Depend upon it, that no evil will befal us without we incur the Divive displeasure.

Difficulties we are bound to have, and they are necessary to keep us alive to our true interests, to develop our energies, and cause us to unfold the resources of our country.

Should trouble assail us, enquire into the justice of our cause, and though our sky be dark; if justice and truth are with us, fear not, we shall soon enjoy a brighter horison.

These views are sustained by the examination of our past history, which irresistably leads the mind to the conclusion, that so small a company of men, as were our pilgrim fathers, let them be ever so great, is incompetent without divine assistance, to achieve the victories they won, and to surmount the difficulties that encompassed them.

At every step of their unprecedented progress, was new manifestation of Divine favour and protection beamed forth, and our enemies are forced to acknowlede that the tabernacle of the Lord was dweli among us.

Having made these preliminary remarks, we will take a brief survey of Africa, and the history of Liberia.

Soon after the confusion of laugunges, Africa becomes mighty and renowned: she cradles sciences, erects the towering pyramids, collects large libraries, converses with the stars and enlightens the world.

But ere the sun of righteousness arose with healing on his wings, to bless the nations, Africa descends to her original chaos. Darkness, superstition and demonology broods over the land, and her fall becomes as wondrous as was her rise, progress and transcendant elevation.

The nations that were buried in obscurity during her glory, and those that reflected the light of her glory now, departed, tramples upon her, and she becomes the pillage of the earth. Her sons are torn from her embraces, dragged to distant lands, and made to labour as beast of burden. Africa groans as a woman in travail, and though it was not known that she was with child, she brings forth a son, and he is called *Liberia;* because, though born in the land of oppression, he was to be the deliverer of his people!

Liberia was born on the 21st, day of December, 1816, in the City of Washington, the capital of the United States; and the American Colonization Society was the acoucher that delivered Africa of this lovely son, and the society has ever since, continued the attendant of Liberia.

And the child Liberia increased in stature and grew in favor with God and man. Therefore his attendant advised that he should no longer be attired in the dress of a child, but that he should put on the habiliments of a man.

Now as Liberia was by birth a Prince, great preparation was made, and the 26th of July 1847 was appointed for him to put on his crwon and regalia; then there was much dancing and singing and feasting; flags floated on the gentle zephyrs, cannons opened wide their voices, and all the earth rejoiced.

As Liberia was the most forward child that ever was born, and attained the statute and wisdow of a man quicker than any child was ever known to do, from the foundation of the world, I shall take the pleasure of giving you, in brief, the early history of Liberia.

Now Liberia is somewhat like Messiah, that he has been called the son of the doctor, that attended his mother, yet his life shows that God himself is his father.

Now it is not my intention to give a full history of Liberia, my limits will not allow it, but I merely wish to gather such flowers from it, that will form a garland suitable to enliven the present occasion.

I have by implication, said that the American Colonization Society was instituted December 21st, 1816.

It had no revenue, in many respects it was unpopular, yet it had to rely on voluntary contributions, to obtain means to effect the grand design of planting a colony of Africano-Americans, on the western coast of Africa. A settlement was considered practicable, and a party suited to the task presented themselves as pioneers for Liberia.

At this juncture, just as congress was retiring, the happy idea of instituting an agency for Recaptured Africans, and of forming an asylum for them in their father land, burst upon the Government of the United States.

The Elizabeth, favoured name, was chosen as a transport ship of the African squadron, and she was appointed to bear the harbingers of religion and science to the western cost of Africa. Consequently the Elizabeth on the 2nd, of Feb. 1821, sets sail for Africa with her noble band.

At first they settled at Sherbro, a low, sickly island, in Forrah Bay, belonging to the colony of Sierra Leone. This place being unhealthy a more suitable and desirable location was regarded imperative, and after a survey of the coast for several miles, Cape Messurado was selected as being the most eligible position for the colony. European nations had attempted in vain for upwards of a century to gain possession of that lovely spot; Heaven had reserved it for us. But its acquisition was to be made by experienced hands, and here we find Captain Stockton and Dr. Ayres, at hand, and by the address, sagacity and chivalry of the former, we were placed in quiet possession of that cape.

