Woman.

BY REV. F. N. MAYFIT.

Oh, woman! truth and passion rest the throne
Where thou dost sit triumphant and alone;
Bright shapes of fitful fancy throw
Prismatic colours o'er thy beauty's glow—
Before a thousand shrines thy feelings burn,
As vestals wave their tapers o'er the urn;
A seeming fickle nature oft imbues
The colour of thy mind with rainbow hues.

Yet, when awakened to some daring deed,
When grief and trials come, and nations bleed,
When fields of blood re-echo shrieking cries,
And hope's lone star hath left the shrouded skies,
'Tis then thy mighty heart shall fully prove
The strength of all thy constancy and love!

Who longest lingers at the bed of death,
With kisses winning back the fleeting breath?
Who longest at the chill lone tomb shall stay,
Pale sentinel o'er cold and paler clay?
'Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave',
Oh, woman! 'tis thy chosen hour to save;
When manhood's haughty crest is fallen low,
Shattered and broken by the stunning blow.

(From the Journal of Religious Education.)

The Confession.

A TRUE STORY.

Children should be early impressed with the necessity and importance of recalling and confessing their sins. To confess particular sins is often a profitable exercise, as, by repeating only a general confession, they may acquire a habit of passing it thoughtlessly over, or of looking upon sin merely as something of common and unavoidable occurrence. The following story was related to me by the person under whose observation the incident happened, and will serve as a striking instance of the hardness of heart which may come upon those who neglect or omit this important duty.

Several years since, the commander of a vessel, on the eve of sailing for America from Calcutta, was applied to by a seaman for the purpose of being engaged in his employ. He professed to be an Englishman, and, by his conversation, appeared to be above the class of ordinary sailors. He was pale and thin; and, withal, had such a dejected and care-worn countenance that he seemed hardly fitted to undertake the duties of a long voyage. He produced, however, testimonials of faithfulness and industry from several respectable employers, and as he declared himself in good health, and stated that the climate had caused his temporary emaciation, he was engaged, and forthwith entered upon the duties of his new station.

After the vessel had set sail, he became distinguished among his fellow-seamen for his reserve and unwillingness to be associated with them, evidently not from pride, or personal dislike to them, but from a peculiar sullenness of temper; and the abstracted and unhappy look which he always wore, and the short, repulsive answers which he gave to all soon estranged him from the kind regards, and even the passing notice, of his companions. He was, however, strictly seen at his duties: passively and silently obedient to every order, neglecting nothing that was assigned to him, and under all circumstances appearing cold, and unmoved, and uninterested.

'Never,' said his commander, 'have I seen such a personification of a statue. His features were as of chiseled marble—fixed and unrelaxing, and his eyes with one amazing expression of sullen despair. In so large a ship's company, we were not often thrown into close or familiar contact; and, when not in the act of obeying my immediate orders, he would always avoid me when I approached him. Though there was every thing in his air and conduct to repel inquiry, yet I several times ventured to ask him particulars of his health or history. His answers, though respectful, were short and unsatisfactory; and, indeed, he seemed possessed of a peculiar faculty of repulsing even his superiors.

'Nearly two months of the voyage had passed without any incident occurring worthy of note. I had remarked no change in him, except that he had become evidently much emaciated; and, though no complaint escaped him, he was visibly and daily losing strength. When I told him I was willing to excuse him from his more laborious duties, he coldly replied: 'I do not wish to be idle—I am not so strong as I might be, but I am well enough.' This was said in his usual repulsive tone: and, as I saw his unwillingness to receive even the expression of kindness or interest, I forbore to molest him further.

'About this time, we experienced a severe hurricane, which required every one at his post, and active duty. In the course of the day, I missed the English seaman, and, on asking for him, was told he was so feeble as to be unable to leave his bed. Being, myself, constantly engaged in the duties of my station, I gave orders that he should be well taken care of; and, when I afterwards inquired after him, I was always told he was well enough, but was too cross and lazy to work; that it was of no use to offer him any kindness, as he would only answer angrily in return, and that he was of too bad a temper even to eat more than occasionally a sea-biscuit. Keen if I had had leisure to attend to him, I own I had almost conceived a dislike to the man, so forbidding and disagreeable had been his whole behaviour; consequently, I felt but little inclination to have more intercourse with him than was necessary. My engagements, however, were too peremptory to admit of further attentions on my part than inquiries respecting him. For three weeks, we experienced such a continuance of boisterous and severe weather that every man in the ship was in almost constant requisition. I was, myself, nearly worn down with want of rest; and I should have thought two hours of uninterrupted sleep a luxury.

