conducted of these worthy men and their white co-laborers, they deserve and shall receive our hearty thanks and lasting gratitude.

Upon the conduct of the Court before which Bushnell and Langston have been tried, and before which the rest of the indicted are to be tried—upon the behavior of the Prosecutor, who has shown himself so anxious and determined to convict these men—upon the character of the Jurors called in the cases already tried, and upon the testimony of the witnesses on the part of the Government, it is needless to say a single word. The Court, the Prosecutor, the Jurors, and the witnesses, with one or two exceptions, are Pro-Slavery and Democratic in their connections and associations. It is well known, then, what we may expect. And, so far, we have not been disappointed.

But the object of this prosecution can never be accomplished. The free spirit of the Western Reserve cannot be "crushed out." Our deep love of liberty, our intelligent veneration for the precepts of Christianity, and our abiding determination to obey God rather than man, no prosecution, however oppressive, no irksome confinement in gloomy dungeons, no illegal and unjust confiscation of our property, can ever overthrow and destroy. And this prosecution, so far, has only tended to deepen and strengthen this conviction.

**Afro-African Picture Gallery.**

**FIFTH PAPER.**

**BY ETHIOP.**

Home again, and in fine spirits.

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife; To all the sensual world proclaim, One crowded hour of glorious life Is worth an age without a name."

So felt I, after my visit to the Black Forest, which has been among the most remarkable of my meandering life.

A faithful recital of what I heard and what I saw, lengthened out in a dozen carefully collated and closely written volumes, would scarcely do justice to my three days' stay in that place of mysteries. But, as the pressure of other engagements called me from those never-to-be-forgotten scenes, so now, also, do the events of the passing hour require at my hands something else for my readers, reserving for another occasion a further chat about the famous Grotto Home of Old Bernice, one of Nature's noblemen and one of her noblest artists.

Home again, and in the Afric-American Picture Gallery, and seated in my armchair. Dear old arm-chair! seated in thee I survey with renewed and increasing satisfaction this extraordinary Gallery.

My feelings are fresh and my eye clear, so that I can, perhaps, better take in the beauties and excellencies of a picture than give out anything like an accurate description of one.

Notwithstanding this, I cannot resist the temptation of a sketch offered by a pair of pictures just beneath my eye, on the south side of the Gallery.

They are marked

*Pictures Nos. XIX and XX.*

**PREACHING AND AFTER PREACHING.**

The first represents the interior of a church—a negro church.

Locality—sunny South. The particular spot, I conclude from its surroundings, is among the best of the good old plantations.

The church is filled to overflowing with
devout worshippers, and is being discoursed to, affectionately, of course, by a double-fisted, burly, white-faced old Southern Preacher—a genuine Hard Shell.

The artist has caught him just in the nick of time.

The Preacher is just in the act of extorting his sable hearers to obey their masters—their kind, good masters.

"He that knoweth his master's will and doeth it: not shall be beaten with many stripes." These are his words. In catching the artist's conception, you feel them, you hear them—you put yourself in his audience, and then they are gracious words to you. They are unctious. On them your parson is feeling; he looks full of feeling; he looks unctious all over. Unction pours out of his mouth; it beams out of his eyes; it sticks out of his outspread fingers; it runs down his broad face in greater profusion than did the oil down the venerable beard of Aaron.

Just at this unctious point is our good man taken, and I heartily thank the artist for having done him such justice. A fairer exhibit of a Southern preacher is certainly nowhere else on canvass. Nor has the artist lost any of his inspiration in the other details of his picture. The preacher's sable hearers, with eyes dilated, mouths agape, nostrils distended and ears alert, are intently leaning forward, that they may lose no word of the good admonition, while here a moody brow, and there a skeptical face, or yonder a defiant look, combine to form an admirable background.

The second of this pair of pictures, entitled After Preaching, represents the congregation standing about outside the church in groups around the faithful leaders, who, being men carefully selected by the white piety of the sunny South, are of course, all of the Uncle Tom school.

