

COLONIZATION JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES HALL, GENERAL AGENT OF THE MARYLAND STATE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

New Series.

BALTIMORE, MAY, 1844.

Vol. 2.—No. 11.

“Nothing is more clearly written in the Book of Destiny, than the Emancipation of the Blacks; and it is equally certain that the two races will never live in a state of equal freedom under the same government, so insurmountable are the barriers which nature, habit and opinion have established between them.”

JEFFERSON.

LATEST ADVICES FROM CAPE PALMAS.

By the recent arrival at New York, we have despatches from Gov. Russwurm bearing date March 15th. From these we learn that all signs of disturbance and disaffection on part of the natives had ceased, and perfect confidence on all sides had been restored.

It seems the flare-up has, after all, been attended with great good, as it proved the means of bringing about a good understanding between the colonial government and the Barraka people, between whom for years there has been a coolness and jealousy. It will be recollected that some years since a turbulent colonist by the name of Parker shot a native from the Barraka country for insulting his family, and that the Barraka people came down suddenly in force, killed Parker and one or two of his family, and were off for the Bush before the colonists could rally to his assistance, his farm being on the frontier. All attempts of Gov. Russwurm to get satisfaction for the outrage, otherwise than by declaring war, proved fruitless, and as Parker was the first actual aggressor, or the first to use deadly weapons, there was too much appearance of right on their side to resort to actual force. Still it seemed strange that they should continue so averse to a compromise. The late outbreak with the Cape Palmas people has unriddled the whole mystery. It being for their interest to prevent free and direct intercourse between the Americans and the Bush people, they, through whom all overtures of reconciliation have necessarily been made, have entirely misrepresented the views and feelings of Gov. Russwurm, and endeavoured to foster, rather than allay hostile feelings. But matters are finally adjusted, and our border neighbours will not be able longer to blind the Bush people to their best interests, or prevent free intercourse between them and the colony.

LIGHT-HOUSE AT CAPE PALMAS.

The apparatus for the light-house has arrived and will be put up and in full operation by the 15th of April at farthest. The light is to be stationary, elevated from 95 to 100 feet above the level of the ocean on the extreme point of the Cape. It is calculated that it will be visible from 15 to 20 miles at sea.

Let it be remembered that this beacon light, which marks the settlement of 800 christians in this extended waste of barbarism, is but one of the *incidental* results of Maryland colonization.

MAJOR ANTHONY WOOD.

It may not be improper to notice the return of Mr. Wood to this country in the barque Latrobe, after a residence of 16 years in Africa. The bare experience of this one individual is worth volumes of speculation as to the expediency, philanthropy and practicability of the plan of colonization. We will give it in the fewest possible words. He was a native of one of the English W. I. islands, born a slave, brought to this country by his master in 1806, when about 12 years of age, and sold to Mr. Howard Mitchell of Harford County. He subsequently came under the notice of Mr. Elisha Tyson, of this city, who, learning the facts of his case, effected his *legal* freedom by process of law about the year 1817. Wood soon found that this being a *free coloured* man was next to no freedom at all, and forthwith began to look about for better quarters. Hearing of the independence of Haiti, he embarked with a number of other coloured people for Port au Prince, in 1819. But the condition of the country was at that time so unsettled, Christophe reigning at the Cape, and Petion in Port au Prince, open hostilities existing between them and no knowing which would conquer, or what would be the result in either case, that he concluded to return again to Maryland. Here he knocked about, working at his trade as smith until 1824, when Citoyen Granville visited this country, as envoy of the new government under Petion, Christophe having been put down. The inducements held out by Granville, of perfect equality of rights between the Haitian and the new immigrant, the assurance that good and wholesome laws would be passed and enforced, induced Wood again to try to become a free Haitian, and he embarked with his family for the city of St. Domingo, on the south side of the Island. But he found matters here no better than at Port au Prince on his first voyage; so he put out for Jackmel; tried this; then Aux Cayes; then Lergane, and finally concluded to return once more to America. But a *slave* state would not do: he must go north and try a free state. He accordingly removed with his family to New York; where he continued some three years or so, working (for less than white wages of course) as a journeyman coach smith. But all would not do; Wood was not yet a *free* man, but was determined to be so before he died.

In the autumn of 1827, he embarked for Africa, in the old brig Doris, with a number of other whole-souled fellows. He arrived at Monrovia in Ashmun's time, and settled himself there as a blacksmith, where he was at least so well contented, that he did not return to America. We found him there in 1831, a man of not much note or distinction, but highly respectable, strictly moral, and remarkably industrious;—seldom seen out of his shop in working hours, except on Sunday, and then always at church, being a strict and devoted methodist. At election times, no man more bustling and active, always advocating the *radical* party.

On the proposition being made to establish a Maryland settlement, Wood was one of the first volunteers, and proved eminently useful in drumming up recruits. Having been an officer in the Monrovia Guards, and being a man of good character, firmness and courage, he received a commission as captain of the volunteers. After the purchase of territory was made, he was the first man at the head of a fatigue party, to strike his cutlass into the

Bush of Cape Palmas,—and three days did not elapse before the sound of his anvil was heard, forging the iron work for mounting our guns.

As the colony increased, new military companies were formed, and as Captain Wood was the oldest commander, he received a major's commission. He has also been called to fill various civil offices in the colony, holds a justice's commission and been once or twice elected vice-agent, the highest office in the gift of the people. As far as our knowledge extends, he has ever discharged the duties devolving upon him, either as a civil or military officer, with integrity and ability, and his private character, as we before remarked, has ever been unexceptionable—sometimes, to be sure, rather hot in a political contest, but if with a wrong head, always with a sound and patriotic heart.

This brief sketch of the origin, course of life, and present position of Major Wood, needs no comment, we leave it for the reader to form his own estimate of the influence of African colonization on the destiny of those who avail themselves of its advantages.

