THE CORRECTOR CORRECTED

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In your paper of to-day you give as a paragraph an article entitled "A Correction from Liberia," having reference to certain statements made in your paper in November last, by Mr. Augustus Washington, of Liberia. Your correspondent anticipated, at the time Mr W.'s letters were published, the present reality—an effort to cover over and to satisfy the truthful statements contained in those letters. He further feared that even Mr. Washington himself might be induced to give the same a very different meaning; yet we hoped not.

You will recollect that Mr. W. says: "*I have met with nothing so passing strange, as the fact that no one has made known to the American public the sufferings of southern emigrants after their arrival here. * * * * I am aware that cannot be done without incurring the censure of some persons in this country who at present occupy high official stations; who have become influential and comparatively wealthy by conniving at these faults, and for this have the full confidence of the agents of the American Colonization Society.*" The person addressed in Philadelphia by Roberts, is in all probability, one of said agents. "*I know that for my presumption in exposing these wrongs as the only means of reform, I must fall under the displeasure of these gentlemen. * * * I have the hearts and sympathies of the common people with me—the masses who are poor, whose letters of complaint have been unnoticed and kept from the public.*"

Mr. Editor, your knowledge of human nature tells you that one situated as is Mr. Washington—liable to the wealthy appliances of unprincipled persons—would be most likely to be affected thereby. Those truthful statements of his "were given when he had not the full confidence of the agents of the American Colonization Society;" he did not "occupy high official stations;" he had not become "comparatively wealthy by conniving at these faults;" these, if to be, are in his future—hence his impartial statements. What care I for President Roberts's statement? He is one those who "occupy high official stations," who has become "comparatively wealthy by conniving at these faults." What of *Pinney*? He is an interested, soulless party.

Mrs. Morse, a Christian lady of intelligence, who spent some time in Liberia, at present residing with my brother, at Williamsburgh, L. I., in a conversation had with me a few weeks ago, confirmed nearly every essential statement contained in the letters of Washington, affecting the mode of living, general distress, and lack of improvement, which everywhere prevails in Liberia. In the matter of "rawhides and cat-o'-nine-tails," which Roberts styles "a perfect farce." Mrs. Morse tells me that it is too true She says it is heart-rending to see little urchins, as well as fullgrown persons, kick, cuff and beat indiscriminately the natives, as said by Mr. Washington in his letters. How perfectly natural this is: These lords of Africa; they are but apeing the lords who taught them thus, when thus lorded over by their masters in America.

The astonishment created in Liberia by the receipt of Mr. W's letters was confined to a very limited class; those "occupying high official stations," doubtless; no one else was permitted to see them; this class was astonished at his temerity in daring to publish them. Speaking of the parade in general, Mr. Stanhope, a captain trading there, told me, last summer, that he never left Africa, but that he was importuned by numbers begging him to bring them from their misery to America; many, a large proportion of those who have never known anything else but stripes and cruel treatment in that America to which they would fly from this very Golgotha. His account of the place was most unfavorable; he said that it was murderous and depressing.

It is a fact of which your readers may not be aware that it is at most next to impossible for those going from this country to Liberia, ever to return, howsoever much they may desire to do so; it becomes unto them a fetid prison, pregnant with death; no one of them can leave without a passport, which can be obtained only upon certain conditions favoring concealment and joint interest with persons occupying "high official "stations." Why will the American Colonization Society persist in its deceptive efforts? *We are not going to Africa!!!* The Liberian Government will be abandoned. It cannot exist save by the aid and a reliance upon a society in this country. Will this be sustained? No Liberia will yet be controlled and governed by an European power.

Providence, May 2, 1855.

GEO. T. DOWNING.

N. B.—We have further confirmation of the above facts, in the evidence of Dr. Snowden, who has just arrived from Africa; he verifies every essential particular of Mr. Washington's letters, so far as they came his under notice. He says that the cat-o'-nine-tails seems to be an indispensable article of furniture in *the Republic;* that the walls of the Liberian hallsare commonly graced therewith. He would not advise even an oppressed American to dwell therein.

DR SNOWDEN—As we have published the appendix to Mr Downing's letter in which he refers to "evidence" furnished by Dr Snowden in support of his assertions, we have thought it proper also, in justice to the Doctor, to lay the following "*correction,*" found in another number of the *Tribune.*) before our renders; from which it will be seen that the true statements of the Dr were distorted by Mr Downing to serve his malicious purpose. And may this not be the case also, with the statements which he says he got from Mrs Morse? If he will pervert in one case, is it unreasonable to suppose he will in another? Dr Snowden is expected out next month. ED: LIB HERALD.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In looking over the last number of *Frederick Douglass's Paper,* I observed an article from the pen of your Providence correspondent, dated May 2, on the subject of Liberia, to which was attached, as an appendix the following:

"N. B.—We have further confirmation of the above facts in the evidence of Dr. Snowden, who has just arrived from Africa; he verifies every essential particular of Mr. Washington's letters, so far as they came under his notice. He says that the cat-o-nine-tails seem to be an indispensable article of furniture in *the Republic;* that the walls of the Liberian halls are commonly graced therewith. He would not advise even an oppressed Americnca to dwel. therein."

