sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman returning from the labours of the field stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of the family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:—'The winds roared and the rains fell—The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree—He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn—*Chorus:* Let us pity the white man; no mother has he,' &c. &c.—Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation, the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained of my waistcoat; the only recompense I could make her.

July 21st.—I continued in the village all this day in conversation with the natives, who came in crowds to see me; but was rather uneasy towards evening, to find that no message had arrived from the king; the more so, as the people began to whisper that Mansong had received some very unfavourable accounts of me, from the Moors and Slatees residing at Sego; who it seems were exceedingly suspicious concerning the motives of my journey. I learnt that many consultations had been held with the king, concerning my reception and disposal; and some of the villagers frankly told me that I had many enemies, and must expect no favour.

July 22d.—About eleven o'clock a messenger arrived from the king; but he gave me very little satisfaction. He inquired particularly if I had brought any present; and seemed much disappointed when he was told that I had been robbed of every thing by the Moors. When I proposed to go along with him, he told me to stop until the afternoon, when the king would send for me.

July 23d.—In the afternoon, another messenger arrived from Mansong, with a bag in his hands. He told me it was the king's pleasure that I should depart forthwith from the vicinage of Sego; but that Mansong, wishing to relieve a white man in distress, had sent me five thousand Kowries,* to enable me to purchase provisions in the course of my journey. The messenger added, that if my intentions were really to proceed to Jennè, he had orders to accompany me as a guide to Sansanding. I was, at first, puzzled to account for this behaviour of the king; but from the conversation I had with the guide, I had afterwards reason to believe, that Mansong would willingly have admitted me into his presence at Sego; but was apprehensive he might not be able to protect me, against the blind and inveterate malice of the Moorish inhabitants. His conduct, therefore, was as once prudent and liberal. The circumstances under which I made my appearance at Sego, were undoubtedly such as might create, in the mind of the king, a well warranted suspicion that I wished to conceal the true object of my journey. He argued, probably, as my guide argued; who, when he was told that I had come from a great distance, and through many dangers, to behold the Joliba river, naturally inquired, if there were no rivers in my own country, and whether one river was not like another. Notwithstanding this, and in spite of the jealous machinations of the Moors, this benevolent prince thought it sufficient that a white man was found in his dominions, in a condition of extreme wretchedness; and that no other plea was necessary to entitle the sufferer to his bounty.

Female Colonization Society of Virginia.—During Mr. Cresson's late visit to Richmond, a meeting was called with the design of presenting to the ladies most interested in the cause of African colonization, the claims which that cause, under present circumstances has upon their prayers, contributions and efforts. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore was invited to the chair, and after a long and interesting address from Mr. C. and a few remarks from other gentlemen who were present, the subject of organizing a female colonization society for the state of Virginia, was referred to the ladies for their separate and private consultation and action. The result was the formation of the society, whose constitution, list of officers, and cicular may be seen in another column. Nothing that we can add will sufficiently magnify the importance of the glorious work of regenerating heathen Africa. It is a blessed fact that we have around us a multitude of missionaries of the proper age, colour, qualification and disposition to carry the gospel to the very centre of that vast continent They will require no annuities from the church to support them. A small sum as an outfit is all that is in most cases required. They are now actually ready, and are only waiting for the christian community to contribute enough to defray thier expenses across the Atlantic. Shall they go or shall they remain? If our strong men refuse to decide this question, let it be decided by them who are always the earliest at the cross and the longest at the tomb—the first to begin a good work and the last to leave it.—*Southern Churchman.*

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* Mention has already been made of these little shells, which pass current as money in many parts of the East Indies, as well as Africa. In Bambarra and the adjacent countries, where the necessaries of life are very cheap, one hundred of them would commonly purchase a day's provisions for myself, and corn for my horse. I reckoned about two hundred and fifty Kowries equal to one shilling.

COLONIZATION JOURNAL.

BALTIMORE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1840.

☞All communications intended for the Maryland Colonization Journal, or on business of the Society, should be addressed to the Rev. JOHN H. KENNARD, Home Agent, Colonization Rooms, Post Office Building.

Noble Plan in Aid of Colonization.—While we have ample reason to feel grateful for the success which has attended the efforts of the Society in Africa, the pressure of the times has been painfully felt at home. No mode has yet been suggested so well calculated to replenish our treasury, and give new impulse to public benevolence, as that commenced by our friend Mr. Cresson, on the 4th of July last. He proposes to obtain one hundred subscribers of $100 per annum for ten years, so as to secure to the Society a certain income of $10,000 during that period. Twenty are already enrolled on this plan, as will be seen by the subjoined list, three of whom, Messrs. Paine, Williams, and Hazard, have already paid *one thousand dollars each,* in full; and another, A. McIntyre, Esq. of Albany, has extended his subscription to $250 per annum. The adoption of this plan to the extent contemplated, would be productive of many collateral advantages, in addition to the immediate benefit accruing to our treasury. We, therefore, invite the co-operation of the friends of Africa in making up the proposed complement. Mr. C. commenced similar lists for $50, $25, and $20 per annum respectively; on these, as well as that of $10 a year, we have a number enrolled, and we earnestly solicit the efforts of our friends throughout the Union to meet the new and interesting claims daily multiplying to an extent beyond all former precedent.—*African Repository.*

