

FOUR YEARS IN LIBERIA.

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A

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE

OF THE

REV. SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

WITH REMARKS

ON THE

MISSIONS, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES
OF WESTERN AFRICA.

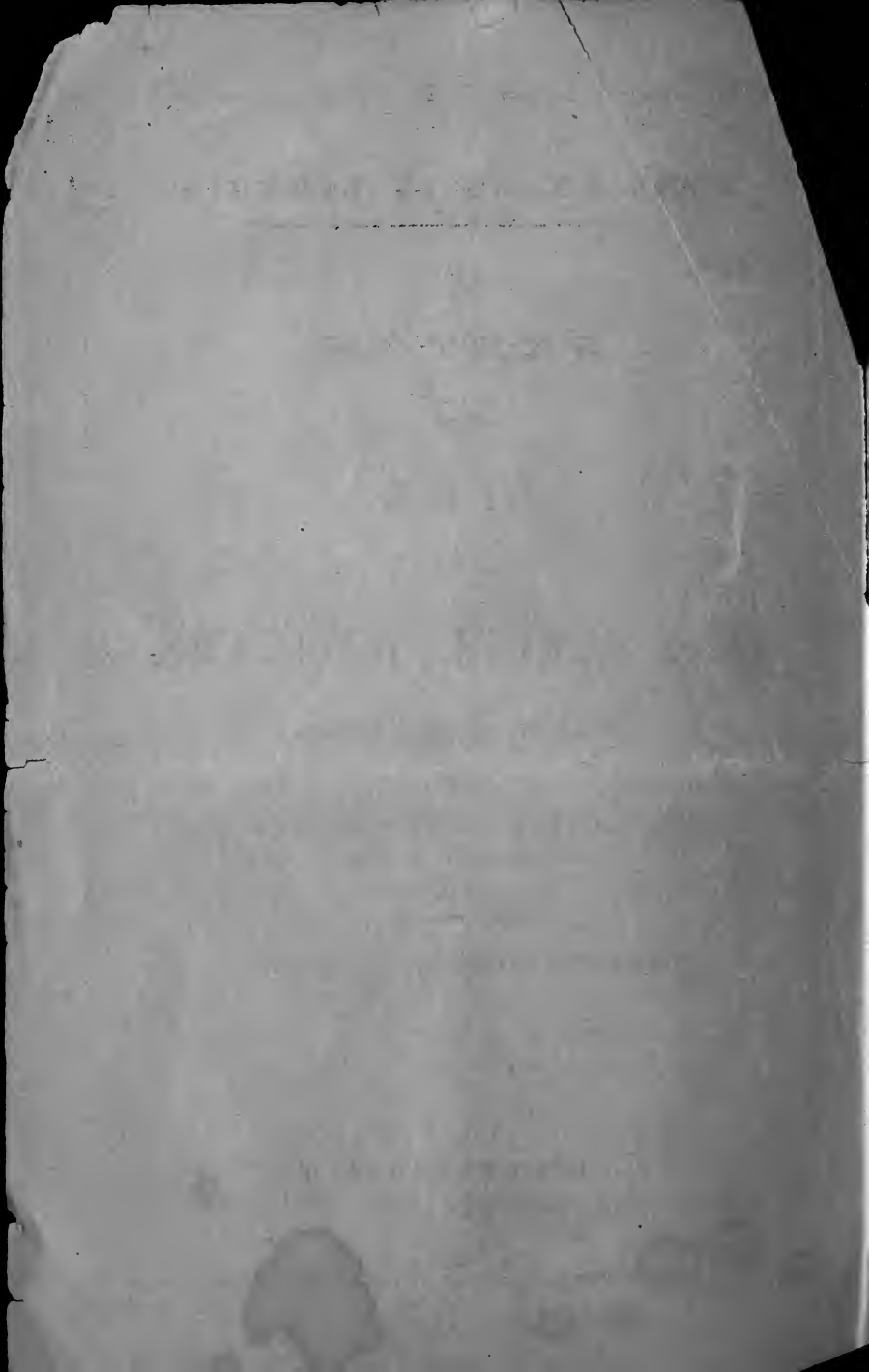
TOGETHER WITH AN

ANSWER TO NESBIT'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA:

KING & BAIRD, PRINTERS, No. 607 SANSON STREET.

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SERIES

THE

REV. SAMUEL WILLIAMS

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

ADDRESS: NEW YORK, N.Y.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN MISSION

COLLEGE

NEW YORK, N.Y.

1857

Ms. E. M. J. ca. 17728

INTRODUCTORY.

I have read over the following pages, (with the exception of the Answer to Nesbit's book,) and I can candidly commend them as containing just and reliable information on the subjects of remark. The description of the Vey country and people, adjacent to Cape Mount, is particularly interesting; as this is a country but little known, and yet is inhabited by one of the finest races of people on the western coast.

Whoever purchases and reads this little work, will find himself repaid by its perusal. But besides this, he will contribute to assist a worthy man whose health has given way in the missionary work in Liberia, and has come to his native land to recruit it; and then to return again to his great missionary work. I know him personally, and believe him to be worthy of all confidence and sympathy. I commend him to the kindness of the friends of Christian civilization in Africa, and hope they will buy and read his little work. It will do good.

J. P. DURBIN,

Cor. Sec. Mis. Soc. of the M. E. Church.

Philadelphia, August, 1857.

1840

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FOUR YEARS IN LIBERIA.

I WAS born in York county, in the State of Pennsylvania, in the year 1813. My father, whose name I bear, was a laboring man; he was respected by all who knew him. When I was nine years of age he moved to Harrisburg, Dauphin county, Pennsylvania. It was here that I formed my earliest associations. I was put out the first year of our residence to learn the business of a barber, which business I learned with great ease, and became quite an expert workman in a short time. My master moved from the State before I had served out my time, and I was left to my own will at the age of fourteen. By the advice of my father I went to live with a Mr. H. Vashon, with whom I remained over a year. I then went to Lancaster, and remained until I thought I was master of my profession. I returned to Harrisburg, but did not remain long in my old place. I was of rather a roving disposition, and I went to Huntingdon, and from that to Pittsburg, and after remaining in that city for one year I returned to Harrisburg, where I remained one winter. I then went up the river and found my way to Lewisburg, where I remained for about two years. I married there at the early age of twenty years. I did not remain in this place long after I was married, but returned to Pittsburg, and from thence moved to Johnstown. When I moved to this latter place I had become tired of a roving life, and thought I would settle myself

for life. Johnstown at this time was but a small town, and I thought that I could make a living in it, and grow up with the place. In this I was not mistaken. I opened a shop and succeeded in business beyond my expectation.

I had up to the time of my settling in Johnstown, never thought of my condition as a man, and it was not until the year 1838, when the people of Pennsylvania voted for the amended constitution, that I really felt that I had not my rights in common with other men. I had ever since I had arrived at the age of twenty-one years voted at the elections; but at the election of that year, for some cause which I never could understand, I was not allowed to put my vote into the ballot-box. This was very grievous to me; and it was the more so, because this election was to determine whether I should vote in my native State again. I was dissatisfied, and was never afterwards reconciled to my lot, although my course was such here, and had always been everywhere, that I secured the respect of my neighbors and townsmen. I cannot say that I ever was mistreated in any place. My word became my bond in business, and wherever I went I met with a welcome. As far as my civil rights were concerned, I knew no difference; but my political rights were taken away, not by my own townsmen, but by a large majority of the people of the State. I, however, bore up against this until the Fugitive Slave Bill passed. I then concluded that I would find a new home some place in the world where the black man could be free.

Notwithstanding all the respect that was shown me by the citizens, yet I felt myself oppressed. I could have free privilege in all the churches; there was no negro pew for me in any church in the place, but I was treated with politeness and respect in them all. Yet there were

times when I was oppressed, and one of those times was on election day ; I felt that I was as good a man as there was in town, yet I dare not deposit a vote. I could talk, and I had my influence over a certain class of voters, (yes, I say it boldly that I made more than one vote on election days,) yet I could not put in one myself. This grieved me, and I could not see when the thing was to be any better. Another source of oppression to me was, I would sometimes go from home. Now my popularity, if it may be so called, was not only in my own town, or in the neighboring towns, but, whenever I would go beyond the circle of my acquaintances, I could see that things were changed, and frequently I would be sent in the kitchen to eat my meals when traveling. I was once ordered out of the first-class car to take a seat in the Jim Crow car. These things galled me, and after many years reflection on the subject, I came to the conclusion, if there was a free spot in all God's earth, I would seek that place. I made inquiries about Canada, and found that it was not free from this wicked prejudice. Where was I to go ? I had read much of Liberia, although I was a violent Abolitionist, and had been ever since converted to that faith by my friend Vashon. But I wanted a home where I could be free. I began to reflect seriously upon the subject of going to Africa, and I found that I could do so without infringing upon my Abolition principles ; and I am just as strong in the faith to-day as ever I was in all my life. I always believed that there was many good Colonizationists, yet I thought that I might live in Liberia and be happy. So, in the year 1852, after having resided in Johnstown for near sixteen years, I concluded to visit Liberia and see it for myself, and if I found that it was or could be a country, I thought

of casting in my lot with its citizens, and help to make it. I therefore began to get ready at once for my voyage. I made up my mind in March, and expected to start in October. I disposed of my business to a Mr. Wilson Patterson, a very worthy colored man, and set about in good earnest to prepare. When the citizens saw that I was in earnest, they agreed to help me, that the expense should not come on me entirely; and they were very liberal; they gave me nearly two hundred dollars, which sum defrayed the bulk of my expenses; and on the first of November I bid all my friends good-bye, and took the cars for Baltimore, but was delayed there for some four weeks in consequence of the vessel not being ready. On the 27th of that month I set sail, in company with Mr. Charles Deputie of Hollidaysburg, as visitors to Liberia. We were passengers on the same vessel that carried Bishop Scott out to hold the Liberia Conference in 1853. We all were professors of the religion of Christ; and more than that, were all Methodists, and not to be turned from our principles. More than this, I hope that we were all Christians. I must say that I found the Bishop a very pleasant companion. Brother Horne was also one of the cabin passengers, and we had a most delightful voyage after the sea-sickness had subsided. We had religious worship regularly all the way to Africa. The Bishop acted as preacher in charge, and gave out the Sabbath appointments; and I was somewhat surprised the second Sabbath at sea that I was to preach in the afternoon. I did so; and I believe that I gave satisfaction. I did the best I could, and was satisfied thus far with myself, yet I knew that it was a feeble effort. Mr. Horne had preached in the morning, and he had given us a practical discourse; and not only practical,

but learned, for he is a learned man. He is now the Principal of Monrovia Seminary, and is much beloved by all who know him. This voyage terminated as the most of voyages do, without any thing very interesting to relate. We came to anchor off Monrovia on the sixth day of January, 1853.

I was favorably impressed with the country the first day that I landed. I was well treated by the citizens, and found them kind, and disposed to entertain strangers. I met two of my old acquaintance, Mr. Wm. Finley and Mrs. Rev. D. A. Wilson, the latter had been a resident of Johnstown and was now a missionary. Mr. Wilson was the principal in the Alexander High School, and was doing a good work in the Presbyterian ranks.

I was at church on the Sabbath following my arrival at Monrovia, and listened to Bishop Scott. He preached quite an able sermon. In the afternoon Brother Horne preached; the next Sabbath I preached in the afternoon. During the week I was much delighted in a trip up the St. Paul's; I saw many improved places, and a most beautiful river with high banks, and a good soil. I remained at Monrovia about two weeks and then went down the coast as far as Cape Palmas. After remaining on the coast until the 17th of March, I left very well satisfied with what I had seen in Africa, and reported favorably when I got home. I will here give that report, that those who have not seen it may read it now.