Many of the natives complained and disputed the title, but Boatswain, the them terror of the country, vindicated our cause, and by his nod, silences the discontents. This merely quieted them for a while, but showed our little band that they were surrounded by treacherous foes, and that it behoved them to prepare for defence.

About this time the natives discovered that the colonists were at war against slavery, this they had before suspected, but now an act of the colonists throughout convinced them of the fact.

A British prize schooner containg thirty Recaptured Africans, was stranded near the settlement, and the little colony was compelled with force of arms, to defend the sufferers from native rapacity.

This event showed that colonization had laid the axe at the root of the tree of slavery,

By the slave trade the natives had flatered themselves that they would become lords and princes. But now it is in jeopardy, the colony threatens to destroy it, and with it, all their hopes. Now they must arise and strike the colony from the earth, or abandon their fostered traffic, by which alone, they expected to enrich themselves. The avaricious slave-dealer failed in his attempt, to oppose our fathers from acquiring their favoured spot, burns with resentment, opens wide his stores and loads the deluded natives of destroying his mortal enemy But it is all vain. The immortal appears on the ground, and sets to work his inventive genius to prepare for the impending dangers. In the mean time Heaven raises in the camp of the savages an opposition, that stays their march. Bob-Gray, a distinguished Bassa Chief, is commissioned to reveal their whole plan to our little band, and to discourage his comrades.

The colony being now in a state of defence, the savage hordes appear. Tyrany is now warring against truth and liberty.

Liberty struggling against fearful odds. Upwards of a thousand,ave an enemy large enough to cover half a square mile, is opposed by only thirty feeble men, who were unaccustomed to the hardships of the camp, and who, withal, were labouring under the disease of the climate; but the cause of our fathers was just,—they fought and conquered, and slew their enemies with a great slaughter.

This was the battle of November, 11th 1822. Besides large numbers of the slain carried down the southern beach, and ten or twelve large canoe loads sent a cross the Messurado river, twenty seven bodies were found in the bushes. Thus in their first efforts were the arms of our fathers victorious. They had fought a great battle, but the war was not ended Days passed away in anxious suspense, they awaited another attack; and how deplorable was their condition, how shall they be able to stand, they are enfeebled by sickness and fatigue, starvation stares them in the face, and three rounds only of ammunition left them to defend their lives in an enemy's land; and to heighten their distress, they are informed, that on that very night their foe would certainly return. But, ere the pavilion of the night is drawn over them, Captain Brassy, a noble hearted Englishman, is sent to their relief. The presence of his large ship deters the natives from their purpose, and the Captain liberally supplies the colony with stores and ammunition. Thus were they prepared by the special interposition of Providence, to make the decisive blow on the memorable 2nd, of December, 1822.

In painful suspense, but with a firm reliance on the Arbiter of all events, our fathers awaited the decisive hour, when their contest would be decided, when peace should be restored.

On the 2nd of December, 1822, the host of slavery again appears, rushes with impetuosity on the camp of Liberty, but is repulsed in each attempt; slavery is slain, liberty raises its head, and peace extends her wings o'er all the land

Reduced to the greatest extremity, our little band invoked the deliverance of Johovah; for though they had achieved a notable victory, yet, all around them appeared dark and gloomy; they had to be on the alert for their foe; they knew not that his shaft was broken, that his heart was faint within him, and that he was utterly subdued. Nothwithstanding this, however, their situation was indeed perilous, for unless they had supplies, if the sword did not slay them, they were in danger of extermination by famine. But, lo! at dead of night, on the 3rd of December, an officer startles, he sees an imaginary foe; the cannon thunders forth the alarm; the sound salutes the passing Prince Regent, a British Colonial vessel, laden with military stores. Curiosity on tip-toe starts, the Regent hauls too, that the opening day may disclose the mysteries of these voices. These guns had been discharged as a summons to her, and she obeyed the command —She supplied the colony, and by the mediation of Captain Lang, her noble commander, a convocation of the hostile Chiefs were obtained, and a cessation of hostilities agreed to, that resulted in a permanent peace. Midshidman Gordon, with eleven men were also landed to defend the colony.