The claims of African Colonization are indeed 'multiplying to an extent beyond all former precedent,' and we hope that the effort made by Mr. Cresson may be abundantly successful. In Maryland we need similar efforts. Our own colony, which has grown up under the nurture of the State Society, and by the kind aid of the friends of colonization in this commonwealth, is rising in importance, and with its daily growth there is an increase also of responsibilities. All that its friends could have anticipated, and more, has been realized thus far. No labour devoted to building up Maryland in Liberia has been lost; no money uselessly expended. For every effort there has been corresponding success. But there should be no pausing; and now, at this juncture, there is occasion for particular exertion. The State Society, limited in its means, cannot go beyond a certain limit, and this limit falls short of what the exigency demands. We ask the attention of our friends to the paragraph above quoted, in the hope that in Maryland something too may be done.

Collections for the month of August.

Rev. Upton Beall, Frederick City, Md.	$35 50
Rev. John C. Cazein, Wye Mills, Md.	3 00

Aloes are indigenous in Liberia, and possess valuable medicinal qualities. They are propagated from suckers, in the same way as the pine-apple; and the same mode of culture is applicable. To prepare the article for market, pull up the plant with the roots, wash it, cut the whole into small pieces, and enclose them in hampers. These are to be thrown into an iron cauldron, and boiled until the liquor becomes highly coloured, and even black; strain it into a vat or cask, having a cock three inches from the bottom; let the sediment subside below the cock. Draw off the liquor in six or eight hours, and boil it down to the consistency of honey. If burnt in this process, the whole is lost. Put it in gourds, or earthen pots, for sale. It hardens by age.

New British Niger Expedition.—The principal object of the expedition is to put an end to the slave trade, by entering into treaties with the native chiefs, 'within whose dominions the internal slave trade is carried on, and the external trade supplied with its victims.'

The expedition will embrace other important objects, though its leading feature will be an endeavour to suppress the inhuman traffic now carried on by those whose true interest it is to retain their subjects at home, and cultivate their native soil, so fruitful in natural productions, and so capable of being made the source of a legitimate and profitable commerce.

By proceeding up the Niger a large portion of the native chiefs engaged in the slave trade may easily be communicated with; and should the rapids or other obstructions about Boussa not be found impassable, a reasonable hope may be entertained of reaching the immediate vicinity of Timbuctoo, and navigating to Sansanding, from whence Park commenced his downward voyage, which terminated so fatally.

A Hint for the Abolitionists.—The Philadelphia North American mentions a circumstance, which strongly illustrates the impolicy of the course pursued by the abolitionists for the attainment of their ends. The fact was related by an intelligent gentleman from Natchez, a member of the bar. He said that some years since, before the abolition excitement was raised, a gentleman of the Methodist persuasion, a slave-holder, residing in the neighbourhood, put in circulation a petition to Congress, asking them to devise some means for the gradual abolition of slavery. The petition was freely circulated, and when our informant signed it, over seven thousand names were attached to it. Before it could be presented, however, the abolition excitement in the North was started, and the thing was suffered to drop.

[*New York Observer*

What a quiet world we should have, if every person and thing knew its own place—if the sea kept its own place, we should have no inundations—if men kept theirs, we should not see such floods of sin and misery!

(From the Spirit of Missions.)

Ashantee.

The visit of the Rev. Mr. Freeman, an English Wesleyan missionary at Cape Coast, Western Africa, was noticed in the May number. Extracts from his journal are now continued.

Fomunnah, *March* 17, 1839.—After I had directed their attention to the excellency of the ten commandments, especially describing the temporal and spiritual blessings which the consecration of the Christian Sabbath is calculated to introduce among mankind, I proposed the following question: 'Who are the happiest persons, those who conscientiously keep God's commandments, or those who wilfully break them?' They answered, without hesitation, 'Those who keep them;' and I verily believe that this answer was given in sincerity, as they appeared to be deeply impressed with the solemnity of the discourse.

19*th.*—Corintchie came to pay me a visit, when I embraced the opportunity of refreshing his memory concerning the discourse which he heard on Sunday last. Remembering the fourth commandment, he said he had always thought that God had appointed different days to be kept sacred by different nations; such as one day for the Ashantees, another for the Fantees, another for the Warsaws, &c.; and, if so, the keeping of the Christian Sabbath was not binding upon the Ashantees. I told him, there is now but one day which God has consecrated, and set apart for his special worship; and that the observance of that day is binding upon all men who are favoured with information concerning it.

