Webster, the Secretary of State, he suggested to Mr. Everett, the American Minister to England, that an inquiry be instituted relative to the facts, and that measures be adopted for the prevention of any infraction of the rights of the colonists, or any improper interference on the part of Her Majesty's subjects on the coast of Africa, with the interests of the colonial settlements at Liberia. Capt. Denham,
of Her Majesty's sloop Wanderer, in his dispatches, also presented the subject before his government.

Zion Harris, the hero of Hedington, visited the United States at this time, in fulfillment of a promise made to his dying parent, Rev. Mr. Erskine, to assist his remaining children and grand-children in removing to Liberia. Thirteen of his descendants prepared to emigrate, in company with many others, among whom was the venerable George Wight, a colored clergyman of Alabama, who, with his wife, had been freed by their owner, several years before, on account of their long tried and faithful services. He paid down seven thousand three hundred and fifty dollars, for five of his children, while several others were compelled to be left behind, until the means could be acquired for their release. Seventy-nine of this company were from the estate of Mr. John McDonough of New Orleans, who, by a long course of faithful training, had prepared his slaves for a wise use of their liberty. From distant points others arrived to join the expedition, some on foot, some alone, some having parted with their all to purchase the means of going. The whole number 234, embarked at New Orleans in the Mariposa, under the care of Mr. Harris and Dr. James Brown, another Liberian of great worth and respectability. Directions were transmitted to Gov. Roberts to buy land at Blue Barre, opposite Greenville, in the Sinou country, to be called Louisiana in Liberia.
Owing to some difficulties, then springing up among the head-men of that region, the negotiation was deferred, and the emigrants were located on a fine tract of land on the St. Paul's, four miles below Millsburg. Attended by the Colonial physician, Dr. Day, and a colored physician, they passed through the acclimating sickness with little suffering and few deaths.

At the session of the Liberian council in 1843, a large number of chiefs and head-men, having been assembled at King Bromley's town on the St. Paul's for the settlement of differences and the adoption of laws for their future welfare, sent a deputation, begging the Governor and his associates to come and assist them in their deliberations. At the same time, a dispatch was received from the war chief of the Golahs, Ballasada, asking permission of the Governor to wage war against Gogomina, King of Bo Poro, for capturing six boys belonging to his tribe. A few years before, both of these chiefs had entered into treaties with the Colony, to give up the slave trade, and refer their quarrels to the Liberian authorities. Orders were immediately sent to the Golah King, requiring him to refrain from any warlike manifestations until some effort had been made to settle the matter on easier and quieter terms; at the same time messengers were sent to Bo Poro, to make inquiry into the wrongs complained of, and to demand a speedy reparation, for the injustice done. The result was that Gogomina lost no time in restoring the
captive boys to their friends, and thus was the country saved from a war, whose devastations nobody could estimate.

After the session of the Council, the Governor, accompanied by Gloster Moore, Beverly R. Wilson and others made a visit to several tribes, far in the interior. On reaching the residence of Yando, head king of the Golahs, his majesty, having been informed of their approach, received them on a sofa of raised earth, with the utmost cordiality. Shaking Gov. Roberts heartily by the hand, he exclaimed: "I heard your news long time, but now I see you, and I glad you take the trouble to come and see my town. My people, this country be your country. All this people be your people. Country no fit 'Merica man, so you be king for all countrymen. Me be king no more. You be first king, cause you pass all king for country side." The Governor informed him on what conditions the Libereans were willing to enter into alliance with them, which were, to abandon the slave trade, to give up the trial by sassy-wood, to refer all their disputes to the Colonial authorities, and to engage in no wars without their sanction. The next day, at a general assembly of kings and headmen, the subject was debated at great length, and in the afternoon an answer was given. "We have all agreed, and are willing to sign a treaty embracing these subjects." A treaty was then made, signed and witnessed, a copy of which may not be uninteresting to many of our readers.
"Treaty of amity and alliance, entered into 22d of February, 1843, between Joseph J. Roberts, Governor of the Commonwealth of Liberia, and Yando, Head King of the Golah country, with others, kings and head-men of the same country.

"Whereas it is of great importance to the welfare and interests of the citizens of the Commonwealth of Liberia and the natives of the country represented by their kings and head-men in this treaty, that there should be a mutual good understanding, and that the relations between them be friendly, tending thereby to establish peace among the several communities of the Golahs, and between them and the surrounding tribes:—

"It is therefore agreed, this 22d day of February, 1843, by and between the parties above named, that all matters of dispute between Liberians and Golahs shall be referred to the Governor of the Commonwealth, for adjustment; and all matters between the natives, that cannot be settled amicably by the King and his head-men, shall be also referred to the Governor. And all disputes arising between the Golah kings and other tribes, that cannot be peaceably settled by them, shall be referred to the Governor, who shall summon the parties before him, to settle the matters in difference; and should the adverse party not appear, or admit the arbitration of the Governor, then the Governor shall give

18
aid to the party so referring to him. And it is understood, that the paths shall be open for trade and travel both ways; that the natives in the interior shall not be let or hindered from carrying their trade through the Golah country, to the Colony, and citizens of the Colony shall not be molested in their peaceable journeyings through the same country.

"The party second to this instrument agree to banish forever the slave-trade from their country. The penalty for selling slaves, shall be the same fixed by the laws of the Colony.

"The party second to this instrument also agree to banish forever, the trial or test by sassy-wood, or any other poisonous matters; the penalty for this offence being the same fixed by the laws of the Colony for murder and manslaughter.

J. J. Roberts.

his

In presence of
S. Chase,
J. L. Day,
B. R. Wilson.

Yando ▲ King mark
Bauh ▲ Bauh,
Ballasada ▲ his mark."

The next day, at Ballasada's desire, they visited his town, consisting of about three hundred persons. Here he confessed that though a powerful chief, he was constantly subject to fears; war, captivity and death were always tracking his path, and he proposed to leave his own coun-
try and settle down with his people to more peaceful occupations, within the limits of the Colony. To this, the Governor was not prepared to give a definite reply, and begged to refer it to some future occasion. Treaties like the one above had been formed from time to time with different tribes, nearer the Colony, always producing the most beneficial results. There seemed to be an increasing conviction, that its restraints over them were for their good. They saw that there were advantages in Christian civilization, greatly superior to any thing which they possessed, accompanied by a power which it was not wise to withstand. Under its shield, they could find peace and safety. Beyond it were dangers, perils and fears, which seemed more insupportable in contrast with the peaceful security of Liberian citizenship.

