

superscription in Snow Hill. Mr. Dennis have received presents and I have not received any from any part of the State since I have been here.

Sir, I thank you if you send 2 or 3 salt kettles; my mother is dead, died before she got over the fever. I bro't 3 children and are now here. No more at present but remain yours. NATHANIEL GREEN HARMAN.

## ORIGINAL HYMN,

Written for the Colonization Anniversary, held in the Light-st. Methodist Episcopal Church, on Tuesday evening, May 5th, 1835.

Oh Thor,—who on the unyielding wave,  
In midnight darkness trod,  
Whose voice, omnipotent to save,  
Came from the lips of God!  
Shield and protect the pilgrim band,  
Where rears the palm its crest,  
Until, through Afric's heathen land,  
Thy name shall be confessed.  
What, though in golden waves its streams,  
Fast swelling seek the shore,  
Now sparkling in the morning's beams,  
Now dimpled with the oar.  
Though smiles the rice field, frowns the wood,  
From mountain to the sea,  
Yet ah! can aught be bright or good,  
Where breathes no prayer to Thee.  
Not single heralds now go forth  
To earn thy smile's reward,  
To preach thy law, to tell thy worth,  
Our Maker, Saviour, Lord!  
But bursting through the thrall of years,  
Their fathers' home to gain,  
A nation now triumphant bears  
Thy word across the main. L.

Office of the Md. State Col. Soc. Aug. 5, 1835.

There is a letter at the Office of the Maryland State Colonization Society, from one of the colonists at Liberia, addressed to Solomon Fountain, Baltimore. As we do not know the residence of this person, we hope he will hear of the letter through this advertisement, and send or call for it. By order,

EDMUND F. CARTER,  
Clerk to the Board.

The following letters were written to the African kings from whom was purchased the territory of Maryland in Liberia. The names of the kings within the limits of this territory are, King Will, *alias* Weah Bolio, of Grahway; King Joe Holland, *alias* Baphro, *alias* Parfleur, of Grand Cavally; and King Freeman, *alias* Parmah, of Cape Palmas.

"To Weah Bolio, king of Grahway, the Maryland State Colonization Society sends health and greeting.

We have heard of you from our friend and governor, Dr. James Hall, and he has sent us your son, who is now with us. We will educate him and try to make him a good man. We will take care of him in sickness as well as in health; and with the blessing of the Great God whom we worship; and whom we pray that you also, may one day worship—we will return him to you as our governor has promised. We are the friends of your son in America, and you must be the friends of our children and people in Africa. Do you unto our people as you would have us do unto your son—and we will be friends forever. One of our reasons for making a settlement with you is to do you good. You know that we would not give you rum for your land, because it would do you hurt; and so will we always act, doing every thing that we can to benefit you, and nothing that we can help to injure you.

In witness whereof, we have caused our Secretary to set his hand and have put our great seal hereunto this 2nd day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four.

JNO. H. B. LATROBE."

A similar letter to the above, was addressed to Parfleur, king of Cavally, who also sent a son to be educated by the Society; and a third was written to Parmah, king of Cape Palmas, who was anxious to send a son. He accompanied the others as far as Monrovia, but was there taken sick. It was deemed prudent to return him to his father.

"To Weah Bolio, king of Grahway, the Maryland State Colonization Society sends health and greeting.

Our letter to you of 2nd of last June, which was sent out to you by the schooner Sarah and Priscilla, informed you of the safe arrival of your son Charles in our city, and of the pleasure his presence gave us; and also of our intention, with the blessing of the Great God whom we worship, to nurse him as one of our own children, and teach him all useful knowledge.