It may be well to remark, that Major Wood came to this country, with a view, to induce some of his old friends and associates to join him in Africa, and we cannot doubt but he will have an influence upon those who know him well; and from the candour and impartiality of his statements, always putting the worst side out in his plain, blunt way, no stranger could doubt their correctness, or suspect him of making too favourable representations.—Those who are desirous of having an interview with him, may find him either at the colonization office, Post Office Buildings, or at his friend Garrison Draper's, a tobacconist, in Forrest-st., Old Town.

We introduce the following long extract from the Diary of the Rev. Mr. Payne, to shew the utter impracticability of prosecuting any missionary enterprise in Africa entirely remote from any friendly settlement, or beyond the reach of naval force. If any man could conciliate and secure the good will of such people, Mr. Payne is the man—but we see them, regardless of all sense of justice and right, and contrary to the solemn stipulations, enter into a conspiracy to rob him and drive him from the country. Had it not been for the arrival of Com. Perry, probably his life would have been sacrificed; and had it not been for the proximity of the mission station to the colony, it would of necessity have been entirely abandoned—as it is, we hope it may be re-established.

DIARY OF THE REV. MR. PAYNE.

(From the Spirit of Missions.)

Sunday, Nov. 5th.—Congregation to-day smaller than on last Sabbath, most of the people being engaged in thatching their houses! One of these belonged to the Worabah, or town's father. So little importance do these people seem at times to attach to their promise, to observe the Sabbath, made during last year. But "the Lord reigns."

Sunday, Nov. 12th.—This morning had scarcely any people at Church, in consequence of a "palaver" connected with my having exchanged notes with a British captain who anchored yesterday off this place. The circumstances in the case are these. The captain, having learned yesterday from a Krooman that a foreigner resided on shore, kindly sent me some English papers. I acknowledged the receipt of them, and invited the captain to spend the next day, being Sunday, with me on shore. He accepted my invitation, and was at my house to-day at 12 o'clock. It appears that when

he began to trade yesterday, he paid a particular kind of goods, much valued by the natives, to induce them to trade freely; he told them, however, at the same time, that on the next day he could not give this kind of goods, but something inferior. Accordingly, when the people went off this morning, the captain (for he must needs trade on Sunday!) offered an inferior article. Some mischievous spirits at one suggested that "Payne's note had done the mischief." It was to no purpose that I had never interfered with their trade—that the price given by the captain was less than they received on shore. It was too good an opportunity for the devil to let pass, for stirring up strife; and accordingly, as soon as the captain came on shore, the people began to persecute my interpreter, who had been guilty of the sin of sending off my note. He came with three men, who speak English, to ask me and the captain if we had written any thing about trade. We assured them that we had not. But this did not satisfy. They sought a "palaver" with poor G. and one they would make. They required of him to pay the value of one hundred dollars, (a sum which scarcely any native could raise,) or they would drive him from the country. The matter, however, was compromised by their *taking* (for G. steadfastly refused to pay any thing for a lie) about the value of six dollars! A lie, however, as this is, the devil has made it the instrument of stirring up much strife and ill feeling amongst the people, and causing them to "speak all manner of evil against us falsely." In the absence of a congregation this morning, we had to comfort us this afternoon an overflowing Sabbath school, to which I endeavoured, as usual, to preach the gospel. To-night, too, I was enabled to declare the way of salvation, plainly, in the hearing of our guest, Captain Parker, of Bristol. No doubt, however, he had heard this before, since Bristol is near to Clifton, where Hannah More lived, and Captain P. had often seen that wonderful woman, and received tracts from her hands.

Monday, Nov. 13th.—Knowing how common a thing it is amongst this people to "eat and devour one another's" property, without cause, particularly during the present season, when they have nothing else to do, I had hoped that the affair of the Captain would terminate with G. But not so. "I was the offending party." I had money, why should not I be made to pay? said the evil spirits of Cavalla. They accordingly went to work to force me to pay for their lie. And what course, thought they, would sooner bring me to terms than to break up my school? They determine to adopt this course. This morning, while we were sitting at breakfast, without having sent any message to me on the subject, or in any manner intimating that there was any charge against me, a large body of men and boys, some armed with cutlasses, entered our yard and houses and drove off every child and native, in whatever capacity, from our premises. We, however, offered no resistance, and finished our breakfast.

Tuesday, Nov. 14th.—This morning, learning that the Nyekbade (old men,) to whom I have always looked for protection in difficulties, were about to leave their place to attend a grand council of the Grebo tribe, about to convene at Cape Palmas, I sent to town by the hands of my assistant teacher a communication, enumerating my grievances and asking for redress. I complained, 1st, That strangers had been forced from my premises, contrary to the custom of their own country, as well as that of civilized ones. 2d, The female scholars, whose betrothment money had been paid by the mission in consideration of services to be rendered by youths to whom they were betrothed, and over whom, therefore, the people had no control. 3d, That all this had been done without ever having given me the slightest intimation of any crime alleged against me. I demanded, therefore, the immediate return of the girls or the money which had been expended on their account, and also payment for the outrage. At the same time

I stated that I was ready to go to town and talk the matter over with the people, as soon as the children should be returned to school.

Through the influence of the old men, most of the girls were returned, but the people refused to allow the boys to come back, or to pay anything until I should go to town and "talk the palaver." This I declined doing until the punishment which had been inflicted upon me, without a hearing, should be withdrawn.

Wednesday, Nov. 15.—The people were not at all satisfied with the stand which I had taken in regard to their conduct. That one man should oppose himself to a multitude, though their cause might be confessedly wrong, and his right, was something that these people could not understand. Still less could they comprehend that he *would not yield*. They therefore determined to adopt more extreme measures. To night, about 8 o'clock, the "Sedibo" (literally, "freemen,") ran out of town, and in a tumultuous and threatening manner approached our house, and published (for this body makes laws) the following mandate: 1st, that none of our boys belonging to Cavalla should come in our yard; 2d, that they should wear only such clothing as is worn by children of their age amongst their people, (in most cases none;) 3d, that no one wearing clothes should go to their town, and that I should not go to the chapel to preach; 4th, that the people should not attend religious services; 5th, that the scholars while in town should not attend worship at G's. house, as had been their custom; 6th, that no one should be seen reading a book.