20*th.*—This morning Corintchie paid me another visit, when the subject on which we conversed yesterday was again resumed. During our conversation he appeared more deeply convinced of the truth than he did yesterday, and requested me to accompany him to his residence. After we had taken our seats in his house, our former topic of discourse was again resumed. While we were conversing, several of his captains, and a king's messenger, (a respectable old man,) joined us. They felt no disposition to oppose the introduction of Christianity among them, and believed the king would also be glad to hear the truths of the Gospel, and that he would wish me to stay a long time in Coomassie, after my arrival and first interview.

25*th.*—I called on Corintchie, and informed him that I had made up my mind to commence my return on Wednesday morning next, if I did not see a messenger from the king before that time. Consequently, in the course of the day I re-packed my boxes, and put myself in a state of readiness for returning. In the evening he (Corintchie) came with his two linguists and some of his captains, to entreat me to wait another day or two, before I made up my mind to leave; which I agreed to do, upon the condition that he should provide a messenger to accompany the sergeant to Coomassie, with a letter which I intended to write to the king, on the following morning; and after he had used every means to persuade me to the contrary, he consented with much reluctance. Before I parted with the messenger, I asked him whether he did not think forty-six days a sufficient length of time for me to wait patiently, especially as I was getting short of provisions, and the rainy season was fast approaching. He candidly acknowledged that I had been detained too long, and that he could not blame me for returning. I had proceeded but a short distance on my way, when Corintchie sent begging me to stop and speak with him; to which message I thought it right not to pay any attention. I had scarcely arranged my people for the night, ere several messengers arrived from Fomunnah and Quissah, (among whom were Corintchie's two linguists,) entreating me to return in the morning. They represented Corintchie as very unhappy because I had left the town; and said that all their lives would be in danger if I left the country. They also reminded me, that as I came into the country on purpose to promote their happiness; and said, they hoped I would think of the thousands of their fellow countrymen who would be benefitted by the introduction of Christianity among them, rather than of the insult which Corintchie had offered me. These were, of course, my own feelings. Personally I cared nothing about Corintchie's bad conduct, but I knew very well that if they saw any thing in my behaviour like indecision, they would give me a great deal of trouble, and thought I had better put a stop to their trifling at once.

Journey to the Capital resumed, 27*th.*—Early after break of day I returned with Corintchie's messengers, and only had been in the town half an hour when a messenger arrived from the king, requesting me to proceed, and with him two or three persons whom Corintchie had expressly despatched to Coomassie as soon as he found me determined to go back, if I were not permitted to go forward. Corintchie having personally acknowledged his fault, I, of course, freely forgave him, and every thing was finally arranged for my starting to Coomassie the following morning—29*th.* A missionary passing up to Coomassie is so strange an occurrence, that nearly all the people in the different towns and crooms through which I pass, turn out to see me.

April 1.—At two, P. M. a messenger arrived from the king, requesting me to proceed as early as possible. I immediately dressed myself; and while so doing, three other messengers arrived, each bearing a gold sword, requesting me to hasten forward. I then proceeded towards the town, preceded by the messengers and some soldiers bearing arms. Having reached the outside of the town we halted under a large tree, and there waited for another royal invitation. In a short time his majesty's chief linguist, Apoko, came in a palanquin, shaded by an immense umbrella, and accompanied by messengers bearing canes nearly covered with gold, to take charge of my luggage, and see it safe lodged in the residence intended for me. All these things being properly arranged, another messenger arrived, accompanied by troops and men bearing large umbrellas, requesting me to proceed to the market place. 'The king's commandment' being urgent,' we pushed along with speed, preceded by a band of music. As soon as we arrived at the market place I got out of my little travelling chair, and walked through the midst of an immense concourse of persons, a narrow path being kept clear for me, paying my respects to the king and his numerous chiefs and captains, who were seated on wooden chairs, richly decorated with brass and gold, under the shade of their splendid umbrellas, some of them large enough to screen twelve or fourteen persons from the burning rays of the sun, and crowned with images of beasts covered with gold, surrounded by their troops and numerous attendants. I was occupied for half an hour in walking slowly through the midst of this assembly, touching my hat and waving my hand, except before the king, in whose presence I of course stood for a moment uncovered. After I had taken my seat, the immense mass began to be in motion; many of the chiefs first passed me in succession, several of them cordially shaking me by the hand, accompanied by their numerous retinue. Then came the officers of the king's household, his treasurer, steward, &c. attended by their people, some bearing on their heads massive pieces of silver plate, others carrying in their hands gold swords and canes, native stools neatly carved and almost covered with gold and silver, and tobacco pipes richly decorated with the same precious materials. In this ostentatious display, I also saw what was calculated to harrow up the strongest and most painful feelings—the royal executioners, bearing the blood-stained stools on which hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of human victims have been sacrificed by decapitation, and also the large *death-drum,* which is beaten at the moment when the fatal knife severs the head from the body, the very sound of which carries with it a thrill of horror. This rude instrument, connected with which are the most dreadful associations, was literally covered with dried clots of blood, and decorated (awful sight!) with the jaw-bones and skulls of human victims. Then followed the king, Quacoe Dooah, under the shade of three splendid umbrellas, the cloth of which was silk velvet of different colours, supported by some of his numerous attendants. The display of gold which I witnessed, as his majesty passed, was truly astonishing. After the king followed other chiefs, and lastly the main body of the troops. This immense procession occupied an hour and a half in passing before me. There were several Moors in the procession, but they made by no means a conspicuous appearance. I suppose the number of persons which I saw collected together exceeded forty thousand, including a great number of females. The waists of some of the chiefs were so heavily laden with gold ornaments, that they rested their arms on the shoulders of some of their attendants. The appearance of this procession was exceedingly grand and imposing. The contrast between the people themselves and their large umbrellas (seventy in number) of various colours, which they waved and jerked up and down in the air, together with the dark green foliage of the large banyan trees, under and among which they passed, formed a scene of that novel and extraordinary character, which I feel unable to describe. I gazed on this concourse of heathens with feelings of sorrow and joy. I sorrowed in the reflection that most, perhaps all of them, were totally ignorant of the great Author of their being, without one ray of divine consolation to cheer them amid the changing scenes of this visionary world. Alas for them! they have no Christian hope beyond the grave, blooming with immortality! Is it not so? Tell it, ye murdered human victims, whose blood disfigures the streets, and whose putrifying bodies taint the air! Have these poor victims no voice? Have they no tale of wo to tell? Methinks I hear them lifting up their voices, and crying to British Christians especially, 'Come, pray come, and look at our unhappy country! See how it groans beneath the iron despotism of the prince of darkness! O ye who enjoy the high blessings of Christianity, allow us to entreat you to direct your energies towards this scene of moral desolation.' Yes, for Africa they pray, and over Africa they weep. A brighter day is approaching—a day when the death-drum shall give place to the Bible.

