chisement of the colored people of the United States; but they are the only people in a proper position to contribute to the national regeneration of Hayti. In that country they will find a homogeneous people to blend with; there they can lead the van of industrial progress, by virtue of that training which they have received from contact with a better developed civilization; and there they can find the widest field for useful activity and progressive development in a limitless future.

It would be useless for me to enter into an examination of the claims of Africa as a field from whence Hayti might be supplied with emigrants. The barbarism of the inhabitants of that savage continent could not do otherwise than retard, instead of promoting, the national development of that people. I will therefore leave this subject for the present, to be resumed in my next article, wherein I shall endeavor to point out the method by which an emigration from the colored people of this country may proceed to Hayti with benefit to themselves and with profit to their adopted country.

SIXTH PAPER.

BY ETHIOP.

It may not be forgotten by the reader, that I was last seen standing bolt-upright in the middle of the Afric-American Picture Gallery, surrounded by quite a number of the notables of our times, who had been attracted thither by the notoriety the Gallery has recently assumed.

"What a singular picture," exclaimed the "little lady" in black as she fixed her attention upon a small picture just opposite. This, to my own relief, drew the attention of the entire party. "It is singularly sad, even distressingly so," said the "lady from abroad," "and yet," she added, "it is susceptible of improvement. Such a condition, though it tax our best energies, should be rendered better." "I much doubt, if such a sorry subject as that could be improved in condition," broke in the "tall [not fat] lady." [Anglo-African Magazine must farther that appellation.] This last remark was backed up by the "stout lady," who always seemed but a necessary prop to the tall one—seemed made stout and strong, and short and broad, for that very purpose.

That the reader may better appreciate these remarks, I will here give a simple outline of the picture to which they had reference.

It is marked "Picture 26," hangs on the North wall of the Gallery, and is entitled "Condition." The subject is a colored youth, sitting upon the bank of a rapid river, beneath a huge tree much resembling the yapa, and surrounded by abject wretchedness. Rags and their concomitants cover his body; poverty and want stare him in the face—a face marked with ignorance and the indifference of stolid content.

All else is vacancy.—Pale and emaciated he sits; and at this vacancy alone he stares. What the amount of intelligence he has, or what he is capable of acquiring, is for the speculative, the philosophic and philanthropic to ascertain. On the opposite bank of this river however, are green pastures, lowing herds and waving corn; while down the swift-gliding stream, are miniature fleets of heavy laden little skiffs and beautiful pleasure-yachts. The artist may be forgiven for over-drawing occasionally, as in the case of the main subject of this picture; for I am sure, it would be difficult to find within the whole range of our know-
ledge anything reduced to a condition compared with it.

And yet the question put by the "tall lady" and backed up by the "stout lady," and oft repeated on the tongue of nearly all Anglo-Americans: "can such a subject be improved?" incidentally received a partial discussion, if not solution, in our Gallery.

The Doctor, who is a piece of a philosopher and a larger bit of a wag, was intent on a fine large picture of the "First Colored Convention," and, overhearing the conversation as above noted down, turned round to the company. "What do you think of that, Doctor," asked a dozen voices together; pointing to poor little "Condition" on the wall. The Doctor, after a few hurried glances at the picture through his turtle shells, said, "you may improve the condition, if you change the nature."

An opinion—though it meant nothing—from so high an authority, and so deliberately given, was not without its weight; and the "Skeptic" shook his head doubtingly; while the "Philosopher" with thumb and finger, and outstretched hand, launched out on hair-splitting subtleties, to prove the amount of labor necessary to make even the "Doctor's" proposition good. He also entered upon a learned dissertation, upon the nature of the world in general, and our poor little "Condition" in particular; and wound up by saying that "whatever is, is right."

All this to me seemed so foreign from the point at issue, that, my impetuosity getting the better of my known modesty, with arm uplifted and fist clenched, I broke out with: "It is the youth's condition, not his nature, that demands a change. He has all the great essentials common to humanity; hence, he neither wants more of this, nor less of that, within his composition, before he can be rendered susceptible of improvement." "Will our Gallery-friend inform us then, how he would effect that change," enquired one of the "white cravats," who had all this time been balancing like a rope-dancer, first on this side, and then on that—of the rail of the conversation—to see which would best bear him. "How would you proceed in so great an undertaking," said he, and concluded his own effort, by drawing himself up in an attempt to look dignified. "Put a lever in his hands, and he will proceed to raise himself from out of his own low Condition," said the "Philosopher."

This was not quite definite enough, and the "skeptic" added, "if the Philosopher will compose his lever of means and intelligence, I will agree with him. The youth wants first of all things, means, substantial means—wealth; such as the world values, and then intelligence enough to use it, and a fig for either his dull eye, his curly hair, or his ebon face. The most repulsive of his features may laugh in derision at their sternest foe; for they will appear charming to the surrounding crowd, their possessor's friends. Beauty's eyes are wealth and power."