NOTES ON LIBERIA.

Liberia is located on the western shore of Africa, between the third and seventh degrees of north latitude. The land, in a general way, near the sea, is low and

sandy, but back ten or twelve miles in the interior it becomes more elevated and the soil much better. There are a number of small rivers flowing into the sea within the confines of Liberia, the principal of which are the Grand Sesters, St. Paul's, St. Johns, Junk, Sinoe, and Cape Mount. The St. Paul's is a fine stream: near its mouth it divides into two rivers—one is called Stockton Creek, and upon this branch stands Monrovia. The mouth is shallow, and large vessels cannot get over its bar, but small craft, of from ten to twenty tons burthen, pass over safely. Up this river are the settlements of Virginia, Upper and Lower Caldwell, and Millsburg; all fine settlements. I visited the first three, but did not get so far as Millsburg.

Monrovia has about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is a beautifully located place, on a high elevation. It has a commanding view of the sea on two sides. I spent twenty-one days in the town and surrounding country, and think, every thing considered, it is a fine place.

Grand Bassa County comes next. Buchanan, the county-seat, is situated on the left bank of the St. John's, and the village of Edina is on the right hand. There is not the same appearance of thrift here that is seen in the upper settlements of the St. Paul's. Bexley is a promising settlement, about six miles up the river, and the citizens are getting along very well. Sinoe county is the last in the Republic, and Greenville is its county-town. The people manifest quite a spirit of enterprise. Greenville is situated at the mouth of the Sinoe river, and is beautifully laid out, its streets running at right angles. I was up the river, and visited the settlements, with which I was much pleased. Lexington is the last settlement made. It has not been in progress more than two years, but the inhabitants show a spirit of industry, and have got quite a clearing made in the forest. I walked across from this place to Louisiana, and saw there another most beautiful settlement. Every thing seemed to be in a thriving condition, and many of the farms were in a good state of cultivation here as well as in Lexington.

My choice of all the settlements that I saw is on the

St. Paul's. The lands are principally taken up near the river, but there is an abundance of vacant land back from the river, which I have no doubt is as good, if not better, than that on the banks of the river. From all the information, however, that I could get, I believe the best site for a new settlement is on the Junk river. There emigrants would have the choice of land, inasmuch as there is no settlement as yet made. My plan is, when we go to Africa, to land at Monrovia, where we will have the advantage of the medical advice, which is of great importance to all new settlers. There we could remain until we were acclimated, and then our men might explore the country, and make their locations. They might improve them, and by the time the families were in a situation to remove, be ready to receive them. To go directly to the country would subject us to many inconveniences that we might avoid by being six or eight months in the town. Before commencing to farm, many of the necessities of life would have to be obtained at the town, and we must learn the nature of native trade, on which we must depend for many things.

The productions of Liberia are very numerous; and if men, after they have got a start, will only be industrious, there is no danger about a living. They can raise cassada, sweet potatoes, and yams, which will answer much better for bread than wheat in that climate. They can buy rice from the natives, although this article is sometimes very dear; yet if emigrants are properly provided with articles of native trade, they can always buy at a fair price. Every emigrant ought to be able, before going out to Liberia, to procure some leaf tobacco, a box or two of clay pipes, a quantity of fish hooks, and a few pieces of blue cotton cloth; all of which is money with the natives, and you can buy with these what you cannot get for silver or gold.

The productions of Liberia are numerous; yet, in my opinion, the articles raised for exportation should be confined to coffee, indigo, arrow-root, ginger, and bird-pepper. My advice to friends in our Pennsylvania expedition would be to confine themselves to the raising of

these five articles—and let them do so on a large scale, and they would soon find themselves in the possession of ease if not wealth, for all of these articles will command a ready sale in a foreign market, and they can be raised with comparatively little labor. Coffee and arrow-root grow best in a sandy soil; indigo grows everywhere, but if care is not exercised it becomes troublesome. I am told that the method of preparing this weed for market is very simple, and a considerable income might be realized from the exportation of it alone.

Pepper and ginger could also be made articles of profit to the producers of them. I am sorry to say that there is not as much attention paid to the growing of those articles as ought to be, and as soon will be. The people, as yet, do not know the value of them. As soon as they find that they can make more by a careful attention to their cultivation than by their present mode of trade and traffic, they will receive the attention they ought.

The first want of Liberia that we will mention, is that of a proper mode of fencing. Common wood fences are found not to answer the purpose, in consequence of the destructive nature of the bug-a-bug. This little insect is very troublesome at present. They will destroy any common wood fence that can be made, in the short space of two years. The people have tried hedges, but, in all cases, they are found to grow too large. Stone is too dear for the common use. But I am in hopes that it will be found that, when the country becomes generally under a state of cultivation, this troublesome insect will, in a great degree, disappear.

The next want of this country is beasts of burden. They have no way for transportation of goods or other things but by natives, and this is a very slow and ineffectual way. This difficulty will in a great degree disappear as fences are introduced. It is now more for the want of fences than any other cause that they have not horses, asses and oxen. All these animals will live and thrive well in Liberia. During my short stay there, I saw them all, and they looked well. The ass is as large as that of any other country, but the horse is much smaller than our

American horses. It is about like what is known in this country as the Indian pony. The oxen, also, are very small. Generally, the cattle of Liberia grow to be about the size of our two yearlings, but I saw some larger and of a good medium size; these, however, are not common. None of these beasts can be kept in any number, for the want of fences. As soon as a plan of fencing can be introduced, beasts of all useful kinds will be raised in abundance.

The morals of Liberia are as good, perhaps, as those of any other country. A very large majority of the inhabitants are members of some religious body. The Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopalian are the religious bodies established, but the Methodists stand first as regards numbers. Their number is more than all the rest together, and I met many good, warm, old-fashioned Methodists. I was permitted to preach several times while in Liberia, and felt that the Lord was in our presence. I had the honor to preach to a number of distinguished persons, among whom was the President and lady, the Vice President, and others. I must confess that I felt some fear in getting up before the great ones of Liberia. But the Lord was with me, and I have not had more liberty for years than on that occasion.

There remains much yet to be done in Liberia. It is in the midst of heathenism. There are thousands who are yet without the knowledge of a Saviour; and, although they are doing considerable for the purpose of enlightening the heathen, yet it is as a drop in the bucket to what is wanted. This ought to induce holy men to embark for this land. This colony now is as a candle in a thick fog, whose light is seen but for a step. Every man could and ought to be a missionary, whether employed by the Board of Foreign Missions or not. His example and his influence ought all to go to persuade the natives of the truth of religion. Too many of the colonists forget this, and only think for themselves and of money, instead of doing something to promote the gospel. They take advantage of the natives, and by so doing injure the cause of Christ. I trust that a large emigration soon

will go to Liberia which has the cause of Christ fully at heart, and be induced, for the love they have for their Master's cause, to labor for the enlightenment of the native Africans. I believe that much more could be done for them than is now doing.

All emigrants ought, in going to Liberia, to have some means, and ought not to be entirely dependent on the Society for their support. Although they are supported for six months, yet this is not sufficient, as all may expect to be more or less sick the first six months after going to Africa, and in consequence of which they are not in a proper frame of body or mind to make any preparations for the future. But if they had some means of their own, they, at the end of the six months, will have something to depend upon. Each family should have not less than two hundred dollars, which, if laid out in the States in tobacco, pipes, blue cotton cloth, &c., would answer at double that amount in Africa. The African fever may be regarded in about the same light as our American fever and ague. I saw several who were laboring under its influence, and the symptoms were about the same. The only difference, perhaps, is that the African fever is not as regular in its attacks as that of the American: but after the emigrants are once through the acclimation, they usually enjoy as good health in Liberia as in any other place. The citizens look very healthy, and if prudence and caution are exercised, there is but little to fear from the fever. Out of all the emigrants that went out last fall—three hundred and seventy—only sixteen had died up to the time of my leaving, and four of these were very old persons, and seven young children; which leaves only five that can properly be said to have died by the diseases of the land, and one of these brought it on by his own imprudence.

The climate of Liberia is tropical, and, consequently, it is warm. During my stay, I kept a regular note of the degree of heat, and the thermometer varied only seven degrees; it ranged from eighty-one degrees to eighty-eight degrees; eighty-one the lowest and eighty-eight the highest that I saw while on the coast of Africa.

But this was always in the shade; to go into the sun there was a great difference. The sun in the heat of the day was very oppressive, and it was imprudent to be out from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.; but I was out all hours of the day, and in three instances walked during all these hours, and found no other inconvenience or effect but a plentiful perspiration. On one or two excursions I had my son with me, and he stood it manfully. That day we walked about six miles, which is considered in Liberia a good walk. On another occasion I walked five miles in the middle of the day, and at another time I started at seven o'clock in the morning, and walked until two in the afternoon, many miles into the interior, and all this produced no bad effect on me. Although it is very warm, yet in-doors or in the shade it is quite pleasant, in consequence of the delightful breeze that is constantly blowing. It was during the dry season that I was in Liberia; but it is not to be supposed that it does not rain during this season of the year. It rained frequently during my stay in the country, and some very heavy showers. I was in the country seventy-one days, and I suppose I saw at least ten or fifteen good showers and one tornado. However, the tornado was after I left for home. I will assure any one that it was no plaything as it presented itself to us aboard the ship.

The fruits of this country are not so numerous nor so delightful as those of our own country. They have the orange, lemon, lime, soursop, guava, pawpaw, mango, plum, pine apple, and many others of less importance.

The fresh meats are nearly the same as we get in our own market, with the exception of goat meat. They have beef, pork, mutton, and venison of a very good quality. Chickens, ducks, and sometimes turkeys are brought to market. Fresh fish are to be had in great abundance. Mackerel are caught at Monrovia, and they are very good indeed.

A country would be a paradise indeed if there were no objections to be urged against it, and I have some to urge against Liberia. The first I would name is the naked condition of the natives. They are in town in

vast numbers, and they have nothing in the world upon them but a cloth around their loins. Men and women go dressed in nearly the same style. This custom might be stopped, for the colonists have all the law-making in their hands, and they could easily pass a law making it unlawful for them to come to town without a covering upon them. Why this is not done, for the life of me, I cannot see. But when once the country is filled up with people from the Northern States, they surely will have an eye to this matter.

The next objection that I find to Liberia, is the indolence or seeming indolence of many of the colonists. There is not in the country as much industry as ought to be. Very many of the lots in the city of Monrovia are wholly neglected, and suffered to grow up with weeds and bushes, when, if they were cultivated, they would yield enough, almost, for the support of the families occupying them. This is to be attributed more to the kind of people who have settled them than to any other cause. They are principally emancipated slaves, who do not appreciate freedom in its proper light, but think that when once free they are at liberty to be industrious or otherwise, and many choose to be lazy. Now, if, in my opinion, the Northerners could be induced to go to Liberia, we would soon find quite a different state of things. The great majority of the present colonists are from the South, and have adopted southern habits, the state of society being more southern than any thing else. For instance, all love to have a servant to wait upon them, both gentlemen and ladies. If it is but to carry a lantern, or to carry a fish, it must be done by a servant.

