PICTURE VII.—TOUSSAINT L'OVERTURE.

Pictures are teachings by example. From them we often derive our best lessons. A picture of a once beloved mother, an almost forgotten grandfather whose image perhaps we bear, or a long lost child, once the centre of our affections; such a picture occasionally taken down from its hiding-place, and looked at, calls up associations and emotions, and produces troops of thought that paint the memory afresh with hues the most beautiful, touching, beneficial and lasting. A picture of a great man with whose acts we are familiar, calls up the whole history of his times. Our minds thus become repressed with events and we arrive at the philosophy of them.

A picture of Washington recalls to mind the American Revolution, and the early history of the Republic. A picture of Thomas Jefferson brings before the mind in all its scope and strength that inimitable document, the Declaration of Independence; and in addition, carries us forward to the times, when its broad and eternal principles, will be fully recognised by, and applied to the entire American people. I had these conclusions forced upon me by looking not upon either the picture of Washington or Jefferson in the gallery, but by a most beautiful portrait of one of the greatest men the world ever saw—Touissant L'Overture. This painting hangs in the south east corner of the Gallery in a favourable position and in good light as it ought; as it portrays the features of one of God's and Earth's noblemen long since retired.

Far be it from me to venture to a description of either the picture or the man. I have no pencil and no pen with which I can do it. Some future historian in other times, will yet write the name of Touissant L'Overture higher and in purer light than that of any man that has lived up to to-day. But the special point to which I wish to call attention, and upon which I may venture a remark, is the long and interesting train of historical facts in relation to Hayti, that gem of the sea, this portrait associates in the mind of the intelligent beholder. To say nothing of him who led the breathings of this people after liberty; the breaking in pieces the yoke that galled them their heroic struggles, the routing finally and utterly from the soil their oppressors; their almost superhuman efforts thereafter, to rise from the low state in which the degradation of slavery and chains had placed them and their final triumph over every obstacle; in fine the whole history from first to last of this Island and this people is so vividly brought before the mind, by merely this likeness of the inimitable Touissant L'Overture, that it is repressed with the extraordinary, useful and touching lesson it teaches.

PICTURE VIII.—SOLOQUE AND HIS COURT.

If anything else was needed to carry the mind over the field of Haytian events, and complete our history; or in leading us for the first time to study that history, this additional picture ought to be sufficient. It is of largest size, consisting of portraits of the sable Emperor and the magnates that move round his Imperial person; and hangs
beside that ot L'Overture. The various descriptions given me of these persons lead me to believe, that these likenesses, unlike many that have been gotten up for the American prejudice Market, are genuine and up to the originals. That of the Emperor's is superior as he is known to be a superior looking man.

PICTURE IX.—MOUNT VERNON.

Our artist must have taken time by the forelock in the execution of this picture; as Mount Vernon has become of late the great popular theme of the American people. Mount Vernon just now enters into everything. It has something to do with every spring of the machinery of American society; social, political, and religious. It is Mount Vernon in the pulpit, Mount Vernon on the rostrum, Mount Vernon from the Press, Mount Vernon from every lip.

The boys in the streets busily cry out Mount Vernon; the fashionable young belle simpers Mount Vernon. Mount Vernon exclaims the breast-laden patriot; Mount Vernon echoes the good old ladies, Mount Vernon is piped, Mount Vernon is harped; Mount Vernon is danced; Mount Vernon is sung. Even men walk by the aid of Mount Vernon canes, manufactured from some of its decaying relics. And what is Mount Vernon?

Mount Vernon as the readers must know is a spot of earth somewhere in Virginia, and once the Home of the Father of his Country. How careful ought we to be, then, in word or deed about Mount Vernon.

I must plead in excuse, therefore, that in the conception of this picture, the Artist has simply failed; if not in faithfulness to the original, certainly in gratifying the popular American feeling. The Picture hangs on the south side of the Gallery, and in excellent light.

It is of largest size, exhibiting the grounds, the mansion, out-house, slave huts and all; once planned, laid out, and erected with so much care by Washington; but now alas, all in a state of dilapidation and decay. Decay is written by the Artist's pencil more legibly than in letters, on everything.—On the house top, on the door sill is written decay. On the chimney, on the gables, on the eaves, is written decay. The consuming fingers of decay and delapidation mark each and every out house.—Every old slave hut, like so many spectres shadows forth decay.—Decay stands staring in the gate-ways, staring in the porches, starring in the cellars.—The very wind which bends the here and there scattering tree-tops, (land marks of the past) seem to creak through the many visible crevices of the Old Mansion and sigh decay, decay! decay!!