In December, 1843, three vessels of the United States squadron visited Monrovia, on their way down the coast to inquire into certain acts of violence done by the natives to American traders. At the request of Commodore Perry, Governor Roberts embarked on board the Frigate Macedonian, and accompanied the expedition. After stopping at various places, they anchored off the Kroo country, where Commodore Perry met the kings of the Fishmen, to demand satisfaction for an outrage committed on a New York vessel some time before. The matter having been satisfactorily settled, Gov. Roberts proposed to the assembled head-men, to buy a portion of their
territory. After no small amount of palaver, they declined selling, but expressed their wishes to enter into a treaty of amity and commerce with the Colony. An agreement was entered into, similar to the one already recorded, with the additional article, that no foreign officer, agent, or subject, except of the Colony of Liberia, or of the American Colonization Society, shall purchase, have, or in any way by sale, lease, or gift, obtain, any right or claim to the Kroo country. This was considered an important step, not only because it afforded a larger trade in Camwood and Oil, than any other point on the coast, but as, on account of its vicinity to the Colony, the presence of any foreign trader might prove a constant source of disquietude.

The Kroomen, are in many respects a very remarkable people. They are in fact the seamen and pilots of the coast, and are found all along it, for fifteen hundred miles. The Kroo country, the residence of their families, comprising a population of some thirty or forty thousand people, extends from Sinou, some thirty miles towards Cape Palmas. They are faithful to their employers, industrious, and accustomed to the hardest labor, which they readily perform with the greatest cheerfulness. In the lading and unlading of ships, their services are indispensable. Though they are never direct participators in the slave trade, slave vessels could not do without their aid. They are great
economists, indulging in no luxury but tobacco. A young Kroo leaves home, labors a year or two abroad, and then returns with his earnings, a part of which he gives to the head-man, something to each one of his relations, even if it be only a leaf of tobacco, and with the rest he buys a wife. The Krooman's riches are estimated by the number of his wives.

A Presbyterian mission had been established at Settra Kroo, a few years before, by Mr. Canfield, assisted by Abraham Miller, a christian native, who had spent a year at school in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer occupied the station, when visited by Gov. Roberts. Mrs. Sawyer, in one of her letters home, gives an affecting picture of the arduous labors of a solitary mission family in a distant African tribe. She thus writes: "We number about ten in the family, four of our own, and six work-people. Thirty boys in school look up to us for their daily bread. To manage the affairs of the family, attend to the work of the mission, to teach the school and perform the whole without a friend to aid in counsel or labor, is not a small matter. Mr. S. is building a new kitchen, the upper part of which is designed for a rice room. Of this article we must have a large quantity, and it can only be preserved by smoking. This keeps out the insects, of which there are a great abundance. The only injury we sustain from the natives, is theft. They are apt to pillage all small things, such as fowls, knives, basins, &c."
While the squadron was at anchor off Settra Kroo, intelligence was received of the sudden death of Mr. Sawyer. Gov. Roberts and some of his officers immediately made a visit to the afflicted wife, and offers were made to remove her to her native country, or any part of the coast she might desire; but she could not think of deserting her missionary field, feeling it her duty to remain, and do what she could for the perishing pagans around her. If we would witness sacrifice and self-denial for the great Master's cause, visit the lonely mission of a savage tribe. In the midst of the greatest social privations, cut loose from all excitements of intellectual life, we find educated, refined woman, engaged often in laborious and difficult occupations, to which she had hitherto been unaccustomed, sustained and cheered by the simple hope of doing good, in simple obedience, to the Redeemer's last command.

In Commodore Perry's dispatches to the Secretary of the Navy, he says: "Gov. Roberts of Liberia, and Russwurm of Cape Palmas, are intelligent and estimable men, executing their responsible functions with wisdom and dignity; and we have in the example of these gentlemen, irrefragable proof of the capability of colored people to govern themselves.

"As far as the influence of the Colonists has extended, it has been exerted to suppress the slave trade; and their endeavors in this respect have been eminently successful. And it is by
planting these settlements, (whether American or European) along the whole extent of coast from Cape Verde to Benguela, that the exportation of slaves will be most effectually prevented."

Prince D'Joinville, in a French Frigate, also visited Monrovia. After walking about and making numerous inquiries, he expressed himself greatly pleased with the settlement, and desired to exchange salutes. The Colonial authorities declined the courtesy, it being the Sabbath day.

In 1844, Gov. Roberts requiring some relaxation from his arduous duties, visited this country in company with his wife and family. After a few months' travel, they returned to Liberia with recruited health and spirits.

Dr. Day, the Colonial Physician, wishing to return home, Dr. J. W. Lugeneel, of Washington city, was sent out to supply his place, and he was also appointed United States agent for Recaptured Africans. The Doctor was directed to make some arrangement towards establishing a medical school in Liberia, if suitable young men could be found, desirous of pursuing the study of medicine. He soon took under his charge James Smith, and H. J. Roberts, a younger brother of the Governor, two very worthy and promising young men. From a letter, dated April 11, 1844, we learn the following particulars: "The Colony never perhaps was in a more flourishing condition than at this time. Indeed Monrovia is becoming a considerable commercial depot. Vessels of the various European
nations, engaged in trading on the coast, as well as American merchantmen, almost always stop at this place, and frequently consign large portions of their cargoes to our commission merchants, and in return receive camwood, palm-oil, ivory, &c. The exportations from this port last year, amounted to upwards of $100,000. About two months ago, a neat and substantial cutter of about twenty tons was launched in our harbor, and another of about the same size is now on the stocks. There are in all about twelve vessels, one of ninety tones, owned by different persons in the colony, and engaged in trading along the coast.

"In regard to agricultural pursuits, however, there seems to be a want of energy on the part of the colonists. Many forget that the soil is the true source of wealth and comfort, and that in order to maintain themselves as a free people and to have a permanent home, they must cultivate it. In making sugar the Colonists have not as yet been very successful, owing to the want of necessary apparatus. Horses do not live well in Liberia, and the sugar mill has to be turned by manual force. The employment of so many hands is necessarily very expensive. Consequently the sugar costs more than it can be bought for, from merchant vessels. Until they can obtain a good steam engine, (which I hope they will soon) they cannot make sugar as cheaply as it can be bought.

"The Legislature of Liberia adjourned on the
20th, after a session of fourteen days. There were ten members. No unprejudiced person could have attended the meetings of this body and listened to their deliberations, without being convinced that the citizens of Liberia are capable of self-government."

"In 1846, the receipts into the public treasury were $8,525; disbursements, $7,536, leaving a balance in the treasury of $989.

The people manifested an increasing interest in intellectual improvement. Two flourishing Lyceums meet weekly at Monrovia, whose debates are sustained with no small degree of ability and skill. Among the questions, proposed for discussion, we find, "Has the discovery of America proved beneficial to the colored race?" It was decided in the affirmative. Another was: "Would the natives of this part of Africa, be more speedily civilized and christianized, by the unaided and unprotected efforts of missionaries sent among them, than from the influence and efforts of the colonists, apart from any missionary aid?" It would be interesting to know the opinion of intelligent colonists upon this subject.