Another objection is, the preference given to native labor over that of Americans. Many of the colonists are in want of work to make something to enable them to get the comforts of life, but the natives are employed in preference, because they can live on twenty-five cents per day, while the colonists must have seventy-five cents. Now, this is wrong. Let all the poor Americans be employed by the rich, and let them by these means be helpers to each other, and this will advance the interests

of the country to a very great extent. It would do away with the necessity of all emigrants having money to start with. The present mode of traffic and trade I condemn; not that it does the individual any harm morally, but because it is depriving the soil of so many tillers. To build up a great nation, the soil must be brought into active employment. It must be tilled, and its productions thrown into market—the income of which must enrich the country. All settlements must have their traders; but in Liberia nearly every man is a trader. If he is a farmer, he associates with this native trade, and very frequently he has to neglect the one for the other.

Wants of emigrants going to Liberia. You are told not to take with you any thing for housekeeping; that you can get every thing there in the shape of furniture. My advice, however, is to take along every thing you possibly can, as every thing is difficult to be obtained in Africa. Every family ought to be provided with bedsteads, tables, chairs; and, in a word, every thing that is needed in this country you will need in Liberia, unless I might except feather-beds. All who have these would do well to sell them, and buy in their stead good hair matrasses. Do not be prevailed upon to go without the things for housekeeping, as you will be sorry after it is too late. Every thing in the shape of household furniture or kitchen utensils are very high. They cost four times what they would in the States. You ought to be provided with one barrel of salt beef and one of pork. Take shoes enough for one year. You ought to have a keg of good butter, to serve until you get accustomed to the palm oil, after which you would rather have it. It would be well if each family could take a barrel of flour to serve them until they become accustomed to rice and other African productions.

Here I must end my advice and my report of what I have seen. Much that is to me deeply interesting I must omit. It only remains for me to return my sincere thanks to those whose friendship has cheered me in undertaking a voyage fraught with anxiety and peril, but which has richly repaid me. I see in Liberia the ele-

ments of a great State. From her borders I behold an influence issuing which shall yet elevate my race in the future to that proud position which it once held in the past. Although my birth-place, and the birth-land of my fathers, and endeared to me as holding the bones of a now sainted parent, it is my wish only to remain in the United States until a company can be organized which shall go out together, taking with them a saw-mill and an apparatus for making iron—ore yielding, in Liberia, 90 per cent. In a few months longer, I trust, I shall go to the home of my fathers, there to aid in upbuilding a new republic, and in founding a mighty empire. Would to God I could persuade my brethren everywhere to go with me, so that, after being aliens and exiles, like Israel in Egypt, for so many long years, we might at least die in the land of our fathers.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

There was quite an excitement raised after this report was published. I received letters from all parts of the State, some making inquiries, some applauding me for my adventures, and some abusing me for trying to deceive the people; some I answered and some remains to be answered yet. The first week after I came home several called from distant towns to see me, and to make inquiry respecting my impressions. I gave to all what was the honest convictions of my mind in the matter, and told them that for me and my family we would go to Liberia; others might do as they please. It was proposed by several that we should raise a joint stock company. I agreed to the proposal, which was the worst thing that I ever did in all my life. My plan was, in the first place, to go in copartnership with men who could each raise a little money and reside in Africa as merchants; but I was persuaded out of this. I thought that a saw mill would

do well in the country, (and I yet believe that one could do well, but it will have to be on a different plan from that which we took with us). There were four of us who were very anxious for Africa: Chas. Deputie, Thomas Lilason, John H. M. Harris, and myself. We four commenced to raise a company, and succeeded, as the public know. The Pennsylvania Colonization Society loaned us enough to purchase our saw mill, and we raised amongst the company some sixteen hundred dollars, which was laid out in goods, with a credit of near that much more. We got all in readiness to go to our new home in Africa. The company consisted of John H. M. Harris, Wm. Nesbit, Thomas Lilason, Chas Deputie, Alfred Truman, Curtis G. Carr, David Kelly, Elias A. Briar, Wm. Thomas and myself. Briar and Thomas remained behind; Briar came out the next fall. Thus equipped, we repaired to New York to take the vessel that was to sail on the 1st of November, but we were detained in New York until the 10th. On the afternoon of that day we left the pier that we had laid by and commenced our voyage for Liberia. Mr. Pinney accompanied us out into the bay, and, after he had made all necessary arrangements, he bid us good bye, wishing us a prosperous voyage and a happy home in Africa. We soon got under way. Our women suffered much from sea sickness for some three weeks, for we had very rough weather during all that time. After this we had a very pleasant trip to the coast. We found that Mr. Pinney had laid in an ample supply of everything that was necessary for our comfort. We had all kinds of vegetables and fresh meats. I do not believe that there was ever an emigration that was better fitted out than we were, and yet, with all this, some was disposed to complain; so that

it is impossible for one man to please everybody in a company, even small as ours was. We enjoyed ourselves very much aboard ship—we had our debates and other amusements—and the captain seemed glad that we were all so happy; his name was Miller, and a better man, I think, could not be found to carry emigrants than he. Every attention was paid to the sick, both of the cabin and steerage; and frequently he would have the sick women brought from below and placed in the cabin, that they might have the more air. I was much pleased with him; his officers also were very kind to us all. The first mate's name was Hatch, and the second's McGill; both did all that they could to make us comfortable and happy, and happy we were. After spending forty days on the voyage we, on the night of the 18th of December, dropped anchor opposite the Light House on the Monrovia Heights, and the next morning all was bustle to get ready to go ashore. A number of gentlemen called off in the morning to see us, as they had been looking for us for some days. All expressed their satisfaction at finding us in such good health and spirits. We all got ashore by three o'clock in the afternoon, and I believe that every one was well pleased with the town, unless it was Mr. Nesbit. I heard him remark, after seeing it, that it was rather a one horse town; but even he forgot that it was a one horse town after we got our goods opened and had sold for some two or three days. It seemed that money drove all notions out of his head about either one or two horse towns.

We were now in Liberia, and had to begin to take care of ourselves. One of the first steps, after our goods were opened and the families comfortable, was to look out a location for the saw mill, when it would come out,

as we expected it in a very short time. In this, however, we were mistaken, as it did not get out until the first of April. In the meantime we had selected for its location a place on the Junk river, at or near Marshall, in the midst of a fine timber district, and supposed that we would have no difficulty in getting the lumber to market after it was sawed ; but in this we were greatly disappointed. We found that to get it from this place to Monrovia or Bassa it would cost as much as to freight it from the States ; and hence, we were greatly crippled in our plans. The erection of the mill was a very expensive operation, and this, in connection with our not getting the lumber to market, were the principal causes of our failure. We had expended a large amount of our means in the erection of the mill that should have been remitted to our creditors in the States, and expected to replace it when the mill would get into operation ; but here we failed, because there was no means of transportation but by way of the river and in canoes, and then it had to be carried four miles, across the summit or dividing ridge that divided the Junk waters from those of Monrovia, which was a very slow and expensive operation. Our lumber accumulated on our hands at the mill, until a considerable quantity spoiled during the rainy season. Our stock of goods was getting low and we strained every nerve to remit to our merchants in Philadelphia what was due, that we might get another stock. We succeeded in raising all the money that we owed our dry goods merchant, which was a considerable bill, and wrote to him our circumstances, and hoped in a short time to receive a new lot of goods, which, if we had, we would have recovered from our embarrassed circumstances. But instead of the goods we received a letter that the firm had

failed shortly after we had remitted. This at once struck terror among all our men. Now began difficulty for me. Some of the company began to complain against me for bringing them to Africa, and I was abused; they said I had made wrong statements to them concerning this country. But strange to say, that while we were in flourishing circumstances, I had told all truth, and was one of the best of men. At one of the meetings of the company they gave me a vote of thanks, and could scarcely find language to express their delight at what I had done for them; but when circumstances changed I was the sole cause of all their misfortunes. These things grieved me much, to think that those who I had looked upon as my best friends should now try and attach all the blame to me for our misfortune, when the whole thing was a train of circumstances out of my power to control. It was unfortunate in the first place that we brought the saw mill to the country; but I did not do so, nor was it my advice. My plan was to associate myself with two of the present members and put our means together and come as merchants; but one of these men was the most anxious that we should bring the mill. It was equally unfortunate that it was located on the Junk; but I did not do this, it was done by the committee; to be sure I was one of that committee, and I was in favor of putting it on the Junk; but I was but one man, and the committee consisted of five, and every man was in favor of it being just where it was put. But as soon as we failed in our expectation I was blamed for every fault that had been committed, and for what were not faults. I was hurt and grieved at all this, and if the men alone had been my accusers I would not have thought so hard, but their wives also complained against me. I thought of Moses,

how very unpleasant he and Aaron must have felt when the whole camp of Israel rebelled against them. I retired from all business of the company, resigned my office and went to my farm, and have had nothing more to do with the affair since, more than to give my advice, and once or twice helped them out of a hard place by making small advancements for them. My means, that I put into the concern, I consider all gone; and let it go, but let me have peace. After our failure in getting goods I proposed to go at once to the States, and, by the aid of my friends, I felt that I could yet save the company, but they would not consent that I should go; they struggled for a while, like a drowning man, and at last ceased.

As far as our mercantile operations were concerned, we were dead. The saw mill still struggled on, and is yet gasping, but never can recover. In the first place it is the wrong kind of a mill for the country: the expenses attending the working of it are too great, unless it could be done by native labor, which cannot be procured at all. And as I stated before, the difficulty of transportation is too great; so that upon the whole it finally must go down. Having given a brief but faithful statement of our business affairs, I will now say something in relation to the country.

Liberia, like all other countries, is not a paradise. If it were, men would not be so hard to persuade to come to it, but would seek to partake of the fruits of the garden. Nor is it on the other hand a purgatory; but like all other lands, it has its sweets and its bitters, its sorrows and its pleasures, its life and its death. Yes, death has found its way into the peaceful regions of Western Africa. In America I have seen husband and wife parted; children snatched from the embraces of their parents, and friend

fall by the side of friend. Death sometimes makes awful havoc among the living, and strikes consternation and alarm unto thousands that she spares. See them flying from the monster, leaving home, property, business and friends, and fleeing for terror!—what is the matter? DEATH is in town, in my neighborhood, yea in my house! Steamboats crowded, cars packed all in confusion, and what does all this mean?—DEATH, death is here!

And let me inform my reader that death is in Liberia, though not so terrible as in other countries. There is no great occasion of alarm; there are no sweeping epidemics. The cholera has never yet visited her shores; the yellow fever has not yet made its appearance in Liberia; the small-pox is but seldom seen; the measles, the scarlet-fever, the typhus fever, and a host of other diseases, do not infest her shores. And yet we have said that death is here; yes, it is here, and friend must part from friend, brother from sister, and husband from wife. We have witnessed this in Liberia as well as in America, and where shall we go where the monster is not, and where is it not the enemy of man? They have found that all the gold of California or Australia could not bribe it to remain from those rich regions. The power of Russia, or England, or America, or all combined, cannot conquer it, and keep it out of their territories. And why is it expected that death ought not to visit Liberia? It is not expected, but by the enemies of Liberia; and they do not expect this, but argue it. And when one dies in Liberia, what a wonder! Oh, how awful! And the friends who have been left in America, mourn over the fate of those that died in Liberia. But if they had remained in America and died, it would not have been anything out of the usual course of events. But how awful because

they died in Liberia. Foolish creatures who reason thus. Why not die in Liberia as well as in America? Death is but the common lot of us all whether here or there. One of our good citizens visited the States a short time ago and died in New York; but his friends do not reflect on America as being the cause of his death, and advise all others to remain in Liberia, for fear, if they go to New York, they will die. No, some unforeseen cause led to his death, and no reflections upon any one or place. But, say the enemies of Liberia, the acclimating fever is what destroys our friends that go to Liberia. Well, out of the fifty that came out in the emigration with me, there were but two died with the acclimating fever; and one of these was at the advanced age of eighty-six years. Although up to this time, there are ten dead, all the rest have died with other complaints: one from the effects of salivation; one from pleurisy; one from dropsy. Now, why all this hue and cry? But I admit that some emigrations suffer more than others, and the reason is simply this: some come here that will have their own way in spite of all that doctor or agent or any other person can do to prevent. And those are they that suffer most. But I do say that where proper care is taken by the emigrant, but few die. I will also remark that some locations are more healthy than others; and those who choose for themselves in coming to Liberia, ought to be particular on this point, and find out the most healthy location and settle there. I would here say, that Cape Mount is unquestionably the healthiest in all the country. Emigrants coming here have scarcely any fever, and a great many escape altogether. It is a beautiful place. I have visited a number of the settlements since residing in the country, and I pronounce all in a prosperous condition. In some

of them agriculture is beginning to be carried on to a considerable degree. The St. Paul's farmers are in general, industrious and prosperous. Many very fine plantations are to be seen. Amongst which we will name Jordon's, Richardson's, Outland, Blacklidge and others, who have as good sugar plantations as I ever saw in the neighborhood of New Orleans. They are not as yet making as good an article of sugar as they do on the Mississippi, but the molasses is superior to Orleans molasses. Several fine coffee farms are to be seen also along the banks of the river; and, I think, as far as my judgment goes, that the people of this region are doing as well as they could possibly do any where. I spent some days along the river in December last, and was highly delighted with the prospects of a great and rich community in a short time.

