

of the innocent sufferers among the native converts, they make the following statement regarding the missionaries:—Having said that the whole case will undergo a rigid and impartial examination, they add, "they are morally certain that their beloved and devoted missionaries will come forth from the ordeal with honour,—as the friends of good order, peace, justice and humanity." And with regard to the members of the mission churches, whether Hottentots or Caffre, after a resolution vindicating their character, "as a body, from the loud aspersions cast upon them," they add, "But without anticipating that decision, and without offering remarks in relation to the political aspect of the Caffre war, the directors are constrained to ask indulgent relief for the families of those loyal and devoted Hottentots of the Kat River settlement, who have been forcibly driven from their homes by the indiscriminate and hasty measures of the political authorities; while their property has been reentered, plundered or confiscated, notwithstanding their declarations of fidelity, their proofs of attachment to the British government, and the solemn protests of their devoted pastors." We thank the Directors of the London Missionary Society for the firm stand they have taken. There are two salutes to every question. If the wolf were allowed to tell his own story unchallenged, he could easily make it appear, that he was a most interesting and amiable personage, extremely desirous to cultivate friendly relations with all his neighbours, and that it was a painful necessity which had compelled him to eat up the lamb in self-defence. "The blittings of the lamb should be listened to as well as the howlings of the wolf."

Since the above was in type, intelligence has been received of the death of Mr. Freeman. His late work on African Missions is a most valuable addition to our Missionary Literature, in which he describes with a vigorous pen, the wrongs which have been so often inflicted upon the natives. In him the London Missionary Society, and indeed the whole Christian Church, have lost an able and secretary, and the Aborigines of Africa a warm and devoted friend, who was not afraid of exposing wickedness even when committed by men in high places.—*Can. Pres. Mag.*

### THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

By the Rev. E. W. Stokes, Rector of St. Paul's Protestant Church, Montreal, Liberia, West Africa. In a letter to the Rev. Dr. Jung, Glasgow.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I perceive from general intercourse with the people of this realm, that they are but very superficially acquainted with Africa, more especially that part of it called the Republic of Liberia. Of this Republic I shall now give a short account, in order to remove any erroneous ideas that have as yet crept into their minds.

That portion of Western Africa which is now comprehended in the Republic of Liberia, was founded in the year 1819, by a few coloured men, aided by a body of white men of the United States of America, under the auspices of the Colonization Society. In connection with this Society, many of the coloured people of America from time to time went to Africa, and joined the colony in Liberia. Of these the greater number were slaves, who had been liberated by their owners under the condition that they would emigrate to Liberia. It has been stated that the offer of freedom on these conditions was taken by many, but the expectation that the slaves would not go there. This may be true in many instances; but one thing is certain, and that is, the slave-proprietor is ready to go to Africa, or anywhere else, to be free from that grievous yoke of bondage. When we are told that freedom is offered to the slave and he refuses the gift, we have only to look at the advertisements for runaway slaves, to see the fallacy of the statement. Be you well assured, that if the people in bondage in America had freedom offered to them, it would not be refused. But men wishing to hold slaves, are ready to resort to any means, however low and wicked in justification of their conduct.

It has been stated by some of our countrymen who are reputed to be wise and skillful in the whole scheme of the Americans in attempting to colonize Liberia, that it was not from any kind feeling towards the coloured people, but simply to get rid of an overwhelming population, which it was supposed, might in time become injurious, perhaps leading to the extirpation of the white inhabitants, something like this I might have heard stated in America myself.

But of this, however true it may have been, we, as Liberians, can have nothing to say. For, if God has turned the whole design, however wicked, in our favour, what cause have we to complain? None at all. We rather rejoice at our behalf, because God has turned the whole matter to good on our behalf. Whatever may have been the design of those who once held our fathers in bondage, we know that, under the blessing of God, through colonization, we are a happy people, rejoicing in the liberty which God has wrought out for us, and we are well satisfied to live in Liberia as our dearly-bought home. There are many endeavours which bind us to this despoiled land, as it has been called. Our pilgrim-fathers sleep there, and many of our friends who have fallen asleep in Jesus rest there, and we patiently wait to lie side by side with them in poor bleeding Africa.

I have said that Liberia is our dearly-bought home, and truly it is so. The first settlers went to America with tools, care, and sorrow, in striving to lay the foundation of a home for their children; and not for them only, but for as many as might, as they had done, leave America, to find a refuge in that heathen land.