By another masterly stroke of the artist's conception, they are taken just at the point of the extreme of their extacies about the great and good sermon they have just heard, while the leaders are in earnest exhortation on submission and willing obedience to masters as the height of Christian duty.

In the background may also be seen a few young, determined-looking faces, on which are expressed disbelief in, and detestation of, the whole affair. They are the same noticed in the background of the former piece.

These young spirit-faces possess such a strong look of meaning that none need mistake it. A look so strong, so bold, so towering, that, like Monadnock among the granite hills, it peers far above the scrawny frowns, and puny smiles, and jeers, and gibes, and sneers, and hates of the vulgar, the mean, the base; a look that will go up through all time, and, as light before the coming sun, so as surely will it be the forerunner of the great deliverance of long-pressed humanity. The look and the meaning do actually exist, and the sooner the World knows it the better.

These faces, in contrast with the others of the congregation, give a most striking effect to the picture. They are the unruly, the skeptical, the worthless of the flock—the wicked ones, who would rather run the risk than be bound up in the religious love so feelingly and so faithfully proclaimed to them—the religious love of the land.

It is of this class comes our Nat Turners, who laid a scheme for redemption, and the man in Georgia who received nine hundred and ninety-nine lashes by way of gentle compulsion, and then would not so much as reveal one particle of the plan laid by and for the uprising of his oppressed brethren. It is of this class come the Margaret Garners, who rather than their babes even shall clank a chain, prefer to send them up to their God who gave them. It is of this class come our Douglasses and our Browns, and host of other spirits now cast upon the regions of the North, as a Southerner once expressed it, "to wallam in the misery of their sins, and lament in the wretchedness of their misunderstood liberty."

These are good views, and may be studied with profit by any Southern Preacher, master or monster who will take the trouble to visit the Afric-American Picture Gallery.

Picture No. XXI. is

A HEAD OF PHILLIS WHEATLY.

It hangs in the north-east corner of the Gallery, and in good light, and is so decidedly one of the finest in the collection, whether viewed in an artistic light or in point of fact, that it is both a constant charm and study for me. The features, though indicative of a delicate organiza-
tion, are of the most pleasing cast. The facial angle contains full ninety degrees; the forehead is finely formed, and the brain large; the nose is long, and the nostrils thin, while the eyes, though not large, are well set. To this may be added a small mouth, with lips prettily turned, and a chin—that perfection of beauty in the female face—delicately tapered from a throat and neck that are of themselves perfection. The whole make-up of this face is an index of healthy intellectual powers, combined with an active temperament, over which has fallen a slight tinge of religious pensiveness. Thus hangs Phillis Wheatly before you in the Afric-American Picture Gallery, and if we scrutinize her more closely through her career and her works, we shall find her truly an extraordinary person. Stolen at the tender age of seven years from the fond embraces of a mother whose image never once faded from her memory, and ferried over in the vile slave ship from Afric's sunny clime to the cold shores of America, and sold under the hammer to a Boston merchant—a delicate child, a girl, alone, desolate; a chilly, dreary world before her, a chain on her feet and a thorn in her bosom, and an iron mask on her head, what chance, what opportunity was there for her to make physical, moral, or mental progress? In these respects, how get up to, or keep pace with, other and more favored people?—how get in the advance?—how ascend, at last, without a single competitor, the highest scale of human eminence? Phillis Wheatly did all and more than this. A sold thing, a bought chattel, at seven years she mastered, notwithstanding, the English language in sixteen months. She carried on with her friends and acquaintances an extensive and elegant epistolary correspondence at twelve years of age, composed her first poem at fourteen, became a proficient Latin scholar at seventeen, and published in England her book of poems dedicated to the Countess of Huntington at nineteen; and with the mantle of just fame upon her shoulders, sailed from America to England to receive the meed due to her learning, her talents, and her virtues at twenty-two. I have never read a treatise on the art of pleasing, nor have I otherwise acquired it, and hence my imperfection in so important a matter. I never could well please; a lady friend says I have never tried. Be this as it may, permit me to observe that since my three days' visit to the Black Forest and three weeks' barricading of the doors of the Afric-American Picture Gallery against its many friends who have sought it out, there has been brought upon me such a storm of choleric feeling as will serve for all of life to come. I had just finished the last sketch, and wrapped myself up in the happy consciousness of its justness, my old mood stealing over me, my mind traversing back to the days when Banneker lived and told of the stars and of the rising suns, and Wheatly sung their praise to listening worlds, when a loud rap at the door brought me to a sense of the present moment and to my feet. Wondering who the intruder might be that dared to thus disturb me, I bade him enter. It was Tom—yes, Tom, with a package of letters in his hand. The little rogue's smile was as fresh and sunny as ever, and it was a pleasure to see him; but, somehow or other, there was a wicked twinkle playing about the corners of his usually wicked little eyes, that told me something in my absence had gone amiss. I concealed this discovery, however, and merely said: "Well, Tom, my good fellow, what has turned up since my absence?" "Oh! nothing much, only a plenty of calls, sir," said he. "Calls?" said I, rising; "I hope you have not permitted, sir, any one to enter the Afric-American Gallery during my absence?" "Why no, sir," said he, provocingly, "but then there has been such a knocking at the door!"
I perceived how it was in an instant. The little rogue had been operating on his own hook, and pointing out the Gallery to the various magnates around for his own special amusement.