In pursuance of this intention, we first clothed him with such clothes as our people and children wear—we took him into the large houses where we worship the Great God, who made the sea and the dry land, and the sun, and moon and stars. There he saw thousands of our people lifting up the voice of prayer and praise; and we have no doubt, but that his young mind was sensibly impressed with these solemn services. We also showed him our great vessels, and our large four-wheeled carriages, drawn by four large horses,—we took him with us on board our large vessels, and in them he was wafted from city to city, and saw our great strength and numerous people. We also took him in our large carriages, and showed him our lands, our farms, our sheep and oxen, and corn and cattle. We also purchased books for him, and put him to school, and were greatly delighted with his rapid improvement in spelling and speaking our language. He was growing up in knowledge, and all the

people that knew him, loved him, and we hoped that a few years more, would be sufficient to make him a great man; but alas! our hopes have been destroyed. The Great God who made him and all people, has seen fit to remove him from us to his own glorious presence, far above the stars. He died in our agent's house on Monday night, the 17th November, after a short, but violent sickness. In communicating the sad intelligence to you, our own hearts, while they assure us, that we faithfully watched over him and nursed him as we nurse our own children, are yet very sorrowful. For we loved him, and when he died shed our tears over him, and wrapped him in a clean white lincin, and then laid him among our own dead, in the large house where we place them. He was followed to this large house by many of our people, together with the little boys and girls, who were his schoolmates, whose hearts were so sorry that they wept as they walked along. Oh! if you had been here to have seen how much we loved him, and how we watched over him and clothed him, and fed him and taught him to spell, and to read the book, you would have said, truly you are a good people.

That you may have full confidence in us, we have gone to the expense of sending home John Parfleur, the associate and friend of Charles. He will tell you all the truth, and when you read this and hear him, you will say—my American friends are entitled to my warmest thanks, for their great kindness to my beloved son:

We forward to our governor to be delivered over to you, Charles' box or chest, which we gave him, and in which you will find his clothes; by them you will see how much we loved him, for they are beautiful clothes, such as our children wear. We also as a mark of our esteem, send the following presents to you, to Charles' mother and brothers, and sisters, you will divide them among them, and tell them to be good like Charles was, and all the Americans will love them.

(Here follows a list of the presents.)

Now having done so much to convince you that we faithfully nursed Charles, and treated him like as we treat our own beloved children, we ask you to continue to prove to us, that you are our friend. This you can best do, by loving our people whom we have sent among you, treat them well and do them good for our sakes. Some of them we suppose will die, but if they die a natural death, as did your son Charles, we shall not blame you, though we shall be very sorry. The Great God who is every where, knows when to send death upon us all. But let no man send death upon his fellow man, for whosoever shall do this will offend the Great God, who will sooner or later punish such a man. We will continue to do you good by sending you schoolmasters to teach your children to be good and great men, and we will do nothing so long as we live to injure you.

In testimony whereof, we have caused our Vice-President to set his hand, and have put our great seal hereunto, this 9th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four.

NATHL. WILLIAMS,  
Vice-President of the Md. Col. Society."

To Parfleur, king of Cavally, the Maryland State Colonization Society sends health and greeting.

Our letter to you of the 2nd of last June, which was sent out to you by the schooner Sarah and Priscilla, informed you of the safe arrival of your son John in our city; and also of the great pleasure his presence gave us, and of our intention with the blessing of the Great God whom we worship, to do all within our power to teach him all useful knowledge.

We now send him back to you much sooner than you had expected, or we had intended. The reason of our doing so, is, because our climate has proved this fall very sickly, a great many of our own brothers and sisters have died, and also Charles Bolio, the associate of your son John. Our great sorrow at the death of Charles, and our fears lest your son might also die, have led us to send him back to you, until next summer, or until any time you may fix to send him back to us.

John will tell you how much we loved him, and how much like our own children we treated him. You will see how well he is dressed, and how much he is improved in all respects. John is an excellent boy, and we part from him with much sorrow. But we thought you would rather have him home, lest he also should die. Furthermore, we thought Charles' father would be better satisfied to see John, and hear from him all about our manner of treating him. We have sent a letter of comfort to king Bolio, and we wish you as our friend and ally to see king Bolio, and let him know all that we have written to you, and tell him all the good things John will tell you about us, that we are a great people, more numerous than the blossoms of all your palm trees, and great cities, and great ships, and great treasures, and that we want your people in Africa to become as great as we are, to make you so we are sending our white brothers and sisters to teach your people to read the book, and your own children who have been born in America, to live among you, to sow, to reap and plough, to spin and weave; and thus show you how to become as great as we are. We want to do you all this good, but we cannot do it unless you will love our people that we send among you. If you don't love them they won't stay—if they stay, they will keep away bad people. Now king Parfleur, we want you to believe us, and to be very good and kind to our people, as we have

been to your son. The Great God whom we worship, who made the sea, and the dry land, the sun and the moon, and the stars, and who knows all things, even the things that we do not speak, but only think in our hearts, knows that we are sincere. We want you also to be sincere, and we will be friends forever.