Thursday, Nov. 16th.—This morning the books which I had sent to town for the boys to read, were brought home. I was informed, too, that the boys, who thus far had associated together, had been forbidden to do so; and that they had been compelled to lay aside their mission clothing for such as was given them by their friends, and some of them for a state of perfect nudity. My interpreter told me that at one time they forbid his coming to my house, but that he told them plainly he would come, and they desisted. I suppose the prohibition to our going to town, if ever made, was withdrawn, as nearly all our family have passed through it to-day.

It has been most gratifying to witness the manner in which our christian boys, and indeed all our scholars, have received this persecution. As long as they were permitted to do so, they remained together, and, whenever they dared, came secretly at night to see us. We received from them three or four notes, expressing their sympathy with us, and reminding us that we were suffering the common lot of christians, as well as that of their Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. As many as have been permitted by their parents to do so, have gone to other stations connected with the mission.

Sunday, Nov. 19th.—Having been credibly informed that the people had been forbidden by the Sedibo to attend my preaching, I thought it useless to attempt it to-day in town. I held service, however, for our own family this morning in the boys' school-house, and had Sunday school this afternoon. Gnebwi and family, and the school from Kablah attended.

Sunday, Nov. 26th.—The last week has passed away without any favourable change in the people. Indeed, they have thought of little else but to drink palm wine, and "to be drunken" of the same. I made my usual visit yesterday to Kablah, examined the school there, and preached to a small congregation. In the Sunday school this afternoon we had fifty attendants, including the boys from Kablah.

Sunday, Dec. 3d.—Another Sabbath has passed without my having been permitted to do any thing directly for the spiritual benefit of the heathen around me. The sin, however, rests upon their own heads, inasmuch as they have put the gospel away from them. The day, however, is not, I trust, been spent without some profit. It was my privilege this morning to administer the communion to twelve persons, including four of our scholars, one of them having come secretly to enjoy this blessed ordinance. I like-

wise admitted to the visible fold of Christ, by baptism, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, our teachers at Grahway.

Tuesday, Dec. 5th.—This afternoon the Sedibo came to our house, and took forcibly away, the second time, our girls, together with some boys from other towns and tribes, who had come to us secretly. The cause of this new outrage was the following:

For the last six weeks the headmen of the Grebo tribe have been assembled in general council, at Cape Palmas, as before stated, to settle their difficulties with one another, and with surrounding tribes. At the close of their conference, they determined to raise the price of their produce 50 per cent. They made known their determination to the governor, who refused to give their price. They then passed laws that all native children, in whatever capacity they might be, should be taken from the Americans until their prices were paid. Our school girls, they said, were included. Their laws further declared that nothing of any description should be sold to the Americans; and that no intercourse with them should be allowed until their demands were granted. All strangers from other tribes, also, were to be prohibited from selling either to us or the colony. On hearing of these laws, and that it was the design of the people to break up our school, brother Smith (who was providentially with me) and I went to town and called the people together, to know the truth of what we had heard. We were informed that such laws had been passed, and that the Cavalla people were determined to execute them, so far as they were concerned. We then read to them the written agreements into which they had entered three months ago, by which they bound themselves, that in case of any controversy arising between them and the colony in regard to tradé, we were not to be molested until it was settled, when we should give whatever prices they might agree upon. They said it was true they had made such an agreement, but that their doings were annulled by the voice of their tribe. We told them that whatever power their council might have then over their own boys, it could not authorize them to drive strangers from my premises, and still less to interfere with the girls whose betrothment money had been paid by the mission, and warned them against any interference with them. They maintained that they would take *all* from school. As I had told them, however, that I intended to visit Mt. Vaughan the next day, and should leave my wife alone, they promised that nothing farther should be done until I returned. I left them, relying upon their promise; but scarcely had I reached my house, before a tumultuous mob again entered and dragged away all our children except two, who had run up-stairs and hid themselves under the bed. Fearing worse consequences, however, as soon as the people had gone, we sent them also (weeping bitterly at parting with us) to town.

Mr. Smith's school, at the River Cavalla station, was broken up yesterday, and rumor says the one at Mt. Vaughan also.

Dec. 6th.—Left alone to-day, except by the few colonist scholars and assistants who are with us, we have had an opportunity of realizing our situation. We find ourselves located in a tribe which has determined to break up all our schools—refused to hear us preach—to interpret for us—to sell us any thing. Avowedly, all this is *only* designed to raise the price of their produce; and accustomed as we are to the violent measures of the people, we might suppose that it has no ulterior object, but for some extraordinary features connected with it.

1st. The various towns of the Grebo tribe have been united by their late council, under one head, King Freeman, of Cape Palmas, and are all to unite in any war which he may propose.

2d. The entire separation of the natives from the colonists, which has been made, indicates something far more serious than any mere quarrel

about trade. To the windward, I learn, it is an infallible sign of warlike intentions.

3d. The mingling missionaries with the colony. Hitherto there has been a distinction made. This people have made a written agreement to do so in matters of the kind now pending. But they make no distinction whatever.

In addition to all this, it is reported that the colony and natives at Cape Palmas are on the eve of engaging in war. In this event shall not we be necessarily involved? Under these circumstances had we not better move? But, then, how can we? Mrs. Payne cannot walk to Cape Palmas, the natives will not take her, and she has no conveyance thither. In view of all the considerations which presented themselves to our minds, we determined that it would be best for brother Smith to take my horse and proceed to Mt. Vaughan, and, with brother Hazlehurst, to request commodore Perry, now daily expected at Cape Palmas, with the U. S. squadron, to send down a vessel to take us off.