'At length, we were cheered by the return of fair weather, and never was rest more needed or welcomed by all. It had become almost a perfect calm, and, about midnight, I had thrown myself across a berth and fallen asleep. I had been sleeping, probably not more than half an hour, when I was awakened by a slight noise; and, standing up, I beheld at the foot of the cabin stairs, a tall, strange looking figure wrapped in a sheet which nearly touched the ground. One wasted arm was exposed, and as the emaciated hand grasped the sheet, it seemed as if, through the transparent skin, every bone could be counted. The bright moonlight enabled me to discern every feature; and so intensely were the black sunken eyes fixed upon me, that, for an instant, a feeling of awe came over me. The next moment I was on my feet; and, receiving no answer to my inquiries of 'who are you?' I stepped forward and raised my hand as if to grasp the arm, when the man replied, in a low voice, 'do me no harm, sir, I am Ned Wilson.' It was the English sailor, whom I had not seen for three weeks, and who had become so altered that, not until I had looked fixedly at him, did I recognize his pallid features.

'I said to him, in a stern tone, 'and why has brought you here at such an hour? Come, go immediately back to bed.' He answered, but in a tone of voice so unlike his usual manner of speaking, that I was touched in a moment. 'Don't speak harshly to me, sir, I beseech you.' 'Well then,' I said as kindly as I could, 'tell me what has brought you here at such an hour. It is not fit that one so enfeebled as you appear to be should be out of his bed. Come, I will take you back.'

'No, no,' and he gasped for breath as he laid his hand upon my arm, 'they—my mesmates—would hear what I have to say, and it must not be.'

'The thought instantly occurred to me that he was not in his right mind, and I again said to him, 'Come, come, you must go back; it is very wrong for you to be here—you will be better in bed.' 'Sir,' said he, in a solemn tone, 'you must hear me. I rise from my death bed to tell you what no other ears must hear, and which must be told before I die, or'——he stopped, and a convulsive shuddering shook his whole frame. 'Or what?' I asked. 'Or my soul is lost forever,' he replied.

'I was, for a moment, subdued and awed by his unearthly appearance; and the solemn stillness that reigned around added effect to what he said. It again occurred to me that he might be raving, and I again endeavored to persuade him to go to bed. But he stopped me with—'As a dying man, I *will* be heard; and, if you would save my soul, you will hear me.'

'Willing to soothe his increasing agitation, I told him, then, to be brief, as, if he wished to communicate any thing secretly to me, we should soon be interrupted by the awaking of those sleeping near us. He looked suspiciously around, and, approaching me closely, whispered, 'but you must swear, sweer solemnly, never, never, to reveal what I shall confess.'

'I promised, faithfully, to keep his secret; and as, in broken and detached sentences, he related the particulars of a deadly crime which he had committed several years before, I became almost as agitated as himself. As he concluded, he seemed relieved of a fearful burthen. We were both silent for several minutes. 'And now,' said he, grasping my arm and looking in my face, as if his destiny depended on my answer, 'tell me if my soul is lost forever.'

'I replied, 'yours is a dreadful crime; but to the repentant sinner there is offered free forgiveness.'

'Repentant!' he exclaimed, 'God, who sees my heart, knows if I have repented or not; but I have never ventured to ask his forgiveness, convinced that he could have no mercy for me.'

'Why have you presumed to set limits to his mercy?' I said. He paused, and then answered, 'For so many years I have been accustomed to think of him only as the angry judge of my soul, that I have never thought of his mercy.' If I had thought of it, I should also have remembered that he has also promised to punish the wicked.'

'I replied, 'he will punish the wicked, but the penitent sinner he will receive and pardon.'

'But my *sin!*' said he emphatically; can such sin be within reach of his mercy.'

'I answered, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin: wash in it, and be clean.'

