In case of an ordinary merchant vessel, the owner or charterer has merely to ascertain when she will be ready to receive cargo, the time it will require to load, and making due allowance for weather, he can calculate, within a few days, when she will be ready to sail; or should any unforeseen event deter her departure on the day fixed, no matter, it is deferred from day to day, till she is ready, and then she goes quietly off. But a Colonization ship is a very different affair; say, she is in port, ready to receive cargo, the time of sailing fixed, notice thereof given to all parties interested throughout the country and responses of readiness returned, with assurance of being on the ground at the time specified: the agent of the Society having put on board his cargo, provisions for use in Liberia, for the voyage out, &c. Then come the parcels, packages, boxes, bales and barrels, by Steamboat, Rail Road and Expresses, from every point of the compass, with, and without bills of lading, receipts, or letters of advice, directed and misdirected, with paint, cards, paper-scraps and otherwise, to ——— in Liberia, care of so and so here, care of so and so there: expenses to Baltimore paid and unpaid, advices definite and indefinite, confusion worse confounded, which all attempts to unravel are unavailing.

Then come the emigrants from all parts, all, save one or two families, or individuals sure to be out of time; but they must go or be re-enslaved, and for these the vessel must wait: or maybe, a large company come without necessaries of any kind or preparation for the voyage, to obtain which, delay is unavoidable. Again, a party comes without their baggage, it having been forwarded by another route or conveyance; after two days waiting, it is found to have been carried through the city to N. Y. or Wheeling, or Pittsburg. All this is but preparatory, what we have always experienced and probably always shall. But in *fulness of time*, all parties arrive and every thing is on board, even the dirty sailors with their filthy luggage, the steamer is hooked on, and the ship is fairly under way. After some such process, was the Ship Mary Caroline Stevens got under way at six o'clock on the morning of the 30th day of November, 1856, the last lot of emigrants having been put on board, in a deluge of rain, at eleven o'clock the night previous, on their arrival from a delayed Western train. From this, she sailed to Norfolk to receive more emigrants and freight, where we joined her on the morning of December the 5th, and spent one day on board, alongside the wharf; and not unprofitably, for although many years had elapsed since we had sacrificed to old Neptune, yet we remembered what preparations were necessary for the ceremony. Sea clothing must be got ready and arrangements made for easily changing, trunks and bureaus were to be made fast, their contents overhauled and repacked, little cuddies be prepared for dressing implements and for the various condiments desirable in sea-sickness, not forgetting a flask of good old brandy. In the mean time, the additional emigrants came on board, with their plunder, and things were made ready for another move.

On the morning of the 6th, again in tow of a steamer we reached Hampton Roads; the wind being ahead, were forced to come to anchor, and

perhaps it was well we did, for the ship as yet was unfit for sea, at least, between decks. This day was one of severe labor for all hands on board; the emigrants' effects had all to be overhauled, much of them stowed below, and the remainder arranged in proper order between their tiers of berths and made fast. The people were divided into messes or squads and captains of each appointed; arrangements were made for a systematic serving out and cooking of food, and also for the supply of water—in short—we were preparing to get *under way*.

The next day was the sabbath; the wind still ahead; and although all seemed anxious to get to sea, yet I believe most were glad to spend one more holy day in this their land of bondage; no one present could feel that it was unprofitably spent. Early on that cold, misty morning hymns from many euphonious voices ascended in volumes of incense from the living mass, in the hold of that Colonization ship, and earnest and strong men literally wrestled in prayer. They had much—all to pray for—much to fear, much to hope, utter dependency both on God and man, the most stupid and thoughtless could not help praying.

Their mid-day services were conducted in the most earnest and solemn manner; much was said in reference to their peculiar and most interesting situation; every word meant something; there was enough of which to speak that could not fail to interest all. Probably, at no time had the most intelligent so fully realized the magnitude of their perilous undertaking; for the first time on ship-board, under the control of strangers, cut off from what, to them, had been the world, from all to whom they had looked for direction and support, in the midst of this inland sea, surrounded by the dim bleak shore on which they were never again to set foot, just ready to embark on the great boundless ocean; without a strong confidence both in God and man, it must have seemed like the scaffold to the culprit, "the plunge opaque," doom itself. But they possessed this confidence, they felt that in leaving this land they were, not only, fulfilling the designs of Him, who willeth all things, but of men, of *good* men; they had a confidence in the promises made to them, in the hopes held out for the future good of themselves and their children. They implored the blessings of God on those who had been instrumental in providing a home for them in their far off father-land, and for those who had enabled them now to seek it. The services of the day closed with a liberal collection in aid of the American Colonization Society. We say liberal, it was so in more than one sense of the word, it was *comparatively* so, far exceeding in amount what we have sometimes known to be given for this or a like cause in a congregation whose aggregate wealth exceeded half a million; it was liberal to the Society, as such contributions, such mites of widows and orphans must carry with them a deep and lasting blessing; and we could not doubt it possessed the other essential quality of charity as "blessing him that giveth."

How will the departure of these Pilgrims, and those by every Colonization ship from the Elizabeth down to the present day, compare with that of the Pilgrims by the May Flower from Dort? Comparison, ex-

Maryland Historical Society

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XII. Newspapers
A. Maryland Colonization Journal

2. June 1841 (n.s. I, 1)--May 1861 (n.s. X, 24)

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