Human Sacrifices in Coomassie.—This morning I received information that the king had lost one of his relatives by death, and that, in consequence thereof, four human victims were already sacrificed, and their mangled bodies lying in the streets. His majesty begged of me not to go out into the town to-day, as he was making a custom for a departed relative, and he knew Europeans did not like to see human sacrifices; but that he did not wish to keep me from seeing his capital; that he was fully satisfied my object was to do good; and that he would see me as soon as the custom was over. Throughout the day I heard the horrid sound of the death-drum, and was informed in the evening, that about twenty-five human victims had been sacrificed; some in the town, and some in the surrounding villages; the heads of those killed in the villages being brought into the town in baskets. In the evening I learned that several more human victims had been sacrificed during the day, but could not ascertain the exact number. The most accurate account I could obtain was, that fifteen more had suffered, making a total of FORTY IN TWO DAYS!

Sunday, 7th—At nine, A. M. I conducted divine service at my quarters; many Ashantees were present, and some of them paid deep attention.

Interview with the King, and Return.—This morning I went to the king's residence, to thank him for the handsome present which he made me yesterday. He appeared to be about thirty-six years of age. He is of middle stature; his complexion is not so dark as that of many of his subjects; his manners are pleasing and agreeable. He has an aversion to drinking and smoking, a quality that is quite unusual among the Ashantees. From the general aspect of things, I became sensible that, though I should not meet with any thing to discourage me, yet it would cost me another journey to Coomassie, before the confidence of the king would be fully secured; as his jealous disposition is of such a nature, as to require a considerable length of time, and much patience and perseverance, to overcome it. The commencement of the rains, (of the violence of which, a stranger to a tropical climate can form but a faint idea,) together with the sickly state of several of my people, and the pressing claims of nearly seven hundred members of our society on the coast, rendered my speedy return imperative. Apoko gave me the following message from the king: 'His majesty knows you cannot stop longer on account of the rains; and as the thing which you have mentioned to him requires much consideration, he cannot answer you in so short a time; but if you will come up again, or send a messenger, after the rains are over, he will be prepared to answer you.'

Numbering the People.—It is stated in the Salem Gazette, that the agent for taking the census in that city found one old lady in a state of great tribulation, when she learned that he was *numbering the people.* The Lord had frowned on such a work when it was undertaken by pious David, and she did not believe that it would prosper more now.—*Boston Times.*

(From the African Repository.)

Theology of the Native Africans.