Bah Gay, one of the Bassa chiefs, long known to the colonists, now signified his wish and the wishes of his people to subscribe to the laws and constitution of the commonwealth and become citizens of Liberia. He had suffered much disquietude from Prince Salt Water, who with a few other restless spirits of the tribe, was urgent again to engage in the slave trade. This was manfully opposed by a great majority, who with
one voice preferred to become Liberians rather than return to the bloody customs of their fathers. In the midst of their palaver on this important movement, Gov. Roberts arrived unexpectedly among them, for the purpose of buying land. He found the old king busily making preparations to visit Monrovia. The Governor received a hearty welcome, and his majesty lost no time in laying before him the petition of his subjects. Mutual agreements were soon entered into, whereby a new portion of territory was ceded to Liberia, and another tribe came under the beneficial influence of Christian laws.

The following proclamation was then issued by the Governor:

"To all to whom these presents may come.

"Know ye, That this day King Bah Gay, rightful sovereign of the Little Bassa country, until relinquished to the commonwealth of Liberia, as per deed, dated at Marshall, Junk, 15th of February, 1845, has this day subscribed to the constitution and laws of this commonwealth, thereby incorporating himself and his people with the people of these Colonies, and entitled to the care and protection of this government.

"Be it therefore understood, that any improper interference, either by colonists or natives, calculated to disturb the peace or quiet of Bah Gay and his people, will be promptly noticed, and punished by this government.

Given at Monrovia, this 5th day of April, 1845."
As emigration flowed in, new territory was bought from time to time. Governor Roberts was anxious to secure an uninterrupted line of seacoast from Cape Mount to Cape Palmas, comprehending Trade Town and New Sesters. The last was a great slave mart, which, though frequently crippled and curtailed and even broken up by English and American ships, always seemed to renew its operations with fresh vigor after every defeat. Frequent offers had been made to the natives of New Sesters for the purchase of their territory, which, through the influence of the slave merchants, were always refused.

The want of regular and stated intercourse between this country and Liberia was deeply felt even in Mr. Ashmun's time, and much more so, as the ties which bound the two countries yearly multiplied. Attempts had been made from time to time, to run a regular packet to the Colony. The Saluda, purchased by Judge Wilkinson for this purpose and owned by the Society, made several trips, but from her unfitness for this peculiar service, it became a heavy expense to the Society, and was finally sold. Through the energetic efforts of Dr. James Hall, agent of the Maryland Colonization Society, a joint stock company, composed of colored people in this country and Liberia, was formed, whose object was to build a vessel to run regularly between Monrovia and the Chesapeake, to be manned by colored officers and seamen. The
American and Maryland Colonization Societies each agreed to furnish annual freight and emigrants to the amount of $2,000. A liberal charter was obtained from the Maryland Legislature, under the title of the "Chesapeake and Liberia Trading Company," allowing it to extend its capital to $100,000. The Liberians came forward with liberal subscriptions, which not being followed up with the same generous interest by their colored friends in this country, several white capitalists came to their aid, among whom Dr. Hall stands prominent. Her first trip commenced on the 3d of December, 1846, carrying out twenty-seven emigrants to Monrovia and fourteen to Cape Palmas. She is called the Liberia Packet, and is a barque of 331 tons.

The Methodist Mission was reinforced at this time by the arrival of Rev. J. Benham, superintendent of the Liberian mission, an immediate successor of Rev. Squier Chase, who died shortly after his arrival in Africa. In company with Mr. Benham, were Rev. B. Hoyt and wife and Rev. W. B. Williams, Principal of the Monrovia Seminary, with his wife. Their joyful welcome was scarcely over, when other and sadder scenes passed mournfully before them. In all the efforts of the Colonists towards the suppression of the slave trade, the horrors of that trade were never pictured in blacker colors, than as they beheld them, lining the decks and darkening the hold of the slaver Pons, captured by the United States
ship Yorktown, Commodore Bell, and brought into Monrovia in December, 1845.

The Pons, built in Philadelphia, and sold at Rio Janeiro for a trader, was sent to the African coast for slaves under American colors. On reaching Cabinda, a noted slave mart, three degrees south of the equator, she lay at anchor three weeks, before taking in her cargo, being closely watched by the Cygnet, a British man-of-war. When the Cygnet left the coast, Capt. Berry, with shame be it said, an American captain, immediately gave her into the hands of Gallano, an Italian, who had been in the slave trade twenty-one years, and who, though six times taken by English cruisers, had contrived to make many profitable voyages. Gallano made the most of his time, and before evening took in nine hundred and three slaves. When the Yorktown espied her, she had hoisted American colors, under the impression that the vessel in chase was an English cruiser. Discovering her mistake she immediately raised the Portuguese flag, but it was too late. On boarding and taking possession of her, eight hundred and fifty males were found between the ages of twelve and thirty, piled almost in bulk upon the water casks in the hold, with the thermometer ranging from 100 to 120°, while the remainder, females, were in the round house above. Eighteen died that night, and one hundred and forty, during the passage to Monrovia, when 756 were landed and put in charge of Dr. Lugenbeel, the United
States Agent. As soon as her arrival was known, the Governor, Judge Benedict, Dr. Lugeneeul, and others, hastened to the ship. Such was the stench, they could remain but a short time on board, and the scene, Mr. Benham declared, beggared all description. Almost every one was naked, and many were so emaciated that the skin literally cleaved to their bones; others had worn the skin through, producing putrid ulcers, which fed swarms of flies; some were in the last agonies of death, and on every countenance were traced lines of unutterable anguish. Thirty died soon after landing.

With most praiseworthy promptness, Mr. Benham immediately called together a special meeting of the Liberia Conference, to consider what their mission ought to do for the multitudes of hapless youth, thus suddenly cast upon them. Beverly R. Wilson was called to the chair. It was recommended to take one hundred of them under the patronage of their mission, and to open a subscription upon the spot, to defray this new demand upon its treasury. We find Mr. Wilson's name for $20; A. D. Williams, $20; Elijah Johnson, $20; and others to the amount of $135.

The remaining Africans, more than six hundred, Dr. Lugeneeul committed to the charge of responsible persons in the Colony, requiring from each one into whose care they were consigned, a written obligation for kind treatment and suitable clothing. Mr. Benham wrote to the United
States, laying before his church the course he had taken, and making a powerful appeal to the Christian public, for assistance. It was calculated that thirty dollars a year would support and educate a child, if farming utensils could be supplied, axes, hoes, bush-hooks; and cooking utensils, pots, kettles, frying-pans, &c.