Now, Sir, while I am prepared to say that as far as my experience goes the general tone of Mr. Washington's letters is correct, I am *not* prepared to indorse the whipping statement, but on the contrary, believe it to be an unintentional exaggeration, and have always said so. I have also said that frequently I have seen in the houses of friends various articles of native manufacture, and among them several Mandingo whips, which were unquestionably articles of curiosity. I never saw them used for any improper purpose.

As to the latter sentence of the paragraph, I have only to say that regarding myself as intimately identified with "oppressed Americans," I intend (partly for that very reason) to return to Liberia at my earliest convenience.

There is enough of wrong and wrong-doing in Liberia to dispense with any exaggeration or misrepresentation, and I can assure your correspondent that he has done both the Liberians and myself a real injustice by the floridity of his imagination.

In conclusion, I would take this opportunity to say to friends generally that while I am ready at all times to give them such information about Liberia as shall be in my power, I do not consider then at liberty to give such statements to the newspapers, in any form—garbled or otherwise.

I. H. SNOWDEN.

Cambridgeport,

For the Liberia Herald.

The time has arrived that the sons of Africa whose eyes are fixed upon the glorious star of Liberty, who pant for deliverance from moral, intellectual and social oppression; and whose lamentations ascend daily to the Father of mercies, the Allpowerful Jehovah to Redeem Africa from the curse of slavery and the demon of paganism: should understand each other and should join heart and hand as one man to accomplish the deliverance of Africa, poor, bleeding, oppressed, down trodden Africa.

Why is it that the few of Africa's sons who feel the spirits of their noble ancestry blazing in their bosoms should suspect each others motives? Why should I pronounce my brother a traitor to his country, a dispiser of the grave of our fathers, because he contends that his father fought and bled for American Liberty and *he* should enjoy it? Or why should *he* dispise *me* because I prefer to give up the struggle against a fearful odds in the camp of our enimies, being dispoiled of our armour, and without the means to discomfit him; and if his equanimity be destroyed by bias attempt to measure arms with him it must be only to reek under the ire of his vindictive vengence; and because I determined rather than exhaust my strength in fruitless efforts to avenge myself on our adversary to leave him to find his just retribution at the hands of the Judge of all the earth, and return to my inheritance to improve it and spend my time in an inviting field to the moral intellectual and national elevation of my race. Why should any of these things alienate us in feeling? Are we not brethren? is not our cause one, and does not every sympathetic heart throb for our deliverance.?

Who can number the sympathetic tears that have flowed for Africa! Say oh, say my brother African, be you an exile in Europe, Asia or America, are we not brethren and shall we not feel a brother's love?

Be you an enthusiastic abolitionist thundering dreadful denunciations against him who deals in merchandise with the image of his maker *I* love you; yes; Douglass, Garnott, Ward, *et eteri* I love you, and I ask of you to regard me as a brother.

Be you a slave in bonds, shackled from head to foot, I love you; you are my mother's son; and be assured that there is one who careth for you and whose ear is ever open to your cry. Yea cry to Jehovah and he will open the hearts of your masters and he will let you go, or He will declare to Pharoah let my people go—"Fear not; rely on Omnipotence and he will bring you in a way you have not known, he will make darkness light before you and crooked things straight. Say not blood for blood; lift not up the sword, it will perish with you; but cast yourself upon God. Look unto him, and perchance your chains will fall.

Be you a man of letters, or of merit any where under the blue canopy of heaven I love you, Dumas, Furguson and Smith and all the kindred spirits I love you. But I cant stop here, I love Luther and Howard, Oberlin and Wilberforce a Clarkson a Barke and all the supporters of science and Religion; and especially those who are emphatically benefactors of their race. I love them; we be all brethren, the sons of Adam and Children of Eve and Adams humanity.

I love the patriot, philanthropist and the devoted Missionary through out the world; and I sympathise with the oppressed and distressed in body or mind be he Musulman, Serf, Pagan Papist, or Slave the spacious earth around, they are flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone.

Charge me not then with prejudice to you, because you live in foreign lands my brother Humites, and I live at home trying to build up the waste places and spread the conquest of civilization and christianity of light and liberty over Africa our father land.

We have come over this side of the mighty deep; we find a plentiful harvest, the harvest is great and the labourers are few and we are commissioned to call unto you; Come over and help us; if you wish to do good as missionaries, come over and help us, if you wish to leave your impress on the age to wipe away the reproach of Africa, if you wish to enjoy liberty and bequeath it to your posterity come over and help us.

And if you wish to prepare yourself for increasing usefulness, by attending the institutions of earning by learning some handy craft do it but dont stay too long where you cannot exercise your talents; for practise makes perfect

It may be, however that some of our race have been raised up in the U. S to *figure there* but I do not think that it is the duty of any one to persuade another not to come to Liberia—the only balm for American slavery—the hope of Africa and destined to be the hay of the world for we verily believe that when Ethiopia shall have stretched forth her hands unto God that righteousness will cover the earth as the waters cover the face of the great deep and all the earth will rejoice.