'Oh, those precious words!' he exclaimed, 'they are like some half-remembered dream. I have heard them many, many years ago; can they, indeed, speak to me?' He sank back faint and exhausted, and with difficulty I conveyed him to his bed. I offered him some refreshment, which somewhat revived him, and giving him in charge of one of his companions, was leaving him to the repose which he seemed so much to require, when he beckoned me to remain, and made signs for me to speak more. I told him he was not in a condition to hear more that night, and that I would see him in the morning. He stretched out his hand, and clasping mine, would not relax his hold. I stopped and whispered, 'I must leave you alone with God; to him make confession of your sin, and implore his forgiveness. I cannot save you from his wrath, but ONE mighty to save you has interceded for you, and he will prevail. He has invited you to come to him, and accept the salvation which he died to obtain for you.' He pressed my hand, and then released me, repeating, almost inaudibly, 'to-morrow.'

'The next day, so soon as my leisure would permit, I again visited him, carrying with me a Bible, which I presented to him. He received it joyfully, and exclaimed, 'this is the message of salvation!' He was extremely weak, and spoke with difficulty. His calm and pleasant answers had attracted the attention of his companions; and they had gathered around him, with their characteristic kindness, to administer to his wants. I heard them, as I passed, wondering what could have changed his angry ways towards them. He told me, himself, he felt like another being; and, from day to day, he continued to rejoice in the new view he had of the character of God.

'He lingered two or three weeks, and then died calm and resigned. As his bodily frame became more wasted and feeble, his mind seemed supported and strengthened. His Bible was always open before him, and he was almost constantly engaged in prayer—his lips moving when he could no longer articulate. He expressed strong faith in the merits of his Saviour, and, when thanking me for having led him to that safe refuge, he said: 'Sir, it was confession of sin that brought me to his feet. If I had been taught in early life to confess my sins constantly to God, I should never have despaired of his mercy; but I went on, from sin to sin, reckless and hardened, until I was tempted to commit that fearful crime. I thought I had already sinned past all forgiveness, and that this one could make me no worse: but confession of sin brought repentance for sin; then this hard heart was softened, and first felt the need and sufficiency of the Saviour. Oh, those who confess their sins to God, and repent, will never stay away from Christ.'

AFRICA.—The Baptist African churches, in the island of Jamaica, have raised the necessary funds to support two missionaries in Western Africa.

(From the Knickerbocker.)

Rev. Mr. Maxcomb's Sketch of the Great Cataract.

NEW YORK, *February*, 1839.

The following picture of Niagara, is from the pen of an eloquent divine, with whose high reputation our readers are not unacquainted. To those who have seen the falls, it will recommend itself for its vivid truth; and to those who have not, we commend the writer's introductory note to the editor:

MY DEAR SIR,—In complying with your request to furnish you with the following letter, for publication in the Knickerbocker Magazine, I must claim the protection of one of the most indulgent canons of criticism; that which suggests that every production, claiming to be a mere revelation of personal impression and private feeling, should be judged of mainly in view of the mind's peculiar state in giving it birth. The annexed sketch, except the last paragraph, was written on an angle of 'Table Rock,' at the instance, and for the exclusive gratification of a friend, and without any, the most remote reference, to publication, then, or subsequently. It was produced under the influence of high wrought feeling, and does little more than reveal the heart's mythology, in presence of one of the most fearful manifestations of the power and grandeur of physical nature. If the *feeling* which gave birth to the fragment you have asked for publication be responded to by the reader, I have nothing to regret, and nothing farther to hope for. Very truly and sincerely,

H. B. BASCOM.

MY DEAR E——,—I have seen, surveyed and communed with the whole! and awed and bewildered, as if enchanted before the revelation of a mystery, I attempt to write. You ask me in your last for some detailed, veritable account of the falls; and I should be glad to gratify you; but how shall I essay to paint a scene that so utterly baffles all conception and renders worse than fruitless every attempt at description? In five minutes after my arrival, on the evening of the 5th, I descended the winding path from the 'Pavilion,' on the Canadian side, and for the first time in my life saw this unequaled cascade, from 'table rock;' the whole indescribable scene, in bold outline, bursting on my view at once. I had heard and read much, and imagined more, of what was before me. I was perfectly familiar with the often-told, the far-travelled story of what I saw; but the overpowering reality on which I was gazing, motionless as the rock on which I stood, deprived me of recollection, annihilated all curiosity; and with the motions of sublimity, till now unfelt, and all unearthly, the involuntarily exclamation escaped me, '*God of grandeur! what a scene!!*'