Junk settlement is progressing but slowly. They have not had any increase from emigration since the first Marshall family: hence the name. I will say of this region, that a family can live cheaper than in any other part of Liberia that I know anything about. Here you are in a good farming community, (native farming). Rice grows in abundance, and can be had in the proper rice season for about thirty cents per kroo or half bushel. Cassadas grow in great abundance, and can be bought for almost nothing. I am speaking of things in general. The last year has been an exception to the general rule; there has been an unusual scarcity both of rice and cassada, and both were much dearer than usual. The Junk river is one of the best in the republic for fish. The large mullet is taken here in great abundance, and is a superior fish; it eats much like the shad when fresh—it is by far the best fish in this country. There is also an

abundance of oysters of the very best quality, and easy to catch. The principal food of the citizens in the dry season are fish and oysters. I lived on this fare for some two and a half years, and was no ways tired of it. Had things been left to my choice, I would have gladly remained at Marshall. The people of this settlement are the most happy people that I ever saw, they are sure of enough to eat, and that seems to be all they care for; they make no effort to improve the place or the land, but eat fish and oysters, cassada and rice, and talk politics. They all trade a little, and are an exception to all others. I am glad to learn that the universal practice of native trade that existed a few years ago, is fast getting into disrepute among the thinking portion of the people, and they are encouraging agriculture in its stead. And the time is not far in the distance when men will generally see that this practice is not to their advantage nor the advantage of the country.

On the whole our beloved little republic is on the advance; and in spite of all that can be done by her enemies in the United States, she will grow into greatness; although a Nesbit and a Delany, a Purvis, and a host of others have sworn that she shall not prosper. She will let them see that they have not the power to stop her progress. Her churches, her schools, her benevolent societies, all tell to the world that she lives in the age of improvement, and cannot be held back by designing men, neither white nor black. She is now reckoned among the nations of the earth; and who is he that can tell what is in the future for her. Carthage was once smaller than Liberia, and to what greatness did she rise in five centuries. Liberia is on the same continent, and after a lapse of some two thousand years, who knows but that another

as great as Carthage is to arise, to give laws to the nations in Africa, if not to foreign nations? We have plenty of nations within our own limits that we can and will give laws to, and teach them the customs of civilized life, and they are already beginning to look up to us for this; and it is not unfrequent that we are called upon to settle their disputes and wars, which we always do in an amicable way, and make all parties satisfied.

The time will come when Liberia will be regarded in a far different light, with such men at her helm as she has had to guide her since her national existence. She must advance, and that rapidly. Roberts, who was the man for the times, has no superior as a ruler of a young nation; and it seems providential that he should be here to take hold at the very time of all others that he was most needed. He is called old Gruff—gruff as he may be, he knows how to rule, and when all things seems to be in a fair channel to prosperity, he leaves or vacates his chair. In other words, he refuses to be renominated, but leaves it for another, who was providentially spared from the merciless hand of the savage, to be the chief magistrate of this young nation. And why do men fight against God? for can it not be easily seen that God has this young nation under his fostering care? Stephen A. Benson, the mild and unassuming, if he has any fault it is that of diffidence. He does not desire to take the honors that is due him. He is a Christian, a gentleman, and a statesman. I was present at a meeting between him on the part of the government, and a number of the chiefs of the Vey country, and I was delighted to see with what calmness and decision he talked the *Palaver*. He was settling a difficulty between themselves. And when they would grow noisy and angry at each other, he could

bring them to order with the utmost ease. Now all that Liberia wants to secure her future greatness, is to keep men like these always in office, and not to let politics get the better of their judgment, but always vote for the best and ablest men, and all will be right and the country grow. In a century from this time, the offspring of her now most inveterate enemies amongst the colored race will be seeking protection under her wings. Yes, though men may talk and write and threaten, yet they cannot stop the advancement of truth, liberty and civilization. These things will advance in spite of all the combined powers of the world or hell.

Shortly after my arrival in Liberia I became connected with the missionary operations; and, after spending one year in this labor, I became much interested in it, and came to the conclusion to spend the remainder of my days in the cause; although it is a work that is attended in some cases with much labor and exposure, and that at small pay as far as pecuniary pay goes; yet, it is a most delightful work to those who have the worth of souls at heart; and this I trust that I have. My first appointment was at Marshall, to take charge of the small society there. Here I labored for two years; and I do most sincerely hope that I was the instrument, in God's hands, of doing some good, both to the settlers and the surrounding natives. I can look back to this field of labor with feelings of delight, and at the place with sorrow. It was here that I had many seasons with a few good brethren and sisters. And this is the place that contains the remains of a beloved wife. But then I reflect that she did not die as do those who have no hope, but in the full confidence of a Redeemer's love. Her ashes rest in a grove near the Methodist Episcopal Church, where she will

remain until she and I shall be summoned by the great trumpet's sound. May my last days be as peaceful as hers.

After spending two years in this charge, Conference, in its wisdom, thought fit to remove me from that to my present station at Cape Mount, although I would rather have remained where I was. But I am a believer in the itinerant plan, and as far as civilized communities are concerned, I believe there is no plan like it. But for the native work I do think that a preacher who is accepted of them ought not to be removed, until death removes him; he should learn their language, live among them, and become one of them.

But to return, I of course, after my appointment was read out, made all possible haste to get to my new field of labor, and arrived at Cape Mount on the 7th of January, 1857, and found all peaceable among the brethren. But my labors are not confined to the settlement, but I have all the accessible part of the Vey country to attend to. And I must say here, in the language of sacred writ, "the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." This is a very interesting country. The natives are in the advance of their neighbors of the leeward coast at least fifty years. I have made several excursions among them, and was truly astonished to find so much intelligence. But as it has been the universal custom for ages gone by, to get all off a stranger that they can, it remains to a great degree the same yet amongst this people. They are shrewd in trade, and the man that gets any thing off them pays for it. But yet these people are very anxious to be instructed, and any of the chiefs would be willing to allow a school to be established in his town for the purpose of instructing his children.

Among other places I visited - Gordonama, an interior

town, situated twenty-five miles from the coast. I found the path or rather the water course much obstructed by roots, logs and trees; and after spending part of two days in getting to the head of navigation, I at last arrived there, and then walked about four and a half hours to get to the town. It was dark when I arrived, and could see but little; so I got supper and went to bed for the night. I got up early in the morning and was astonished at what I saw. The house that I lodged in was the largest in the place, and it was truly a fine house. It was on the public square where all the town meetings are held. They held a meeting the night that I was there, and I was much interested with the affair. About seven o'clock the big bell suspended at one end of the house in which I lodged, was rung, and a boy could be heard proclaiming through the street, and calling all the people together. I went to the piazza and took a seat to see what was to be done. A young man, that spoke English very well, came and seated himself by my side, and told me that the people were called to hear words from the king, who was absent at that time. It was concerning a report that a neighboring town was preparing to make war on this town, and he warned his people to be ready; that they should call all the people from the small towns, and from the farms, and should keep a strict watch; and if any thing happened, that they should dispatch a herald to him immediately. This was about the amount of the address, which was given by a young man of beautiful countenance. His mien was erect while he was addressing the people. Speaking of the bravery of his townsmen and the feats they had done in wars, he became most intensely excited. He would throw up his arms and his head, and his whole gesture was grand and

vehement. When about to conclude, he threw up his spear in the air and yelled in the most wild and frightful manner, that alarmed me no little. The yell was responded to by the whole assembly. And now came fun: The banjos struck up, and the drum began to play, and all was commotion. The whole company fell into a regular dance. No women are allowed at these meetings. I was somewhat amused at several very old men, who were so old that they could not get their feet up, would stand still, and all animation, lift the heel and try to keep time to the music. After spending twenty or thirty minutes in this way, the whole company dispersed, and in a few minutes more all was still throughout the town, with the exception of the sentinel's call. I thought while thus looking at the proceeding of this evening, if this people could be brought into civilized habits, what a noble people they would be. The Vey people are surely a superior people, and a remarkably good looking set of men.

I took a stroll around town, and I saw much industry. The people were spinning and weaving, and making crockery ware; it presented quite a business appearance. I stopped to notice how the women spun their cotton, and was astonished at the simplicity of the machine. It was nothing more than a stick with a socket on the one end, and a split in the other; the socket end went down, and an oyster shell served to let it spin in; the cotton thread was fastened to the stick or spindle, and the operator would start it with the thumb and finger, and while the speed would keep up, she would make the best of her time in letting out the thread, and when the speed would cease, she would wind up what she had let out and start it again. Thus by a continuous application of thumb and finger, the speed would be kept up all day,

and quite an amount of thread made. I next stopped in a weaver's shop, and this was about as strange as the spinning. He has his reeds and gears as any other weaver, but they are of a diminutive size; the reeds are not more than from four to six inches in width, and hence they do not make any cloth wider than this. But to make up this deficiency, they will sow piece to piece, until they have it as wide as they may want it. I have seen some most beautiful cloths made in this rude way, and they are quite an article of trade on the coast.

After looking at all the curiosities, I returned to my room to await breakfast, and in due time there was brought me a large bowl of rice and palaver sauce, and a pitcher of cold water. I took breakfast, and then walked out to take a look at the suspension bridge that crossed the river, or creek. I had crossed it the evening before, but I could not see what it was like, as it was dark; when I approached it now, I saw a bridge constructed on the same principle on which that of Roebing's Wire Suspension Bridges are constructed. Here vines are used instead of wire: vine after vine has been laid across the river, until it has become of sufficient strength, and then the whole is wrapped with another vine, which forms it into a body of some five or six inches in diameter. After the two side pieces are thus put up, they have then worked it with a kind of basket work, and completed it by ties from the centre, that pass to either side, and fasten to a tree. Take the bridge as a whole, it is about one of the greatest curiosities that I have met with in Africa. The stream over which the bridge passes, is sixty or eighty feet wide.