It may be asked, who was at the expense for the remainder? For a long time, the law of 1819, regarding recaptured Africans, mentioned in a former chapter, was understood to make suitable provision for their support, after having been landed at Liberia, until they could take care of themselves. President Monroe, so construed it. But later administrations have denied the power, and while they have appropriated hundreds of thousands of dollars to maintain a squadron on the African Coast for the purpose of capturing slavers and stopping the trade, with wonderful inconsistency, they allow no provision to be made for maintaining the released captives, leaving them again to the cold charities of their savage brethren, or flinging them upon the hospitalities of those who, struggling with all the disadvantages of a new settlement, can ill afford this fresh demand upon their resources. Through a strong representation made in 1843, Government appropriated five thousand dollars to the African agency. Two thousand of this, was sent out in the ship Renown, for the purpose of preparing houses for their reception and providing them with employment. The Renown was wrecked
on her passage, and the money was lost. The remainder was then sent to Dr. Lugenebeel, two thousand to be appropriated as before directed, and the rest, to remain in his hands, to be used as circumstances seemed to demand. One thousand dollars, then, the agent had in his possession when the Pons arrived, which, as will be readily seen, was a very small sum for the support of six or seven hundred men. But the colonists came generously forward, and with ready hands and open hearts contributed to their immediate wants, and made every provision in their power for their future welfare.

"Had they not been bondmen; and had they not been redeemed from the house of bondmen; and had they not come to a land to possess it, a land of hills and valleys, which drinketh water of the rain of heaven, where they dwell in peaceable habitations, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places?" So, "when this people, which had been robbed and spoiled, which had been snared in holes and hid in prison houses, which had been for a prey and a spoil," when these came among them, they said, "Fear not, nor be dismayed. We will uphold thee. Then they helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, be of good courage."

"Shall not Liberia comfort the waste places of Africa, and make her wilderness like Eden?"

As soon as these events became known in this country, supplies were immediately got in readiness and sent out in the bark Chatham; but they
did not arrive before scarcity and distress, in some cases, defeated the benevolent plans of the colonists, towards their ill-fated brethren.

Two years after, Dr. Luganbeel could thus write: "The change which has been effected in the condition of the captives by the Pons, since they were landed in this place, on the 16th of December, 1845, is truly gratifying. When I received these poor, naked, degraded and starving creatures from on board the slave ship, I must confess I had some fears respecting the future comfort and welfare of so large a number of grossly ignorant and deeply degraded human beings, thus suddenly thrown into this community. Little did I think that in less than two years, so great a change would be produced in their social, intellectual and moral condition. Little did I think, that most of them would be able to understand and appreciate the transcendent blessings of the Gospel of Christ, and many of them be earnestly engaged in seeking the pearl of great price." Five in the Governor's family gave evidence of becoming sincere christians. One of them, in his attempts to describe the consciousness of his sins, affectingy says: "All time before, my heart be wah-wah (bad) plenty. It make me tief, tell lie, and do plenty bad ting. I pray God for give me good heart. Last night I lay down for sleep, I no sleep; my heart be too wah-wah. I pray, pray, pray; then God hear me and make my heart fine. He take away all wah-wah ting in my heart and make
me feel no more trouble, but make my heart fine." No sooner had the poor fellow experienced the renewing influence of the Holy Spirit in his own soul, than he commenced his labors of love among his companions, and it is hoped his influence may be great and abounding, in winning over many others to the like precious faith. So that "herein is revealed the mystery of goodness, blessing through permitted woe, and teaching through the mystery of sin."

It was not long after Captain Denham, of the African squadron, laid his dispatches before the British Government, (related on a previous page,) before Judge Upshur, the Secretary of State, received a communication from Mr. Fox, the English Minister at Washington, requesting to be accurately informed what degree of official patronage and protection, if any, was extended towards the colony of Liberia, and how far it was recognized as a national establishment, the American government holding itself responsible towards foreign nations for the acts of her authorities.

Mr. Upshur replied that it was an enterprise, not established under the authority of our government, or recognized as subject to our laws or jurisdiction; and that while the settlers were responsible for their own acts, being nearly powerless, they must rely for the protection of their rights upon the justice and sympathy of other powers.

A few months after this correspondence, Gov.
Roberts received a letter from Captain Jones, of the British Squadron on the African Coast, informing him, that his government could not allow any association of private individuals, however respectable, to delegate an authority which they did not possess themselves, and that property could not confer sovereign rights upon a private association, or justify the imposition of state duties, or the exclusion of British Commerce from its accustomed resorts.

In accordance with these views, the Little Ben, Capt. Davidson, of Sierra Leone, soon after entered Bassa Cove, and, refusing to pay anchorage, declared that Commodore Jones ordered him no longer to regard the commercial regulations of the Colony. The collector of the port promptly seized a sufficient amount of the Little Ben's goods to pay the harbor dues, leaving her to make sail in no very good humor. The next afternoon, an English man-of-war entered the harbor and seized a colonial schooner, the "John Seys," just filled with a fine cargo of English and American goods for the leeward trade, and owned by Major Benson of Bassa Cove, an excellent and enterprising colonist. It was carried to Sierra Leone and entered upon the court of Admiralty on charge of being engaged in the slave trade. There being not a shadow of proof against her, she was, after a long and ruinous detention, discharged, and Major Benson was informed that he could have his vessel, by paying the costs, amounting to twelve hundred
dollars. This he declined doing. So great an outrage upon Liberian property and so pitiful a show of justice at the Court of Admiralty, threw the colonists into the greatest agitation. They felt themselves in the hands of a new foe, a prey to the suspicions and hostility of one of the most powerful governments of Europe. It seemed that the English Government, previous to the correspondence between Mr. Fox and Judge Upshur, had supposed Liberia under the special protection of the United States; Mr. Buchanan in his dispatches to our Government having always styled it, "The United States Agency." This protection being disclaimed, the English felt at liberty to regard it in what light they pleased; and interfering as it might do with the rich profits of some of her traders, the strong arm of the English government was immediately laid upon its advancing power.

There being nothing in any way to implicate the "John Seys" in the slave trade, it seems difficult to account for her seizure, except as an unauthorized act of reprisal, for the harbor dues of the "Little Ben." Governor Roberts sent dispatches to England, containing a petition from Major Benson, setting forth all the facts connected with the seizure of his vessel, and praying indemnification for the heavy losses he must otherwise sustain.

Immediately on the seizure of the "John Seys," the Liberian government enacted, that henceforth no British subject should be permit-
ted to land goods at any Liberian port, unless all duties and port charges were paid in advance. To this bold position the British traders submitted; and their government informed the Liberian authorities, that though their sovereignty was not acknowledged, they might receive harbor dues and duties, in compensation for improving some of the harbors and for maintaining a lighthouse on the coast.

