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Apology.

(INTRODUCTORY.)

The publisher of this Magazine was 'brought up' among Newspapers, Magazines, &c. The training of his boyhood and the employment of his manhood have been in the arts and mysteries which pertain to the neighborhood of Spruce and Nassau streets in the city of New York. Of course the top of the strata, the upper-crust of the laminae in his geologic region is—the Publisher. . . . To become a Publisher, was the dream of his youth (not altogether a dream, for, while yet a boy he published, for several months, the People's Press, a not unnoticed weekly paper,) and the aim of his manhood. He understands the business thoroughly, and intends, if the requisite editorial matter can be furnished, to make this Magazine 'one of the institutions of the country.'

He would seem to be the right man in the right place; for the class of whom he is the representative in Printing House Square, sorely need an independent voice in the 'fourth estate.' Frederick Douglass has said that 'the twelve millions of blacks in the United States and its environs must occupy the notice and the care of the Almighty;' these millions, in order to assert and maintain their rank as men among men, must speak for themselves; no outside tongue, however gifted with eloquence, can tell their story; no outside eye, however penetrating, can see their wants; no outside organization, however benevolently intended, nor however cunningly contrived, can develope the energies and aspirations which make up their mission.

The wealth, the intellect, the Legislation, (State and Federal,) the pulpit, and the science of America, have concentrated on no one point so heartily as in the endeavor to write down the negro as something less than a man; yet at the very moment of the triumph of this effort, there runs through the marrow of those who make it, an unaccountable consciousness, an aching dread, that this noir fainéant, this great black sluggard, is somehow endowed with forces which are felt rather than seen, and which may in 'some grim revel,'

'Shake the pillars of the commonwealth!'
And there is indeed reason for this 'aching dread.' The negro is something more than mere endurance; he is a force. And when the energies which now imbibe him exhaust themselves—as they inevitably must—the force which he now expends in resistance will cause him to rise: his force can hardly be measured to-day; the opinions regarding him are excessive; his foes estimate him too low—his friends, perhaps, too high: besides, there is not a-wanting among these latter, in spite of their own good feelings, that 'tribe idolatry' which regards him as 'not quite us.' Twenty-five years ago, in the heat of the conflict which terminated in the Emancipation Act of Great Britain, there was held an anti-slavery meeting in the city of Glasgow, at which a young black made a speech of such fashion, that it 'brought down the house.' He was followed by the eccentric but earnest and eloquent William Anderson, a minister of the Relief denomination: Dr. Wardlaw, with silver tongue, had spoken, and George Thompson had revelled in his impetuous eloquence. Rev. Mr. Anderson's subject was a minor one in the programme, a sort of side dish; yet he began, continued, and ended in one of the most extraordinary bursts of eloquence, wit and sarcasm ever heard in Dr. Wardlaw's chapel; people were carried away: at the end of the meeting a friend congratulated Mr. Anderson, and casually asked how it was that he had got off such a grand speech? 'Hech mon!' said Mr. Anderson, 'd'ye think I was gaen to be beaten by a black?'

But although we cannot fairly estimate the forces of the negro, we may approximate them. A handful of English subdued Ireland, and English rule rather than English arms have so impenetrated the Celtic mind with oppression, that the only resistance to this oppression in the middle of the 19th century culminates in Smith O'Brien, Thomas F. Meagher, and John Mitchel! Compare these with Sam Ward, Frederick Douglass, or those who fought in Christiana, or the man who suffered himself to be scourged to death in Tennessee rather than betray his associate insurrectionists. The negro under the yoke of slavery has increased, without additions made by immigration, as rapidly during the last forty years, as have the whites in the whole country, aided by an immense immigration and the increase of the immigrants; and this increase of the negro in America, unlike that of the Irish in Ireland, is of a strong, healthy, durable stock. Now let the European immigration diminish, and the African slave trade revive—both which events are in esse—and the next forty years will present us with the slave States containing ten millions of whites, and nearly fifteen millions of slaves; and the proportion of the blacks to the whites in the United States, which is now one-seventh, will be nearly one-half. In that event, it requires no prophet to foresee that the Underground Railroad, and the Christian Religion—the two great safety valves for the restless and energetic among the slaves—will be utterly incompetent to put off that event which was brought about by bloodshed in Hayti, and by timely legislation in the British West Indies.

In 1850, a black, man insulted by a white boy in the streets of Sacramento, mildly resented by pushing the boy away: a white man passing by with a saw in his hand, caught the black by the wrist and sawed his hand off. The black went before a magistrate to complain, when the minister of justice declined receiving the complaint, on the ground that no redress could be obtained. In 1858, we find a magistrate in California, in defiance of statute law, admitting testimony of black men, and in the same year a bill to prevent further immigration of blacks, was defeated in the legislature of that State. In the debate on the subject, a member stated that 'the six thousand free blacks in California were an industrious people, with six millions
of dollars in personal and real estate.' This is about one thousand dollars per individual—a sum three times as great as the census of 1850 gives to the individuals composing the farming population of Vermont.

In a school exhibition in the city of New York, in December 1858, there were productions from twenty white, and one colored, Ward Schools; of the thirty prizes awarded, three were gained by the colored school; which may be thus formalized for the use of that distinguished archaeologist, craniologist and ethnologist, Dr. Nott, of Alabama: \( \frac{10}{20} : \frac{1}{20} \) : black children's intellect : white children's intellect.

In the Concours of the colleges of France in 1858, the laurels once won by Abelard, fell upon the brows of a black youth from Hayti, M. Faubert, who won the highest prize, two other young Haytiens winning other prizes. It is well-known that not a few white Americans are among the students of the French colleges; as none of these have yet won this distinguished honor, we must again formalize for Dr. Nott—\( \frac{2}{1} \) : \( \frac{1}{1} \) : white American students in Paris : black Haytien students in Paris.

