mate, while performing the labor of a slave, and decreases in a tropical climate, while performing labor allotted to the condition of a slave.

The theory that the black man, because he is black, is fitted to undergo severe labor under a tropical sun, vanishes into thin air.

And the fact that the black man, even in slavery, increases, and is thrifty, strong, energetic stock in a temperate climate—for Virginia and Maryland are the best climates on the globe for the human being—proves, not only that the black man is superior to the worst institutions that can be fastened upon him, but also, that this very superiority, demonstrates him to be a unit with the great human race.

(To be continued.)

Afric-American Picture Gallery.—Third Paper.

By EthioP.

Picture No. X.—A New Picture.

Our gallery Boy who barred its doors so firmly against intruders, has just entered the Gallery with his own likeness, and desires that it may be hung up; and, for more reasons than one he shall be gratified. The picture comes to us in mien pleasant, smiling, and as fresh as nature itself.

This boy Thomas Onward (I call him Tom for shortness,) though he has seen all of life—yea more, is not an Old Tom by any means; nor an Uncle Tom, nor a Saintly Tom, nor even what is commonly deemed a good Tom; but a shrewd little rogue, a real live Young Tom, up to all conceivable mischief and equal to all emergencies. He is a perfect model of a little fellow in his way, and a fair representative of his class. Sound in limb, symmetrical in form and robust in health, jovial, frank, easy mannered and handsome—infinitely so compared with even the likeness I hold, one would scarcely conclude that this boy has come down to us through nearly three hundred years of hard trial.

And yet it is true. Such is his history. He was almost whipped into existence, whipped into childhood, whipped up to boyhood. He has been whipped up to manhood, whipped down to old age, whipped out of existence. He was toiled into life; he has been toiled through life; toiled out of life. He has been robbed of his toil, robbed of his body, robbed of all but his soul.

He has been hated for what he was, hated for what he was not, and hated for what he ought to have been. He has been dreaded because of his ignorance, and dreaded because of his knowledge, dreaded for his weakness, dreaded for his strength.

Noble, innocent boy! hadst thou been able to remember a tithe of the hard things done to thee; or hadst thou known a tithe of the hard things said of thee; or of the hard feelings entertained towards thee, it would be difficult to conjecture the result. But out of all these mountains of dust and ashes without one bit of sackcloth upon thee, hast thou come forth fresh, smiling and free. Tom, Tom!!
Who shall write a fitting apostrophe to thee and thy rising fortunes.

What sorry figures do the hard, grave, iron, half savage and half barbarous faces of Washington and Jefferson, of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, present beside the fine expressive likeness of this rising little fellow. The American Nation, if it can, may try its hardened hand yet a few centuries longer upon our live little Tom; but it will hardly mould him to their liking. Like gold ore he will lose but the alloy and become brighter and brighter in the oft passing through the furnace of their oppression.

PICTURE NO. XI.—THE BLACK FOREST.

Two days after I had hung up the picture of the Gallery boy Tom, I sat examining another marked the Black Forest, which from its grand and beautiful scenery, dark back ground shadows and the air of profound mystery which seemed to pervade it, so attracted me that I intended to make a sketch, but my mind turned towards the boy and my eyes towards the portrait, and I sat gazing upon its beauty, and meditating upon its superior excellence as a Work of Art, and the probable whereabouts of the unknown Artist, and also upon the destiny of the Boy himself, when his shrill, merry, musical voice rung out: 'a letter sir.'

Taking it from his hand, I instantly broke the seal, and by a single glance discovered it was from an unknown source, and on further perusal that it was from the Black Forest; a place and name then wholly unknown to me, except as the landscape painting just alluded to in the gallery. The purport of the letter was an invitation to visit this inhabited or uninhabited part of the globe. Let me give the reader one paragraph of this curious epistle. It ran thus: 'Come over to the Black Forest and examine some of the Pictures and other curiosities there. Two days journey by stage and by foot for a man. None others are asked.'

This paragraph I read over a dozen times ere I laid down the letter, and then all my old love of adventure, of ramble and of picture hunting came back upon me.

Filled now with new thoughts and new projects, I repaired to my lodgings, wrote a few hasty lines to a friend, and retired for the night. But the sentences 'Come over to the Black Forest. Examine some pictures and other curiosities. Two days journey by stage and by foot for a man. None others are asked,' had fastened themselves in my mind and insisted so pertinaciously in remaining there, that it was with unusual effort sleep could take entire possession of me.

Early next morning I commenced preparations for my journey, and my arrangements completed, I started on what to many might have seemed not only hazardous but profitless undertaking. But to him who bears perseverance about with him in his breast and determination in his face, and holds communion with all things around him, nothing is hazardous, nothing profitless.

PICTURE NO. XII—TWO PORTRAITS THAT OUGHT TO BE HUNG UP.

The forepart of my journey contained little of interest if I except the appearance and movements of two travellers whose portraits ought to be
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hung up in our Gallery for the benefit of both Afric and Anglo American.

One by one the stage emptied its passengers till these two individuals and myself only were left. Let me give a rough pencilling of each. One of them, and by far the most attractive of the pair, was a lean, sallow-faced, lantern-jawed, hyena-looking little man, standing about four and a half feet in his boots, with a long, narrow, receding forehead, heavy brow and small piercing black eyes and long black hair. His nervous excitability rose and fell with every jolt of the stage coach, and with every whiff of the wind.