But the majesty of the sight, and the interest of the moment, how depict them? The huge amplitude of water, tumbling in foam above, and dashing on, arched and pillared as it glides, until it reaches the precipice of the *shute*, and then, in one vast column, bounding, with maddening roar and rush, into the depths below, presents a spectacle so unutterably appalling that language falters; words are no longer signs, and I despair giving you any adequate idea of what I saw and felt. Yet this vast mass of water, I became an immediate object, and, having surveyed the grand object of my visit, from nearly an hundred different points of view, I was more than ever, and that for the cataract of Niagara is a wonder in nature, wholly unique in its kind, and affording a rich, if not an unequalled harvest of interest and observation to every beholder. Imagine yourself in a vast amphitheatre, open in a mood and upon a scale of the most creative prodigality; consulting alike, as the Pagan poet would say, 'her own amusement and the admiration of her sons.'

My last look at the falls was a night view from the upper portico of the Pavilion; the brilliant lamps and mooned loveliness of an autumnal heaven adding to the splendour of the vision. From this point amid the tremulous shaking of the earth and the heavens in silent communion with the mighty cataract, the eye takes a more extended range—the most magnificent of prospects. The whole scenery, diversified and yet one, is spread out before you in living beauty and picturesque majesty, you see the plains and forests, above, the cliffs, and rocks and islands around; the dreadful precipice, and the bold sweep of the watery mass, while the fall of the vast pervading column strikes your ear, like the thunder chorus of the 'vasty deep,' warring with its bounds!

I felt about me a heart-reaching, a spirit-stirring influence, that detained me till midnight; and when I retired fatigued and exhausted, and threw myself upon my pillow, it was only to feel the more intensely, the power and expression, the oneness, the depth, the nameless grandeur of the scene; and ear and thought still linger to catch and commune with far-off chidings of the flood, as they wailed to the one the requiem of departed waters, and murmured to the other the melancholy dirge of their passing away!

CATARACT OF NIAGARA, *September* 9, 18—.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of Henry Vaughan, an eminent physician in England, who died in 1695.

Sabbath Days.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—
The next world's gladness, imaged forth in this—
Days of whose worth the christian's heart can speak!

Eternity in time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers,
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's waking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day!

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers—
Period appointed to renew our trust—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy,
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—
The preludes of a peace that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

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(From the Baptist Missionary Magazine.)

Liberia.

The following complete view of the condition of the several colonies, is from the pen of Mr. Buchanan, who resided about a year in that country.

Liberia extends from the St. Paul's river on the north-west, to the Cavally river on the south-east, a distance of three hundred miles along the coast. Its extent inland is from ten to forty miles. Four separate colonies are now included in its limits, viz:—

MONROVIA, established by the American Colonization Society, including the towns of Monrovia, New Georgia, Caldwell, Millsburg, and Marshall.

BASSA COVE, established by the United Colonization Societies of New York and Pennsylvania. This colony includes Bassa Cove, and Edina. The latter village was founded by the American Colonization Society, and lately ceded to the United Societies.

GREENVILLE, established by the Mississippi and Louisiana Colonization Societies at Sinou.

MARYLAND, established by the Maryland Colonization Society at Cape Palmas.

In the nine villages enumerated above, there is a population of about 5,000—all, of course, colored people, of which three thousand five hundred are emigrants* from this country, and the remainder natives of Africa, mostly youth who have come into the colonies to learn 'Merica fash,' and return to their countrymen, as performing to the habits of civilization, and becoming subject to our laws.

The commerce of the colonies, though in its infancy, is already extensive. From $60,000 to $125,000 is exported annually, in camwood, ivory, palm oil, and hides; and an equal or greater amount of the manufactures and productions of Europe and America are brought into the colonies in return. Monrovia, which is the largest town and principal sea-port, carries on a considerable coasting trade, by means of small vessels built and owned by her own citizens. Not less than twelve or fifteen of these, averaging from ten to thirty tons burden, manned and navigated by the colonists, are constantly engaged in a profitable trade along seven hundred miles of the coast.

