COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Liberia Herald.

A GHOST STORY.

It has been said

"There is a tear for all who die,"

Who that has seen the weeping train following a departed friend to his long rest in the tomb—who that has heard the overflowings of grief from a heart that feels as alone a mother's heart can feel, when her offspring has been taken suddenly away, and heard the cry, "Give, O give me back my child"—who that has seen and heard these things, can doubt the sentiment is true.—And particularly when we have been led to observe, that where the warmest affections cluster around an object, the hold of that darling object on life seems lessened, the powerful hand which is over all agitates but the frame and the spirit has gone, as the early dew drop falls from the shaken flower.

'Tis consoling thus to think, tears shall flow for us when we are dead. This cheers the adventurous sea-boy when he wakes from a startling dream that he is dying in a stranger land. He sits beneath and above the starry sky—or perhaps among the clouds that are bursting thunder about him, whose lurid streams roll harmless from the rigging, and how hardly at such times, can he help turning to his long forsaken home; and his fond, his doating mother is in a moment present to his view, he sees the big tear trembling in her eye, and fancies he hears the fervent prayer for her wandering sea-faring boy, then can he feelingly say "Yes a mother's tears stream for me who am as dead to her"

There is poetry in real life, and there is too, good reader, real life without poetry. The sentiment at the head of our sheet is beautifully poetic, and when we use it we should speak of the poetry that is in real life, but I shall endeavour to give you an instance of real life without poetry.

It is a mistaken opinion that hospitals furnish so greatly enhanced advantages to the recovery of invalids. In this remark I allude more particularly to the part performed by the attendands.—That in institutions of the kind, the first and ablest medical advice is rendered there cannot be a shadow of doubt—Those who have been so unfortunate as to be obliged to seek in hospitals, relief from the various and complicated ills, that flesh is heir to, as well as those who have been in any way much connected with them, know that there a place is found where sympathy seldom comes—where misery reigns, and death is a frequent visitor. This remark is sustained by facts:—who has the unhappy maniac to care for her wants, but a strong and heartless man who rudely secures her in her cell? who that aged female to watch her knawing ulcer?—or who that tall well-formed youth, to guard the progress of his intensely burning fever?—The character (as it is not unfrequently found) of attendants employed in these public institutions, and also some other interesting facts may be illustrated in the following brief story.

The narration I take from the individual to whom it happened, of its authenticity there can be no question. Beside the character of the individual, for veracity, I rely more on its truth, from the belief with which I am impressed that similar cases have not unfrequently occurred, and perhaps with still more unhappy results: Perhaps I may at some future day furnish you with another.

A poor man was admitted to the Royal Hospital in Dublin.—His had not always been the lot to be pressed hard with poverty, he once moved among those reputed rich, and received the homage so lavishly bestowed on those who can boast a larger share of this world's vanities than many around them. His ships had gone, and returned again and again laden with the rich products.

"From India's coral strand;"

and

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand."

But in an ill starred hour, misfortunes came one after another, till he was reduced to less than many a beggar's portion.—And as afflictions come not singly, he saw one and another & another of his friends die around him.—Those false friends too, who reflected only the glitter of his gold, but had no sympathy in the hour of trouble, all fell off to dance their attendance to some one less unfortunate than he. Ships returned from bankrupting voyages, commissioned agents proved recreant, bills were protested, and all the sequelae of writs, judgments, executions and the bailiffs hammer wound up the once flourishing concern.

From long and close application to business his frame seemed little able to withstand so severe a shock;—He was soon seized with an inflamation, which threatened rapidly to carry him to his grave. After a few days of raging fever, he died.

For those unacquainted with Hospital regulations, I may briefly state it is common to have a place of temporary deposit for the dead, where friends may come and claim them, to render the last tribute required by the body, that of burial. The coffin lids are not firmly fastened, in order that they may be readily shoved one side to expose the deceased to those who seek to recognize their friends. It is also customary to guard this dead house, as it is called, lest no bodies shall be stolen away.