Brother Smith left us alone after breakfast, and we proceeded to make such arrangements as we might, without exciting suspicion of our intention to move, as, if known, it might excite the natives to robbery, if not violence. This afternoon I received a note from Mr. Moore, our teacher at Grahway, by the hands of a colonist, informing me that the squadron was in sight off Cape Palmas. We had little expectation, however, of seeing any thing of it to-day, not imagining how any message could be sent to it by our brethren at Mt. Vaughan so soon. We were not a little surprised, therefore, as we stood upon our piazza, and were looking out by a beautiful moonlight upon the sea, to observe a large vessel moving down majestically from the windward, and presently come to anchor just off our house. We could not doubt that it was one of the squadron. At half past ten o'clock, just as we were retiring to bed, we were startled by a loud rap at the front door. It was opened, and four kroomen entered in man-of-war dress, and delivered to me two letters, one from Mr. Hazlehurst and the other from Captain Abbot, commanding the U. S. ship Decatur. It appears that as soon as Mr. Hazlehurst saw the squadron approaching, he procured a canoe, and with two colonists (no native would accompany him) went out to the flag ship Macedonian, Commodore Perry, immediately on getting information of our situation, made signals for the Decatur, which had not yet come to anchor, to bear down the coast, and for her commander to come on board his ship. Capt. A. received instructions to repair to this place, and to render us any assistance we might need. As soon as he came to anchor he addressed to me the letter, now received by the kroomen, couched in the most kind, christian terms, and offering to come on shore with an armed force, early in the morning, if necessary. In acknowledging his kind favour, I recommended him to bring the armed force, as I had heard of threats to detain the kroomen who brought his letter, and also to seize his boats in case they were landed.

Thursday, Dec. 7th.—This morning at nine o'clock we saw four large boats, a smaller one, and a canoe, coming from the Decatur towards the shore. In a short time they had landed, and the captain sent a krooman to apprise me of the fact. I immediately proceeded to where he was, passing on my way through crowds of men, women and children, who with mingled feelings of dread, anxiety and indignation, pressed forward to behold the new exhibition of Kobo Sedibo (foreign soldiers) landing on their shores. Captain Abbot, who had brought out to me a letter of introduction from his pastor, Rev. Mr. Hathaway, of Warren, R. I. received me as a christian friend, and we were escorted by a company of marines to my house.

After breakfast the captain called together the headmen in our school-

house to talk over our difficulties. He held in his hand the deed of the mission lot which the people had given us, together with their written agreement lately made with us, not to involve the mission in "palavers," like that professedly existing between them and the colonial authorities. He reminded them of our character and object in settling amongst them, and how necessary it was to accomplish this object, that we should not be subjected to outrages like those which they had lately been committing upon us. If they were really friendly to us, let them at once restore our scholars, and repair the injury which they had done to us. In conclusion, he informed them that he and the squadron with which he was connected, had been sent by their great chief, not to make war, but to promote peace and good will between Africans themselves, and between them and all Americans with whom they were connected. At the same time, if they injured Americans they were at hand to protect them.

This show of protection I had hoped would be sufficient to repress the lawless spirit at present abroad amongst this people, and settle our difficulties at once. I was disappointed. The headmen repeated the views which they had expressed to Mr. Smith and myself, and also their alleged grievances in the case of the British vessel. The captain told them that they had abundant proof that the latter was a fabrication, and in regard to the former, their council had no right to make them do wrong, and that they ought to fulfil their written agreement. In other words, they should return their children to school, and restore the money which they had made my interpreter pay unjustly for sending off my letter to the British vessel.

Much loud and angry talk now ensued. Some said they must first talk the matter over in town, others that their general council must meet, the greater part that they could not retract the position they had taken. Perceiving that they would yield nothing, and that, therefore, our longer stay amongst them would be in vain, if it did not place our lives in jeopardy, I requested Capt. Abbot to take us off, with such of our effects as we could remove at a short notice.

We now commenced with mournful hearts to leave a place endeared to us by so many trials and sufferings, and toils and encouragements. As soon as a boat-load of things was got ready, Captain A. embarked with them, leaving one of the lieutenants, with other officers, to attend to the rest. When the first baggage was put in the boats, there was much excitement, the people now realizing for the first time that we were really about to leave. At this time some young men who were attached to us ran to our house, and entreated us not to leave. We continued our preparations. In the meantime, the people seemed to be collecting from the surrounding small towns, with their guns, apprehensive, as I suppose, of an attack from the marines; but no other demonstration of hostilities on their part, that I am aware of, was made. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, P. M., we had packed up all our things that we could conveniently take off, and were on our way to the beach. Dr. Wolfly, of the Decatur, was walking before me with Mrs. Payne. Immediately on passing through the gate, they were met by Yellow Will, the second man in rank to Freeman in the Grebo tribe, and the king of Cavalla. He entreated Mrs. Payne not to leave, and the Doctor not to take her away. They repeated the same request, with great apparent earnestness to me. Yellow Will assured me that Freeman had called the Grand Council to re-assemble, and that the "palaver" should be "set" the next day at Cape Palmas. I told him, when I heard that every thing was settled, I might think of returning. The concourse of people assembled on the beach, as we passed along, exceeded any thing I had ever seen. The whole population of Cavalla, about 4000 souls, must have been present to witness the strange spectacle before them. A most touching scene was presented just