The harbour of Monrovia is seldom clear of foreign vessels, more than seventy of which, from the United States, England, France, Sweden, Portugal and Denmark, touch there annually.

Bassa Cove and Cape Palmas have both good harbours, and possess great advantages for commerce. Already their waters are gladdened by the frequent presence of traders from other countries, and in a few years, when the band of enterprise shall have developed the rich mines of wealth which nature has so abundantly provided there, these growing towns will become the centres of extensive and important business.

Sinou, too, possesses an excellent harbour, and is the natural outlet of a vast tract of rich and productive country. Under the fostering hand of its enterprising founder it must soon become an important link in the great maritime chain of America-African establishments. The productions of the country, which may be raised in any quantity for exportation, are cotton, coffee, arrowroot, indigo, palm oil, together with the gums, dye-woods, ivory, &c. which are collected from the forests.

The state of morals in the colonies is emphatically of a high order. Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, profanity and quarrelling, are vices almost unknown in Liberia. A temperance society, formed in 1834, numbered a few weeks after its organization, 500 members; at that time more than one-fifth of the whole population.

At Bassa Cove and Cape Palmas the sale and use of ardent spirits are forbidden by law. In the other colonies the ban of public opinion so effectually prohibits dram-drinking that no respectable person would dare indulge an appetite so disreputable.

There are eighteen churches in Liberia, viz: at Monrovia, four; New Georgia, two; Caldwell, two; Millsburg, two; Edina, two; Bassa Cove, three; Marshall, one; Cape Palmas, two. Of these, eight are Baptists, six Methodists, three Presbyterians, and one Episcopalian.

As there are forty clergymen in the colonies, all the churches are not only regularly supplied with preaching, but religious meetings are weekly held in many of the native villages.

Eight hundred of the colonists, or more than one-fifth of the whole population, are professed christians, in good standing with the several churches with which they are connected. As might be expected, where so large a proportion of the peoples are pious, the general tone of society is religious. No where is the Sabbath more strictly observed, or the places of worship better attended. Sunday schools and Bible classes are established generally in the churches, into which, in many cases, the native children are gathered with those of the colonists.

There are twelve weekly day-schools in all the settlements, supported generally by education and missionary societies in this country. The teachers in most cases are coloured persons. A laudable thirst for knowledge pervades the community, and a great desire is expressed for an academic institution, toward the support of which they would contribute liberally; though as yet they are scarcely able to establish one single handed.

In some places, as at Bassa Cove, literary societies are formed for mutual improvement, much on the plan of village lyceums in this country.

At Bassa Cove and Monrovia there are public libraries for the use of the people. The one at the former place numbers 1,200 or 1,500 volumes.

A monthly newspaper is published at Monrovia. The articles in this paper afford good testimony of the general intelligence of the people, and reflect great credit upon the talented editor, a coloured man.

There are at present 25 or 30 white persons connected with the various missionary and education societies, or attached to the colonies as physicians, &c.

The government of Liberia is essentially republican; all the officers, except the governor, (who is appointed by the Colonization Society) being chosen by the people. Elections are held annually in every village, and are conducted with much propriety and decorum. A vice-governor, legislative counsellors, a high sheriff, constables, &c. are some of the officers elected annually. The militia is well organized and efficient.

In the February number of the Baptist Magazine is a small map representing a portion of the western coast of Africa, to which is appended the following description:

The country represented on the map is about 1,600 miles from east to west, and about 400 miles from south to north. The coast westward of Cape Palmas is called the windward coast, and that on the east the leeward coast. The reason for this distinction is found in the usual course of the wind, which is from the north-west. First on the windward coast is the flourishing colony of Liberia, extending nearly 200 miles along the shore, and 20 or 30 miles into the interior, including the Vays, Deys, and Bassas, native tribes. The Kroomen, another native tribe, reside on the limits of the colony, but are not under its jurisdiction. A part of this coast, nearest Cape Palmas, is called the Grain coast, on account of the Malagette pepper, for which it is noted. East of Cape Palmas the Ivory coast extends some distance; then the Gold coast for 180 miles; and beyond the river Volta is the Slave coast. Cape-coast castle, belonging to the British government, is on the Gold coast; and it was not far from this castle that Sir Charles M'Carthy and nearly 1,000 British soldiers were cut to pieces in 1824, by a numerous army of Ashantees. The distance from the castle to Sierra Leone is about 1,060 miles.