The man we have said, died as soon as his eyes were closed and before the feverish heat had radiated from his body the *sympathizing* attendants divided among themselves to every one a portion of his scanty vesture. His coat—his vest, his hat, in fact every item of clothing was apportioned by some one to his own use, and the denuded man wrapped in an apology for a winding sheet, was thrown into a coffin and put in the dead house. Dark night always fearful to the timorous came on, and with it came the turn of the person who related the story to stand sentry at the dead house. At the appointed hour he took his wonted stand and resorted to all the common methods by which the timid and superstitious are prone, to while away the dark hours, and keep up their courage. He alternately whistled and sang, then listened intently with an ear all alive to even the spring of a cricket, then walked and whistled again till the hour of his watch had well nigh passed.

He was standing in his guard box looking out of a small window through which he could see full before him the door of the house, when he observed the door to move a little way open, again it moved a little farther and in it stood the man in his winding sheet, who had been placed there during the day Fear and sudden trembling now seized on every tissue of his body—yet still he reasoned, he only fancied the ghostly form and rubbed his eyes to dissipate the illusion; a moment more, and he was doubly terrified by a voice crying "halloo' halloo guard don't be afraid, give me my clothes I am cold." Feeling his strength giving away, the guard now rushed out and quickly passing the door, ran as for his life while fear gave slowness to the rapidity of his flight—The appartion followed as closely as possible upon his heels till both reached a large apartment in the main building where numbers of sleepy guards were waiting the hour for duty. The guard tumbled in, uttered a shriek and fell breathless; the man behind tottered in and fell over him on the floor. The unusual and sudden intrusion alarmed the inmates, and being equally horror struck with the affrighted guard, they could no more ask than he could give any explanation of the scene before them—when the ghost took upon himself to request them not to fear, it was himself in reality, that he only wanted his clothes, he was shrivering with the cold. If possible reader you may imagine, for I shall not attempt to describe the terror—the almost annihilation of these attendants when the pale form in the winding sheet, said to one "give me my coat—you have it" to another "where is my vest" to a third "you have my stockings" and "my boots are on the feet of Mr —Thus he proceeded to designate without error the very men who had taken his clothing and to claim of each the identical article he had chosen or that had fallen to his lot Strange and impossible as the relation may seem it is indeed true.

This is probably the nearest mortal man ever came to seeing a ghost. It is however not necessary to suppose this was the ghost of the coffined man—nor to argue from it that departed souls are conversant with all that is transacting on the earth, and that they may act as guardian angels or tormenting spirits. Yet I am far from being disposed to deny that departed friends may be as fully acquainted with the joys and ills of earthly sojourners as we are, on the contrary it is indeed a consolation to feel that this may be so.

It is scracely worth the while to detain you my readers by such reflections. I am satisfied the truth as it *was* has already impressed itself on your minds. That the man exhausted from the violence of his disease, had fallen into a stupor in which he was perfectly conscious of every word spoken, and every act concerning the disposition of his body, and though thus conscious that he was laid out, coffined & about to be buried, every effort to move a muscle, or emit a single sound proved unavailing. But after he had lain in the dead house several hours he recovered his powers and the scene followed which *you* have been reading.

* * *

For the Liberia Herald.

MR. EDITOR:—Sir, if you please, you may give publicity to the following amusing anecdote.

There lived some where in the world, not many years since, a wealthy sage.—He and his partner in life had lived many years together, and had accumulated much of this world's goods; and were the parents of several very promising children. Among them was a favorite son. The old man desirous of seeing his son do well in life, and also being anxious to give him a trade by which he thought his son could obtain a livelihood, placed him under the tuition of a notable rouge, to learn perfectly the art of stealing. So when the days of his apprenticeship were ended, the son returned home to his parents, a complete master of his thieving trade.

Not many days after the return of this youth to his father's dwelling, a market-man was seen passing along the road, (for the sage's dwelling stood near the main road), with a very fat hog on his shoulder, wending his way to the market of a neighboring village, not far distant from that place.

The father said, son, "Have you learned your trade?" "yes, sir replied he!" "there goes a man with a very fat hog, can't you go and steal it from him?" "yes, sir," says he, "I can steal it from him!" "Well," says the father, "if you can, I will give you five thousand dollars.

Now, the great question agitated by the father, and all the by-standers, how was this theft to be effected without a detection of the perpetrator; for there was no apparent way of effecting it without going directly up to the man, and take the hog from him by main force. The sun was shining in its meredian splendor.