The eminent dangers that threatened them, being averted, our little band looked around themselves, and on every hand they found more to do than they had strength or ability to accomplish, and they required houses and a tower of defence.

Under these circumstances, they were cheered by the opportune arrival of an armed colonial British schooner on the 4th of December, which generously proffered her services, and set too to build up the waste places, and her mechanics were thus employed for a month. But before they could enter fully into the comforts thus prepared, starvation again threatened to lay upon them, his palsied hand, but it is stayed; a trade is opened into the interior, and plenty gladdens their hearts.

In March 1823, the captives taken by the natives, in the battle of November 11th, '22, were returned unhurt; they had found favour in the sight of their enemies, for God was with them; and from the signs of the times, one of those captives, promises to be the third, if not the second President of Liberia.

About this time, the United States ship Cyane, Commander Robert Trail Spence, touched at Monrovia. He builds a tower of defence on Fort Hill, fixes up the schooner Augutus, of 6 guns, puts Lieutant Dashiel in command of her to guard the coast and protect the colony.

Every thing having conspired to bless the colony, Mr. Ashmun writes in sixteen months after their arrival, at Messurado, to the following effect:—

"The colony is now one hundred and fifty strong, all in health;—have fifty houses built, including three store houses, and a heavy substantial stone tower fourteen feet high, mounting six pieces of ordnance,—have a large framed house surrounded by piazzas, and another ready for erection. Harmony and a good degree of industry at present prevails."

In compaing our history with that of the United States, we find that a handful of men aided by a benevolent institution, accomplished more in Liberia, in about one year, than Dukes and Lords, with Royal patents, fleets and rich estates, done in America in thirty years.

But, ah! how frail is human nature, prosperity smiles, each man seeks his own good, and painful to relate, insubordination lifts his hydra head, but ere he distils his venem, a pathetic speech from the eloquent Ashmun, strikes it down. Stunned for a while he lies, but new difficulties warm him again into life, he erects himself, but before he strikes, a Gurley appears, and kills him outright. Religion spreads its balmy wings, a revival springs up and all is peace.

To develope more clearly the hand of Providence, in the rise and progress of Liberia; it would be well to take a glance at the early history of the United States.

I select the history of America, because she has been called the favored land of Heaven. If she has passed through so many difficulties, to her present high station, what may not Liberia expect with all her heavenly favours.

Admiral Gibert, starts with an expedition to colonize America, it fails signally.

He attempts a second time with a fleet of five sails, the Admiral and four of his vessels are swallowed up in the great deep. And is it not remarkable, that not a death has occurred in African Colonization, by shipwreck. Sir Walter Releigh made an attempt,—spies out the land, but returned with a good report, he could not stay, however. Ralph Lane, with seven vessels left England,—he reaches America and founds a colony; famine and the sword threatening to sweep it to oblivion, Admiral Drake flies to their rescue, but the vessel with stores intended for relief, is shipwrecked; consequently they abandoned the colony, and returned to England. Relief was sent from England, but it reached there too late, the colony was gone. Sir Richard Greenfield, soon follows with three ships, but finding no colony, he landed fifteen men and returned.—But what became of those men, remains a mystery to this day.

Governor Waites is sent out with a large company, times appeared gloomy, he was pressed to return with the same vessel to represent their conditiou, and seek relief. He reaches England, delivers his message, and is despatched with ful supplies; but he forgets his charge, is greedy after prizes, and on his return the next year; no colony could be found, and not one was left to tell the melancholy fate of its inhabitants.