With a few exceptions the whole coast is low. A dense forest extends along the inner border of the colony of Liberia. The Niger rising in the Kong mountains, not very far distant from Monrovia, and after an immense sweep through extraordinary countries, pours its floods into the ocean, east (and perhaps west also) of Cape Formosa. The river Volta, between the kingdoms of Dahomey and Ashantee, probably rises in the same mountains. The windward coast has several navigable rivers within 300 miles of Cape Palmas. A ridge of mountains stretches through the interior at various distances from the coast. In Yariba, where the mountains were crossed by Capt. Clapperton, they were not more than 2,500 feet high. East of the Niger, the ridge comes to a loftier height, and is supposed to extend far into the interior, and to constitute the 'mountains of the moon.' The Cameroon mountains, opposite Fernando Po, are said to be 13,000 feet high. Not far from the Gold coast, there are mountains composed of granite, gneiss, and quartz. Scientific men are of opinion that a great deal of wealth flows from the ridge of mountains in the interior just mentioned, to the Cape of Good Hope. Why should these mountainous regions be suited to the constitutions of the northern missionaries? In champaign countries the most temperate parts of the torrid zone are under the equator, and 5 or 6 degrees each side; yet even on the sun is obscured by clouds through the year. Meredith thinks the Gold coast has the advantage of the tropics. Indies in its soil, climate and seasons. The climate of the south or eastern coast, Adams's price, indigo, palm oil, together with the gums, dye-woods, ivory, &c. which are collected from the forests.

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*This estimate is, we believe, too low. The number of emigrants is, we think, nearer 5 than 4,000.

The population of the countries bordering on the Niger has been estimated at 25,000,000; and the Niger and Tshadda bear the same relation to the countries they water, that the Mississippi and Missouri do to the vast and fertile regions of our western states and territories. They may be, they will be, ascended by steamboats, and probably with little risk of life. What a surprising influence would be exerted by a few cargoes of European or American goods, transported, vessel and all, as by magic, into the heart of Africa! Doubtless the commercial habits of Central Africa are destined to experience a speedy change; and christian enterprise, though at present less wakeful, less energetic, less daring than that of commerce, will not be backward to pour the blessings of the gospel into the new channels of trade.

The sea-coast is occupied by small tribes or states, with various forms of government, but generally aristocratical. The Vey tribe, within the bounds of Liberia, consists of 12,000 or 15,000 people: the Dey tribe of 6,000 or 8,000; and the Bassa tribes of about 125,000. The Kroomen come next in order. Though owning but a small country, they are the labourers, sailors, pilots, factors, and interpreters, for almost the whole coast. But little is yet known of the country behind Liberia. The following statements were made by Mr. Ashmun concerning it in the year 1827:

'An excursion by one of our people into the interior, to the distance of 140 miles, has led to a discovery of the populousness and comparative civilization of this district of Africa, never, till within a few months, even conjectured by myself. We are situated within fifty leagues of a country in which a highly improved agriculture prevails—where the horse is a common domestic animal—where extensive tracts of land are cleared and enclosed—where every article absolutely necessary to comfortable life is produced by the soil, or manufactured by the skill and industry of the inhabitants—where the Arabic is used as a written language in the ordinary commerce of life—where regular and abundant markets and fairs are kept—and where a degree of intelligence and practical refinement distinguishes the inhabitants, little compatible with the personal qualities attached, in the current notions of the age, to the people of Guinea.'

The Ashantees are a powerful nation, able on a short notice to bring an army of 12,000 warriors into the field. Mr. Bowdilch, who visited Ashantee in 1817, supposes, from the similarity of customs, that the higher classes in that country are descended from the eastern Abyssinians. Coomassie, their capital, is four miles in circumference, built in a style superior to any of the maritime towns, and the houses, though low and wholly constructed of wood, are profusely covered with sculpture and ornaments. The Ashantees are described as a noble race of Africans. Some of the states on the Gold coast are subject to them.