There is nothing more interesting and profitable in the history of the human species, than observation and inquiry into the religious manifestations of the mind of man, when unenlightened by the true faith; and more particularly among savages, those communities of the race farthest removed from the influence and example of civilized nations, where the faculties of the mind, left to their own unbiassed wanderings, show the universality of an inherent sentiment of veneration to a Supreme Being, as lying at the bottom of the wildest and most terrific forms of superstition. The modes of manifestation will vary of course, according to the predominant passions and faculties of the tribe, and the external circumstances which surround them. A knowledge of these must also be of some use, in enabling us to perceive and lay hold of the avenues most open to the approach and influence of civilization and Christianity. We may divide the heathen into three classes, as regards their religion:

1st. Those who offer sacrifices to, and prostrate themselves before, mere uncouth figures of wood and stone.

2d. Those who worship the sun and moon, with other sublime natural objects.

3d. Those who, in their ceremonies, address themselves to spiritual beings, invisible to the senses, appreciated by the mind alone.

The first may be considered the lowest and most degraded system of idolatry; the second is less so; but the third requires a direct and decided exercise of the mind. In the latter, we place that of the native Africans under consideration. It appears, that for sixteen years, the missionaries laboured among the savages of the South Sea Islands before they made a single convert, when suddenly they threw down their idols at the feet of the missionaries, abolished at once habits of the most horrid cruelty—such as human sacrifices and infanticide—and professed themselves believers in one God and one Redeemer. Islands where, from the time of Captain Cook until the recent introduction of Christianity, whole crews of vessels had been massacred, now afford navigators all the assistance they require, and protect them in distress. Such a moral renovation of the interesting islanders, offers a pleasing and interesting subject of contemplation to the Christian, the philosopher, and the philanthropist; and must be highly encouraging to the missionaries labouring in Africa. One would be inclined, *a priori,* to infer from the difference in the character of the races, that the native African was a more favourable subject to be acted on by Christian influences than these islanders. He is more passive, his domestic feelings are stronger, his superstitions are more elevated, less blood-thirsty; he has no idols of wood or stone to cling to; he offers a less *active* resistance to missionary effort, but rather seems to court it. The difficulty to be overcome is his indolent indifference; which, indeed, under all circumstances, is more prejudicial to the interests of truth than active opposition. He will not argue the point. His invariable reply is, 'this my country fash.' It seems with him a settled conviction, that his own ways of thinking and acting are as much conducive to his happiness as yours are for you. He keeps his temper, hears you out, and when left alone, goes to eat, sleep, or play, as the case may be. But let us now describe his own peculiar ceremonies.

When their religious ceremonies are to be performed, a procession of priests and priestesses proceed out of the village, in single file, to some place in the open air, held sacred for such purposes. It may be either in some thick grove or on large rocks by the river or sea shore. Of this procession, some are carrying the animal to be sacrificed; others, stools to sit upon; one person bears a small drum, which he beats with his hands; another blows a wild cow's horn; and the old women sound now and then their wooden whistles. All of which serves a double purpose: it impresses the vulgar with awe, and announces to the devil that his presence is wanted. They are in the habit of sacrificing to God, to the devil, and to the dead. The ceremonies and rules pertaining thereto, are pretty much the same throughout the whole windward coast. The Mecca, or headquarters of this widely extended superstition, is some miles up the Cavally river, where the grand devil resides, and to which they make pilgrimages from different parts of the coast, which makes the office of high priest quite a lucrative situation. At Cape Palmas, where the natives are numerous, I had opportunities of seeing them oftener than at Bassa, or the settlements farther north. They had selected some large rocks by the sea side, opposite a small island not far off, and on which lay the remains of the dead. About a dozen greegree men and women sat down in a semi-circle, decked with monkey skins and other significant emblems, while the oldest and chief among them took a chicken in his hand, and standing on a rock, within a few feet of the surf, called on God and the dead to come and eat the rice, fowls, &c. which they were about to prepare for them. After calling and expostulating in a loud voice for some time, like the priests of Baal, a man in the circle showed symptoms of the influence of the spirit by trembling and shaking violently all over, as if, like Saul and the Witch of Endor, he quaked with fear at the apparition their incantations had conjured up. The principal sign, however, whether their offerings are accepted, is, that the chicken which the principal actor holds in his hands, shall eat rice if presented to it, which, of course, it seldom refuses. Having gone through these preliminaries, and the sign being favourable, the chicken's head is wrenched off, and the blood sprinkled on the rocks around the sacred spot. If a goat can be afforded, its throat is then cut, the blood collected carefully in a plate, and sprinkled as before. Wood is then brought and a fire kindled for a burnt offering, or at least to cook the food, so that their invited guests and their company may find all ready to eat. During all this the women are quite talkative and merry, but the men put on long faces, and look as if the safety of every body depended on the success of their measures. It here deserves to be noticed, that they had nothing like idols before them. They saw in their mind's eye spiritual beings; the images of the dead, whose bodies reposed on the green island almost within reach of their voices; Grissuah, (God,) a great and good spirit; the devil, a capricious being, or the tutelar deity of Greegrees, the dispenser of good and bad luck, whom they take care not to offend. Now here is a superstition which requires direction more than destruction. The greatest opposition would be, of course, the priests themselves, who would lose their gains by the change. Many of the natives, from frequent intercourse with the colonies and vessels, believe little in the pretensions of their doctors; but they say it is incumbent on us to do as our fathers did.

