New York, June 9, 1834

Dear Madame,

I promised you now that I would write you an account of the exciting scene on board the ship Morrison—principally for myself. I was enabled to go down in the steamboat & take as far as Sandy Hook, 26 miles from New York. We had a delightful day. It was suddenly necessary for no missionary ever sailed from home with a more delightful breeze, with better friends, with a better ship, with a kinder captain or a better crew. If our religious proceedings on board you will find an account in the New York papers the journal of commerce of June 6th. My object is to tell a mother about her son. I never saw him till the morning he sailed. A New was introduced to him till we were on board the steamboat. He was calm, tranquil & happy in the view of which he was about to undertake. He was collected in all things, & after the vice were prepared he retired to his little room and comfort, indeed it was so pleasant on board. This night I almost wished to sail away with the ship and crew & the friends who went the morning, the crew & the friends who went with us. About half past eleven in the night, an elevation near the cabin, we ascended. Feeling a beautiful address, then made a few words prayer to Almighty God. I offered a fervent prayer to Almighty God. I offered a fervent prayer to Almighty God. I offered a fervent prayer to Almighty God. I offered a fervent prayer to Almighty God. I offered a fervent prayer to Almighty God.
God speed & gave him the right hand of a brother & kept him (as there are no Chris- tians in either of our two churches) never to let the Chinese know that there are any (but Christians among us) — Your son, the A.D.& (after an address from Mr. Taylor) added affectionate thanks to the friends, who “cared with us & then concluded with the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. I took him by the hand & gave him the vertical blessing. He returned in November, 6th, nap. last verses, “The Lord help thee to give thee peace.” — We remained nearly an hour longer on board until one of those who pressed his hand & that of the friends to the announcement of his return all an affectionate farewell — He was perfectly happy & just before we left he called me into his little room, & made me sit down & shutting the door said: “Mr. Richmond, you would very much oblige me if you would write my dear sick mother an account of all this. I promised him I would do so with all promise. Him, I do it with the greatest my heart — & I do it with the greatest possible pleasure because I hope one day to see & tell you the whole by word of mouth — We separated the team that cast off our cables, the ship sailed away — under a fine moon & breeze. The was out of sight in half an hour,
we were born in New York—Near sailed ship with more riches offered by God, 1people for her safety never saw I repel sail as if we were more conscious of having a treasure on board.

If you wish to know more of the acquaintance of my classmate Mr. Caldwell who kept the Framingham Academy of the people in the nearest district of southerly to Framingham. When I kept some six or seven years ago I heard Mr. Blacksmith Mr. Smith—May you the hymn address affectionately to the Rev. Peter Bacher composed and sung on board the Morrison True River.

In the true ship is ready, Her sails parts to the air, God be of Christ already. He hears then to the care, God give thee friends to knowe God’s spirit be thy sword till that which now both opposing shall open by this word:

Never’s so great obedience is the great the farmer may have to grace to be given to thee. For thou shalt be free.
Letter of Mr. Richardson to P. B. Norton on his sailing for China
1834
June 9th

For
Mrs. Catherine Packe
Framingham
Mass.

From Mr. Richardson
at request of Rev. Peter Parker

1834