as we were embarking. G., my interpreter, who has remained faithful to us in all our difficulties, was taken ill about a week ago. He was much persecuted, even after he was taken sick, by the heathen townsmen, who would taunt him, as they passed by his house, with such expressions as these, "He said he trusted in God, let us see what his God will do for him. He renounced the customs and greegrees of his fathers, and what has now befallen him?" Others would say, "He is not sick, he only feigns to be, to save himself from "palavers," or to induce Payne to send him good food." These expressions were so painful to him, that two days ago he begged me not to visit him. I continued, however, to do so, or send him medicine until yesterday, when my messenger returned to me with the information that G. could not be found. His near relatives had hid him, as usual in cases of severe illness, for fear of witchcraft. On hearing that I was about to leave, however, he caused himself to be taken back to his house, and sent a boy to inform me of it. I told the messenger that I would see him before I left; but so much had I to occupy my mind, that I had almost forgotten my promise, when to my astonishment, I was told about 1 o'clock that he had been brought to the house and desired to see me. On going into the room where he was lying, he fixed his sunken eyes upon me, and thus addressed me, "Mr. Payne, have I not always told you that I wished to accompany you wherever you go, and to die in the mission? And now you are going away to leave me to die amongst my enemies. I know *you* are a God-man (preacher of the gospel,) but I do not think I could have treated *you* so." I assured him how sorry I had been at the thought of leaving him, but had supposed that his state of health, and the opposition of his friends, would oppose insuperable obstacles to his removal. Still if it was his request, I would ask the captain to have him taken on board the ship. He said it *was* his request. The captain most cheerfully granted it, and Dr. Wolfly, on learning the circumstances connected with him, took a most lively interest in his case. He was placed in a hammock, and taken to the place of embarkation. And now came the mournful spectacle. Some of his most intimate friends and nearest male relatives pressed around him, and besought him with tears not to leave his country. His women wept bitterly. Two female relatives, however, of his father's family, fixed the attention of all spectators. The one, judging from her shrivelled form and tottering step, and sunken cheeks, had passed threescore years and ten, the other was a middle aged woman. As the hammock was lying on the ground, they threw themselves down, and rolling over in the sand, cast their arms around them in wild gesticulations, accompanied with the soul-rending wailings and cries which only heathen can make. When the boat in which G. was placed hauled off from the shore, they followed it in water up to their necks, plunging into the raging surf, and making all those passionate exhibitions of feeling, usual on accompanying a near relative to his final resting-place. Indeed, they expected to see their relative no more, and there was too much reason to fear that their expectation was well founded. At 3 o'clock, P. M., we were all safely on board of the Decatur. The captain gave us up his state-room, and made us as comfortable as sea-sick people could possibly be. He remarked to me, after being some time on board, that he had felt disquieted at the idea of my being compelled to leave my station, but had been somewhat reconciled to it on finding the text for the day in "Daily Food," which he was in the habit of reading, to be—"It is expedient for you that I go away." He hoped all would come right at last. To-night we sail for Cape Palmas.

Friday, Dec. 8th.—On awaking, this morning we found ourselves off Cape Palmas, with the United States ships Macedonian and Saratoga on our leeward side. It was to be a day of new anxiety to us. A report was in cir-

ulation, that yesterday the colonists had shot three—according to one account four—natives, and that the commodore had gone on shore the day before to prevent immediate hostilities. How providential that we had left our station, since, in case of war breaking out, in all probability we must have been involved! But what was our situation! on board of a man-of-war, not knowing where we might land in safety! The captain again comforted us from his "Daily Food"—"Fear not, I am with thee," was the text for the day.

After breakfast, by invitation of Captain Abbot, I accompanied him on board the Macedonian to see the commodore. He received me with great courtesy, and after some general conversation in regard to his movements on the coast, &c. he gave me an account of the events of yesterday at Cape Palmas.

It appears that so much apprehension had been excited amongst the colonists by the extreme measures of the late General Council of the natives, that they have thought it necessary ever since to be under arms. A company is stationed at Mt. Tubman, just beyond Mt. Vaughan, on the interior frontier of the colony. Yesterday, a party of bushmen of the same tribe that murdered a colonist (Parker,) and family, five years ago, and which has never settled that matter with the colony—appeared at Mt. Tubman in their war-dresses. They professed to be on their way to attend the funeral of a friend who had died at Cape Palmas. As it is the custom of the country to fire guns on such occasions, and they are at war with a neighboring town, this statement might be true, their warlike appearance notwithstanding. Still, as they had been allowed to pass under a peaceable pretext when they killed Parker, a few years ago, the guard refused to allow them to do so now, unless they would leave their guns. This they refused to do, and started to run off. They were fired upon and some of them killed, as before related.

The colony was now thrown into great alarm. The commodore, on learning the state of things, sent on shore nine or ten armed boats, accompanying them himself. Apprehending that there might be an attack by the bushmen on Mt. Tubman, he set out with a detachment of marines in that direction. As might have been anticipated by those acquainted with African warfare, no attack was made. In such cases the natives do not act without deliberation. A new enemy was now raised up against the colony—the bushmen.

This morning, according to arrangements made yesterday, the commodore met delegates from the various Grebo towns, with the Governor of the colony, with a view to settling the difficulties between them. He was accompanied by Captains Mayo and Tatnall of the Macedonian and Saratoga, with some twelve armed boats. He met the Governor and delegates according to appointment. I was not present at the interview, but was informed that the commodore stated the respective rights of the colonists and natives, and both explained and commended the character and designs of Christian Missions. He recommended peace between the former, and enjoined upon the natives, if they were friendly to the missionaries, to return at once their children to the schools. He advised the Cavalla natives to make an apology to me for what they had done, and to remove my baggage, &c., back to the station should I wish to return. At the same time he told them, that were he in my place he would not return to a people who had treated me so badly.

They agreed to all he had proposed, and separated. How much stability will attend such a settlement remains to be proved. The colonists, who know the treachery of the natives, cannot feel satisfied, and remain under arms. Nor can I think, that a storm so black and threatening in its aspect,

has been thus easily averted. Feeling however, that there is no danger of an immediate outbreak while the men-of-war are in the neighbourhood, I landed my family and effects to-day, at Cape Palmas, and as there is still considerable alarm at Mt. Vaughan in consequence of the palaver with the bushmen, I have thought it necessary, to preserve the health and life of my wife, to take board for the present on the Cape.

G., who appears to be recovering, has been landed and taken to Mt. Vaughan.