The youth being an adept in the art of stealing, suffered the market-man to pass on a head; he then put on a splendid pair of shoes, and by a near cut through the woods, (in disguise of course), preceeded the market-man some distance, and then he took off one of his shoes and threw it into the road. He then secreted himself in the thickets to await the arrival of the traveller, and to hear what he would say about the elegant shoe lying in the road.

When the traveller arrived where the shoe was, he said, "dear me, here is a very good shoe, I wish I had the fellow to it; but it is not worth while to pick this up, for I expect some person has lost it." The man passed on without carrying the shoe.

The youth hearing this, as soon as the man had gone quite out of sight, came into the road and picked up the shoe which he had thrown there; and again by a direct route, preceeded the weary hogman and threw the fellow shoe into the road, and in like manner secreted himself to await the traveller. Here his project was to end:—duck or no dinner.

Soon after the man arrived, wagging under his heavy hog. "Oh!" "dear me," he exclaimed, "here is the fellow shoe to the one I have just left behind me; how sorry I am that I did not bring that shoe along with me:" "I will go back and get it," says he. So the hogman down with his hog along side of the road, and the shoe, and started in search of the one he had left behind him; well pleased with the luck he had met.

So while the market-man was gone off in search of the shoe he had left behind, the crafty youth availed himself of the opportunity, crawls forward from his place of concealment,—shoulders the hog,—stalks most majestically off through the woods, and arriving at his abode, his father said, "my son have you got it?" "yes father, did I not tell you that I am master of my trade?"

His father immediately gave him the $5000, and off he went forth to the world, with a good bulk of ill gotten gain, after having deprived the poor market-man of his hard earned property, as does a many a one is this day and time. So much for being master of his trade.

THE WRITER.

Monrovia, 9th,
February, 1842.

ERRATUM.

To the readers of the Liberia Herald. Please read, in the last number of the Liberia Herald, under date of February 24, 1842, in the Marine List, under head of departures, instead of "Feb. 3. Colonial sloop Hope T. G. Barbour master, for the winward, passenger to Cape Palmas, Rev. John Revey:" Feb. 6. American brig Mary Paulina Hunt master for the leeward: Rev. John Revey passenger to Cape Palmas.

P.

For the Liberia Herald.

The American schooner Regulus, Preston master, arrived in our harbor, on the 28th ultimo, from the leeward, having the following named passengers on board:—

His Excellency Governor J. J. Roberts and lady; Rev. Mr. Constantine and lady, of the Baptist mission; Mrs. Rachel Johnson, Mrs. Susanah Lewis, Mrs. Rebekah Moore, Mrs Cecillia Johnston; and Rev. Francis Burns and lady of the M. E. Mission.—*Com.*

For the Liberia Herald.

The American brig Grecian, Lawlin master, arrived in our harbor on the 15th instant, from Philadelphia, having the following named passengers on board; viz:—

Rev. S. Chase, Superintendant of the Liberia Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. John Teage, Rev. G. S. Brown and Mrs. Wilkins of the M. E. Mission: Rev. J. Payne and lady, and Miss Chapin, and Miss Coggshall, under the patronage of the Potestant Board of Foreign Missions, bound for Cape Palmas; and Doctor R. Mc Dowell.—*Ib.*

The following letter from honorable S. Wilkeson, came to hand a few days ago, but without date.—ED.

MR. TEAGE.

Permit me through your paper to present my respects to the several colonists whose communications to me, the past year have remained unanswered. They may rest assured that this seeming neglect has not arisen from a want of respect, but from a continual press of business, greatly increased by the late difficulties in the colony, on the happy settlement of which allow me to congratulate all the colonists.

Yours Truly.

S. WILKESON.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

Colonization Rooms,
Washington City,
December 14, 1841.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee and several members of the Board of Directors of the American Colonization Society, now in the city, held at the above place and time, the despatches of Lieut. Governor J J. Roberts, detailing the circumstances of the death of the late Thomas Buchanan, Governor of the Commonwealth of Liberia, having been read, the following preamble and resolutions were passed unanimously; viz.—

WHEREAS, God in the wise administration of his government, has seen fit to remove by death the late Thomas Buchanan, Governor of the Commonwealth of Liberia, in whom centered the hopes of the friends of Colonization in this country, and the expectation and confidence of the citizens of Liberia, and has thus left a nation and a race to mourn his irreparable loss;

Resolved,—That with humanity and reverence, we acknowledge the hand of an All-wise and overruling God, in this afflicting dispensation.

