Intelligence from Liberia — Letter from Dr. McGill —

Harper Cape Palmas
April 16. 1839

Rev. Sir A. Easton.

Dear Sir,—

Agreeably to your request through Mr. Ashmun I transmit you a communication, which if you deem it advisable or suitable you will please allow an admission in the columns of your Journal. I have been rather negligent in having waited for solicitation; but it arose from my being aware of the fact that Dr. McDonald was occupied in inventing something for your paper which might supercede the necessity for my writing.— However here I commence —

Having previously dispatched a note as soon as our vessel was anchored, and a boat could be let down we were on our way to the shore. On the wharf I was welcomed by friends & relatives and a joyful meeting it was altho' rather an unexpected one. Let the malicious impugners of the propitious motives of Colonizationists say what they may, yet I can assert, and with sincere feeling, that through their philanthropic, and indefatigable efforts to render the Western Coast of Africa a desirable asylum from persecution & disgrace, that this was one of the most joyous days I ever spent in my life. ~~This day~~ I am now at home, and altho' surrounded by savages it is to me a home ten thousand times dearer than that which gave me birth. I have again been permitted to press the soil of our fathers land (if you please) and methinks old father time may roll, and amply his wounds ere I again think of visiting America.

Our arrival was on the Sabbath, and of course little else could be seen than the church going people eagerly hurrying toward the different places of Publick worship — and I among the number was soon seated beneath the sound of one of our stable ~~[illegible]~~ ministers; and to tell truth I listened to the discourse more intently than ever I had done before in the U. States.

On the morrow, the bustle of business commenced, and now an opportunity offered for looking around — and of noting the changes that had occurred since my departure. A half mile travel on the morrow brought me to the manual farm — where I had left a dreary wild & now saw well cultivated fields — the sturdy trees of the forest had been thrown down, and converted into materials for building — the favorite haunts of the fowls beyond had been invaded to furnish suitable locations for man. Nature even seemed to have clothed herself in a new aspect — the sweet warbling of the feathered tribe, the prolonged hum of insect, and the

Tobacco

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April 16th 1839

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

II. Correspondence Received
A. Letter Books

6. 1839--1840

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