"I now perceive the point of the argument," chimed in one of the long black coats; and he buttoned it all down before. "It is the youth's disabilities, and not his color, that bind him there;" and as he said this, he significantly pointed to the picture with his ram's-horn cane, strongly reminding one of ancient Jericho and its falling walls. "Precisely so," said I; "you have it at last." Notwithstanding I thought him very slow to perceive a plain point, and came near telling him so.

At this point the "lady from abroad" mildly interposed, and said: "take that youth, forlorn and wretched even, as you there behold him; and let but the light of culture beam in upon him, change not his physical, but his moral, mental and religious state; and then possess him with means—with wealth; and you place beneath him a power, and put in his hands a force, that will be felt throughout the entire ramifications of human society."

This lady had such a neat way of putting her propositions, that it was not an easy task to disturb them without risk; and so the "Doctor," the "Philosopher" and the "white Cravats and long black Coats" deemed it best to keep quiet; but an old lady, who had hitherto been a quiet spectator to the whole scene, now threw up her spectacles, and sharply remarked; "you young folks' talk is altogether too metaphorical for me, as my good brother—a Philosopher,—yes, a Philosopher of the old school—a real Philosopher—used to say, when he overheard folks (he did not wish to offend), who did not know exactly what they were talking about. He always said to them, "you speak too metaphorically for me," and so say I to you, my young friends. "You are not understood" ejaculated the old lady quite out of breath. She then drew her shawl a
little closer, tossed back her hat, adjusted her specs, and began an examination of the picture in question, as she thought; but which was in fact one entitled "Farm Life in Western America."

The whole Party, which for the moment was put to silence, at this unexpected sally, stood a picture of suppressed mirth and hilarity, as they observed the "old lady's" careful scrutiny of what she believed to be the subject of their conversation.

"Bless me," said she at length; "what is this? Colored folks farming! Ah, now, that is it. This puts the question in a clear light; and if you young folks could only throw up your metaphorical veils, you could see it."

No one ventured to interrupt, and she proceeded:

"Now here are colored folks farming for themselves; and don't their grain grow as well as if they were white; and don't it sell as well?"

"Is not this a change only of condition? Talk of changing nature! ! !"

"But where is the boy, that I hear you say so much about," inquired the "old lady," evidently puzzled. — "The Village?" said she. "Yes, yes; and here is its colored village blacksmith, shoeing his white neighbor's horse." — "What can't change our condition?"

"Fiddle-sticks and nonsense," exclaimed she again. "Talk of changing appearances!"

"And look here," cried she out again; "here is a colored man tending his own mill; and is not the flour as white as any other? and are not all the town, white and colored, running to procure it?"

"Welladay, welladay," said the "old lady," and shook her head disapprovingly. Peering over the picture, she espied a splendid carriage, drawn by a span ofspanking bays, driven by a boy, and containing the owner, a colored gentleman and his family, just entering the village.

"The Lord be praised," fairly screamed out the "old lady" this time; and she put up both hands, threw up her specs, and wheeled square round to the company, exclaiming: "and you would have them change the color of their faces, would you, before you would have them ride thus! This is your metaphysics, is it?" and "welladay, welladay," muttered she again.

A little further on, and she espied a large mansion, in process of erection by colored, and white mechanics conjointly.

"The Lord be praised," ejaculated she again. "Now if this is not, what I call truly practical. For it is truly a practical operation where color is no bar," said the old lady. — Away with your metaphysical, metaphysical nonsense, and give them plenty of the wherewith to do with, and they may wear their color without let or hindrance. And as if doubly to assure herself and the company of the correctness of her opinion, she re-affirmed it, by saying, "possess them, all round, with money and all its pertainances; and no station is there so high and no power so great, but will, at their pleasure, be handed down to them." "The Doctor," whom the "old lady" eyed with a keenness evidently provoking retort, dared venture no reply, and only bit his lips. One of the "White Cravats" buttoned down his coat, elongated his face, and poised himself on both sides of the argument, manifestly anxious — since the "Doctor" said nothing—to jump down on the "old lady's" side of the argument; while the other "long black Coat" pulped up his cravat, and enjoyed vastly his friend's vacillating but uneasy position. The "little woman in black seemed" quite self-satisfied, that she had called attention to so grave a subject; for gravity and weight were her themes, her elements, her life, her all. In them she lived, moved and had her being.

The "tall lady" failed to see any convincing proofs; and so did the "stout lady," her friend and necessary prop.

The "Philosopher" archly enquired if the ladies saw at all? — At this the "tall lady" grew taller, and the "stout lady" stouter; so much so, that I began to get anxious for the unfortunate "philosopher," and mildly suggested that the ladies would find some interesting views on the other side of the Gallery. The company, some satisfied, some self-satisfied and some dissatisfied, each in his own mood, passed over to where hung a series of small pictures labeled "City-Life." One of these, a beautiful colored girl, with a hideous monster of a white-faced doll in her arms, caught the "old lady's" eye; and she at once exclaimed, "That is more of your metaphorical nonsense—putting such prejudicial stuff into little children's heads—even before they know they have heads! Set your little boys and girls in the right way of thinking.
in the outset: that's what I say;" and the "old lady" threw herself back into our good old Gallery arm-chair, muttering to herself, "what stuff and nonsense these new-fangled colored folks are putting into the heads of our people. They are worse than white folks."