Brother Humite let me exhort you to look to the east, behold "the star." Look above and and angels will direct and God will in His providence lead you hither.

"The star" stands directly over Liberia, and though in condition it may be in a manger, or as some may say in a burial ground. Yet is it safe, and no Herod can destroy it.

Let none of you stumble because African Colonization sprang from Nazareth; some of you say that African Colonization is the child of the south, it is supported by slaveholders, and ask can any good thing come out of the South; can slaveholders do any thing for the good of thir Slaves. We answer, Come and see and come my brother with a true heart without guile."

Yrs
A. LIBERIAN.

Buchanan August 10th 1855

For the Liberia Herald

Mr Editor.—

Some weeks ago, I had the pleasure of perusing a copy of "Jack's history and thirteen minor poems," written by—Gibson Esqr. Since then I have been favoured with one of your last numbers, in the columns of which, and over the signature "Africanus," I see some lengthy remarks on the history above refered to. The remarks are pungent and affecting; and must surely, have come from one who had read, but had forgotten the very just and reasonable saying, that "Whoever expects a faultless peice to see
Expects what ne'er was, and what ne'er shall be."

or he would have been less rigid in his remarks.—Of all men's fate, I think, that of the poet is the sternest and less endurable. In order to entertain, please and benefit his readers, he is forced to leave his delightful and charming fire side, his home and his friends, and visit foreign lands; there he must submit to the most rigid ordeal that one is called upon to pass through in the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge, he must clamber over rocks,—fall from precipices,—make his way through thickets, infested by voracious beasts and venemous snakes, down into valleys,—crawl up the mountain's craggy sides at the risk of being deluged by melted lava,—suffer throughout his entire body from intense cold,—be pinched by hunger, weakened by thrist, scorched by heat;—and stand upon the vessel's deck at the hazzard of his life in order to witness the terrifically sublime hurricane and foaming sea,—and endure an hundred other ills known only to himself, and after all

"His labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallowed o'er a cup of tea."

This kind of treatment for our pains,—this sweeping away years of research and months of labour by so gentle a moving of the tongue, is what has detered, and what still forbids many, who wish to appear in public, from putting their thoughts in some tangible form. More of us wish to associate with the fraternity of poets, so that we may charm into sublime silence the less musical part of mankind by our song, and disinherit chaos of his possession: in the minds of Africa's sons; but we are over awed by the critic's decree that.

"For poets, law makes no provision
The wealthy have you in derision."

The Revd Mr Stokes attempted to be a poet once, and did, from the heights of Parnassus, permit some of his pathetic and charming strains to wander, but some *colossus* stood up and contested his right to invoke the *Muses*, and said he could not see in what he excelled except it was in the *lameness* of his feet. Now, as the Revd Stokes was lame in one of his feet, we cannot tell whether the writer had reference to this lameness or that of the feet of his poetry:—The Revd gentleman however was thrown off the track.

But again, it seems immaterial on what subject one may write, or what mode of writing one may adopt in discussing on a subject, for that moment the public is in possession of your essay let it be ever so rare, some Jubiter arises with his far fetched light to inspect your undertaking and not satisfied with the inspection made by his own light, he calls to his aid seven moons,—and still mistrusting his rigid scrutiny he eclipses, alternately his moons to try whether he will have the same result under their different shades and light

O! unfeeling "Africanus"
"How patiently you hear G. groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

Again Mr Editor, "Africanus" apparently struck with surprise when the poet tells him,

"A squall struck on the ship a mighty swell
When all was asleep but one, and he as well."

asks whether in all your life, you ever heard of a ship at sea having all her crew and passengers asleep but one. I do not regard this as being an isolated case for whoever remembers the loss of the Schr: *Ann* owned by C. M. Waring and Co must also recollect that she was lost entirely in consequence of every one on board, being fast asleep. This we can prove by the mate and one seaman who are still living in this city; should any one doubt this,

Tell those who doubt it most,
They are neither wise nor honest,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek things of which they're fondest
"And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie"

Again, because Poet Gibson speaks of his abilities and literary acquirement with diffidence and modesty, he is accused of egotism. If G's apology be egotism by what name must we call Africanus's confession? We see plainly that

"We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size"

and when we trim ourselves for public gaze

"Who would not at this crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low"
This was the case on 'lection day,
When, on a table, three did bray
Just like three asses, seeking fame
At the expense of Roye's name.

Once more Mr Editor, and then I will have finished with my grub-street critic, and, shall in the next place, begin with our Poet; and in doing so, I shall do it in borrowed words; just as the Jack-daw began struting in borrowed feathers, and shall expect just such a drubbing for my meddling as he got by the Peacock for his presumption.

"Africanus" calls our attention more than once to G's grammatical errors, as if he had not done enough by limbing his history and poems. Now, I presume "Africanus" studied from the same grammar that Mr G. did, and if he were asked what is grammar, he would tell us, no doubt, that "English Grammar is the art of reading and writing and speaking the English lan-

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