"The doctor has been here," he added, without paying any heed to the embarrassment in which he had placed me; "and the Professor has been here, and the Philosopher with him; and a little lady in black, and a tall lady, and a fat lady, and a strange nice lady from abroad have been here; and a number of other ladies, and some queer ones, too, have been here; and a crusty old gentleman, (white,) with a cane, has been here, too; and two colored gentlemen, in white cravats and long black coats all buttoned down before.

Tom's odd description of so strange a group really put me in good humor. I took the package from his hand, and throwing it on the table, wheeled round before the stature of Benjamin Banneker, for the purpose of a few notes for the readers of the Anglo-African Magazine, when rather a loud and unusual noise in the outer hall interrupted me. In looking up, lo! and behold, advancing and bowing, hats in hand, who should my eyes meet but the Doctor, the Professor, and the Philosopher, closely followed by the little lady in black, and the tall lady, and the fat lady, and the lady from abroad, and the two gentlemen in white cravats and long black coats all buttoned down before, fetching up the rear. Dumbfounded at so many and such imposing visitors, I could only rise and make my best bow, which was awkward enough at best. Of course I was cheated out of my reflections on Banneker, and so are my readers.

The conversation of my visitors, which was free, characteristic, and remarkable, I must reserve for my next reader.

(To be Continued.)

Thoughts on Hayti.

NUMBER II.

BY J. THEODORE HOLLY.

The Disabilities under which that Country Labor.

In the preceding article I have claimed for the Haytian people a solitary pre-eminence, in their Revolutionary independence, as the political prodigy of universal history. In this article I propose to speak of the disabilities under which they labor, notwithstanding their unexampled position in this respect. In fact, I will show that these disabilities are inherent in, and grow out of, the wonderful phenomenon that her national sovereignty displays amid the galaxy of nations. But before entering on this subject, I desire to bring my previous thoughts to a close by showing that during the half-century and more before the stature of Benjamin Banneker, for the purpose of a few notes for the readers of the Anglo-African Magazine, when rather a loud and unusual noise in the outer hall interrupted me. In looking up, lo! and behold, advancing and bowing, hats in hand, who should my eyes meet but the Doctor, the Professor, and the Philosopher, closely followed by the little lady in black, and the tall lady, and the fat lady, and the lady from abroad, and the two gentlemen in white cravats and long black coats all buttoned down before, fetching up the rear. Dumbfounded at so many and such imposing visitors, I could only rise and make my best bow, which was awkward enough at best. Of course I was cheated out of my reflections on Banneker, and so are my readers.

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(To be Continued.)