In testimony of which we have caused our agent to sign his name, and have also fixed the great seal of our society this 11th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four.  
WM. MCKENNEY,  
Local Agent.

## AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

We have received the first number of a neat little paper entitled the "Maryland Colonization Journal," the object of which is to diffuse more general information respecting our African colonies, especially that recently established by the Maryland State Colonization Society, at Cape Palmas. It is published under the direction of a committee of that Society, quarterly, upon a medium sheet, at fifty cents per annum. The plan is a good one; it will place the means of correct information within the reach of our coloured population, at a moderate expense, and the low price of subscription will enable those who take an interest in the cause of colonization to subscribe for several copies for distribution. "The African Repository," which has for a number of years been published in Washington under the direction of the Parent Society, is well calculated to disseminate general and valuable information, but it wants the advantage of being accessible to all, and of free circulation among all classes; an advantage it never can possess under its present form. The class of people most interested, the free coloured population, want facts—one fact to them, properly authenticated, is worth a thousand theories, and it is only by facts, and those prominent, stubborn, well-attested facts, that a proper impression can be made on them, or a spirit of enquiry and a searching after truth be aroused. It is needless to conceal that a large portion of the free coloured population of the United States are hostile to the colonization system—they are opposed to it they scarcely know why; they are jealous and cannot appreciate the philanthropy of feeling on the part of the white people which induces them to be so liberal of their money, without the expectation of fee or reward in this world, to establish for the blacks on the shores of Africa "a local habitation and a name." They look in vain for some rational cause for such unsought benevolence, and not being able to account for it to their own satisfaction, they suspect some sinister design, some selfish motive beyond their capacity to fathom. This distrust, too, is carefully kept up by the anti-slavery associations to the north. Emissaries of the Abolitionists are constantly passing among them, who industriously use every effort to erase any favourable impression that may occasionally spring up in favour of African Colonization, and to suppress every thing like a candid investigation of the subject.

To aid this object the abolition papers are freely circulated among them, their passions and prejudices are appealed to, and every thing like reason or argument and truth is thrown in the back ground. Every trifling circumstance which can be brought to bear upon the colonies is seized upon with avidity, and magnified and perverted to suit their purposes and advance their doctrines. We therefore consider such a journal as that now before us, admirably calculated to produce a good effect, and, in a great degree, to counteract the poison which the abolition prints daily put in circulation.—*Kent Bugle.*

For the Maryland Colonization Journal.

## OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on Thursday, July the 23d, at the residence of his brother in Queen Anne's County, E. Shore, in the 38th year of his age, the Rev. Richard B. F. Gould, an itinerant minister of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In the death of this gentleman the church has lost a faithful and laborious minister, and the coloured members thereof especially, a friend and pastor, whose ardent devotion to their immortal interests will long be cherished by them with the most affectionate remembrance.

The scene of his last, and probably most efficient labours among them in this country, was Calvert circuit, which numbers nearly two thousand communicants. How he laboured for their good, both by day and by night, and with what effect is well known throughout the circuit by multitudes, who are living epistles of his worth, known and read of all men within the limits of the circuit; and who will, when they shall read this notice of his death, and brief memorial of his worth, drop the sympathetic tear and say, alas our brother, art thou gone, and shall we see thy face no more? Yes, for though thy body now slumbers in the silent grave, "where roses fade and tenderest lovers meet," thy spirit rests in heaven, and thither will we follow thee. His arduous labours induced an affection of the throat which gradually wasted his strength, and so impaired his voice that it became his duty to suspend his ministerial functions. This he did with a reluctance which can only be appreciated by those who feel the sacred fire of love to God and man burning in their hearts. In this state of health, and to him most painful inactivity, the writer of this feeble tribute of respect to his memory met him in Septem-

ber last in Anne Arundel county. Finding that his physicians were of the opinion that a sea voyage might possibly restore his health and invigorate his constitution, it was proposed to him to take charge of a number of select emigrants, mostly from his own pastoral flock, destined for the Maryland colony at Cape Palmas on the coast of Africa, and accompany them thither as special agent. This proposition he promptly accepted, and embarked with them on board the brig Bourne, and sailed on the 14th December, 1834, for the colony.