Dahomey was the first of the greater states penetrated by Europeans. Mr. Norris went there as long ago as 1772. It was then powerful. Abomey, the capital, is about 150 miles inland, and the approach to it from the coast is by a gentle ascent through a fine country. Mr. Norris describes the king as an object of blind and idolatrous veneration. Whidah, on the Slave coast, has long been subject to his authority.

Another kingdom in the interior is called Yarriba. It borders on the Niger. Its capital is Katunga. Worth of Yarriba is Borgoo, an extensive country, containing eight states. Niki, the most powerful of those states, is said to have not less than seventy considerable and important towns dependent upon it, all of which have several smaller towns and villages under their control.

Westward are the Soolimanas and Soosoos commanded by Samori, on account of the situation, may receive the means of their moral illumination more conveniently perhaps from Sierra Leone than from any other quarter. Soolima is about 200 miles from Sierra Leone. Major Laing's account of his visit to this country, in 1822, is deeply interesting, and renders it probable that no part of Africa affords a better field for missionary labours.

We must make a distinction between the original inhabitants of the country and the foreign races from Arabia and other parts of Asia. The latter are firmly established in the ancient seats of civilization on the north. The Copts, Brebes, Tibboos and Tuaricks, are remnants of native tribes, and are either sunk in degradation, or wander in dark recesses of mountains, or over desert plains. The native and foreign races mix on the banks of the Niger and Tshadda, above the junction of the two rivers. The negro is more mild, hospitable and liberal than the Moor. The latter has been guilty of most of the atrocities committed against European travellers.

Except the Ethiopic language, and some unknown characters inscribed by the Tuaricks on their rocks, there is nothing like writing among all the aboriginal tribes of Africa—not even a hieroglyphic or a symbol. Christian missionaries have introduced writing in South Africa, and among the nations bed of Bornou. Mungo Moore have introduced writing into Central Africa, but it is used chiefly as a tool of the magic art, for making charms and fetiches. The charms are written in Arabic. The man is used as a charm. Only a few of the great chiefs and doctors can read it.

Intelligence from Liberia.

Letter from DR. MCGILL.

HARPER, CAPE PALMAS,
REV. IRA A. EASTMAN: *April* 16, 1839.

Hon'd Sir,—Agreeably to your request through Gov. Russwurm, I transmit you a communication, which, if you deem it advisable or suitable, you will please to allow a place 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. McDowall was occupied in concocting something for your paper, which might supersede the necessity for my writing. However, here I commence.

Having previously despatched 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 and relatives, and a joyful meeting it was, although rather an unexpected one. Let the malicious impugners of the propelling 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 and disgrace, that this was one of the most joyous days I ever spent in my life. I am now at home, and although 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 rounds, 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 public worship—and I among the number was soon seated beneath the sound of one of our sable ministers; and to tell truth, I listened to the discourse more intently than ever I had done to one in the United 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's travel on the avenue brought me to the nearest farms; where I had left a dreary wild, I now saw well cultivated fields; the sturdy trees of the forest had been thrown down, and converted into materials for buildings; the favourite haunts of the fierce leopard 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 other circumstances, so fully occupied my mind, that the sound of approaching wheels quite startled me. On looking around, to my astonishment, I beheld a team of four oxen, well broken, driven by an acquaintance, and was compelled to acknowledge that this was truly a 'going a-head.' I had left no ox carts, nor carts of any other kind here. A little further on I saw a man busily engaged in ploughing; this, too, was new, and quite unexpected, for the hoe alone was used three years ago. I can now see that the general introduction of working animals in the colony is all that is necessary for the success of the agriculturist; without them his labour is in vain; and were the choice with me, I had sooner, at any time, welcome the arrival of one horse in the colony, than that of a half dozen heathen and low spirited individuals from the United States; such fellows, I mean, as embark with as much reluctance as if they were on their way to the gallows. Out further, say about three miles, I approve; at Mount Vaughan, the Episcopalian mission ground, (first cleared and improved by the lamented Thompson.) Until the arrival here, I passed well cultivated fields on each side of the road, and beautiful houses, reminding me of the appearance of the residences of the husbandmen of New England. Here, and beyond this march, I discover very great changes. When I left Mount Vaughan was the extreme limit of our settlement or farms, and even to reach it, it was necessary to cross a morass nearly a quarter mile over, and which was then said to be the favourite haunt of the formidable *boa constrictor*, which, at a single gulph, could swallow a man. Now, however, by ditching, the morass has been converted into the most fertile land within the limits of our colony, and peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of rice, and now about five acres of it is occupied as a rice farm. A good road now passes through said morass, and we reach Mount Vaughan dry shod. This, as I before said, was then the extreme limit of our colony—not so now. A few days hence and this I crossed a stream of water, over which a substantial bridge has been thrown (as my riding a horse over must prove; for all animals that I ever had to deal with, the bump of caution seems to be most fully developed in these obdurate little brutes; the slightest motion of any thing on which they step, and more particularly if over a stream of water, causes a hesitancy in their onward movements, and this is often so sudden that our poor equestrian speedily finds himself sprawling on the earth.) This stream will answer well for carrying a saw mill; some doubt it, and say it is too small, but I have seen mills erected, and in successful operation, on streams in New Hampshire, that might with as much propriety be compared with this, as the Patapsco might be with the Mississippi. A half mile beyond this stream we reach Mount Tubman, the residence of the assistant agent, and the end of our improvement. The mount is about thirty feet high, and across the base would not measure more than two acres; at the summit of this are the buildings occupied by the assistant agent; there is also a gun house. The top is levelled off, and half way down a moat has been formed, encircling the mount completely; the dirt is thrown up on the inside, making a depth of between eight and nine feet. Gates on the east and west are erected, which, when closed, will render the ingress of an enemy rather a difficult business. Cannon are in readiness, which can be moved in any direction on the mount; and, upon the whole, I am of the opinion that we could keep one-third or more of our savage neighbours at bay as long as ammunition lasted.

