day the 12th. I found a letter from Bro. Philips awaiting me here, and a messenger has been sent ahead to Ijaye, to inform him of my coming.

Sunday morning the 6th, I accompanied Bro. Harden to the Baptist chapel, and though it was situated in the midst of the town, and crowds of Mahometans and heathens were continually passing and re-passing, not one deigned to enter and listen for a moment to the "good news." They seemed to be wholly taken up with the world. Perhaps the condition of political affairs absorbs the thoughts of their minds. The congregation consisted of a few professed Christians and two children. The services were conducted partly in Yoruba and partly in English. Bro. Harden seems to have made considerable progress in the acquisition of the former. Returning from the chapel we passed two little mud temples, the object of worship being a curious kind of tree which shaded them, and which are occasionally smeared with a white substance. We also passed a post, on the top of which were tattered pieces of old mats. This, I was informed, was an object of devotion. These people are excessively superstitious, and the king squanders nearly all his revenue in sacrifices.

We are both well and hopeful. Mrs. Stone desires to be remembered affectionately. Bro. and Sister Harden are well at this time. They are a kind couple. I hope you will ask the prayers of the Church that God will make bare his arm and show forth the glory of his salvation to this benighted and ungodly people.

Yours, in Christ, R. H. Stone.

Letter of Rev. A. D. Phillips.

Ijaye, Jan. 20th, 1859.

Dear Bro. Taylor,—I shall have to write a very hasty letter to you this time, and I suppose none to any one else. I never was more busy, and have been so for more than a month. The body of my chapel is now done, and in the absence of a carpenter I am trying to roof it myself, that is, to get the rafters, &c., on. I have built a chapel 40 by 25 feet, and I think when finished it will be a very comfortable and convenient house for worship. I lack but little being done my heaviest work, in repairing the dwellings also.

When I began I knew much of my own personal attention would be required, and I feared the result, for my health was not very good. But the result has been very different. My health is now good; my flesh has become hard and firm; my appetite good; and I can work twice as many hours in the day as formerly. My eyes, which I spoke of in my last as being weak, seem to be entirely well. Besides, I have had all the time from fifteen to twenty-five children and girls at work for me, and I have done all I can to make them have confidence in the white man. Many of them attend worship on Sabbath, and I hope it is having a good effect.

Not long since there was a great quarrel between some of the parents who send their children here to work and the other people in the Compounds. These latter endeavored to force the former to stop their children from coming, and said the white man would sell their children if he got pushed for cowries: and especially he would carry them with him when he went to his country. The parents of the children contended the white man was a good man, and would do no such thing; and so they sent the children on. But all the other children and grown people, too, call them the white man's slaves, and make the children ashamed in the streets.

They now have become so attached to me, they don't care much for what is said to them outside. Small children, eight and ten years old, are so attached to me they come in to see me very often, and talk to me; and whenever they see me in the street they run to salute me.

This evening when they were done work, I gave each of them a small cotton handkerchief, that cost three cents each in Abeokuta, and I am sure I never saw people cut up such antic shines in my life. They tied them on their heads so they would fly behind in the wind, and all sung—"Who is not the white man's children get out; we are the white man's children!" And they all ran away in a company,—and for an hour or two in the night I heard them running and singing, rejoicing over their enemies.

They are taking a great notion to learn books, and many promise to come and learn when I will have a school.

EDWARD G. DRAPER, Esq.

Some eighteen months since we noticed the departure of this young man, for Liberia. We have now the painful duty of adding the record of his death, which took place at Cape Palmas on the 18th December, 1858.

We feel, at times, as if a special Providence interposed to blast the hopes of the friends of Liberia. Often have we had occasion to point to this or that man, as one on whom we could build. Such and such a place is now filled; such a lack is now supplied; now we may feel secure of this or that result: when the next advices from the coast apprise us that death has blasted our hopes. We could name many, and many too, swept off by other causes than the African fever.

In Mr. Draper we hoped the Republic would be supplied with a good lawyer, a jurist, and a draughtsman; one who would serve as a guide in all matters of internal and international law; one who would do much to improve the tone of foreign national intercourse. To say that such a man was needed, or required, is no reflection upon the character of Liberian jurisprudence or diplomatic intercourse: as it must be conceded that a well educated lawyer was a desideratum. But it was decreed that Mr. Draper should not be the man; he was carried off by that insidious disease, the seeds of which had long been germinating in his system, the pulmonary consumption. Had he lived, no doubt, he would have realised the hopes of his friends, who watched his early progress in life, and of those in Liberia who warmly welcomed him to their shores and adopted him into their social circles.

We have known Mr. D. from early childhood. His father, Mr. Garrison Draper, of Forrest street, Old Town, well known as an honest man and a thriving shop-keeper, early destined his son for Liberia, and educated him accordingly. After obtaining a preparatory education in Pennsylvania, he entered Dartmouth College, in Hanover, N. H. and passed through his collegiate course with credit. On consultation with his friends, he decided upon the profession of Law. Charles Gilman, Esq. one of our Board of Managers, and a retired member of the Baltimore Bar, very kindly tendered him the use of his library and consented to give him private instruction. Not having advantages of attending the Courts in this City, he spent the last few months of his study in the office of Charles

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
A. Maryland Colonization Journal

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

1859