In conversation from time to time with British Commanders on the coast, the Governor was given to understand, that so long as the Colony remained dependent on or subject to the Colonization Society, their government would not relinquish their right to one foot of the ground assumed by Commodore Jones. Letters were at the same time received by the Colonization Society in this country, from distinguished friends of the cause in England, urging the importance of having Liberia declared an independent nation. The constitution of the Colony made no provision for making treaties, except with the native tribes of Africa. A crisis had come, in which there must be a negotiation with the British Government, and there was not, and could not be, under its present constitution, any officer authorized to act in it. A change was therefore necessary, and such a change as would enable the Liberian Government to make treaties with foreign powers. Her present position was like that of a half-breed, neither a recognized Colony of the United States, nor an independent and re-
cognized State. Difficulties and disputes were liable constantly to arise between them and foreign traders, which it would be difficult if not impossible to settle, for the want of precise ground, well understood and clearly acknowledged, to stand upon.

Here then was a new issue for this little people. Shall it, still in the feebleness of youth, cut loose from its parent stem? Shall it undo the tie which binds it to the counsels and authority of its friend and guardian? Can it stand alone, in wisdom and strength, on a pagan shore? Is the germ so deeply rooted, that it shall grow up and bear fruit, and shall its leaves be for the healing of the nations? Had the time indeed come, when Liberia could take the entire responsibility of her own government into her own hands, and stand one among the nations of the world? The majority of her citizens thought the time had come.

In the next session of her legislature, the subject came before the house, and after much discussion, it was resolved to present their case before the Colonization Society, and to solicit their cooperation in the important crisis. A committee of four were appointed for this purpose.

It need hardly be said, that the Society promptly responded to their views. At its annual meeting in 1846, it was resolved, that the time had come, when it was expedient for the people of the Commonwealth of Liberia to take into their own hands the entire work of self-government,
and that they be recommended to publish to the world, a declaration of their true character, as a sovereign and independent State.

It was felt that in the discretion and ability with which Governor Roberts had discharged his duties, in the economy and skill with which the financial affairs of the Colony had been managed by their several officers, in the peace and advancing prosperity of the settlements, were signs of improvement and tokens of success, deeply gratifying to every friend of the African, and hopeful earnest of what the Republic shall yet do for Christian civilization on the African soil.

Upon receiving dispatches from the United States favorable to their views, the Governor issued a proclamation to convene the Legislative council, in order to take measures for bringing the subject before the people at large. It held a session of three days; and its discussions, it is said by a white ear-witness, were calm, dispassionate, and full of good sense. Every man seemed to feel the solemn responsibility of the new movement, and that nothing should be done without mature deliberation. As a result of the session, the Governor was instructed to assemble the people together in their respective towns on a specified day, to express by vote, their decision, whether their State should indeed declare itself free, sovereign, and independent.

This was done on the 27th of October, 1846.

The official returns were not so full as were expected, especially from the Bassa county,
owing to some unforeseen misapprehension of
the movement; but the majority was clearly on
the side of independence.

A convention was then called, and holden at
Monrovia in July, 1847, to adopt a constitution
for the new state and to make a public declara-
tion of its new position. The Governor issued
a proclamation for a day of Public Thanksgiving,
to be holden on the 8th of July, calling upon all
ministers and people of the commonwealth to
meet for religious worship. After enumerating
the many mercies for which they should be un-
feignedly thankful as a people, he called upon
them to offer up fervent prayers to Almighty God,
that “he would give to the delegates assembled
in Convention to form a constitution for the
government of these colonies, wisdom to guide
them in their deliberation, and to inspire them
with counsels, which Infinite Wisdom alone can
suggest, that their action may be honorable to
themselves and right in the sight of God.”

Could they not indeed exclaim: “Our soul is
escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers.
The snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our
help is in the name of the Lord, who made the
heaven and the earth.”

After a laborious session of three weeks, the
Convention completed and signed the new consti-
tution and the declaration of national independ-
ence. The prominent features of this important
instrument cannot but be deeply interesting to our
readers. It is at once manly and comprehensive,
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"We, the representatives of the people of the Commonwealth of Liberia, in Convention assembled, invested with authority to form a new government, relying upon the aid and protection of the Great Arbiter of human events, do hereby, in the name and on behalf of the people of this Commonwealth, publish and declare the said Commonwealth a Free, Sovereign and Independent State, by the name and title of the Republic of Liberia.

"We, the people of the Republic of Liberia, were originally the inhabitants of the United States of North America.

"In some parts of that country, we were debarred by law from all the rights and privileges of men—in other parts, public sentiment, more powerful than law, frowned us down.

"We were everywhere shut out from all civil office.

"We were excluded from all participation in the government.

"We were taxed without our consent.

"We were compelled to contribute to the resources of a country which gave us no protection.

"We were made a separate and distinct class, and against us every avenue of improvement was effectually closed. Strangers from all lands, of a color different from ours, were preferred before us.

"We uttered our complaints; but they were
unattended to, or only met by alleging the peculiar institutions of the country.

"All hope of a favorable change in our country was thus wholly extinguished in our bosoms, and we looked abroad for some asylum from the deep degradation.

"The western coast of Africa was the place selected by American benevolence and philanthropy for our future home. Removed beyond influences which depressed us, it was hoped we would be enabled to enjoy those rights and privileges, and exercise and improve those faculties, which the God of nature has given us in common with the rest of mankind."

After making grateful and honorable mention of the work of the Colonization Society it adds:

"Liberia is already the happy home of thousands, who were once the doomed victims of oppression, and thus far our highest hopes have been realized.

"Our courts of justice are open equally to the stranger and the citizen for the redress of grievances, for the remedy of injuries and for the punishment of crime.

"Our numerous and well attended schools attest our efforts and our desire for the improvement of our children.

"Our churches for the worship of our Creator, everywhere to be seen, bear testimony to our piety, and to our acknowledgment of his Providence.

"The native African, bowing down with us before the altar of the living God, declares that
from us, feeble as we are, the light of Christianity has gone forth; while upon that curse of curses, the slave trade, a deadly blight has fallen as far as our influence extends.

"Therefore, in the name of humanity, virtue and religion—in the name of the Great God our common Creator and our common Judge, we appeal to the nations of Christendom, and earnestly and respectfully ask of them, that they will regard us with the sympathy and friendly consideration to which the peculiarities of our condition entitle us, and to extend to us that comity which marks the friendly intercourse of civilized and independent communities."

Then follows the Constitution, beginning with a declaration of civil rights, and restrictions, similar to our own. On one point, we find the New Republic, standing on far higher moral ground than their parent model. Section 4th declares "That there shall be no slavery within this Republic; nor shall any citizen nor any person resident therein deal in slaves, either within or without its bounds, either directly or indirectly."