The "tall lady" and the "stout lady" and one of the "white cravats" were quite indignant, that such a picture was allowed a place on the walls of the Afric-American Picture Gallery. "It is a life-picture," provokingly chimed in the "Philosopher," forgetting his former risk.

"It is an insult to the children," sarcastically exclaimed the "tall lady." "It is an insult to the children," screamed out the "stout lady." "It is an insult to the children," blandly bawled out one of the "white cravats;" and he buttoned down his coat, and tried to look very dignified indeed; and then they all three looked daggers at the gaunt "Philosopher."

Turning round to the "lady from abroad," the "tall lady," with a leer said, "what would you have for our children, Madam? Yes, what would you have?" smirked out the "stout lady."

"Just so, what would you have," deferentially cold drawled out the "white cravat," and he again buttoned down his coat. The "lady from abroad" with some warmth answered: "Educate first of all things, and above all things, your children to have true self-respect: yes, I repeat it," said she with an energy that startled her auditors, "true self-respect; and then, upon this basis, and this alone, place all their future acquisitions. In the matter before us, I leave you to draw your own conclusions."

This fine proposition caused the "skeptic" to rub his hands with glee, while the wily "Philosopher" made a vain attempt to split it by one of his philosophical hair-splitters.

The "Doctor," and one of the "long black coats" by this time had got quite interested and rather warm over Picture No. 27, the first convention, the "Doctor" maintaining with much pith, that the leading minds of that time, who did most to advance the cause of Afric-America, were outside of the clergy; and pointed out the leading heads in this fine picture in evidence. It was with a glow of delight, that—with stick in hand,—moving from the commanding form and strong head of Hamilton to the cal
suddenly jumping up out of a deep brown study, started for the door; and the "skeptic" took a stroll down the gallery. The "tall lady" turning up what nose she had, and the "stout lady" endeavoring to turn up what nose she had not, at the possibility of "colored folks" ever being improved, at least by their own efforts, they both indignantly strode out of the gallery, shaking the very dust off the soles of their feet.—

The "lady from abroad" proceeded to examine some pieces of statuary at the upper end of the gallery, and made some just criticisms; thereon, while the "little lady in black," self-satisfied and prime, sat a model of patience. The "white cravats" and "long black coats" adjusted their neckties, buttoned their coats down before, put on their hats, drew on their gloves (black ones of course), and quietly departed, wiser I trust for their visit; while I, unable to draw any thing but this imperfect sketch, hurriedly sent Tom off with it to the Anglo-African Magazine. (To be Continued.)

Anglo-Saxons, and Anglo-Africans.

BY S. S. N.

We are always amused with certain Reform Orators of the country, who are forever curing the wounds they themselves inflict on the "Apostate American People," by fulsome laudations of what they call "The Great Anglo-Saxon Race."—There is such refreshing self-exaltation in the thing—such an indirect, "We thank Thee, Lord, that thou hast made us of better stuff, than the poor negro, for whom we plead," —and withal such poetic license used with the facts of history, that we wonder they don't feel ashamed of the romance they so often repeat.

TheAngles and the Saxons—historians tell us, were both barbaric German tribes, who stole the country of the Britons, and appropriated it to their own use; and here-in is the only co-incidence we see, that allies the present conglomeration called the American people, with their claimed illustrious ancestors. It does seem to prove one thing, namely—that it runs in the blood to steal.

And yet even this fact, significant as it is, cannot establish an Anglo-Saxon relationship, any more than would the plea, that because the Saxons were once Slaves, and because millions of American citizens are now Slaves, that therefore these citizens are Saxons.—Indeed the theft-argument, strong at it is, sheds not half the proof of inherited consanguinity that is furnished by the Slavery syllogism, for the pseudo-Saxons of America expose their children for sale in southern shambles to-day, just as did the Angles theirs at Rome in the time of Gregory, the Pope. * Notwithstanding, almost every American writer or speaker, who would gain applause for himself, or a good hearing from his audience, is sure, Paganini-like, to play upon this one string, a fantasia on some national melody.

—Now the Theme is "Anglo-Saxon Energy," (invading Mexico, perhaps), now, "Anglo-Saxon Enterprise," (re-opening the Slave trade!), then "Anglo-Saxon Pity," (withholding bibles from Slaves, and hating negroes generally!);—and so after variations on the martial, religious, mechanical and general superiority of the great Yankee nation, the audience are called upon to lend themselves, as stops to an organ, to be played upon, while the performer concludes with a grand Fugue movement, on "Anglo-Saxon blood." Ah, yes! what a glory, to be able to revert to their piratical

* "The selling of themselves or children to slavery, was always the practice among the German Nations, and was continued by the Anglo-Saxons." (Hume.)

"The town of Bristol was an established Slave-Market, and this detested traffic was carried on by Saxons of high rank, who sold their own countrymen; and into Saxon hands the price was paid for Saxon peasants, menials, and servile vassals of every description, who were carried away from their native land to dwell in Denmark and Ireland, homeless, because in Slavery." (Reed's Lectures on English History.)