It was here that a great massacre took place a few years ago. Gordonama was at war with some of the

people in that region; the enemy thought to steal a march upon the people of Gordonama, and came in a body. But the king of this place was on the look out, and had his spies stationed in all directions; when the enemy approached near to the crossing place, they found that a recent rain had swelled the stream bank full, and they were reduced to the necessity of resorting to the bridge as a crossing place. The spies were on the alert, and waited until the whole army was across, with the exception of what was then on the bridge; it was sufficient to contain some forty or fifty. At this juncture, the ambuscade rushed out, and with one slash of the cutlass they severed the ties of the bridge at the one end, and let the whole thing down into the stream with all that was on it; and the stream being bank full, there was no chance for any to escape. But some forty or fifty fell victims to this scheme. The residue of the army seeing what had befallen their comrades, were filled with consternation, and began to fly for their lives. George Kain, the king of Gordonama, pursued, and great was the slaughter that day; many of the drowned floated down the river and out at the bar-mouth. This struck terror into all the enemies of Kain, and he had peace for a considerable time.

After viewing this bridge, I returned to my lodgings, and received the head men of the city, to have a talk with them about the prospects for mission operations among them. I met some six or eight of the principal men, and they gave me much encouragement. They told me that Kain was very favorable to every thing that would give his people knowledge, and for that purpose he had a Mandingo God-man in his town. I told them that our God palaver was much better than the Man-

dingo's, and our books would learn them more sense. These head men were all willing that operations should be commenced in their town, with the exception of one. He was the chief warrior, and was called a Softly man. It was said of him, that he could approach an army of any number without being perceived. He had the power to blind the eyes of all, and walk amongst the enemy and see all they were doing and depart, and no one could be the wiser. I, of course, believed as much of this as I pleased; but this man was opposed to my coming to the town as a preacher or a teacher—he thought that they did not need my instruction, and would not have any thing to say to me afterwards. But by the rest of these head-men I was treated with much kindness. They told me that I should make myself easy, as this was my town.

My house was continually beset by a host of women and children, who were led there by curiosity to see the white God-man, as they called me. I was perhaps the first preacher that had ever visited this place, and they all wondered, no doubt, what was to be the result of my visit. After the consultation with the chiefs, I invited them all to come in the evening and hear me talk God-palaver; and when the evening came, the room which was about twenty feet square, was filled with those that wished to hear what was to be said. After all was seated on the floor, or on such things as they could get to set upon, I told them by an interpreter, that before I talked to them, I must talk to God; and to do this, I told them they must all get on their knees. I was obeyed, and all of us knelt down before God in this heathen town, and perhaps the most for the first time in all their lives. I prayed to the great Giver of all good to meet me on this occasion, and give the words that I was about to utter,

power to reach the hearts of this poor benighted people, and while I thus prayed, the spirit of the Lord came upon me, and I was much blessed, and felt greatly encouraged to talk to this people. After prayer, I spoke to them of God's power, and of his mercy and goodness. They seemed to sanction all that I said, and listened with the utmost attention. I spoke about twenty minutes, and after I was done, they all seemed pleased with what they had heard. I concluded the exercise with prayer, and dismissed the congregation. I was so much encouraged by what I had seen, and the impressions that I thought were made, that I made up my mind to attend to this people regularly. And although the distance was great, yet I hoped to be able to visit them at least once a month. This visit was made in the latter end of January, 1857. But in my arrangements I was frustrated. I was not in good health at the time I paid this visit, and on going home my health became so very poor, that I thought it prudent to remain in the settlement, and confine my labors to it. But I had frequent opportunities to talk with the natives, and I met Kain when he came down on business with the government, and had frequent conversations with him on the subject of a mission at his place; he is perfectly willing that it should be, and indeed is anxious to have a school in his town, and promises to protect the Missionary whoever he may be. He himself is fond of talking on the subject of the Christian religion, and while in the settlement he visited the Church several times. He often calls at my house to converse with me, and of course I always turn the subject of conversation upon religion. He is quite intelligent, and speaks English very well.

I consider the town of Gordonama of more importance

as a mission post than any other place in my knowledge; and I am quite extensively acquainted in the Bassa country, having lived in it for upwards of two years. This place is important on account of its large population. Kain tells me that he can muster for the field five hundred and sixty men, which would make the population at least fifteen hundred. Now, in this number, there are many that are at least half civilized, having lived with the settlers when young. Many speak English very well, and it would not take a great deal of labor to secure their influence at least; and, in some cases, some of this class might embrace religion, which would advance the cause very much.

Again, this place would be of great importance, because, that missionaries residing here, could receive their supplies with much more ease than from any other large town that I know of. They can be brought within twelve or fifteen miles of the town, and then it can be packed by natives from this place for a small amount.

Another reason that I would give, which in my opinion adds importance to the place—it is a kind of depot to the interior trade—the interior people bring their stuff thus far and barter it with this people and return home. It is but seldom that the bushman ever beholds the sea coast. This is law; and this law is made by the people of Gordonama and the neighboring towns. It certainly is very unjust, and ought to be done away. Now, the missionary would be able to exert an influence to have this matter set right; and more than this, those bushmen would hear the gospel, and would carry the tidings of it into the interior with them, and excite the people of their region to have the like operation among them. It would prove a great key to the vast Goula and Mandingo countries.

I feel confident that if there was a judicious effort made and proper men employed for this work, that success would attend. But it wants men that are not afraid to die; that would not turn aside from duty at every seeming difficulty. They must be brave men—men that have the cause of Christ much at heart—men that are willing to make every sacrifice that is required of them for the work's sake. I am in great hopes that the time is not far off when there will be a move in this—when the Board of Missions to which I am attached, may take the matter in hand, and plant Christianity in the great interior of Western Africa. The expenses attending a missionary operation in the interior would not be as great as on the coast. In the first place, they could build much cheaper. The buildings, of course, would be of a different kind; yet they could make very comfortable houses for one-fourth of what it would cost in Liberia. For instance, I built a mission house for the conference at Marshall, which is in the old settlement, at the cost of seven hundred dollars. This house was thirty feet by thirty-two, and perhaps will last twenty years. I built another mission house, on the native plan of building, at Cape Mount, twenty-four feet by thirty-six, and quite as comfortable as the former, at the cost of one hundred dollars; and this house will last at least, in careful hands, ten years. So, for seven hundred dollars, we will have a house for seventy years instead of twenty. Thus, could the mission build all her houses in the interior, and missionaries could live fully as cheap in the interior as on the coast; they could buy the country produce for one half the cost price, and could afford to pay a little more for what they import.

I trust in God that this country's redemption draws

nigh. Oh! that God may inspire the hearts of many to lay hold of this important work; and may every one that enlists, enlist with the motto of a sainted Cox as their watchword: "Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be abandoned." There are many more important places in this region that might be occupied with profit. Medenia is a most beautiful little place, and its head man quite a gentleman; but not so favorable to the preaching of the gospel amongst his people. There is Sugary, another small place owned by King Sandfish, an old man of at least eighty years; his head and beard as white as wool; he is very pleasant in his manners, and quite a friend to the Liberians, and does much for them. He is a very strict Mahometan, but yet he allows any one to come to his town and preach the Christian religion. I visited his place once, and expect to make it one of my regular preaching places.

The natives of this portion of Africa are a very strange and singular people, and their customs are perhaps different from all others. First we notice them in their agricultural pursuits. In the month of January this operation commences by cutting down all the small bushes that grow on the land that they wish to cultivate. This is done with an instrument that they call a bill-hook. This instrument is not large, and it is crooked at the end like the hawk's bill, hence it derives its name. With this instrument it is surprising the amount of work they will do in a day. After all the small bush is cut, they let it lay for some time to dry before felling the larger trees upon it. After it is sufficiently dry, then they begin to cut what they call the big stick. This is the tree that is too large to be cut with a bill-hook; this they do with a country made axe. This weapon

would make our backwoodsman laugh if it was handed to him to clear his forest with. The country blacksmith has not yet learned to put an eye in an axe, and hence to avoid this difficulty he puts the eye in the handle. He thinks it much easier to put a hole through wood than through iron. The axe is about two inches wide at the bit, and tapers towards the pole, until it runs off to a sharp point; they then procure a good solid stick that has a knot at the end, and then they burn a hole in this end through the knot, and the axe is stuck through this hole. It is then ready for operation. With this machine they go to work upon the big stick. The sapling they fell with great ease; but when they come to a large tree, they begin to make preparations to attack its upper branches. To do this, they build a scaffold alongside so that they can get up to the small part of the tree, and here they cut, as they believe that the wood is much softer up from what it is at the ground. If the tree is very large, they will climb up and cut off all the branches, limb by limb. They have no care how matters look, so that they remove the shade from the ground. After all the big sticks have been cut and trimmed down so that they will lay close to the earth, they then rest; having done all the work of cutting, they now wait for the sun to do its part in drying the whole mass and preparing it for the flames. After some three or four weeks of dry weather they apply the torch, and with the wind blowing fresh from the sea, it soon communicates to every part of the cut district and consumes all the leaves and small branches, with all the insects that might have been on the soil. While the fire is burning the men are singing to some favorite idol or god to help the flames to do its work, for upon this depends the hope of success in reaping a crop.

It is a fact that rice does not grow well on land that is not burnt. I know this from experience. Many a poor fellow, after all the labor that he has expended in cutting his farm, when he attempts to burn it sees all his labor lost, the fire refusing to do its part; that man is doomed to be hungry for one whole year. This was the cause of the hard times that we have had for the last two years in Liberia; the farms were all cut as usual, but the rains set in before the farms were dry enough to burn, and in some districts, in consequence of this, there was nearly starvation produced. If it had not been for the bountiful provisions of Providence in planting the palm tree, many hundreds would have starved. It did not alone affect the countryman, but the colonist too was the sufferer. Formerly, he could buy his rice for one dollar per bushel, but now the price rose in proportion to the demand, and he had to pay four dollars. Cassada, too, rises in proportion. Formerly, he could get it for twelve and-a-half cents, now he pays fifty. Thus, hard times were universal in all the land. After the burning operation, then comes the planting process. This is done by the women with a small hoe, which is called the rice hoe. This thing is about as large as a large blade of a Congress penknife, and is stuck into a stick about eighteen inches long. With this is done the ploughing that is done in these parts. After the rice is scattered over the ground, then this instrument is used in scratching it under. It is a very tedious process. Often there will be in one field of about five acres some ten or twelve women, and of all the singing and noise that was ever heard, are heard on these occasions. After this operation is over, then there is a season of comparative leisure. All that is now to be done is to keep the pigeons from picking up the seed

that has been planted, until it has come up. Then there is nothing to do until the rice begins to fill. It then requires all the children about the town that can scare a bird to be on the spot to keep off the rice bird. This little creature is a greater annoyance to the rice grower than any other thing that he has to contend with. They come in great numbers, and will choose a tree in the vicinity, and here they rally, after being repulsed from the field, and will again dart down by thousands, and if some one is not on the spot to drive them away, in an incredible short time they will have destroyed all the rice in the place where they light. They do not take the grain, but they suck the milk from the grain and leave it altogether worthless, so that it is necessary to have a sentinel at every point to prevent the enemy from doing the work of destruction.

When the rice is ripe, and it commences to ripen in the latter end of July, then all hands are required in the field every day, men, women and children, and all supplied with knives to cut rice. They do not use the sickle as they do in America, but each uses a small knife; and he takes the rice, stock by stock, and holds it in his hand until he has cut a handful. It is then given into the hands of the tier, who goes around and collects it from the cutters; and when there is a sufficient amount, it is tied up with a rattan string and stuck upon a stump until evening, when all hands each takes his part and carries it to the rice kitchen. Here it is laid up loosely for a day or two, that it may dry out before packing. It is then packed away in the kitchen, and fires kept under it until it becomes perfectly dry. Here it remains until taken down to be threshed out for use.