A charter was granted by King James,—one hundred and five men emigrated to America, in five months one half of them was dead, and the survivors were reduced to the greatest extremity. Satisfying the gnawings of hunger principally on crabs and sturgeons, and even then civil wars threatened to destroy them.

In this extremity, that Captain of the American Colonization, looks to the common good, he suffers, but he heeds it not,—is taken captive, but as soon as he is released, returns with large supplies of corn; but who can imagine the depth of bitterness, into which they were cast, by the destruction of that corn, with many of their houses and much opposed.

Five hundred emigrants are added to their number, but this merely increased their troubles. About this time Smith leaves for England. Two new settlements was formed, Mathir and Nansumond of one hundred and twenty men each; these are soon burried in flames and the inhabitants massacred. Ratliffe and thirty men in a vessel is cut off by Powhatan. West with thirty men resorted to piracy on the high seas. And in six months after, Smith left for England, five hundred men were reduced to sixty, who, awful to tell, lived on the bodies of the dead.

Thus, I have related some of the early struggles of America, for forty years.

Heaven at length blessed her, and she is now the Queen of the earth.

In reviewing our early history, we find that all nations, as opportunity affords, rendered us important services.

And that we have received many favours from British naval and merchant vessels, for lack of which, we might have perished. But the colony advances, and commercial competition arises.

Our independence was declared on the 26th of July, 1847, and we find that all is well; and as we have advanced, crooked ways have been made straight before us, and rough paths made smooth; and the tabernacle of the Lord is yet among us. But I cannot enlarge, I must draw to a close.

Many have been the vicisitudes through which, we as a country have passed, since the last twenty sixth of July. The year opened with bright prospects, peace and tranquility extended throughout our borders; a troublesome band of marauders had been expelled, and Fishtown was in our quiet possession, and we looked forward with bright prospects. But ere the year is half past, a thunder bolt breaks forth in terror upon us, and the new settlement is sunk to the besom of destruction.

Ere we had recovered from that panic, while our hearts were yet bleeding, because there were those whom we held dear, by the ties of consanguinity of affinity, and nationality, who had perished by the bloody axe of the relentless savage.

We had to fly to arms to rescue our wives and children from falling victims at our own doors, to the same mournful fate. Grando's host covered the land, and loud and long did Tarplan's horn (Grando's chief warrior,) resound "stick your heels in the ground and hold on." But it was all in vain, to war with us; Tarplan was struck to the ground, and that mighty host being discomfeited, fled to their native forest.

These tidings spread all over the land, our sister counties trembled for us, and the public mind heaved in agony expecting some severer fate; but in due time succors are sent us, and our enemies are severely chastised. Peace returned, and with it palm oil flows in such abundance that there is not vessels to contain it The 15th, of November 1851 came near being the last of days for Bassa, but it is big with hope, its good effects will be coeval with Liberia. It was the brightest day Bassa ever saw; the drama of 1834 was just then closed and the curtain dropted over the scene—dropted forever.

The Pennsylvania Colonization Society attempted to settle a colony among the barbarous tribes of Africa on the principles of *peace* and temperance; they knew not that a defenseless colony, was too great a temptation to native rapacity, they knew not that Colonization had to war with might and main, against slavery.

Bassa Cove was settled under their auspices in '32 and '33 on the principles of no resistance, consequently the natives obeyed the impulse of their hearts and the instigation of a devilish slaver, and massered the inhabitants. Having gained the mastery once by this faulty step, the natives have always held us in this county in dirision they regarded us not as men, but the battle of the 15th, November redeemed our name and set us free. Then long live the heroes of the battle of November 15th, 1851 when you shall have been gathered to your fathers some of Liberia's sons and daughters, will invoke the muses and chant forth your praises.

In conclusion fellow citizens, seeing that Liberia have been more favored than any nation in its early stroggles, let us throw off our leth-

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