Let it not be apprehended, from our efforts to establish for Mr. Cowan the character of an able and impartial writer, that his work is anything like an indiscriminate laudation of Liberia, or that he fails to censure where he conceives censure is due. A perusal of the work, or even the few extracts we make, will evidence to the contrary—impartiality being its leading feature.

In making extracts, we shall confine ourself majnly to what Mr. C. says of the people, the citizens of Liberia, their general character, habits, government, &c. those points concerning which there exists at this time such a diversity of opinion. Of the climate, soil, natural productions, &c. we have published pages and pages, for years, from the most unquestionable sources, by those long-resident in Liberia and better acquainted therewith than our author. This part of his work however is not the less essential to the object for which it was intended.

Mr. Cowan gives us a brief diary of his passage out mainly noticing the conveniences of the ship, the provisioning and general management of the Emigrants, which seem to have been quite satisfactory to him. We should make a full extract on this head had we not so recently published a letter from Mr. Draper, covering the same ground and equally lucid and correct. The first stopping place of the vessel was Cape Mount, the recently established settlement called Robertsport; here Mr. C. first came in contact with Liberians—on Liberia soil—and we give a sample of his manner of procedure and first impressions.

"*December* 21. At an early hour in the morning all was bustle on board of the ship. The emigrants who are to stop here are to be landed to-day. The thermometer, in the cabin, at 7, A. M. was 80°. On shore, at 8, A. M. 74°. The first house I went to, I saw in the yard a cow and calf. With assistance, I measured the cow. She was three feet high, and three feet six inches long, from the horns to the root of the tail. The calf was five months old, and larger, in proportion to age, than the cow. The cow was six years old, and gave a quart of milk at a milking. The calf run with the cow. I visited the houses of the settlers promiscuously, to see how the people lived, to learn where they were from, and to ascertain if they were contented with their new home. The first emigration direct from the United States to this place, was in 1856. I found two unmarried women, and one man, anxious to return to the United States; and came across several persons who did not get along well; but they admitted they could do better, if they tried specially to do so. I will not say I went to every family; but there was scarcely a house but what I passed, and had a word of enquiry with its occupants. I found the people, as a body, in good health. They were decently clad. The general remark made by them, was, it is difficult for us to make a good support on our land, though what we plant grows fast and abundant. They did not express any dissatisfaction at their being in Africa. It was, they said, our country. In answer to my question, wherein do you feel it is your country? they said, we have our own families to ourselves; our children grow up under our own care, and our labor is for ourselves. In many of them, I discovered that the enjoyment of liberty expressed itself in their manners and actions. They showed in the work of their hands that they were willing to endure trials to obtain greater advantages from their liberty. In their conversation, in their family relations, and in their connections to the society around them, they exhibited a manliness, and a demeanor, that I had not been accustomed to see in this class of persons. I saw that they had to forego many of the things and advantages they had been accustomed to have: for example, they had not a daily supply of bacon, nor had they beasts of burden to plow the ground. Their work was done by the spade and hoe. They were limited to a quarter of an acre of land to cultivate, except a few of them. And their diet was much of esculent roots, though rich and nourishing, yet what they had never been used to before their arrival in Africa. It was not strange to me, when I reminded some of them of the counties in Virginia that they had come from, to see the strength of the cord of attachment to their old homes. The workings of the countenance, I thought, told of a child left behind, or of the remembrance of companions of their youth, or the scenes they had often witnessed; but wiping away a tear, the manly sentiment was uttered. well, this will be a good home by and by. to us, but especially to our childre. Every inch of ground was improved by the industrious, and by some, with taste, as a flower border would show." * * *

"The inside of many of the houses have a matting made by the natives, hung from the ceiling, to answer as a division wall; and they are also used as a substitute for plastering the sides of their rooms. The rooms looked clean, the beds comfortable, and in many instances, there was a show of crockery and glass lamps, and mahogany chairs, that bespoke a kindness of feeling for them when they left the plantation of their birth. Many of the town lots were inclosed with poles made out of limbs taken from the living plumb tree, or physic tree. They are cut six feet long, and one end is stuck in the ground on the line of the lot, and they take root, and become a living hedge." * * * * * * * *

"I went into the dining room of the Receptacle at the dinner hour. If the emigrants are furnished each day of the six months they are in the Receptacle, as the table exhibited to-day, they will not have occasion to complain of being stinted in food for six months. I dined at the private table in the Receptacle, and had for dinner, chickens, fresh fish, cassada, sweet potatoes, rice, and baked plantains. Rice is the great production of the natives. What they do not need for themselves they sell to the Liberians. If there be a failure in their raising of it, the natives not only suffer for want of it, but the Liberians also suffer, so far as rice is a part of their diet." * * * * * * * * *

"*December* 22. The thermometer in the cabin, at 7, A. M. was 81°. When I went on shore, I was struck with the heavy dews that fall here during the night; and also, that house flies are not seen. In this day's ramble, I found new clearings were going on, and new houses were being put up. In some lots there is more rock coming up to the surface than an emigrant would want on a quarter of an acre. The rock is called by the masons flint rock. They heat it by building a fire upon it, then pour water on it, and by a bar of iron, break it. Time will teach them to drill and blast. I came across two other springs to day, and a well dug ten feet, with two feet of water in it. I was told that in the rainy season the well was full of water. The water in the well and springs was 76°. I made a general inquiry as to the virtue of the people, and was glad to learn that the location of the families in their separate habitations with their children, and the conspicuousness of their position as families, necessarily led to a good social and moral change in the habits of the body of the people. It is a law of Liberia, that if any woman shall have a bastard child, she, by examination upon oath, shall state who is the father of the child; and the father of it (if evidence cannot be adduced by him to show that he is not its father) is required to give bond and security for

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