At the foot of this mount, on the western side, is an experimental farm, occupying about six acres, four of which are planted in sugar cane, and it is said to look as promising as any ever seen by Rev. J. Seys in the West Indies; I saw it and says it, and being a missionary, and I suppose disinterested, his word may be taken by the most scruptious. The balance of the land is planted in corn, cassada, plantain, potatoes, &c. Besides this, there is another public or agency farm, producing the same as the above, with the exception of cane; have pampers *dry* for their *grub*, but fortunately we have a very few of them, as they do not generally relish such wholesome exercises.

On the eastern side of the mount the farms of the Tubmans are situated. These look better and produce more than any others in the colony. These people seem to know what they are doing after, and support themselves from the products of their farms alone. I met a man driving from this place with about ten bushels of sweet potatoes, which he said he was anxious to dispose of at seventy-five cents per bushel.

Excuse the brevity of my communication, as the Saluda sails directly—I must close. You shall hear from me by every convenient opportunity.

I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL F. MCGILL.

The character of Christ forms a distinct proof, an invincible demonstration for the truth of the gospel. When we remember that it received a tribute of homage from fallen spirits, we shall the less wonder that it has extorted expressions of reverence from some of the worst specimens of fallen humanity. Men, who have sported with the sanctity of every thing else that religion owns, have passed by the character of Christ in respectful silence; this was conscience, recognizing in his perfection a likeness which it felt it ought to be familiar with and adore; such is the awful power of goodness on nature preconfigured to its image. Some have been entirely restrained from violating the sanctuary of truth, by the same guardian influence: the character of Christ, like the presence of a shrine, protected it. As the house of Obed-edom was blessed for the sake of the presiding ark, so religion has often escaped evil, and received homage from its foes, for the sake of the character of Christ. Men who have destroyed, in intention, every other part of the temple of truth, have passed when they came to this; have turned aside and desisted for a while from the work of demolition, to gaze and bow before it; have not merely left it standing as a column too majestic, or an altar too holy, for human sacrilege to assail, but (it was the only redeeming act in their history) have even inscribed their names on its base, and have been heard to burst forth in admiring exclamations approaching to love.

[Great Teacher.

Is it objected that wherever the gospel has come, dissension has more or less invariably ensued? It is time for such objectors to know, that there is an important difference between an incidental occasion and a direct cause; that of whatever evils the gospel may be the indirect occasion, it is the cause only of unmixed good. Like the sun, it cannot rise and shine without being the cause of light, and life, and happiness to the world; though there are some fatal spots, on which it cannot look without occasioning pestilence and death.

[Mag.

Maryland Historical Society

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