Here, then, we have the vital force, the physical force, and some slight inklings of the yet undeveloped mental power of the negro. The negro is a constant quantity; other races may be, and are, variables; he is positive and reliable, and seems fixed so. The panic of 1857 was arrested by the cotton crop, and even at this moment, when the West is bankrupt, with its 'enchanted' free laborers, and 'enchanted' stores of grain, the vitality of trade is maintained by the products of black labor, which it is the ambition of the so-called republican party to sweep from the land. "What a glorious destiny awaits the negro when soil now fertilized by his agony and bloody sweat, shall teem under his energies, renewed and developed by freedom! for freedom hand in hand with labor, Walketh strong and brave, On the forehead of his neighbor No man writeth slave!"

The negro is the 'coming man, heralded by Dr. Arnold. The European race would seem to have reached its destined development—of Arts in Greece, of Jurisprudence in Rome, and of Industrial Economies in England and the United States. To advance still further, the tide of civilization requires what the great commoner of England prescribed for Ireland—new blood. And whence can this be procured, unless from a race hitherto unmixed in the current of civilization?

In addition to an expose of the condition of the blacks, this Magazine will have the aim to uphold and encourage the now depressed hopes of thinking black men, in the United States—the men who, for twenty years and more have been active in conventions, in public meetings, in societies, in the pulpit, and through the press, cheering on and laboring on to promote emancipation, disfranchisement and education; some of them in, and some of them past the prime of life, yet see, as the apparent result of their work and their sacrifices, only Fugitive Slave laws and Compromise bills, and the denial of citizenship on the part of the Federal and State Governments, and, saddest of all, such men as Seward and Preston King insulting the rights of their black constituents by voting to admit Oregon as a state with a constitution denying to black men even an entrance within its borders.

It is not astonishing that the faith of such should grow weak, or that they should set up a breast-work in distant regions; yet it is clear that they are wrong to despond, wrong to change the scene of the contest. The sterner and fiercer the conflict, the sterner and steadier should be the soldiers engaged in it.

"Be sure, no earnest work Of any honest creature, howbeit weak, Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much It is not gathered as a grain of sand For carrying out God's end. No creature work So ill observed, that there he's cashiered. The honest, earnest man must stand and work."

Neither can it aid our cause to found an empire in Yoruba; they might as
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well have built a battery at Gibraltar to destroy Sebastopol. The guns won't reach. Our cause is something higher, something holier than the founding of states. Any five hundred men with thews and sinews, and a moderate share of prudence, can found a state; it is nothing new or wonderful to do. And after we had founded such a state, our work in the United States would remain to be done by other hands. Our work here, is, to purify the State, and purify Christianity from the foul blot which here rests upon them.

All articles in the Magazine, not otherwise designated, will be the products of the pens of colored men and women, from whom we earnestly solicit contributions, which, when used, will be paid for, according to the means of the Publisher.

We hope from these sources, articles grave and gay, things serious, and as the Rev. Mr. Hudson quaintly says, 'things juicy.' 'The Tales of the Fugitives,' to be initiated in our next number, will leave the heart and the imagination not untouched. This one is 'got up in rather a hurry, and we beg pardon for its many deficiencies.

ALLEXANDRE DUMAS.

Whatever claims the American School of Ethnology may lay to Sappho, Euclid, St. Cyprian, or Terentius, they must yield to the negro an undoubted share in Pushkin, the Negro-Russian poet, in Placido the Negro-Spanish poet, and in Dumas the Negro-Celtic Historian, Dramatist and Romancer.

The grand parents of M. Dumas were the Marquis de la Pailleterie, a wealthy planter of St. Domingo, and a negro of that island; his father was a famous cavalry officer under Napoleon. The death of his father leaving him destitute, young Dumas repaired to Paris, with letters to General Foi (an old companion in arms of Gen. Dumas,) seeking employment: after questioning him of his attainments, Gen. Foi was about to give up in despair, when he accidentally discovered that young Dumas wrote a neat and rapid hand; he procured him a clerkship in the office of the Secretary of the Duke of Orleans (afterward Louis Philippe.) The leisure of Dumas was occupied in satiating that prodigious thirst for knowledge which has distinguished the youth of energetic men preparing to make their mark. A representation of Hamlet first touched his latent genius for dramatic composition, and Dumas' earliest play, Henry III, et sa Cour, was the result: it was a great success; and the brain and pen of Dumas have been steadily, marvellously at work ever since. And not only his own pen and brain, but the pen and brains of dozens of scribes, and as many authors in the employ or under the auspices of this great book-wright.

A captious and pitiful criticism, on the part of British and American writers, has objected to Dumas, that, very many of his plays and nouvellettes are the products of the brains of others simply altered and retouched by his own hand. A generous objection, truly, on the part of those who worship Shakespeare, and sing praises to the hosts of those, down to Scott, Moore and Byron, who bear the same relation to Shakespeare, that the old painter represented subsequent poets to bear to Homer. Take from Shakespeare, all his borrowed stories, and what of invention have we left?

We beg pardon—we do not mean to compare Dumas with Shakespeare—there is time enough, these two hundred years, for a negro dramatist to rise in rivalry with the bard of Avon; perhaps Scott might be mentioned in comparison with Dumas; as novelists, as limners of the manners, language and customs of the middle ages, there is a strong parallelism between them; in descriptive writing, Scott, who revelled in the outdoor life of the

'Land of the mountain and the flood.'