Saturday, Dec. 9th.—To-day the commodore and officers of the squadron came on shore to call upon their acquaintances, and invited a number to dine on board the frigate. Many went off, but our brethren at Mt. Vaughan felt it unsafe to leave the station, and I had suffered so much from seasickness that I felt constrained to excuse myself. Our intercourse with these gentlemen, though in the midst of difficulties, has been most pleasing. To great intelligence and refinement, some of them add the higher ornament of Christianity. Dr. Rutter, of Baltimore, and a member of St. Peter's church, officiates as chaplain on board the Macedonian, and others in the same ship are of a kindred spirit. The squadron sails to-night to Bereby—the scene of the late massacre of the crew of the schooner "Mary Carver."

Late this afternoon a delegation of four men came to me from the Cavalla people. They had been sent, they said, by their people, to apologise to me for the injury they had done me, with the promise that they would carry my things back to the station, free of expense, and restore all my scholars, as soon as I would return to demand them.

I replied, that I had learned by sad experience to distrust all their promises, and that if they really wished to treat with me about returning to them, they must give some more substantial proof of their penitence for the past, and good intentions for the future, than mere words. In short, they must pay me four bullocks, for the outrage which they had committed against me. This demand was made with the concurrence of the other members of the Mission, as the best means of preventing a repetition of the injury from which we now suffer.

Sunday, Dec. 10th.—So much excitement still prevails, that few persons have ventured to attend religious services to-day in the colony. A mere handful of people assembled on the Cape. At Mt. Vaughan I joined the members of our mission in public worship, and heard a sermon from the Rev. J. Smith. I found that the school there was not broken up, as had been reported. The brethren appeared much fatigued by keeping watch, as they deem it necessary to do, in view of threatened hostilities from the bushmen. How far their apprehensions of an attack on Mt. Vaughan are well founded it is impossible to say. The prospect of plunder certainly presents a strong inducement to the hungry, enraged bushmen, to make it.

Tuesday, Dec. 12th.—Considerable anxiety has prevailed in the colony to-day, in consequence of a turn-out of the native soldiers. The occasion of this I am inclined to think was the discharge of a rocket by the colonists last night on the Cape, which was construed by the ignorant natives into a hostile demonstration, designed to intimidate them. The display of the natives to-day was designed to show off *their* strength, and to make the impression upon the colonists that they were not afraid.

The general appearance of the natives since the palaver was professedly settled by the commodore, has been peaceable. Some trade has been brought in, and there is no show of hostile intentions. Still, with a knowledge of the late intentions of this people, and past experience of their perfidy, a volcano may be ready to burst under apparently the calmest surface. The colonists know this, and are wisely on the alert.

Some information communicated to me this afternoon by a native in whom I have great confidence, proves this view to be too well sustained. He stated, that the great object of the late council was to unite the Grebo tribe in a war against the colony, *including Americans of all descriptions*. That he was present, when all the grievances received from the colony by the natives, since it was planted, were enumerated and declared to be justifiable cause for war. Some persons proposed to begin hostilities at once by sending out into the interior and killing a colonist located as a teacher in the Grebo country, by the Methodist mission. When this proposition was overruled, trade was made the pretext for exciting hostilities.

I asked him what was the design of all this. Did they wish or expect to exterminate the colonists. He said by no means. *They wished to subdue them*, or make them afraid of them (the natives.) I asked him if he thought there would be any danger of an outbreak while the men-of-war were near. He thought not, but advised me for the time being to look out for myself, *"and call no man friend!"*

Sunday, Dec. 17th.—Passed this morning with Mrs. Payne at Mt. Vaughan, where I preached from Exodus xiv. 13—"Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." I met there six native boys and one girl, who had followed us from Cavalla, on learning that we were at Cape Palmas. Some of these went to Taboo, while our difficulties continued at Cavalla, but, on hearing that the prohibition to their returning to school was withdrawn, came immediately to Mt. Vaughan.

Wednesday, Dec. 20th.—To-day Commodore Perry, with three vessels, returned from Bereby, having burned seven towns, and killed, according to report, from eight to twelve natives. The commodore, thinking no doubt that his success there had sufficiently intimidated the surrounding tribes, settled the difficulties with the Babo and Plabo towns, supposed to be implicated in the affair of the "Mary Carver," by making treaties with them. The way is therefore open for the re-occupation of the stations at Rockbookah and Taboo, as soon as laborers can be procured.

This afternoon ten men came from Cavalla, to bring me three bullocks, having brought one a few days ago, thus completing the number required of them to "set" our palaver. I had heard, however, from very good authority, that these bullocks were taken from the family of my interpreter, as a fine upon him for having taken off my letter to the trading vessel, which, as before stated, was the innocent cause of our difficulties! I told the people that I could not therefore receive the bullocks until I could send and ascertain the truth of this report, since, if true, I could have nothing to do with them.

Friday, Dec. 22d.—Having ascertained in a satisfactory manner that the bullocks were taken from my interpreter's family, and that the people threatened moreover, in case these were returned, and they had to pay their own, they would expel that family from their community, I concluded to send back the bullocks this morning to the people, with the message, that I wanted no more bullocks, but wished to remove my remaining things from the station. I am forced to this last alternative, from a conviction that there seemed little probability of my doing good amongst a people who could so wantonly injure me, and then, so far from making any reparation, are evidently determined to persevere in their iniquitous measures. I feel too, that it would be wrong to subject an innocent family to the calamity threatened to that of my interpreter by their enraged countrymen. Painful, therefore, as is the thought, it would appear necessary for me to sever my connexion with Cavalla.

Sunday, Dec. 24th.—I spent to-day at Mt. Vaughan, and brothers Smith and Hazlehurst being too unwell to attend Church, I officiated morning and afternoon. On the latter occasion I addressed about 60 mission children,

collected together from its various stations. It was extremely gratifying to meet so many in view of their having been lately scattered abroad. I felt great cause for gratitude and encouragement, that such a number of *my* little flock should have followed me, and indeed that all present gave such satisfactory evidence of their attachment to the mission, as was manifested by their assembling together at this time. In concluding my remarks, I addressed first the Christians, and after alluding to our late trials, asked them if they were still resolved to persevere in their Christian course. They all gave a hearty response in the affirmative. I then spoke to the children collectively, reminded them of the late efforts of their people to break up the schools, and our unchanging purpose to impart to them the blessings of education and religion, and appealed to them to know if they were determined to co-operate with us, and if they were, to rise up. Instantly every child stood up, in the great majority of cases, I doubt not, in obedience to the spontaneous impulses of their hearts.