In further illustration of their belief, the following account of the mode in which these ceremonies are conducted, was furnished me by a young colonist, who understood the language perfectly, and who was intimately acquainted with their feelings and habits in relation to most subjects.

They believe in the existence of two spiritual beings; each exercising a distinct and direct influence on their destiny and welfare. One is a great spirit, essentially good, who watches over them, but is never the author of any evil or affliction; all who die a natural death are his peculiar children; his name is Grissuah, or God. The other is called Qui, or, in English, devil; all misfortunes come from him; he presides over all the sasswood palavers, those who die under such an ordeal belong to him, and their bodies are forbidden the sepulchre of their fathers.

In making a grand sacrifice of a bullock, they invoke the attention of God, the devil, and the dead. The ceremony is commenced by an address of this sort to God, in the first place: 'Grissuah! Grissuah! Grissuah! (oh God! oh God! oh God!) we are thy children, and present ourselves before thee, to know whether thou wilt accept of this our offering.' (At the same time, the person officiating makes expostulatory motions, not with his *right* hand, but with his left, as if addressing the devil.) One of the priests then takes in his right hand a white fowl, and begs God to give them a token of his acceptance or displeasure, by the fowl's eating or not eating rice when presented to it. If the fowl refuses to eat, they beg God not to be displeased with them. Another fowl is then taken, to show in the same manner whether they must reserve the bullock until a more propitious occasion. Accordingly, if the second fowl refuses to eat, all ceremony is at an end for that day, and all return to their houses. If, however, the first fowl, by eating, proclaims God's acceptance of the offering, the bullock is forthwith slaughtered, and savoury messes of meat, palm oil, and rice, are prepared, highly seasoned with pepper, and served up in white wash-hand basins. The priest then exclaims, 'Oh God! we have prepared this meat and rice for thee; if thou wilt allow us to partake, let thy will be known.' One man is then directed to cram his mouth full, and if he swallows it without coughing, permission is granted. If, on the other hand, the pungency of the red pepper, or any other cause, produces a cough, the meat is interdicted; no man may eat thereof. This, however, is seldom the case. When the dead are invoked, this ceremony, being performed in sight of their graves, they cry, 'Awake! come and eat what we have prepared.' The portions allotted for the dead are then placed on the rocks, the priest saying, 'There is your rice, your water, and your snuff.' The latter, by way of dessert, I suppose. All leave then for their homes. The birds, pigs, &c. eat what is left for the dead. One of the colonists had a jackass, which stood at a distance, and patiently watched the proceedings on such occasions until all were gone, and then run with all his might to eat what the dead could not. On mentioning this to the natives, they said that having done *their* duty, they were not responsible for whom the devil or the dead might commission to eat up their portion.

Washington, June 1, 1840.

Opinions and Testimonies in favour of African Colonization.

Under the name, **Africa,** in Postlethwayt's Dictionary, we have the following:—'It is melancholy to observe that Africa, which has ten thousand miles of seacoast, should yet have no navigation. Africa, though a full quarter of the globe, and capable, under proper improvement, of producing so many things delightful, as well as convenient, seems utterly neglected by those who are civilized themselves.'

Wadstrom, on African Colonization, observes, 'that since he trod the fertile soil of Africa, and surveyed her rude but valuable natural stores, he has often been grieved and astonished that such a country should have been so long overlooked by the industrious nations of Europe.'

Tuckey, in his 'Expedition to the Congo,' remarks, 'that the extent of fertile land is capable, with very moderate industry, of supporting a great increase of population; not the one hundredth part of that which we have passed over, being made any use of whatever.'

In Meredith's History of the Gold Coast, it is said, 'that the Gold Coast, as well as tropical Africa, is capable of affording incalculable advantages, if the inhabitants can be excited to industry. It is enriched beyond the credibility of those unacquainted with it. The hills are stored with various metals and minerals, and its valleys are blessed with a fertility scarcely to be exceeded by any country under the same latitude.'

'There is a great variety of soil to be observed along the coast. As we advance into the country the soil assumes a more uniform, and in general a more favourable appearance; and if we continue to advance, it will be found rich in the extreme, and in general fit for every purpose. It is very remarkable, that tropical Africa will be found, on examination, to possess the richest soil on the whole continent. The general appearance of the country from the sea, is that of an immense forest; high lands are seen in different directions, crowned with lofty trees and thick underwoods. The valleys are in many places richly planted, and extensive plains are seen beautifully studded and decorated with clumps of trees and bushes. When we advance farther into the interior, where there is more moisture, and where vegetation is more vigorous, the woods are stopped up with its luxuriance, so as to be atmost impenetrable, and the surface of the ground is hid under a covering of shrubs, weeds, and various herbs.'