After the harvest is all housed, then comes what would

be called in old Pennsylvania, a harvest home. Every body gives themselves up to frolicking and amusement, and this season continues until the next cutting time. Great care is taken that all work may be out of the way. Their houses have been repaired in the forepart of the season; their canoes have been dug out, and all is leisure to be devoted to amusement. This is the great season of visiting, banjo picking, drumming and dancing. This season too is appropriated to burying their dead. It is a season of universal joy and plenty.

If a person of distinction die, they are laid carefully away until they get time to bury him. This time is always chosen in the season when there is plenty, as it is a matter of the greatest importance to the friends to know that everybody has plenty on these occasions. The body that had been laid away will be produced, although it may have laid for a month, and may be handled with perfect impunity. I remember while at Junk, that a man with whom I was well acquainted, came to me and told me that his brother was dead, and wanted me to have him a coffin made. I felt sorry for his loss, as he had been a very good friend of mine, and asked him when his brother died, supposing that he had died that morning or the previous night; but, judge my astonishment, when I was told by my friend that he had died four days past. Said I, you just now come for a coffin! why did you not come as soon as he died? I was told that he had been busy cutting farm, and had not the time until now. And where is your dead brother all this time? said I. He told me he had shut him up in the house where he died, and left him until he got time to bury him in a becoming way. Hence he wished a coffin made in American style. I recommended him

to the manager of the saw mill, who had one made for him.

I notice this circumstance, to show that there is no unpleasant smell arising from dead bodies. If the dead to be buried is a king, there will be a great gathering of all the neighbouring kings, head men and worthies in all the country, and every one will bring with him a large amount of rice and other provisions. Some will bring sheep and goats, and fowls will be brought in abundance; wash bowls, cloth, and every kind of country money that they may have, is brought to this great feast of the dead. The corpse will then be brought, and if there has no part been stolen, it will be deposited in its long resting place, and every person of distinction, will deposit in the grave a small portion of the goods brought. But they are very careful not to spare much as a sacrifice. The balance of the goods is bartered among the crowd. The rice is cooked, the goats are killed, the fowls are dressed and made into soup, and they will have a feast on this occasion that will be remembered until another king dies. After the feast, the whole winds up with a grand play, and this is done to perfection.

The African huntsman is a person of some importance among his people. All the small game, or in other words, animals, belong to the man who kills them. There is no special law concerning them. But there is what is called grand meat, or king's meat. This cannot be touched until it is first brought and presented to the king, and through him to the people, after he is served. A Leopard is one of this kind. The man who is fortunate enough to kill one of these animals, is considered a mighty man. When he kills one, he procures the assistance of some of his comrades to bring it to town; they

approach the town quietly until they get very near, and then they begin to yell and rush into the centre or square, and they here throw down their burden, when they stop; the proud huntsman takes his seat on the beast, and begins to relate a story in which he has but little regard for truth. He says, that while walking leisurely through the bush, he by chance came upon this small bit of an animal, and not knowing what it was, he of course shot it, and brought it to the king to see if he could give it a name. When the king steps up, feels proud that he can impart the required information, and in all the dignity of an African chieftain, he says that this is a LEOPARD. And when the multitude hear the name, they all roar in a shout, that the king's meat has been killed. The man who brought in the Leopard, keeps his seat upon the body of the monster, until the king advances and gives him his dash, which generally consists of two fathoms—or four yards of white cloth, a little powder, and a few gun flints. The king then retires, and the citizens generally advance and each tender him something; some a head of tobacco, powder, or whatever they may have. After this ceremony has been gone through with, the victor arises, and the king advances to receive the prize, which is done with considerable formality. The king orders a scaffold to be erected, and the Leopard is hoisted upon it and set upright, and perhaps a large country cloth is put upon him, and a cap on his head; and in this way is he decorated to receive the honors of the town. Every man then gets his gun, and there is, perhaps, two or three rounds of blank cartridges discharged; then the drum and the banjo are produced, and all the warriors, guns in hand, have a dance around their fallen foe. After this is concluded, the beast is taken down from his ele-

vated station, and the king appoints some one to skin him; this done, the king takes the head, and gives the balance of the meat to the people. Then commences a scene of confusion, which lasts but for a few minutes; every one rushes to obtain a piece of this delicious luxury; knives are glistening and clattering. Each one cuts for himself, and many leave the scene wounded, and perhaps without any of the meat to pay for the trouble of contending. If an individual becomes wounded by his neighbour in an affray of this kind, he has no redress.

The Devil Bush is an institution that exists amongst the Africans, which seems to be of the most ancient date, and it is something that the outsider understands as little about as any other practice among them. It is known that an institution of this kind does exist; but what is done in the bush is a mystery that many of the curious have tried in vain to solve. The place chosen for this bush, is the most wild and fearful in all the neighborhood, and there seems to be a sacredness attached to all places of this kind, and none but those who belong to the institution dare approach it. If a woman is known to have been in this place, the law demands that she must die; and even after they have been abandoned, they will not allow any one to encroach upon them. I would not like to be the man that should be found cutting a bush on one of these old Devil Bushes. I would expect to pay the forfeit with my life; they would find some way to poison me.

The women too have their secret order, which is called the Greegree Bush. Here they meet once a year, and they are as particular as the men are about their's, and will not allow a man to approach their holy place. Here all the young maidens are taken before they are disposed

of for wives, and it is considered an everlasting dishonor to grow up and not to know the secrets of the Greegree Bush. There are but few that are permitted thus to escape knowing, as the old women attend to all the youngsters, and do not ask for their consent to go to this place, but take them by force, and initiate them in the secrets of the order.

I have said that after the rice is cut and safely housed, that it is a season of luxury. It truly is the case, and it seems that they know no bounds to their pleasures. But it is one continued feasting, singing and dancing. The town will make what is called a big play, and all its neighbours are free to come and partake. If the head-man is wealthy, he will have a bullock killed on the occasion, and sheep and goats in abundance; rice and palavar sauce, dumboy, and all the country dishes, are in profusion, and all perfectly free for all that comes, whether it be a countryman or an American; all are well treated, and they eat, talk, and sleep all day, and sing, drum and dance all night; and thus are several days spent. In a short time, another king or head-man will make a feast of the same kind, and of course does not wish to be outdone by his neighbour; every nerve will be strained to be at least up with the last entertainment of the kind. And thus it is for about three or four months. No work is done that can possibly be left undone during this season.

The native Africans have no great variety of dishes of food; their most common dish is rice and palavar sauce. This dish is simple; the rice is boiled and lifted in a bowl. A sauce is prepared made out of ochre or ochre leaves. This is put into a mortar and beat until it is formed into a pulp; it is then dressed with a little hot

palm oil and boiled chicken or fish, and served up on top of the rice, which makes the whole a very rich dish. Many is the bowl that I have enjoyed after a fatiguing walk to get to a town. Another favorite dish is the dumboy. This is made by boiling the cassada, and then beating them in the mortar until they are formed into something like light dough. They then prepare a soup, made out of fish, or fowl, or flesh, as the case may be, which is seasoned very hot with pepper; you then take the soup and pour it over the dumboy, and it is ready to be eaten. This is a very good dish, and one that is much used, both among the Bassa and Vey people, and which I used whenever I could get it.

The religion of the natives is a subject which is hard to define. To tell what are their religious views, would be impossible, they are so mixed with superstition. However, they all believe in a God that made all things, and they pray to this Being. But they are perfectly ignorant on every other fundamental doctrine of the Bible. They believe in a devil, and they worship him also. They have their religion filled with the most strange ideas. They have no knowledge of the resurrection, and this doctrine is altogether new to them, and they scarcely know how to understand it. Yet they are disposed to give heed to all that a preacher says, and they think it impossible for a God-man to lie.

There is not a more kind people in the world than they. If a stranger comes to one of their towns, every effort is put forth to make him happy. The first care is to provide for his necessities, and a woman is called and the rice given out, the fowl killed, and in a short time a bowl of rice will be brought, and another containing the soup, and set before the stranger. It matters not how urgent

may be the business, nothing can be done until after the parties have eaten. The best house in the town is set aside for the accommodation of the guest, and everybody seems happy to be the servant of the stranger. Of course they expect something in return. This is a universal custom as far as I have heard. The dash seems only to be the ancient custom handed down to this age; it prevailed universally in the eastern country, and the queen of Sheba, when she came to see Solomon, brought gifts with her. I always give the headman a small dash when I go to his town, either to preach or otherwise, and it has its effect, although I once thought differently. But at the present, any one that wishes to be esteemed and popular amongst these people, must give them. It will get an audience by far the easiest. It is amongst this simple people that it is my lot to labor in the ministry. What care is required that my deportment may be such that the gospel may not be blamed! It requires much prayer and faith that God may plant His word that His servant sows. There is perhaps no class of men in the world that needs the instructions of missionaries more than the poor Africans. When we consider the length of time that they have been in the most abject ignorance and superstition, without one ray of light to lighten their pathway through this world of sin and wretchedness, oh! what diligence, what labor, and what prayer are necessary on the part of those who are sent as the heralds of salvation. How strange that a cause so good and holy, and having for its object the salvation of millions and the glory of God, can be opposed by men who call themselves Christians! But it is even so. They are to be found too in the ranks of colored men, who wish the world to look on them as

champions of philanthropy. Yes, they speak great swelling words, and wish to throw every barrier in the way of Africa's enlightenment.

Now, we contend that all those who oppose Liberia oppose the mission operation in Africa. Liberia is the Missionary's protection; and we do say that the operation would be much retarded if Liberia, as a nation, was blotted out. The government exercises an influence over the surrounding country that could not be exerted by any other human means. The natives know very well that if the Missionaries are interrupted they will be held accountable to the government for a breach of treaty; but we argue that the opponents of Liberia affect the Missionary operation in another way, and that is, they strive to prejudice the minds of the pious against this country, and thereby prevent many a good man, who might make a useful Missionary here, from coming. There, no doubt, have been thousands, who were desirous of coming to Liberia, prevented from coming by the influence of the enemies of this country. Now we contend that they are not doing Liberia itself any material harm by this course, but the mission suffers. It wants men, and good men, to shoulder the cross of Christ, and proclaim the glad news of salvation to a perishing multitude. We are bold to say that there are hundreds now in the United States that, if left to the convictions of their own minds, would embrace the first opportunity of coming to this land; but when those convictions are known to the public there are a host that rally in all their strength, and are determined that they shall not go to a country where they could be useful to themselves and to others. They employ every means within their reach to carry out their plans, and very frequently, regardless of all truth, they will assert

things of Liberia that were never heard of or thought of before.

One prejudiced man, in a pamphlet, asserts that the Missionaries in Liberia are all, to a man, rum traders. Can God look upon such slander with impunity? we think not. I consider the success of the mission in this field to depend wholly upon Liberia's prosperity; destroy Liberia as a government, and you knock out the prop upon which the Missionary operation leans. But it is clear that God has ordered Liberia's government as a stepping stone to the enlightenment of all this vast coast of dark Africa, and as being a child under his fostering hand. Who then is he that can do it harm? Though hell may rage and vent her spite, yet all the blows aimed at the prosperity of this little republic will fall harmless to the ground. They all have failed to do that which was intended; a Garrison has been fighting against it for more than a quarter of a century, and what has he done to injure Liberia? He has done nothing. And a host of others are now engaged to injure this little nation, but they will all fail as those have done who have gone before them; the reason is they are fighting against God. God has commenced the work of reclaiming Africa and he will finish it in his own good time; and after all the opposition which will be brought to bear against Liberia as a nation by the enemies of civilization, God will take care of it, for He has need of it in carrying out His designs in Africa. He will use it as a means by which the gospel will be sent to the interior of this great country. How this is to be done through the government, yet remains to be seen, but those are the convictions of my mind on this matter. This government is yearly making new treaties with the tribes beyond the limits of Liberia, and

in all the treaties the government has respect to religion, and does something to call the minds of the natives to this all important subject. Why then oppose so good a cause?