Its Legislative powers are vested in a Legislature consisting of two separate branches—a Senate and House of Representatives. The Representatives are apportioned according to the number of inhabitants. Two years residence in the county which elects him, real estate to the value of one hundred and fifty dollars, and the age of twenty-three, constitute eligibility to the office of representative.

The Senate consists of two members from
each county. No person can be elected to this office, who has not resided three years in the Republic previous to his election, who does not own real estate to the value of two hundred dollars, and who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five.

The Supreme Executive power resides in a President elected by the people and holding his office for two years. No person can be eligible, who has not been a resident of the Republic five years, who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five, and who shall not be possessed of real estate to the value of six hundred dollars. The duties of these several officers and bodies are similar to those in our own country.

The Judicial power is vested in one Supreme Judicial Court and such subordinate courts as the Legislature from time to time may establish.

The instrument, a brief outline of which has been given, does credit to its authors. It is signed by

S. Benedict, \[President.\]
J. N. Lewis,
H. Teage,
Beverly R. Wilson, \[Mesurado County.\]
Elijah Johnson,
J. B. Gripón.
John Day,
A. W. Gardner,
Amos Herring, \[Grand Bassa County.\]
Ephraim Titler.
R. E. Murray. \[County of Sinou.]
The insignia of the Republic of Liberia was also adopted by the convention. Its Flag consists of six red stripes, with five white ones, alternately displayed longitudinally. In the upper angle of the Flag, next to the spear, is a square blue ground, covering in depth five stripes, in the centre of which is one lone white star.

The imprint of its Seal is a dove on the wing, with an open scroll in its claws; a view of the ocean with a ship under sail; the sun just emerging from the waters; a palm tree, and at its base a plough and spade. Beneath the emblems are the words, Republic of Liberia; and above the national motto, The love of Liberty brought us here.

The twenty-fourth day of August, 1847, was the day appointed for raising the Flag of the New Republic, and its happy dawn was announced by the thunder of cannon. At an early hour were seen groups of citizens gathered here and there, with a joyful smile lighting up every countenance. Old men seemed to have renewed their youth, and youth itself moved with a more buoyant and elastic step. At nine o'clock, the Governor and his staff, with the military, assembled at the court house. At the same time, people from all quarters were pouring toward the Government Square. At eleven, his Excellency was escorted opposite to the Government house, where he was met by a band of ladies, bearing the flag of their country. On receiving it from Mrs. Lewis, accompanied with a short speech,
he unfurled it amid the cheers and hurrahs of the assembled multitude. The troops then marched up to the Central Fort. At twelve, the first gun of the national salute pealed over the waters, when the Flag was seen majestically arising, and from its lofty height soon floated on the breeze, the herald of a brighter day for poor benighted Africa. At the same moment, a responsive gun was heard from Signal Hill, as if the mountains echoed the jubilant shout of freedom. A salute of twenty-one guns followed: when the procession marched to the Methodist church, where were held exercises appropriate to the occasion. The Flag of the Republic was reared on one side of the altar, near Col. Elijah Johnson, the Marshal of the day, while the left was occupied by the flag and banner of the high School: national Freedom, national Education and the ministry of Christ, the triple alliance, which shall give strength, permanency and beauty to the new Republic.

We cannot but contemplate the Marshal of the occasion, a little old gray headed man, with feelings of no ordinary interest. How little could he have anticipated beholding a day like this, when he first leaped upon the African shore, and built his little hut in the forests of Mesurado! Less too, when he headed his feeble forces, in their solitary fortress, surrounded by hordes of savage foes just ready to overwhelm them! And least, perhaps, as he saw friend and companion falling at his side in the
hot embrace of the African fever. But he had survived the dark night of toil. He fought his way through discouragements, disease and death. With unshaken constancy, he had met the cowardice of some, the treachery of others, the doubts and the fears which clog the wheels of every new and untried movement; and with a courage and fidelity which never flagged, worked on and worked on—doing with all his might whatsoever his hand found to do, counseling with his wisdom, encouraging by his cheerfulness and inspiring by his faith every one around him. He felt that he had a work to do, and he meant to do it. In the providence of God, he was permitted to see it done, the establishment of a free, independent, christian State on the shores of his fatherland, where he and his brethren and their children and children's children might secure a birthright,—in common with the citizens of other free, christian states,—to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. With him of old time, he might then have said, "Lord, now letest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all, a light to lighten the Gentiles," and a covert for a stricken people.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at an evening entertainment, composed of the rich products of their own luxuriant soil, where patriotic toasts and gallant sentiments were drank in the very purest water which Monrovia afforded.
We cannot conclude this chapter better than with the spirited hymn composed by Mr. Hilary Teage, and sung at the forenoon exercises, preceding the oration delivered by Rev. J. S. Payne.

"Wake every tuneful string,
  To God loud praises bring,
  Wake heart and tongue.
In strains of melody,
  And choral harmony,
Sing—for the oppressed are free,—
  Wake cheerful song.

See Mesurado's height,
Illumed with new-born light!
  Lo! the lone star!
Now it ascends the skies;
  Lo! the deep darkness flies,
While new-born glories rise
  And shine afar.

Shine, life-creating ray—
Proclaim approaching day:
  Throw wide thy blaze—
Lo! Savage Hottentot—
Bosjemian from his cot—
And nations long forgot
  Astonished gaze.

Shout the loud jubilee,
Afric once more is free—
  Break forth with joy.
Let Nilus' fettered tongue
Let Niger join the song
And Congo loud and long
  Glad strains employ.
Star in the East, shine forth!
Proclaim a nation's birth.
Ye nations hear—
This is our natal day,
And we our homage pay:
To Thee, oh Lord—we pray—
Lord, hear our prayer.

All hail, Liberia! hail!
Favored of God, all hail!—
Hail! happy land!
From virtue ne'er remove—
By peace and truth and love,
And wisdom from above,
So shalt thou stand."
CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

"Muse! take the harp of prophecy; Behold!
The glories of a brighter age unfold:  
Friends of the outcast! view the accomplished plan,  
The Negro towering to the height of man."

Montgomery.

"I am inclined to think that greater good might be done by joining a young settlement, than by missionary work among the heathen. Every good man going to New Zealand, or Van Dieman's Land, [or Liberia] not for the sake of making money, is an invaluable element in those societies; and remember, after all, they must be, by-and-by, the great missionaries for the heathen world, either for God or the Devil."

Dr. Arnold.

The new constitution of the Republic was accepted by the people on the 27th of September, and on the 5th of October the first election of officers took place. Joseph J. Roberts was elected President for two years, and Nathaniel Brander, Vice-President. A few weeks after, the American Squadron on the African coast and Capt. Murray in a Sloop of war of Her Majesty's service, learning the new political era
of the settlement, gave a salute of 20 guns in honor of her new born sovereignty.