Resolved,—That we sincerely condole with the afflicted mother and relatives of our late Governor, and that as a testimony of our sympathy and sorrow, we will wear crape on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

Resolved,—That we deeply sympathise with the citizens of Liberia, in the loss which they have sustained, and that we commend them to the protection and kind care of "Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and will not forsake any who put their trust in him.

Resolved,—That we feel called upon to redouble our diligence and zeal in the prosecution of that noble cause for the promotion of which Governor Buchanan gave his valuable life.

Resolved,—That we assure the American public of the great confidence which we repose in the Lieut. Governor, General J. J. Roberts, on whom the administration of the government of the Commonwealth now devolves, for the time being, and that we trust the colony will steadily advance in prosperity and general improvement.

Resolved,—That the Rev. George W. Bethune of Philadelphia, be respectfully requested to deliver a funeral discourse on the death of Governor Buchanan, at the anniversary of the American Colonization Society, on the 8th Proximo.

Resolved,—That it be recommended to all the clergy friendly to the scheme of colonization, to preach a sermon with reference to the death of Governor Buchanan, on Sabbath the 23rd, of January next, and take up a collection in aid of the cause to which he was so much devoted—

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the friends of the late Governor Buchanan; and that they be published in the various newspapers in this country, and sent to the colony for insertion in the papers published there.

A true copy from the records.

W. McLAIN
Secy: of the Board Directors,
of the Am: Col: Society.

LIBERIA HERALD.

MONROVIA, LIBERIA, MAR. 17, 1842.

HIS MAJESTY PAH-KO-ROO.

His Majesty, King Pah-ko-roo, has been pleased to honor us with a commission. He has sent his insignia of royalty—his sceptre. This emblem of African Royalty, (unlike that of other countries, which we believe is always straight), is nothing more nor less than the tail of an Elephant. The one in question, is tricked off in the best stile of native artists. The long bristly hair is stripped off nearly to the end, where it is suffered to remain, and the more thick and profuse the greater the value, & the greater the integrity of the emblem. The denuded bone is then encased about half way in the strong cartilagenous dermis of the crocidile, encircled at intervals by bands of plaited party-colored leather. The upper end to the extremity is enveloped in scarlet velvet, stitched with black and red leather, and in such a manner as to let the brustles project from the upper and under sides as well as from the end. The whole is surmounted by a stout leathern cap in shape of a cone. A cord of plaited leather with a sliding loop to attach it securely to his Majesty's wrist, completes the emblem.

The message accompanying it, was;—"King say you must send em white man country, and put all him hand (handle) for silber, (silver), and put king name dare, all same King Boson before. I be King now, I want do King fash. Any money he ketch I can pay you." We intend doing ourselves the honor of sending it to England, and having it mounted and inscribed as requested.

ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

On Monday, the 28th, ultimo, His Excellency, Gov. J. J. Roberts, arrived in the colonial schooner Regulus, from his tour of inspection of the leeward settlements. His departure from the Regulus was announced by a salute from the vessel, and at 9 o'clock the succeeding morning, he was congratulated on his appointment by a salute of 21 guns from Central Fort.

DINNER TO GOVERNOR ROBERTS.

When the Commission reached this place, His Excellency was at the leeward, as soon as the news of its arrival transpired, proposals were made by some of his political and private friends to invite him to a dinner on his return. Preparations were accordingly made. A subscriptoin was opened and tickets issued at four dollars each. Each subscriber was allowed to take two ladies to a party to be given on the evening of the day of the dinner. On Friday the fourth instant, the gentlemen sat down to a substantial and elegant dinner. The table was laid in the government garden, under a canopy formed for the occasion. In vain did Sol assay to dart his askant rays beneath the cool retreat. The managers all provident of comfort, had provided against every annoyance. For a defence against the burning phase of the sun, a screen composed of American and Colonial flags was suspended carelessly from the canopy, which while it effectually protected from heat, waved gracefully to the passing breeze and formed a tasteful drapery to the whole.

Here, protected alike from gazing eyes and longing throats, with ample room, the gentlemen appeared to rise to the very acme of enjoyment in the "feast of reason and flow of soul."

Colonel John N. Lewis presided, supported by Major Yates on his right. There were some toasts drank, one of which is so good, we will venture to record it. It was by Mr. Ciples.

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

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