But we are told that the opposition is not against Liberia but against the Colonizationists. Now, when we oppose the colonization cause, as an organization, we oppose Liberia, for they are the friends of Liberia; but I am opposed to some who belong to the colonization society, but it is because I believe them to be bad, designing men. But I do not oppose the whole organization because I believe that there are some bad men in it—I oppose them as individuals and as dangerous men. I believe that the time is not far off when many who now oppose this country and its institutions will see their error, and will yet be the friends of Liberia—yes, many who now oppose the operations of Liberia will either come to her embrace themselves or will send their children to enjoy the blessings of liberty and equality, that the government holds out to all the oppressed sons of our race in every clime. They are all invited to come and enjoy the free institutions of a free government. They will yet see that the hand of God is in this whole matter, and will rally for the fight against ignorance and superstition in western Africa. Their weapons are the word of *truth*, by which the world shall be conquered and brought humbly at the feet of Jesus to own him conqueror.

Liberia has some delightful spots and desirable homes. Cape Mount is one of these. I think that, in a search over earth's remotest bounds, a more desirable place could not be found. The cape lifts her proud head far above all the surrounding land, and seems to look down upon them with a degree of contempt, and when standing on

one of its elevated peaks, with what delight and interest is the mind entertained. While thus standing, the eye takes in at a single glance the broad expanse of the Atlantic that lies stretched out before you; and by turning to the south you can see the vast valley that lies between the two capes, Cape Mount and Cape Mesurado. In this valley are thousands of human beings who are yet to be brought to a Saviour's love. In the month of March the prospect is truly animating; here, for miles, you will see the smoke raising from the burning farms; cloud after cloud will rise up and take its place among the mists of the atmosphere, while, perhaps, your ear will be saluted by many a song, arising from those whose habitation is at the foot of the mountain. After the eye and ear have been abundantly feasted by looking to the south, you turn to the north, and, at the foot of this same mount, you will see the place that was selected by the notorious Canot as the seat of his accursed traffic. Here his polluted soul would revel in all the evils of the hellish slave trade; here the mind can contemplate the horror and suffering that attended this horrible iniquity. Imagine, while gazing down the mountain's side, that you see his barracoon yet standing, and, within its precincts, hundreds of human beings ready to be shipped off to be sold, and that too, to a people professing to be christians. Hear them scream as brother is torn from brother, and sister from sister, and all from their once happy home! Let the mind follow the large canoe as it conveys them out of the mouth of the river and over the bar. Look at her as she is struggling with the breakers as they roll to the shore—you tremble for the safety of the inmates; perhaps there are hundreds in it, and all chained one to the other! Ah, that fearful breaker, see how high it rides!

can the canoe live through this? All is suspense; but on rolls the breaker until it meets the canoe. She is upset,—its poor victims struggle but struggle in vain,—they disappear to become food for the monsters of the deep. And this is but one of the atrocities of this practice. Within the walls of the barracoon hundreds are murdered—the weak, the old and the infirm, who will not command a price from the slave ship; these, with many an infant, are sent to a premature grave. Oh, how can a wretch, such as Canot and hundreds of others, ever expect to find mercy at the hands of a just God? But you may extend the view from where you stand far up the coast, and can see Sodama, in the place where the Gallinas empties its proud current into the ocean. This is Cape Mount; it has proved itself to be the very best place in all the republic for emigrants to acclimate; they may pass through the change here almost imperceptibly. I would say to all coming to this delightful country, first stop at Cape Mount and spend one year, and then you will be prepared to go where your inclination may lead you,—you will have passed through the fever, or nearly so, by that time.

ANSWER TO NESBIT'S BOOK.

IN reading the work put out by Mr. Wm. Nesbit, there is so much to claim attention that I scarcely know where to begin to answer his tirade and misrepresentation of the country that I claim as my home. But I will begin with his description of the face of the country. Page 23, he says, the face is one magnificent swamp, and wishes to convey the idea that the whole country is inundated. Now, Mr. Nesbit knows very well this is not a true statement. I acknowledge that there are swamps on the coast as there are on our southern coasts, but I do not acknowledge that the coast of Liberia is any more subject to these than the coasts of Louisiana or Florida; but, to the contrary, the swamps do not extend near as far interior as the swamps do in the southern part of America. Those swamps do not extend more than four miles back, and after leaving the sea that distance, you leave all Mangroves and Dragon Bloods. Mr. Nesbit knew this, for he, with myself, travelled nearly one entire day in the vicinity of the New York settlement, in Liberia, and we, in that day's travel, neither saw Mangrove nor Dragon Blood; what is true concerning that location is true of all the country, after going about four miles inland. He says, that the land is very fertile but does not produce any timber. In this, Mr. Nesbit has made a wrong statement, for, instead of the country not producing any timber, I do most positively assert that in those districts, where the natives have not cut down or

destroyed the timber in making their farms, that the largest timber I ever saw grows in great abundance. I myself have measured a tree that measured one hundred and two feet in circumference. There are many more of this kind through the country. I do not mention this that the public should think that this is a fair sample of the forest timber, but I will say that the undestroyed forest is larger in its growth than the forests of the United States. He speaks of the camwood, rosewood, &c. Camwood does not grow in any abundance near the coast, from the fact that all that was handy or near has long since been cut down and sent to market, and the natives did not know how to propagate it, but rosewood does grow in abundance; also, wismore is as plenty as the oak or maple is in this country.

Mr. Nesbit speaks of the Kong Mountains being seen from the coast. In this he is about as near right as in the most of his composition. The Kong Mountains are situated some two or three hundred miles in the interior; judge if they could be seen from the coast! But the hills that he supposed to be the Kong Mountains are an extensive range running along the coast as far as I have travelled, and are not more than from thirty to forty miles from the sea. I have been to them and have stood on them and viewed the country for many miles from them. He (Mr. Nesbit,) must have made up his opinion of Liberia while his brain was excited by the fever, and while a hill seemed to him to be the great Kong Mountain.

I am not able to state how far our country extends into the interior, but of one thing I am sure, that we can go as far inland as we wish. To prove this, Mr. Seys has formed a new settlement some fifty or sixty miles back from Monrovia. Whether this upper country belongs to

Liberia or not proves that we have access to it, which is all that we wish, and proves Mr. Nesbit in the wrong.

That there is not, nor never has been, five acres cleared by any one man, is too absurd for me to notice. Every body will contradict this that has been to Liberia; I might name many that have five, ten, or twenty acres cleared and planted.

I wish to call particular attention to the 9th chapter of Mr. Nesbit's book, where he desires to make the impression that when once in Liberia you are forever shut up, and all possibility of getting away is cut off. This is untrue, and a libel upon our laws and our free institutions. That we have a law regulating passports is true, and what nation that has it not? He says that all ship masters, &c., are forbidden to take away any one without a passport—this is true—but, what does all this amount to? Simply this, to prevent fraud from being practised by those wishing to come away. Nesbit says, that if any one chooses to object to an applicant getting a passport it cannot be had; but he does not tell us on what conditions those objections could be made effectual. Now, the truth is, that we have but one law on this matter and that is, that any individual wishing to leave Liberia must be free from debt, and if this is the case there is no one in all Africa that could prevent his passport, or his coming away; but if, on the other hand, he owes his neighbor, and is unwilling to pay it before going, the creditor can enter a protest against his getting a passport. This is the whole of the affair. If Mr. Nesbit did lie and act the deceiver with General Lewis—there was not the least occasion for it; but that he did lie and deceive his friends and partners in business is most true. For the purpose of procuring means to bring him home, he

told his friends that he would be back in the fall, and that he would bring out some goods with him. On the strength of this assertion the company loaned Mr. Nesbit one hundred dollars, which he has not returned ; so his object can be seen for lying himself out of the country.

Mr. Nesbit attacks Mr. President Roberts. I am not disposed to fight his battles, but I do say that he has attacked him most unmanly. In my opinion, and not mine alone, the world has but few greater men than *Joseph J. Roberts*, and he is not only great but he is as good as he is great. He would spurn to do an act such as Nesbit charges him with ; but the world knows the man, and I am certain that but few think the less of him on account of any thing that is said of him in Nesbit's work.

He speaks of beasts of prey, reptiles, &c. We have a variety of these things, but Mr. Nesbit puts the worst construction on this as he does on every thing else. Now, that the "driver" is so much of a monster as he would have everybody to fear is certainly not true. They would indeed be fearful if we would lie down and have our hands and feet tied, but we can keep out of the way of the driver as well as any thing else that is hurtful. As for serpents we have them, but not in the number that one would be led to suppose from the reading of Nesbit's book. I can say that during all the time that I spent in Liberia, which is nearly a year for every month that Mr. Nesbit did, I have not seen more snakes than I would have seen if I had remained in Johnstown. Thus he exaggerates the truth and makes it horrifying to the timid and unsuspecting.

Again, he says, that we have slavery in Liberia. Now I do most solemnly declare that Nesbit lied in making

this assertion. Upon the contrary, our laws make it a criminal act for any Liberian to receive a native in any way that he might be held as a slave. The Liberians cannot receive them as apprentices unless they take them before the proper court and have them bound as such, and every one, as soon as he or she is of man's or woman's age, can leave at will and go where they please. Nearly all have natives as helps in their families, and this is as it should be; but I confess that black people are no better than white people, as many, when they have power, abuse it, and so it is with some in Liberia; wicked persons there do abuse the native youths. But why does Mr. Nesbit condemn the whole country and accuse all as slave holders, because a few abuse their power? There is no fairness in the man, but he seems willing to say or do any thing to carry his point.

Mr. Nesbit next attacks the Missionaries, and wishes the world to look upon them as a set of swindlers, traders; and liars; he also represents them as rumsellers. Now I think it hardly necessary to notice this, as I feel assured that there are none who believe these assertions, unless it is some one who has no more soul than what he (Nesbit,) has, and if this is all the impression he has made it is scarcely worth answering.

He further says that the Missionaries have done nothing. I am free to admit that they have not done as much as they or their friends would like them to have done. But why did not Mr. Nesbit give the true cause why there was not more done amongst the natives? I do not pretend to say that the Ministers in Africa are a better set of men than preachers are in other lands, but I will say that they will compare favorably with any other part of the world for uprightness of deportment, zeal and piety; but the

real cause why there seems to be but little doing amongst the natives of Africa is, that they are, perhaps, of all other people, the most superstitious. They have their religious rites unto which they adhere with the utmost tenacity. It is not only a wicked heart against which we have to contend, as Missionaries, but all the practices and inventions that wicked men could devise for thousands of years. The Devil Bush is one of these things against which the Missionary has to contend; their system of gree-grees is another—polygamy is another. Now if Mr. Nesbit had known any thing about these things he would have come to the same conclusion that I have come to, viz: that the Missionaries have done wonders.

When he (Nesbit) says that there are not twenty natives who are civilized and converted in all the republic, he forgot the settlement of New Georgia, where there are over fifty civilized natives in that one place. I am very sure, if it were possible for me to pass round and take account of all in the republic, I should find many more—yes, more than twenty, more than forty. In my charge of last year I left five native members, who were as good members as any other, but the truth is, that after the native is civilized he becomes a Liberian, and a stranger does not know him from the rest of the Liberian citizens, unless personally acquainted.