Beaver, writing from Bulama, says, 'there are so many places where I could build towns, protect them, and insure success to cultivators, that if the good people of England knew but one half of the advantages to be derived from colonizing this part of Africa on an extensive scale, you might command half the money in the kingdom.'

Another writer, quoted by Wadstrom, says, 'I have, by observations, made in a four years residence, a moral certainty that, on a proper plan, a most lucrative, safe, and honourable traffic may be carried on from this quarter with Europe. The Grain Coast, from its fertility in rice, would, if a proper vent was opened, in a few years produce of that commodity alone, and the finest in the world, an immense quantity; and nothing is wanted but encouragement to produce great quantities of cotton, as fine as the East Indian; and tobacco, as the Brazilian; also, sugar, spices, and indigo, infinitely superior to that of the west, and various drugs peculiar to Africa.'

'My plan would be to emancipate and civilize exery year several thousands of the slaves, to dry up our great source of that diabolical commerce; and if not to produce liberty to the slaves in the West Indies, at least to meliorate their condition. It is then very obvious, that by a regular code of laws, a well concerted plan of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and with little more money than would buy a cargo of slaves, a free commonwealth might be founded, which would be a sanctuary for the oppressed people of colour, and gradually abolish the trade in the human species. In short, if a community of two or three hundred persons were to be associated on such principles as constitute the prosperity of civilized nations, such are the fertility of the soil, the value of its products, and the advantages of such an establishment, that it must, with the blessing of the Almighty, increase with a rapidity beyond all example. Such are the mildness of the climate and fertility of the country, that a man possessed of a change of clothing, an axe, a hoe, and a pocket-knife, may soon place himself in an easy situation. All the clothing wanted is what decency requires; and the earth turned up two or three inches with a light hoe, produces any kind of grain. An opportunity so advantageous may never be offered to them (the people of colour) again; for they and their posterity may enjoy perfect freedom, settled in a country congenial to their constitutions; and having the means, by moderate labour, of the most comfortable livelihoods, they will find a retreat from their former sufferings.'

These very judicious opinions respecting African Colonization, were written before any colony was planted on the western coast of Africa. They are from the letters of Mr. Smeathman, who had been for years a resident in that country.

'The idea of civilizing Africa,' says Tuckey, 'by sending a few negroes educated in England, appears to be utterly useless; the effect on the universal ignorance and barbarism of their countrymen, would be what a drop of fresh water would have in the ocean.' 'In fact, if we mean to accelerate the progress of civilization, it can only be done by *colonization.*' 'To accomplish this magnificent design in Africa, let us form agricultural colonies on its coast, which presents a variety of situations, where we shall be little or not at all disturbed in our operations. Let us kindly mix with the inhabitants and assist in the cultivation of their fertile soil, with the view of inviting them to participate in its inexhaustible stores, and in the concomitant blessings of improving reason and progressive colonization.'

Mr. Adamson, a celebrated naturalist, who was sent to Africa at the request of the French Academy in 1753, observes, 'that the soil from Cape Blanco to the Gambia, though by no means bad upon the whole, is not to be compared in fertility with that of the country from that river to Rio Nunez, which is equalled by few soils, and excelled by none on the face of the globe.' 'And the evidence given before the Privy Council, proves that the large extent of land just mentioned, wants nothing but skilful culture to render it more than commonly productive of every tropical article.'

'I hope,' says Beaver, 'that the day is not far distant, when some enlarged and liberal plan will be adopted to cultivate the western coast of Africa, without interfering with the freedom of the natives. Such a plan, pursued with a liberal policy, is the surest way of introducing civilization, and at the same time of abolishing slavery.' All travellers seem to agree in their testimony of the fertility of western Africa. The following, from the Travels of Park, is worthy of notice:

'It cannot, however, admit of a doubt, that all the rich and valuable productions of the East and West Indies, might be naturalized and brought to the utmost perfection in the tropical parts of this immense continent. Nothing is wanting to this end but example, to enlighten the minds of the natives, and instruction, to enable them to direct their industry to the proper objects. It were not possible for me to behold the wonderful fertility of the soil, the vast herds of cattle proper for both labour and food, and a variety of other circumstances favourable to colonization and agriculture, and reflect withal on the means which presented themselves of a vast inland navigation, without lamenting that a country so abundantly gifted and favoured by nature, should remain in its present neglected and savage state.'

'Those who are acquainted,' says Meredith, 'with the soil and climate of the Gold Coast, and have an equal knowledge of the West Indies, will doubtless agree in this opinion, that the Gold Coast has the advantage of the West India islands not only in soil and climate, but in seasons.'

'I think,' says Dr. Lind, 'it would not admit of a doubt, that if a tract of land in Guinea was as well improved as the island of Barbadoes, and as perfectly free from trees, underwood, marshes, &c. the air would be rendered equally healthful there as in that pleasant West India island.'