The first Legislature held its session in January, 1848, when the President delivered his inaugural address, and was duly sworn to the duties of his high and responsible station.

President Roberts soon after made preparations to visit England and America in behalf of the interests of his country. He arrived at Boston, in May, 1848, accompanied by two commissioners from the new Republic, Beverly R. Wilson, and James S. Payne, who were sent out to confer with the Colonization Society and settle on articles of agreement. The Board of Directors of the Society met the Commissioners at New York, where, after a full and minute examination of the subject, arrangements were made, which gave satisfaction to all parties. The Society agreed to cede all its lands to the Republic, reserving only such rights in them as are necessary for the performance of its duty to future emigrants, and an appropriation of ten per cent., on the proceeds of the sale of public lands, for all time to come, for purposes of education. Recaptured Africans were to be admitted as heretofore, the United States government making provision for their support.

President Roberts' arrival in this country excited a lively interest among all the friends of the African. He was received with flattering attention by the city authorities both of Boston and New York, and the impression everywhere
made by these distinguished citizens of the New Republic was highly honorable to themselves and auspicious for their country. Although the American government did not formally acknowledge its sovereignty, Mr. Roberts was able to make some commercial arrangements of great importance to the finances of Liberia.

He then set sail for England, where he was warmly welcomed by Lord Palmerston, Lord Bexley, Dr. Hodgkin, Samuel Gurney, and others, who showed a strong interest in the object of his mission. Before his negotiations were completed with the British government, he proceeded to France, and found an efficient friend and advocate in George Washington Lafayette, who rendered him every assistance in his power in the prosecution of his plans. The French government speedily gave a full acknowledgment of the independence and sovereignty of Liberia, and orders were issued to its naval commanders on the coast of Africa, to place at President Roberts' disposal two or three ships of war, whenever he should want them for the purpose of putting down the slave trade, or otherwise protecting the rights of humanity in that region.

The acknowledgment of Liberian independence by England soon followed, and other European governments are prepared to imitate her example. A very liberal treaty of commerce was entered into with England, based upon the perfect equality of the two nations.
On the President's representations respecting the movements and haunts of the slave trade and the necessity of buying up the land to secure its destruction, Samuel Gurney, a distinguished Philanthropist, pledged 1000 pounds to aid in purchasing the Gallinas; and encouraging intimations were given, that the necessary sum, of ten thousand dollars would be seasonably provided. The English government presented a beautiful cutter of four guns to Liberia, and authorized the President to use her ships of war on the African coast whenever it was necessary for breaking up the inhuman traffic in slaves.

Mr. Roberts visited Belgium, and was present at the Peace Congress, held in the city of Brussels. Everywhere, he was received with the respect due to his official station and personal worth. After having completed his important business in Europe, he and his family set sail for Liberia, in her Majesty's ship Amazon, courteously tendered to him on this occasion.

Behold, then, Liberia! a free, independent, recognized sovereignty among the civilized nations of the world.

This new movement has given a surprising spring to every class of business in the new Republic. Everywhere the subject of agriculture is occupying the attention of the people. Gardens and plantations heretofore neglected, or receiving comparatively little hearty labor, are now improved with great industry and careful
attention. Every man seems to bear about him a renewed sense of responsibility. The dignity of free citizenship is upon him. And if this people have wrought well thus far in their feeble and imperfect beginnings, shall we not bid them God-speed in the great and glorious work, which lies before them for the redemption of Africa?

To the ardent and enthusiastic, we would say, pause, and remember two things. First, remember that Liberia is a nation of negroes, under a tropical sky, many of them emancipated slaves, brought up without any of those stimulants to moral and social position, which bear upon most men from their earliest youth. From such we must not expect too much. Nor would we speak either discouragingly or disparagingly in saying this. Suffering from centuries of social depression, entitled to the exercise of no rights and privileges which they could really call their own, possessing few or no means of improvement, with few motives to think and fewer to feel, we cannot know all the capabilities of the negro character, except indeed from the few splendid specimens which have occasionally broken away from their spiritual fetters, and in spite of every clog have become men. The idle, thriftless, ignorant negroes, who frequently skirt our northern towns, and who, so often, occasion the sneering question, "Look at your free blacks, what are they?" ought no more to be taken as proper examples of the race, than should St. Giles.
of London or Five Points of New York. In fact, they are not free. Public opinion still fetters and degrades them. It sanctions laws and imposes restraints, which essentially hinders their social improvement and moral elevation.

In many of the free states, they are excluded by law from important privileges which white citizens enjoy, and are subjected to peculiar hardships. In some, they can hold no office, their testimony is not received in court, and their vote is refused at elections. A free black man from Illinois writes: "We are in as bad or worse condition than the slaves, being compelled to leave the State or give security, as those of the whites who would befriend us, are prevented, by the fear of public opinion. If only those who deserve such treatment, if any do, were the only ones to suffer we should be content; but on the contrary, if one misbehaves, all the colored people in the neighborhood are the sufferers, and that frequently by unlawful means; dragged from our beds at the hour of midnight, stripped naked, in the presence of our children and wives, by a set of men alike lost to mercy, decency and Christianity, and flogged until they are satisfied, before we know for what; and when we are informed, it is probably the first time we heard of the offence. Such is our situation, and we deem it worse than slavery."

They are free no where in the United States. Clogged and restrained as they have ever been, we cannot be surprised if they do not immedi-
ately arise to the full and matured proportions of Christian freemen; so that if the warm and ardent friend of the African is sometimes disposed to be disappointed at what he may imagine the slow progress of Liberian improvements, he must not be discouraged. If the African is planting his fields and rearing his home and building his schools under a serener sky and in a more fertile land than did the New England Colonists, remember also, that he does not come to his work, taught and trained from his youth upward in the duties and employments, the motives and the hopes of intelligent christian freemen. The immense power which these possess in directing industry, stimulating efforts, arousing the faculties and enlarging the views, they have just begun to feel. We must give them time enough to feel their full force; for results, to be permanent, must be gradual. They have gone forth, weeping, bearing precious seed, which their children and children’s children shall reap in joy, bringing their sheaves with them.

Remember too, that Liberia is not a missionary station, properly as such. It is composed of political, trading, farming communities, whose business relations are subject to the same faults, fluctuations and irregularities, and will be apt to bear the same characters, as they do in this country,—hard bargains on one side, suspicions of honesty on the other, with here and there a sprinkling of insolvent debtors. Perhaps
we cannot expect the servant to be much above the master. If the standard of character is not always and in all respects as elevated as we could wish; if things do not always move on in that harmonious development which we expected; if, in fact, affairs are no better there than they are here; while it is a matter perhaps greatly to regret, it is no reason for withdrawing our sympathies and our confidence, or giving ourselves up to doubts and fears lest Liberia shall prove unworthy of herself. Even the Sandwich Islands, the most prominent and promising mission ground, have not been without their cavaliers and fault-finders.