There had been, it is true, many civilized men, who, in times past,

visited those very shores on which the Republic of Liberia is now formed. But what were they? Men of plunder. They came to our land not to heal but to make wounds. These were civilized (?) men from all nations, and there for centuries they committed deeds of horror, at which surely the angels blushed, until it was more than Heaven could bear, and the God of nations interfered. He suffered the awful storm of the children of wrath to rage for a time, and then he arose and hushed the storm into a calm. The wicked ceased to plunder, and now the land has comparative rest.

In the providence of God, in the year 1819, there went across the ocean, a pilgrim bark, from the shores of America, and in that bark were the seeds of life and death. It bore our pilgrim-fathers who went from a land of oppression—a land which denied them the rights and privileges of men. They went out, eagerly knowing whither they went, in order to seek a home of freedom for themselves and for their posterity. Then it was, for the first time (it may be) the song of praise ascended in honour of Christ on those lengthened shores, where misery, gloom and death had reigned triumphant for centuries. They landed amongst the heathen tribes,—in them a strange race of beings. There the savage man lived, and loved to live on, in his own native blindness and ignorance, which to him was seeming bliss,—while he looked down with contempt on the wisdom of civilization and Christianity, saying by his every act, that as ignorance was bliss to him, it would only prove his folly to be wise.—There, too, the wild beast roared at will, the fox made his dwelling in their midst, and the lion and the leopard stood quiet in their habitations, and the great eagle perched in the lofty mountain unafraid. There, too, stood the lofty and beautiful palm-tree, which had defied a thousand whirlwinds. There, also, were eyes of various kinds, and useful timbers all waiting for the hand of civilization to put them to their proper use. But the heathen in his blindness disregarded all these blessings; and the land which, with cultivation, would have made his home as very Eden, lay a wilderness around him. Our fathers when they arrived in the country, immediately saw, with eagle eye, what might be done for good in this land, and they bought a small spot of ground from the heathen men, the very same spot which is now the capital of the Republic of Liberia. They went boldly and willingly to work, and cleared away the forest and dense wilderness which surrounded them, and built for themselves houses and cast seed into the ground. But here they were disappointed. The wild beasts destroyed their harvest. This was a very grievous disappointment, as they depended on the forest for their soil for their daily bread. But this disappointment, with all its accompanying calamities, did not cause them to relax their labours and honest endeavours to found a home for future generations.

They were often driven to the extremity of distress, and at some times much cast down. Notwithstanding all this, they were not discouraged, but went onward in the great work they had undertaken. There were some things more to lighten their calamities, thus the bare fatione of their harvest. They had sometimes almost a famine, on the one hand, whilst on the other they had to watch the savage foe, who, thirsting for blood and plunder, threatened their destruction. In the meantime, the awful effects of the malaria brought in its poisonous train, death and all its attendant calamities, more destructive than any civil war. The mind-altering and deadly desolations wherever it approaches, and many noble hearts and worthy heads has it laid low in Africa. These were the times that tried men's souls, as the first settlers of Liberia will ever bear testimony. Our fathers struggled hard against this fell destroyer, as well as against every other difficulty. But they fell victims at last, though not without a consciousness of having done all that they could to effect a noble purpose. Yes, the veteran fathers of the Republic of Liberia went down into the silent grave with the prayer on their quivering lips, that Africa might be redeemed from her long night of gloom and death, and how truly has God answered their prayer! Africa is being redeemed, and the dark drapery of death that was once spread over the face of the Liberiens, is fast disappearing, and instead of weeping, the Liberiens can rejoice and say, "The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." How true is it that he exalteth the lowly, and maketh those who are little esteemed in the world to be his chosen people. When we look at what Liberia has passed through to arrive at her present position, we are constrained to acknowledge that it is nothing less than the hand of the Lord interposing in their behalf.

Notwithstanding the sickness, wars and disappointments with which they were continually beset, they progressed silently but steadily, and in the declaration of their independence, were, on the whole, in a far more advanced state than any foreign people could have supposed. And now that they have so nobly fought and conquered every opposition, they simply ask the Christian world to aid them in the establishing of some religious institutions, that the civilization of the heathen may advance with the growth of the country.

A very important feature in the character of Liberia is, that it is as free as the freest nation on earth. Freedom is that on which her laws are based, and these are doubly sustained by the popular voice.

Mr. Forbes has published in his charges against Liberia, that slavery exists in Missouri; but this he must prove before we can injure the character of the Liberiens. What is most astounding to me is, how he could publish such a statement without any authority, and in the absence of the clearest proof. This ungracious imputation, however, or any other, cannot injure the character of an industrious and honest people.