Monday, Christmas Day.—Preached at Mt. Vaughan, to a full congregation, composed, however, chiefly of our scholars, and mission families. Brother Hazlehurst, though unable to preach, administered the communion.

I was cheered to find amongst those who kneeled to receive the memorials of a Saviour's love, *ten* of the little flock which God had given me from amongst the heathen. One other had remained at the house to wait on Mr. Smith, who is quite sick. Only two are left amongst their people. But these are my most attached, and consistent Christians, who though now forced by their parents to remain at home, will, I doubt not, follow me, if at last I am not permitted to return to them.

Tuesday, Dec. 26th.—To-day attended what was designed to be the annual examination of all the mission schools at Mt. Vaughan. Had all our scholars been present, it would have been more numerously attended than any previous one. In consequence of our late difficulties, however, the number assembled for examination was only sixty-two. For this number however, at such a time, and giving so much evidence of interest and progress in their studies, we could not but "thank God and take courage."

Thursday, January 4th.—To-day another deputation was sent to me from Cavalla, consisting of one of the old men, the head of the Sedibo, and some others. It appears from their statement that the person by whom I sent back the bullocks made the impression upon the people, that I was unwilling under any circumstances to return to them. They had been sent, they said, to beg me to reconsider the matter. I told them that I was willing to return to them as soon as they should manifest such a state of mind as would render it of any use to do so. That their fining my interpreter's family on my account, to obtain bullocks to send to me, showed that their feelings were still unkind towards me. But that if the *Cavalla* people were willing to pay the bullocks, I would return. This the mission insisted upon, as the only satisfactory evidence they could give of regret for maltreating me, and their sincerity in begging me to return.

They appeared to receive my remarks in good part, and departed.

Friday, January 5th.—To-day Governor Russwurm settled the 'palaver' with the bushmen, by paying them for their people who were shot. This is cause for devout gratitude to Almighty God, both from missionaries and the colony, as by it tranquility is once more restored, and all are enabled to pursue the objects for which they have come to this country.

Cape Palmas, January 11th, 1844.—After remaining here for five weeks in a state of suspense as to what course we ought to take, there seems now a fair prospect of things being settled in such a satisfactory manner at Cavalla, as to justify our speedy return thither. I learned yesterday from a man who has been friendly to us in all our difficulties there, that the peo-

ple had become very uneasy lest they should lose me altogether, in consequence of having learned that I had made a visit to Rocktown and Fishtown, and that this induced them to send the last deputation. When that deputation returned, there was no objection whatever made to paying in the manner required. Two of the bullocks have been collected, and the people are only waiting to get two more, to bring them up and "set the palaver." A great reaction, it is said, has taken place, and the Sedibo (the movers of all our troubles) are everywhere denounced amongst the people.

Now that the excitement connected with our late difficulties has passed away, and we are enabled to take a calm and dispassionate view of the circumstances attending them, much reason is seen for hoping that it will result in good to the cause in which we are engaged. The providential arrival of the squadron, just at the moment when the natives appeared to be intent upon a general outbreak, not only put an end to that, but will prevent the recurrence of similar ones. The prompt assistance rendered my family in the hour of danger, must leave the impression upon the natives, that missionaries may have protection when they choose to claim it, and prevent those acts of violence (generally the work of a few leading evil spirits,) which make an appeal for such protection necessary. The fact, too, that I refuse to return to a people who persecuted me, and put the gospel away from them, until they retract their conduct and give pledges that it shall not be repeated, will make the natives at all our stations more careful to restrain the few who would injure their country so far as to deprive it of our services. That such may be the happy result, and that God in this case may "make the wrath of man to praise him," and "in all things be glorified," is my constant prayer!

The committee will be gratified to learn, that Mrs. Payne and myself are in the enjoyment of good health. Messrs. Smith and Hazlehurst have lately had attacks of intermittent, but are now recovered from them. The health of the other members of the mission is good.

CONFUSION AMONG THE ABOLITIONISTS.

At the anniversary meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in New York on Tuesday, the greatest excitement and uproar prevailed. A speech having been delivered by Mr. A. Ballou, of Massachusetts, against the use of any other means of advancing their objects but that of moral power, the following ludicrous and laughable scene is reported by the Republic to have ensued:—*Sun.*

The Rev. Charles M. Dennison, of Boston, next took the platform. He contended that slavery was a moral and political evil, upheld by the law, and that necessarily the law must be called in to support it. In calling in the aid of the law, he said there was a weapon better than the bayonet, and that was the ballot box.—(Cheers and hisses.) Yes, this was the moral power, and on no account would he ever consent to part with it in the cause of slavery—(applause and hisses.) The power of the ballot box was now the "cloud, not bigger than the man's hand," but the day is fast coming when it shall overspread the moral and political sky, and with the rush of the whirlwind, drive slavery from the land—(cheers.)

He regarded the views propounded by Mr. Ballou as day-visions from Hopedale—(loud hisses and cheers.) For himself he felt satisfied that the friends of Abolition must take society as it is, and reform the existing evils by the means which God had placed at their disposal. Slavery was a great evil, and had grown up with the institutions of the country—it was interwoven with the very texture of political power, and political action alone must remove it—(loud hisses and cheers.) Yes, political action alone can

remove it. We must carry our principles to the ballot box, and there enter our protest—(loud hisses.) He believed that it was morally impossible to reform this world by moral suasion alone. The tares must grow up with the wheat, until the day of harvest arrives. He would entreat, persuade, advise; and when all failed, he would resort to political power to break what he could not bend. (Hisses and cheers.) He would not resort to political power until the very last refuge, under the law of God. He would proceed by virtue of his political rights to wage a war, not with the bayonet, but with that mighty instrument of God—the ballot-box. (Tremendous hissing and loud applause from all parts of the room.)