[*Newark Daily Adv.*

Another Missionary for Cape Palmas.—Mr. Hanson, a native of the Gold Coast, Western Africa, and a son of the governor of Acra, is now delivering a course of lectures in St. Paul's Chapel, Boston. Previously to his residence in this country he spent several years in England, where he enjoyed the advantages of an excellent school. Since that he has pursued a course of theological studies in Harford, Connecticut, with a reference to the missionary service at Cape Palmas. The Boston Palladium says—'The lecturer is intelligent, well educated and gentlemanly. His style is a little too florid for our northern latitude, but his language is perspicuous, and his manner on the whole very agreeable. No one can return from his lectures without thinking him a sincere and honest man.' To this the Christian Witness adds—'Mr. H. brings with him the fullest and the most satisfactory testimonials both as to his own character and that of his lectures. They are represented by those who have heard them in other places, as worthy of being listened to by any audience however intelligent, and there is no question in regard to the correctness of his statements! He seems to be providentially raised up to be an instrument of great good to his countrymen.—*Southern Churchman.*

Poetry.

The following Hymn, composed by the Rev. **George W. Bethune,** was sung at the first annual meeting of the Young Men's Colonization Society of Pennsylvania:

PRAYER FOR THE NEW AFRICAN COLONY.

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

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

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

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

Thy name, O Christ, and thine alone,
Is all their hope and trust;
Be Thou their precious 'corner stone,'
To raise their walls from dust.

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

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

The little ones, men's scoff and scorn,
A mighty realm shall be,
And generations yet unborn,
Shall give the praise to THEE.

(*From the Church of England Magazine.*)

Seeking the Lord.

'To-morrow I will seek the Lord,'
The foolish heart will say;
To-morrow may no life afford—
So seek the Lord to-day.

Seek him while yet he will be found—
Seek him from early youth—
Seek him in all his works around,
And in his page of truth.

Seek him with all your might and mind—
Seek him with holy care—
Seek him in thoughts of heavenly kind—
Seek him in praise and prayer.

Seek him when your delights decay,
And when they flourish, seek;
Seek him on every Sabbath-day,
And through the passing week.

Seek him; and him you soon shall find,
And own how blest are they
Who put the morrow from the mind,
To seek the Lord to-day.

Letter from Rev. Mr. Smith, at Cape Palmas.

It appears from the following letter, which we have just received, that at the time it was written the Rev. Mr. Smith was confined by the acclimating fever. If it shall please a gracious Providence to grant such a request, we pray that the next communication we receive will bring us intelligence of his perfect restoration to health, and successful labours in the mission to which he has devoted himself.—*Southern Churchman.*

Mt. Vaughan, *Cape Palmas, W. Africa,*
June 9th, 1840.

Rev. and Dear Brother,—It is the recollection of my promise, that induces me to put my pen to paper at this time. I have been sick with the acclimating fever, but I have been mercifully upheld, and have almost recovered my strength; but it is not yet advisable for me to write much, especially if it will cost me effort. This, then, must be my excuse for the barrenness of my communication. Both from necessity and by your permission, I will write with as little labour as possible. I have not been in the country sufficiently long to acquire much acquaintance with the manners, customs, and superstitions of the people; but I have become acquainted with a fact new to me, in relation to their notions of the existence of the soul after the death of the body. They believe that it only changes its residence, and appears in the person of an infant again, to live and die, and go through successive changes of its abode. A crewman, and an elderly one, told us that he believed his father existed somewhere in Africa in this manner; and my Græbo teacher, who is quite intelligent, tells me that this opinion is common in the country. In regard to a Supreme Being, they have this singular notion: Their belief is that Nysuwah, the great and good, being created Sown, or Soun, and that he created men, and indeed the world. They believe, too, that there was once a flood which destroyed all things, but they have no tradition of the ark of Noah. The natives have a curious way of naming their girls after another person. For example, a man has two wives, one of whom has a son named Doh, the other has a daughter which she wishes to call after Doh's mother; instead of giving the name, she calls her child Doh-a-Doh, which means Doh's mother, and suggests the name to all who know Doh's mother. Things here wear an encouraging aspect, and lead us to look for great blessings upon this people. Four native scholars and three colonists have professed conversion. The boy who bears your name is quite promising I think; he is one of the younger scholars, and of course has made less advance than the older ones. But Dr. Savage dissuades me from writing much; and as I have an uneasy place, an unsteady hand, and a poor pen, I will even listen to his advice. My regard to Mrs. M. Remember me also to any other friends I may have in your city. Particulars may be expected from the older members of the mission.

I must bring my letter to a close, and with hearty wishes for the welfare of you and yours, subscribe myself Yours, sincerely,

Joshua Smith.

All the countries of India, once under the government of Mohammedans, are now under the government or predominant influence of the English. Only the ruins of Mohammedan power remain anywhere in India, and these are fast disappearing.

Maryland Historical Society

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