The other was an animal of yet a meaner cast. Though not a grayhound, nor a blood, still a kind of hound, a two legged one of a genuine American stock.

He was large in frame and bloated in flesh. His hands resembled a pair of oyster rakes, and his feet shovels, such as are used by ditchers. Upon his large bullet head, which was closely cropped of its coarse bristly hair, jauntily sat a low slouched hat, from beneath which his blood-shot eyes, when they dared to look directly at you, seemed truly terrible. His coarse, vulgar mouth contained a quid of tobacco nearly as large as your fist—genuine Virginian—the juice of which he squirted freely in all directions. His clothes were loose and slovenly, and his linen dirty. From his trousers' pockets obtruded a pair of shackles, from his vest a revolver, and from his inner shirt a dagger.

Reader, here surely was a pair of portraits for you. I would have given the half of all I ever possessed to have had these two rare specimens of Anglo humanity for our Afric-American Gallery. I was certainly in a menagerie.

They eyed me and I eyed them. Incidentally I learned that they were a Slave Holder and a Slave Catcher in search of runaways, and mistook me for one. I prepared myself accordingly, and should have made summary work with them, had a hand to hand encounter taken place, just such as fugitives should make in a like case.

To assure themselves that their suspicions were correct, they struck up a conversation in good Old Virginia style, and I, willing to enliven or drive away I cared not which, the dull hours of the stage coach, readily joined in.

They were not long in discovering not only their mistake but were soon routed. White men generally, and slave holders in particular, dislike nothing so much as to stumble over and wake up black men capable of a single thought, much less intellectually equal, and none laugh more heartily than common sense black men over the extreme folly of the continually assumed or imagined mental superiority of white men over them.

In this instance matters began to look quite serious, and I began to fear something more than a wordy encounter, as fingers began to twitch and pistols move from their places, but by dint of chewing and spitting and frothing and hard swearing and round ponderous oaths, affairs assumed their wonted state. But so chagrined were my companions at their sad discomfiture, that I verily believe had it been possible, they would have crawled into the harness of our horses and took their places if thus they could have passed from observation.

Thus ended my first day's journey towards the Black Forest. The second was to be mostly the pedestrian's task.

The stage coach sat me down by ten o'clock next morning, and my two companions eyed me so wistfully till the thick tangle wood separated us, that I was well satisfied that their desire to make me their prey, was strong to the last.

PICTURE NO. XIII.—A PICTURE OUTSIDE OF THE GALLERY.

Freed from this cage of wild beasts quite as miraculously as was Daniel
from the lion's den, I sat out in good earnest, and for a time made fine headway; a cold drizzling rain however sat in late in the day and the travel became bad.

The afternoon wore away, and still I found myself wending towards a huge mountain forest, whose crest loomed up blacker and blacker as the clouds of coming evening rolled up from below the horizon. Here in all its grandeur and wild sublimity was the native landscape spread out before me, the same that I saw in beautiful miniature but a day before hanging on the walls of our Afric-American Gallery. Cold and wet, dark, gloomy night at last overtook me still plodding my weary way, now alas, through a dense and pathless forest in the direction of a solitary light. Dim at first, now brighter as I passed on and on.

Three hours more gone, and now dancing still more brightly through the trees this solitary light to my unspeakable joy, suddenly revealed itself fully in a small open space, but almost as suddenly disappeared.

A low growl of a mastiff told me that I was quite near the place of my search. Down, down sir! said a gruff voice to the dog, and all was silent and dark as the grave.

Used as I was to adventure and a stranger to fear, I confess a peculiar sensation now passed over me in this reign of deathlike stillness, and I for a moment hesitated. 'Men only are asked over to the Black Forest,' whispered a still, small voice in my ear.

I boldly stepped forward, and in a few moments came directly upon the steps of a small and unpretending log hut. I lingered a moment on the landing; all was quiet within, but a gentle rap soon brought to the door a man who bade me enter.

A cheerful wood fire was blazing on the open hearth, while three vacant chairs quite rural in aspect surrounded it, and a small table and an old fashioned settee completed the furniture of the apartment.

PICTURE NO. XIV.—PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

Tall and erect, strong like a forest tree, this man of the Black Forest, for such he was, was a glory to look upon. The frost of at least ninety winters must have fallen upon his head, and yet had not chilled him, nor had their winds bowed him, nor their cold dimmed the fires of his eye.

What a treasure, thought I, as I looked upon him, would this old man's portrait be in our Gallery.

'From G——?' said he, as he fixed his searching eyes upon me. I answered in the affirmative, and a brief but satisfactory conversation ensued. Mine host soon after set before me some cold meats, brown bread, an excellent dish of coffee and a bowl of delicious milk; thus with the aid of the cheerful fire, making me feel quite comfortable and at home, and the conversation was resumed. I shall not attempt even an outline of it. If I except my own part I could not if I would.

I have listened to many men. It has long been my privilege to converse with men of intelligence and men of mind on all topics common to the day, but never before did I witness such a flood of knowledge poured forth from the lips of man. I am no Paul, but surely I sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Who was this man? How came he here? From whence did he come? What hidden treasures are there in this place? What mysteries hang over it? These interrogatories irresistibly came up in my mind as the old man, with lamp in hand, began to ascend a rude ladder to a single upper chamber, bidding me follow. Here on a clean bed of rushes, I laid down, wondering at first, but soon buried myself in sound beneficial sleep.

(To be Continued.)
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