has become a necessity. Hides, camwood, ivory, gold dust, gums and spices, take the place of human beings in the traffic of the country. Steam carries the mails of Great Britain along the windward and leeward coasts to the Islands at the bottom of the Bight of Biafra. At a recent meeting, in London, of the African Steamship Company, it was stated, that there were now "almost as frequent communications with the interior of Africa, as ten or twelve years ago were had with Constantinople." Not the least interesting of the facts, reported on this occasion, was the use that the native Africans were themselves beginning to make of the facilities which steam affords. "The number of negro passengers," it was said, "paying from five to ten dollars a head, had increased from eight to twelve hundred, and it was expected would soon be doubled from Sierra Leone to Lagos, and from the Bonny and the Palm oil rivers to Cape Palmas and the Kroo country." Trade, in fact, is expanding itself in all directions. Cottons, with the stamp of the mills of Massachusetts, are found far inland among the native tribes on the banks of the Zambesi. New markets of immense extent are being opened—virgin markets almost—at a time too, when all existing markets are glutted with the products of a manufacturing skill, whose faculty of supply, exceeding every present demand, requires just such a continent of consumers as Africa affords,—a continent whose wants are capable of doubling even the clatter of every loom, and the ring of every anvil in Europe and America.

Can it be, that this newly awakened interest in Africa—these new relations that are being established with its people, are accidental merely, having no connection with the masses of free Christian and civilized descendants of Africans amongst us. Can it be nothing more than a curious coincidence, that, when the time has come for the unsealing of a continent, that revelation may be inscribed there—this people—the only people competent to the work, should be found qualified to embark in it; a people, too, *that must go somewhere*. Is it not far more probable, that their existence here is but a part of that grand series of events, that are to co operate until prophecy shall be fulfilled; not to-day or to-morrow, not in this generation or the next, but speedily, notwithstanding, looking to the scale of time by which are measured the epochs of society.

We are confident that we do not over-estimate our cause, when we place it in the relations that are here suggested. The test proposed upwards of eighteen hundred years ago, on a far more solemn occasion, when it was said, "refrain from these men and leave them alone, for if this counsel or this work be of man, it will come to nought," is one which the past history of Colonization and Liberia has fully demonstrated their capacity to stand. Forty-two years of labor have not been thrown away. Jefferson, Madison, Munroe, Marshall, Mercer, Harper, Randolph, Clay, supported not a cause, which, in the hands of their successors, will fail to realize their expectations. Ashmun, Buchanan, Randall, sleep not in vain beneath the palm trees of Liberia. A new member has not been added to the family of nations without a mission to fulfil in the history of mankind. Ceasing to be ignored by the politicians of the day, philanthrophy shall yet be thanked by statesmanship for its labors on the coasts of Africa. And the light which Park and Lander and Livingstone, the representatives of their periods of exploration, have shed on this great

deficiency in the mail service occasioned by the British steamers discontinuing to touch at Monrovia, as they have hitherto done. This will insure regularity in the mails, which, under the present arrangements, are very uncertain, and will be a great accommodation to merchants and others.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce, May*, 1859.

continent, and the feeling now pervading the world in its regard, shall yet guide and cheer the march of thousands and tens of thousands of emigrants;—a march as determined as that which brought forth Israel from beneath the shadow of the pyramids,—as triumphant as that celebrated by Miriam's song;—a march heralded by the gospel, and bearing back to Africa, in the blessings of civilization and religion, treasures more precious far than the gold and silver vessels of which Egypt was despoiled, in those days of old, when, with timbrels and dances, the prophetess proclaimed—"the horse and his rider are thrown into the sea." Preceded by no plagues—pursued after by no oppressors—protected by "the Right Hand—glorious in power," such shall yet be the march of the free people of color of our country; and in the cities which they will build, the institutions they will establish, the laws they will maintain and the knowledge they will impart, will be recognized the vindication of the holy confidence, the persevering enthusiasm, that animated the founder of our society, when he proclaimed that "he knew the scheme was from God."

FROM LIBERIA—LETTER FROM THOMAS HOWLAND.

The following are extracts from a letter written at St. Paul's, near Monrovia, February 10, by our late townsman, Thomas Howland, a very worthy colored man who emigrated to that country. Mr. Howland was unfortunate on his arrival at Monrovia in losing his wife and accomplished daughter, which seemed to dishearten him at first, especially as his own health was impaired by sickness; but he is married again and living very happily, with a good prospect of making his mark among his people, in that far off, but beautiful land:

"I am getting better; I am farming; I have about 300 acres of land, and shall have about 100 acres under cultivation this year in cotton, sugar-cane, corn, tobacco, rice, casava, potatoes and other roots. Will you be so kind as to send me sea-island cotton seed, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, hay seed, flax seed, turnip and rutabaga, and any other seeds that you are disposed to send. I intend to farm as near the American style as I can. I am trying to raise stock; we have oxen, cows, goats, &c.; we make our own butter; butter is worth 75 cents a pound. I last year had 8 acres of sugar cane; I raised 75 bushels of corn and 80 bushels of rice. I expect next year to raise 700 bushels of corn. I need a cultivator, a harrow, a corn sheller, and cotton gin. I send you enclosed a sample of cotton raised by myself. I think we can compete with the Southern states for cotton, as our labor costs but a trifle. I expect to raise about 10,000 pounds of cotton this year. England wants all the cotton and sugar that we can produce; but I think it is our duty to furnish America with our goods, as far as we can, if they will give us as much for them. England furnishes us with goods, and of a quality adapted to our wants. Americans might do it, but their goods fade. I bought some blue and green calico in New York, made by A. & W. Sprague, which are the best goods in market; they do not fade.

"I have married a very amiable woman at this place; she was a farmer, and we are now working together to improve our land. We have been quite successful; we took the premiums at the Fair on meal and hominy, and we hope to do better next year. Our neighbors all try to follow our style of working our land.

"St. Paul's will be the flower of this country; it is well watered, and the land is fine; the distance from Monrovia only 25 miles. If you can

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
A. Maryland Colonization Journal

2. June 1841 (n.s. I, 1)--May 1861 (n.s. X, 24)

1859