As regards rum-selling amongst the Missionaries, I do not know of any thing of the kind, and I question very much if Mr. Nesbit did, but to the contrary I do know that the body to which I belong, are, to a man, opposed to it, and if a brother would use to excess or advocate the traffic of rum amongst us, he would be hissed out of Conference. I further believe that all the other denominations are equally strict in this matter.

There are men of the highest attainments engaged in Missionary operations. I will name a few and let the world judge if these men could be guilty of the base conduct that Nesbit has ascribed to them: Bishop Payne, Rev. Scott, and Rev. Hoffman, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Rev. D. A. Wilson, Rev. E. T. Williams, of the Presbyterian, and Rev. J. W. Horne, and others, of the M. E. Church. These are all white men who had no interest in going to Africa but that of promoting their Master's cause,—yet these have to be classed in Nesbit's book as traders and rum-sellers.

As for the palm oil story I shall not say any thing, as I do not know about the measure used by the merchants. I think that there would be profit enough on this article without resorting to any thing of this kind. Mr. Nesbit could not see where the money was to be made, although he bought his goods at Monrovia and took them to Marshall and there sold them at one hundred per cent, and yet he cannot see how there was any thing to be made on buying palm oil—quite short-sighted!

Although Mr. Nesbit prophesies the speedy downfall of our little republic, she has not yet fallen, nor is there any likelihood that she will, for she is steadily advancing. He says this will occur when emigration shall stop, but when is that to be? It does not look much like stopping as yet, when there are, every six months, more emigrants offered than can be taken over. Perhaps he supposed that the publication of his pamphlet would stop it at once, but this is only to some extent in Pennsylvania; however, I hope that, even in this part of the world, the people may see right sometimes, and move to Liberia, there to help to build up a great nation.

Concerning native customs and manners, in chapter 16,

I think that everybody will allow me to know more than Mr. N., as his stay was only four months, and a portion of that time he was sick, and I was there nearly four years, and have been more or less amongst them while in Africa. Their customs are very different from those of the Liberians; they have their own laws—where their laws do not conflict with ours—and I ask is this strange? surely not. Did not the United States allow the Indians the same, and why does not Mr. Nesbit rally out against them for this folly, if folly it be? No, this is not his object, he wishes to make Liberia look small and contemptible, but I think that he has failed in this. He says that it is a common thing to see the natives naked. Now, I question whether he ever saw a grown native entirely naked—if he has he saw more than ever I did; although it is quite common, when you visit their villages, to see their children, up to the age of ten or twelve years, running naked, but the men and women are as susceptible of shame as Mr. N. or any other person. How Mr. N. saw so much more than any other person that ever was in Africa I cannot conceive. He is not the first that got away from that country, and I suppose others have been as truthful, and yet, strange to say, he saw more, heard more, and learned more than any other one man. Can it be that he is the only honest man that ever came from Liberia?

Mr. Nesbit should have taken more pains to have informed himself of the natives and the Liberians, before writing and giving to the world for truth that which he knew nothing about. He asserts that such of the natives as are guilty of making a witch must die. This was once the law: but it is not practised now in or about Liberia. Our influence has put this abominable practice

down, and if it is done at all it must be done very secretly. Instead of the natives having no regard for our laws, they have the utmost respect and fear of offending us, and are also very careful to avoid all appearance of disobedience. It is a frequent occurrence for them to refer their matters of dispute to our magistrates, and feel that whatever may be the decision that it is right, and they are satisfied.

I believe that the coloured portion of the Missionaries are as far in the advance as the colored preachers in America. I do know that the Liberian Methodist Conference is, as a body, far ahead of any colored Conference in the United States; they will compare favorably with any white Conference. We have men of talent: we have a BURNS, PAYNE, THOMPSON, MATTHEWS, GROSSE, ROBERTS, WILSON, TYLER, and A. D. WILLIAMS. Many of these are ornaments to Liberia, and would be stars anywhere, where there is no prejudice to keep them down. I should not omit the good and holy father COKER, who took his life in his hands and came out from Baltimore some seven years ago. These are men of honor and would scorn a mean act sooner than he who tries to injure them.

As it regards the 14th chapter, it is something that will do no harm and I shall not consume time to give it much notice. I would, however, say that the whole affair is an attempt at ridicule, and has but little truth in it. As for Commodores, Lieutenants, Boatswains, these are titles altogether unknown in relation to the Liberian government Schooner Lark. It has its captain, mates and purser, and perhaps two or three midshipmen. I assert that our military operations are conducted with as much propriety as any other people, although we may not know

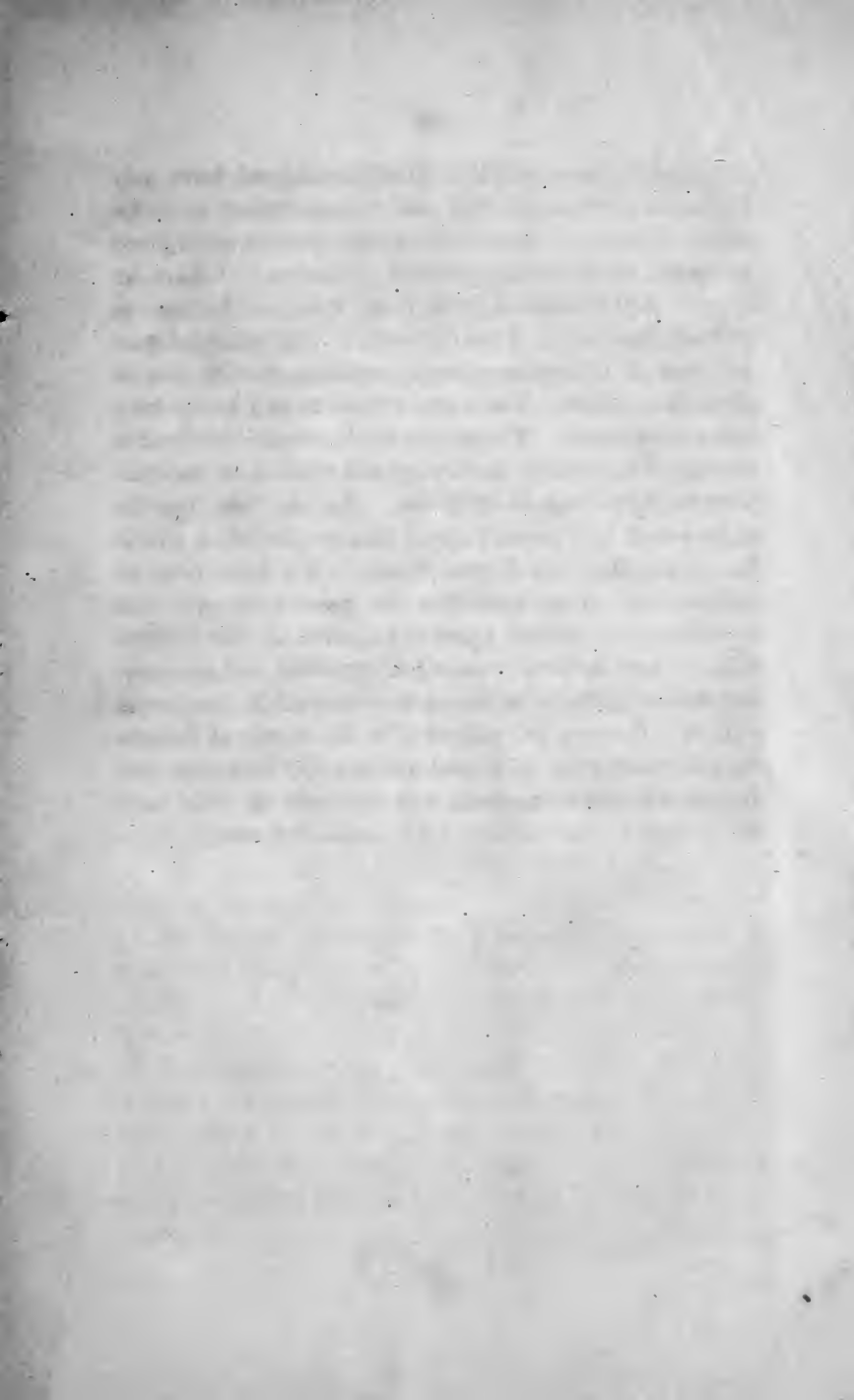
much about military tactics. Our companies' operations have been witnessed by naval officers both of the British and the American squadron, and they have universally been praised for their skill as soldiers. I am quite certain that those natives, who have been hostile, have long since come to the conclusion that the Liberians understood their business; and if Mr. Nesbit was to try their skill I am inclined to believe that he too would come to the same conclusion.

Chapter 15. I here assert and am not afraid of any successful contradiction, that neither the English nor the American squadron has any influence to prevent the natives from coming down upon us if they were so disposed; but they know to their sorrow the strength of the Liberian arms. We have nothing to fear from any internal enemy. The natives are divided into tribes, and these tribes into factions, and it is as impossible for them to concentrate their forces against us as it was for Mr. Nesbit to tell the truth concerning us. Their local interests forbid this. I am not vain enough to suppose that if the whole native force of Liberia could be brought to bear against it at once, that it could stand successfully the attack, for it is estimated that they number three hundred thousand, while that of Liberia is not over twelve thousand. But this never can be—circumstances forbid it, and while one or two tribes may combine against us, we, on the other hand, can obtain other natives to assist us. The history of the world goes to prove this usage and our history confirms it. As far as the squadrons are concerned, we could live very well without them, although we feel thankful to the governments for them, and shall ever treat their officers as the representatives of the greatest nations on earth.

I am now done with Mr. Nesbit, and I leave the public to judge who has had the best chance to know the truth in the matter—he in four months or myself in four years. As to veracity, I claim at least to be as good as he, and think that when I was a citizen of this State I stood as fair. Unless there is something in the climate of Liberia that degenerates the character of every one that goes there, I yet would be considered truthful. Now the facts in the case as it regards Mr. Nesbit is about this : He went to Liberia at an expense, perhaps, of some two or three hundred dollars, and did not like the country, for which I did not, nor do I yet, blame him. But why, if he did not like it, did he not come away with honor and not misrepresent every thing that he saw? Well, he was out of pocket and wished to make it good, and conferring with M. R. Delany, a most inveterate hater of colonization and all its doings, was advised to publish this book, and, of course, what Mr. Nesbit did not think of Mr. Delany could. This thing was thus concocted and set afloat for the purpose of making Mr. Nesbit's pocket whole again.

I find by travelling in this State and conversing with some of the best colored men in it, that the statements of Mr. N. are not believed as fully as they once were. A number of the citizens of Pittsburg and Allegheny assured me that they believed that Mr. Nesbit told many things that were not truthful, and when I explained matters to them as they really are, they seemed to be satisfied. All I would ask would be for any good man from Pennsylvania to go to Liberia and spend one year, and come back, and I believe that he would corroborate my statements in every particular, and condemn that of Nesbit's in many instances.

I give to the world this brief sketch, and have only further to say that all who read it may depend on it for truth; although it is plain and simple, yet it may be relied on by all, for it is not my object to deceive. I have no interest in this land—Liberia is my home and I expect to end my days in it. I cannot think that it is for the best interests of Liberia to misrepresent things or to give to them false colors. The world knows us and knows from whence we came. The people of this country have sense enough to know how much to expect from us in the short time we have been in existence. No one, who has the right use of his reason, expects that we should be now as far advanced as the United States. We have been an independent government but ten years and have had everything to contend against, yet, with all the difficulties, we have honorably sustained ourselves, and are growing into importance as fast as any reasonable man could expect. It never was expected by the friends of Liberia that it would grow into manhood in a day or a year; but her growth has been steady and sure, with as little mortality as any other country ever was settled with.



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