the valor and the prowess of the race, whose last lingering remnants now seek, in vain, towards the setting sun, a refuge from the overwhelming wave of a civilization which not even christianity may moderate that they may be preserved.

But, how different was it on the coast of Africa. A few emancipated slaves, a few free people of color, ignorant and inexperienced, foot sore and weary, landed at Monrovia, maintained themselves against the natives, who would have driven them into the sea, received, slowly, year after year, accessions from America, and by degrees acquiring strength and making no step backward, finally proclaimed their independence, and are now the people we have described.

What could have strengthened such weak hands save the blessing of Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. Nor can we doubt that the blessing will be continued unto the end; and we look forward to the future of Liberia, as we do to the future of California and Oregon; and we are not more certain that a teeming white population will line the Sacramento and the Columbia, then we are, that the free colored people of the United States and their descendants will carry our language and our institutions up the Cavalla and the St. Paul's, and, crossing the dividing mountains, make them familiar to the heart of Central Africa.

For the accomplishment of these results, we rely neither upon the spirit of adventure, such as animates the young, and is fitful and capricious; upon the love of gold operating on all, but requiring a California or an Australia for its full development; upon religious excitement, which too often exhausts itself far short of the mark it aims at; upon political aspirations or patriotic impulses; but our reliance is upon the inevitable increase of our aggregate of population. Adventure may die out, gold may pall, religion become apathetic, politics inoperative, and patriotism a dream; but years after years will, nevertheless, add their hundreds of thousands to the numbers of our people, until the ninety-eight million of 1900 will be made up, and the two hundred and forty million of the fifteenth census will be completed.

So noiseless is this mighty increase that we no more heed it than we do the flight of the hours that hastens the results that it involves. We note the progress of the tide as it creeps upwards on the sand—the shadows as they lengthen with the waning day,—for we walk the beach and watch the dial; but the growth of the population of a country, vast as ours, is beyond the limit of daily individual observation, and exhibited only in statistics too dull to have an interest for the mass, neither teaches nor warns, until both teaching and warning may be too late.

Just now, however, there is much restlessness among the free people of color in many parts of the Union. Sometimes, it exhibits itself in plans for obtaining information—sometimes, in combination resolutions—sometimes, in an emphatic determination to remain where they are—as if Colonization, instead of offering them an asylum, sought to force them into exile. But, whatever form this restlessness assumes, it proceeds from a doubt, fast becoming general, whether America, after all, is more than a temporary abiding place; a doubt suggested, not, as often asserted, by Colonizationists, but by circumstances, wholly beyond their control, and which, having foreseen, they have provided against in the establishment of Liberia.

Great events in the world's history rarely come unheralded to those who watch the portents of the times. Washington, Napoleon, Cromwell, were the developments of long germinating principles, the maturities of years of preparation. When they appeared, every thing was in readiness,

and their missions were accomplished. So, we humbly hope, has it been with Colonization. It exists, because the time for it has arrived. The opposition it has encountered, the vituperation with which it has been assailed, the slowness of its progress, have all had their uses in perfecting it. The day of its ordeal has not yet drawn to a close. But the cloud that retards, the sunshine that hastens maturity, are incidents only in the history of the golden fruit that blushes at its own beauty before Autumn's gaze. So with men and with nations. We may not prejudge their destiny from the isolated facts of their existence; but, gathering the whole into one category, find in the result the evidence of that overruling wisdom, that makes all discord harmony in the accomplishment of its designs.

It is in this connection that the interest, which has of late years sprung up in regard to Africa, is not without its significance. Half a century and more ago, Park lost his life at Boussa, and no man was tempted to enterprise in the direction of his grave. Northern Africa was the corsairs. Egypt obeyed the Mamelukes. Belzoni had not pierced the Pyramid. Few were the strangers who inclined the ear at sunrise before the vocal Memnon. The Cape of Good Hope was little more than a water station on the voyage to India. On the borders of Africa, the barracoon was the evidence of civilization, and the maps represented the interior as a desert impassable by man.

But presently, all this is changed. The corsair disappears. The Mamelukes are exterminated. The ascent and exploration of the pyramids, a canter across the plain of Thebes, become the pleasant incidents of a summer's tour. Civilization marches, drum and trumpet in the van, perhaps, northward from the Cape. The Christian Church rises not unfrequently on the ruins of the barracoon. Denham sees the Tsad. Clapperton finds his way to Sokatu. The Landers make their voyage down the Niger to the sea. Steam subsequently ascends the river. Caille becomes an explorer. Anderson is the hero of the Lake Ngami. Barth opens up another portion of the Continent. Livingstone crosses it from St. Paul de Loando to Quillimane, and gives to the Niagara of Africa, the name of the Queen of England. Missionaries multiply every where. New maps are made, and cities and towns, and great rivers and lesser streams, and mountain ranges and intervening vallies, and divisions into kingdoms, whose rulers bear now familiar names, fill the void on the maps of the deserts of the old geographers. Cotemporaneous with all this activity, Colonization completes its experiment, and Liberia stands forth its illustration and its triumph.

Commerce, too, the right arm of civilization, the agent we rely on for the scheme, we have at heart, has been busy in the interval.* Palm oil

*No less than four Liberian vessels have arrived in the United States this year, with cargoes of Liberian produce. Of what description and value those products are, may be judged from the cargo of the schooner Antelope, which arrived here on the 14th inst. She has 14,000 pounds of sugar, 17,000 gallons of syrup, palm oil, camwood and some coffee, and could have obtained double the quantity of sugar had she waited ten days longer, as the farmers were busy manufacturing it, and bringing it down the St. Paul's river to Monrovia to the market where it found a ready sale.

We are informed that the colored firm, Messrs. Johnson, Turpin & Dunbar, have established a commercial house in this city, in connection with one at Monrovia, for the purpose of facilitating and promoting the Liberian trade, and have purchased the bark "Mendi," a vessel of 300 to 400 tons burthen, to run as a regular freight and passenger packet between this port and Monrovia, making three or four trips a year. They have also contracted for a small steamer, which they design to run coastwise between Cape Palmas and Monrovia, touching at all principal points to collect freight and passengers, and to connect with the above vessel on her regular sailing days; though the chief object of this enterprise will be to collect the mails along the coast, with a view to supply the

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