His communications from the colony were of the most cheering character, both as it respected his own health, which had considerably improved, and the health of the emigrants and general prosperity of the colony. These communications led his relations and friends to indulge a sanguine hope that he would return home fully restored to his wonted health. But it seems to have been otherwise ordered by that benign and Almighty Being, whose most merciful and kindest purposes are oftentimes shrouded in mysterious actions—whose providences are a great deep, unfathomable by human skill. Under date of the 16th of May last a letter was addressed to the writer of this, by a medical and valued friend, of the city of New York, in which he stated, "The Rev. Mr. Gould arrived here this day from Cape Palmas, and in a state of debility and prostration from disease and suffering during his long voyage, which makes him truly an object of interest and commiseration."

A short time after the receipt of this letter Mr. Gould arrived in this city, and was immediately and faithfully accepted by Drs. Baker and Roberts, who mutually indulged the expectation that by proper dieting and change of air he would recover from the effects of his affliction during his protracted voyage home.

It is due to the cause which he (Mr. Gould) so warmly espoused, that it should be known that he himself believed that his prostrated state of health was not chargeable upon the climate of Cape Palmas so much as upon the length of his homeward voyage, and the badness of the water which he was obliged to use for nearly fifty days. His report to the Board of Managers is full and explicit upon this point; and when read by his friends and the public, will at once dissipate all doubt in regard to the climate of Cape Palmas, which his death may have produced.

By the untiring attentions of his medical and other friends, and the affectionate nursing of a beloved widowed sister, a few weeks found him able to visit his native home, Queen Anne's county, E. S. While remaining there with his elder brother he seemed to gather strength almost daily, and the promise was fair that his shattered constitution would, after a while recover its former elasticity and strength. He remained with his brother a short time and returned again to the city, and with the exception of a day or two, was able to visit several of his friends almost daily. The last time the writer of this notice saw him, he was more active and cheerful and looked more like himself than he had done since his return from the colony.

While absent on his visit of love to the colony, his ministerial brethren in conference assembled voted him to the office of a deacon in the church of Christ. On Sabbath, the 12th of July, he was ordained and set apart to this holy office by the Rev. Bishop Andrews. Little did that venerable servant of God, and the brethren who witnessed this solemn service, imagine that he and they would see and hear after that, their brother Gould no more in this world. The following morning, or a few days thereafter, he took his departure again for the Eastern Shore, in the hope of being able to disseminate among his friends and neighbours the tidings he had brought from the colony. But in this expectation he was disappointed. An affection of the bowels soon reduced him to the gates of death, and brought him to that moment which realizes the comparative vanity of this world, and the transcendent glories of another. He saw the approach of the last enemy without fear. He stood firm and undismayed in the sacred consciousness of having finished his work in the fear and love of God and in the blessed assurance of a glorious immortality. His elder brother, in whose house he died, in a letter to his brothers and sisters, communicating this event, writes thus:

## "DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

"These few lines will inform you of the death of our brother Richard. He died this morning at half past seven o'clock. He remained in his senses to the last minute, and gave us a full manifestation of going to rest. I asked him if he dreaded death. He answered me, not in the least—death has no terror to me."

Thus died Richard B. F. Gould—a sincere christian, faithful minister, constant friend—an unflinching advocate of colonization, as the most effectual plan yet devised to elevate the children of Africa to the condition of a free and independent people.

The writer of this, though not connected to him by the ties of consanguinity, feels that he has lost a brother; and while he sympathises with the bereaved brothers and sisters of the deceased, would comfort them by the following sweet lines:—

"Our brother the haven hath gained,  
Outlying the tempest and wind,  
His rest he hath sooner obtained,  
And left his companions behind,  
Still tossed on a sea of distress,  
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
Where all is assurance and peace,  
And sorrow and sin are no more."

August 1, 1835. W. MCK.