He then took up Henry Clay, and handled him rather severely. This great and illustrious statesman (said he) had discovered that he did not care for the influence of the anti-slavery party so long as they confined their efforts to tracts and prayer meetings; but when he saw them approach the ballot box he trembled on the floor of the Senate House. (Cheers.) And well he might; for then he could see the hand-writing on the wall of Ashland, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." (Hisses and cheers, and uproar.) He did not mean anything disrespectful to the man, but to the principles which he supported. After a long review of the several branches of moral influences enumerated by Ballou, he concluded (amid a storm of the most violent hisses and wild uproar,) with these words: "Who, then, shall we follow, the Lord Jesus Christ, or Abin Ballou, of Hopedale?" The scene which followed baffled all description—it exceeded any exhibition of feeling we have ever witnessed in a political assemblage.

When at length silence was obtained, the President took possession of the platform, and for several minutes he denounced the last speaker in the most violent and strong terms. What better exemplification could the meeting have had of the fact that the platform was free, than the exhibition they just witnessed. And who was the man who had made the religion of Jesus Christ a political engine associated with the American ballot-box. [Hisses, hisses.] It is the man who rallied with the priesthood, to put down and gag our female friends, and to declare that their voice should not be heard in our meetings. [Hundreds hissing and stamping on the floor.] This was the man who had dared to come here and address this meeting. He has been heard freely and to his heart's content, but never was there an instance of greater audacity. [Several voices, never.] He, the President, asked whether any but a recreant priest, a wolf in sheep's clothing, would have dared to do this. [A violent opposition from the friends of Garrison and Dennison.] In the name of every slave mother, he pronounced that man a—Benedict Arnold. [Increased confusion, shouts, "No." "Yes."] In the name of God, I put upon his forehead the brand of Apostate [the uproar exceeds description,] to the cause of the American slave—

Mr. Dennison, jumping on the forum, shouted out at the top of his voice—"My friends, I can only say, I am alive yet." (Cheers and hisses.)

Mr. Garrison—My friends, this is a free meeting, and we can afford to give the Benedict Arnold party ten to one. (Shouts of "yes, yes," "thank you, we don't want the odds.")

Loud calls were made for Dennison, but Charles Burleigh had taken possession of the platform, and he refused to give it up, as his right to it was questioned. He said he had learned a lesson, new indeed to him, that the ballot box was the sword of God. (Cheers.) He had always been accustomed to read in the Bible that the sword of the spirit is the sword of God, and he was not prepared to throw away that keen weapon to take up that

—"—weapon surer yet,
And better than the bayonet."

Mr. B. continued for some time in a pleasant vein to ridicule the eulogy

uttered by Mr. Dennison upon the ballot-box, as the instrument of God, and which remarks were very well received.

In Illinois, slavery exists in opposition to the law of '89. The law as it stands is powerful enough, but the will to obey the law is wanting. The opponents of abolition acknowledge that slavery is wrong—but say they, it has legal right and must be endured, notwithstanding that it is opposed to morality. Slavery existed before law; slavery was the curse of the ignorance of the law, and now should any politician dare to propose slavery lawful, he would be blasted forever by the unanimous voice of the people.—[Cheers.] Even Henry Clay, the great, the chosen one of a majority of the people, [confusion] let him declare that he would extend the influence of slavery, and then see the irresistible wave which now bears him on to the capitol—[hisses and cheers] see how it would as irresistibly roll back and leave him shipwrecked and in the *Clay*. [Cheers and hisses.] The Legislature is the creature of slavery—slavery is the creature of all the pro-slavery power and the use of it.

Mr. Dennison now gained the platform, somewhat calmed by the remarks of Mr. Burleigh. He regretted that the President had branded him as an apostate, but he replied in the words of Scripture, "By their fruits you shall know them." Had he been President, he would not have branded any member of the Abolition Society as a hypocrite or an apostate. He acknowledged that while he adopted the slavery notions of William Lloyd Garrison, he did not adopt his wild, visionary theological opinions. He had suffered contumely and violence in the cause of abolition, and before this meeting he cast back the charge of apostacy upon him who made it. (Continued uproar, applause, and hisses, mingled.)

Garrison, rising hastily, said, "Once there was a Benedict Arnold." (Hisses, louder than before, and great excitement.) Garrison—"You are cowards!" (Another storm of hisses.) "Yes, I call you dastards!" (Continued confusion.) A voice—"Judge not." Garrison, in a tremendous passion—"I say that whoever spoke then is a coward and a dastard!" (Of the scene at this moment, it is impossible to give any description.) Garrison, continuing—"I say there was once Benedict Arnold. (Hisses.) (Mr. Dennison jumping on the seat, shouted out at the top of his voice, "I think you are the Benedict Arnold.") A voice from the lower end of the room, "This meeting is not to be broken up by clergymen and a gagger." Another voice, "You're impudent." The uproar and excitement was tremendous—some were hissing, some were clapping their hands, some cheering, and several ladies, and male members were shouting at the top of their voices to hear the President, who finally was heard. He again charged Dennison with betraying the abolition cause, and forming another society—with taking possession of the books, stereotypæ plates, money, newspaper, and in short the entire property of the society. Dennison denied the truth of the charge, and after some time

Abby Kelly gained the attention of the meeting. She reiterated the charges made by the President against Dennison, and in nearly the same objectionable terms, but she was heard to the end without any other expression, but that of approbation. She reviewed the career of Garrison and Dennison at very great length.—Had it not been for the robbery, she said, by the latter of over \$12,000 of the funds of the present society, slavery would now be abolished.

A lady proposed that instead of attacking Mr. Dennison the meeting should welcome him back to their ranks. Abby Kelly did not relish this proposal, but as several voices were calling out for "a song," she was obliged to give way.—Several of the vocal members sang "Come join the abolition cause."