Well then, what is Liberia! It is a place of civil, social and political freedom for the negro race. We know what their situation is in America, what in their native wilds. In Hayti the means of improvement are no ways commensurate with the wants of the people. In France and England, they are few in number, possessing neither influence or position. In Liberia are the foundations laid for a christian nationality. Here they have their own laws and legislators, their own houses and lands, their own wives and children, their own schools and churches, with none to molest or to make them afraid. They are in their father-land, on their own soil, where they have a chartered birthright, with all the means and appliances of becoming a great and powerful nation. In this aspect, how can Liberia be otherwise than
a place of deep and abiding interest to every black man? Shall not they, who are afar off, turn to this strong-hold and say, "Lo, I come and I will dwell in the midst of thee!"

Again, Liberia is a radiating point for the spread of christian civilization in Africa. Already do we see her beneficial influence upon the surrounding tribes. Hitherto has the English tongue taught bitter lessons to poor Africa. Now it falls from the lips of her own returning people with the mission of peace, of good will, of christian hopes. The little leaven is beginning to work. The good news runs from village to village, from people to people: "God's palaver is the good and true palaver. Bring us God's palaver." White men can never christianize Africa. They fall upon her shores like untimely fruit. The work must be done by her own people; and by Liberia it has been commenced, and can go on under more advantageous circumstances than any other mission in the world. Christian Africa is knocking at the very door of Pagan Africa, with a good government, with good schools, and the word of God in her hand, begging an entrance and pleading her cause, saying, "Happy he is that hath the Lord God his help, whose hope is in him. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that do his commandments." "We will make peace in thy borders and will fill thee with the finest of wheat. Cast in thy lot with us and ye shall be quiet from the fear of evil."
Liberia is the child of our own institutions, bearing our likeness, breathing our spirit, and bestowing our privileges. Can we do otherwise than bid her God-speed? She may sometimes lag, sometimes lack, sometimes be evil spoken of; but shall we not love her still? Oh yes, let us rejoice that there is one bright spot on Africa. As christian citizens, let us strengthen her feeble bands, uphold her, encourage her, and pray for her; and may this American Republic stretch out its own strong arm, and with honest pride and fearless independence, give her a just and honorable recognition among the sovereignties of the world.
NOTE.

STATISTICS OF LIBERIA.

The Republic of Liberia is situated between latitude 4 deg. 41 min. and 6 deg. 48 min. North, and between longitude 8 deg. 8 min. and 11 deg. 20 min. West. Its sea coast extends from Grand Cape Mount on the Northwest, to Grand Sesters on the Southeast, about 286 miles. Its average width is 45 miles. Such are its boundaries, as established by an act of its legislature, and acknowledged by foreign nations. Nearly all of this territory has been bought of the natives, and paid for. The funds are provided for purchasing the remainder, and for making some important additions, both on the North and on the South.

This territory contains about 12,830 square miles. It is therefore a little larger than the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut together. The number of acres in 12,830 square miles is 8,211,200. It contains but little waste land, and the greater part of it is very fertile.

Farming, in Liberia, is more like gardening, than like farming in this country. A small
piece of fertile land, well cultivated, some of it yielding two crops in a year, and some of it yielding food all the time through the year, and for several years in succession, produces the necessaries of life for a family. In some of the farming settlements, the acres cultivated are fewer than the persons who live comfortably on their produce. In four different settlements, 322 persons, belonging to 53 families, live on the produce of 408 acres, which is but little more than an acre and a quarter to a person. All these families but four, own more land than they cultivate. They have all the necessaries of life; most of them enjoy many luxuries, and some are growing rich. At Millsburg, C. Willis, with a family of eleven, cultivates 35 acres; while his neighbor, R. Mitchell, supports a family of nine from five acres. There is good land enough in Liberia, to give two acres to every colored person in the United States.

The most important crops for domestic consumption are rice, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, yams, cassada, plantains, bananas, oranges, pine apples, and the like. Coffee, ginger, arrow root, and pea-nuts are grown, both for home use and for exportation; and sugar, cotton and indigo might be added, were they not produced so much cheaper in countries where the laborers are either slaves, or so poor as to be obliged to work for a bare subsistence.

The Liberians have a profitable trade with the natives, whom they supply with various
products of America and Europe, and receive in return, rice and other articles of food for their own use, and ivory, palm oil, dye woods, and other African products for exportation.

Mechanics, of all kinds needed by a new settlement in a tropical country, find abundant employment and high wages.

As appears from comparing the census of 1843 with the number added since that time, the population consisting of emancipated slaves and free colored people from the United States, and Africans rescued from slave-traders by our government, and their children, is about 5,343. Of the native tribes who have placed themselves under the jurisdiction of the Republic, and look to its government for protection, no census has been taken; but from the best information that can be obtained, they cannot be fewer than 100,000, and are probably more. A small part of these—perhaps 2,000 or 3,000—have become so far civilized, that the heads of their families are admitted to all the rights of citizenship, and vote at elections. The others are beginning to advance in civilization in proportion to the opportunities they have had to acquire it. The Liberian government does not require them to remove from the country, though it has bought their lands; but allows them to remain on their lands and become citizens.

In 1843, when the last census was taken, there were in Liberia, sixteen schools, having 562 scholars. Of these, 192 were children of
native African parents; and there were some of them in every school except two.

There were then twenty-three churches, with 1,474 communicants, of whom 1,014 were emigrants from America and their children, and 469 were native Africans, who had been converted from heathenism. Of the latter, 116 were of those who had been rescued from slave-traders, and 353 were natives of that region. Twenty of the churches had members who had been converted from heathenism.

Since that time, some of the recent converts from heathenism have fallen away, but others have been added, and there have been large accessions to the communicants of the other classes; so that the whole number is much larger than it was then. Some of the schools have also been discontinued, and others commenced. Among the new schools, are two or three of a higher order, which promise to be permanent. The means of education need improving; yet they have been such in times past as sufficed for the education of the President, the Secretary of State, and others who fill high offices with credit to themselves, and advantage to their country.

Emigrants, on their arrival, are at once admitted to all the rights of citizenship. Each receives, gratis, a town lot, or five acres of land suitable for farming, and if he has a family, a larger quantity, in proportion to the number dependent on him. If he wishes for more land,
or land in a different location, he can buy where he pleases for a dollar an acre. If he is without property and needs help, his passage, and the necessary house room, food, medicine and medical attendance for six months, are given him. During that time he can build a house, and raise a crop of all necessary provisions on his own land.
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