about ten feet high, and walking over a suspension bridge, as many do in some parts of America; the only difference being in the materials of which they are constructed. These are built of vines. I shall give a description of them in another place.

After crossing the river we set out with light hearts for Bamaquorli, a large town, within three hours walk of Pallaka. We passed two towns still larger than any I had yet seen. One of these was surrounded by a strong stockade, the other by a clay wall eleven feet high, and a stockade out-side of that; each of these towns had four gates, which are barred and locked at night. A great many cows and sheep were feeding near the towns, some of which were the largest I ever saw in Africa.

We arrived at Bamaquorli about four o'clock. It happened to be market day. Every body in Africa and out of Africa knows what a "great noise" can be produced by an assembly of some three or four hundred women. Long before we reached the town we could hear their voices, as the voice of a "vast multitude;" but on reaching the spot we did not find over seven or eight hundred persons, men, women and children. The market was held in the open air, beneath several large cotton trees. The principal articles for sale were rice, palm oil, country cloths, salt, powder and a few other articles of their own manufacture.

On entering the town, my men let loose a volley of about forty muskets. Du-gla Mannu, the king, a little short man, with a long grey beard, soon marshaled his forces and burnt powder pretty liberally for nearly an hour. It was agreed upon that I should remain here until next morning, for the double purpose of giving all the people a chance of seeing me, and myself an opportunity of seeing the Mama dancers. Mama is the chief priest of a secret fraternity, and though he is never seen by any body who is not a member of the order, is present every where. All the kings, princes and headmen are his agents to whom he reveals his pleasure.

Every king and headman of a town has two or more dancers, generally known as the Mama dancers. They are generally young boys, fantastically dressed, who have the honor of acting as pages to Mama on great occasions. Besides this, whenever a Mama meeting is to be held and Mama is expected to preside in person, notice is given by the dancers, who with drums go to the king's residence and dance. The symbol of Mama is an elephant's tail.

The sun is down—the dancing is over. From the eastern part of the town comes the sound of voices, floating on the evening zephyr, sweet, plaintive and mournful. The followers of Mahomet are at prayer. About one-third of the inhabitants of this town are Mahometans, who have settled in Barlain for the purpose of trafficking with King Boatswain's people, and some of them are very often seen in the settlements. The country of these people is called Manni. They are scattered all through the Pessah, Barlain and King Boatswain's countries and subsist solely by trading. When they have accumulated a considerable amount of goods, they invariably return to their own country: they are as restless as Tartars, and in making bargains will "cavil on the ninth part of a hair." They are the same people whom the American missionary, Mr. Bowen, saw at Sama, and through some mistake, calls them Mandingoes.

We did not leave Bamaquorli the next day until near twelve o'clock, and arrived at Pallaka, the point of our destination about four o'clock. I was kindly received by king Bassee Darn, who had already prepared a very comfortable house for me, having heard several days previous to my arrival that a Liberian was coming to see him. Pallaka, which contained about four thousand inhabitants, half of whom were Manni-Mahometans,

and was surrounded by a clay wall nine or ten feet high, had every appearance of being a very old town. The wall in some places was in a very dilapidated condition. The town is situated in a valley with high mountains on the east and west. In front is a beautiful little river with a vine bridge over it. Between the river and the town were several very large cotton trees, and a large border of black granite rock. In the centre of the town was a market square. The people were the most industrious and apparently the most happy I ever met with;—it seemed that the whole country was one immense rice farm. The Mahometan women had several establishments for manufacturing earthen-ware, while the Barlain women made rice, palm oil and other necessaries for market. Two days after my arrival I had a conference with the king. He allowed me the privilege of living at Pallaka as long as I felt disposed to do so, and besides I was allowed to build a house in the town, and was to have the enjoyments of privileges allowed the Mahometans. I must not close this chapter without giving a description of the king of the Barlains. Bassee Darn was about ninety years of age, but did not appear to be over sixty. He was short, but corpulent, and would weigh, perhaps, over two hundred pounds—good features and sharp, keen eyes. He had, without any exception, the smallest hands and feet I ever saw to a man of his size. He was very black but had curly hair. The most striking feature in the character of the king was an excessive love of money. He was avaricious in the extreme. I was told that he built a large house somewhere in the bush where he kept the most valuable part of his money, but nobody but himself and two or three of his favorites knew where the house was. But the redeeming points of the old king were hospitality, and an abhorrence of cruelty. He was much beloved by his people.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

COLONIZATION AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

Mr. Editor,—In pursuing my vocation as Travelling Secretary of the American Colonization Society, I am frequently accosted with sayings like these: "It seems from the re-opening of the slave-trade that you are not making much progress in your work." "What are you going to do? Negroes are imported into the country faster than you can take them away." "How long will it take your Society to transport as many negroes as have been landed on our shores the last year."

Such interrogations sometimes come from men of high position and acknowledged ability and integrity—men whose opinions are entitled to a most respectful consideration.

Will you, therefore, allow me space in your columns for a brief reply, which, I trust, will be deemed a sufficient answer to all like objections to the colonization cause.

For sake of the argument, I will admit *all* that is claimed in regard to the revival of the slave-trade—that, as some papers have said, "fifteen thousand native Africans have recently been imported into the Southern States."

And yet it is true, that colonization has suppressed the traffic on hundreds of miles on the African coast, and is capable of doing it, for aught that appears, on as many more.

As the result of its operation, we see not merely a colony, but a CHRISTIAN REPUBLIC, established and flourishing in the very centre of barbarism and slavery—a distinct nationality secured to the negro, without which, the prospects for the race are anything but hopeful.

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XII. Newspapers
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1859