I never saw Mount Vernon; and as I gaze upon this Picture I ask myself is it true? Is this the home of the Father of his Country? Is it, that, every thing Washington possessed should so perish? Or, so perish the all, that we should have left to us, but his name; and yet with a tendency to forget names however great, I am at a loss to know how we shall preserve even the name of Washington many years longer.

But there is another feature in this Picture besides the stern solemn passing away, that I desire to direct attention to. The Artist has located, and I suppose correctly enough, on the banks, where sluggishly glides the Potomac's waters, the Tomb of Washington.

The first thing that here arrests the eye is the recently dug up coffin of Washington; just behind which stands the ghost of his faithful old slave and body servant; while in front, a living slave of to-day stands, with the bones of Washington gathered up in his arms, and labelled 'For Sale' 'Price $200,000; this negro included.' 'Money wanted.'—A number of other slaves, men, women, and children, are placed in a row along the bank just beyond, bearing about the neck of each the following inscription: 'These negroes for sale. Money wanted.'
Proceeding from the Old Mansion to the Tomb, are two elderly, portly, aristocratic looking gentlemen, bearing unmistakable evidences of being the present proprietors of the Mount Vernon estate, and celebrated relatives of the great Virginian, and Father of his Country; and a noted son of Massachusetts. These gentlemen are followed towards the tomb by a few pious looking old ladies.

Such is but a faint description of this picture of Mount Vernon; and as obscurely as it is hung in our midst, Edward Everett the distinguished limner of Washington should see it, and if any, point out its defects.

Our Gallery begins to draw. Numerous have been the inquiries about it, and two individuals who after sundry searchings and pryings have found out our secret.—Our pleasant hiding-place, where we have so often and so long shut up ourselves from the blast and chill of the world, is no longer our own. The luxury of solitude is even gone, gone forever!

Just as I had finished the sketch of the last picture, (luckily for me) and pointed my pencil for another, the little brown-faced boy in attendance, bowed in, to my great surprise, a very respectable appearing gentleman—a little seedy, though very genteel with all notwithstanding—and not Anglo-African, but Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-American or something of that sort; botheration, I never could get the hang of these Angloes! but no matter, he was genteel in manner and intellectual in appearance.

'I read your Picture Sketches in the last number of the Anglo-African Magazine, and have sought out your Gallery,' said he. 'Well, what do you think of it?' said I. 'Your Gallery? well, I must examine it,—but your Magazine!!' 'Magazine,' rejoined I, 'yes, that is the question.' 'Your magazine,' said he (not regarding the interruption) is uncalled for.' I started up. ‘I am a well-known friend to your race.’ I started a little more upright, and said, ‘my dear sir, if you mean Anglo-Africans, well; but do not say “your race.”’ here I brought my fist down on the table, added—‘there is but one race of men on the face of the earth, sir!!!’ Our visitor colored a little. ‘I was about to remark,’ he said, ‘that if your men had capacity they might write for our anti-slavery journals and other ably conducted magazines in the country, such as Harpers' or the Atlantic Monthly. It would be more creditable. You don’t want a separate magazine and pen up your thoughts there.’ ‘The “Anglo-African” is not such as you designate it,’ said I, ‘it is simply headed by colored men, but excludes no man on account of his color from its pages, and it were unfortunate.' I said this with emphasis, ‘that since colored men are the oppressed, it were unfortunate that every anti-slavery journal in the country is not edited by colored men.’ This was a little too sharp, and our new friend colored more deeply than before. ‘What do you think of that statue of Ira Aldridge, just over on the other side of the Gallery, there?’ said I, as anxious to turn the conversation as he was. He examined it a few moments and said, ‘It is quite a clever attempt for —' he was about to add something more, but suddenly turning asked who modelled it. ‘All I know,’ said I, ‘is Mr. Aldridge went from this country to Europe when quite a young man, took to the stage, his color being no bar to eminence there, and step by step he has ascended until now he stands on the very highest round of the actor's ladder. He stands to day, as an actor, the most renowned in the world. The statue before us I believe was modelled in Europe.’ Our visitor hastily glanced at it again, and pronounced it excellent, adding a few criticisms about its breadth of forehead and a few doubts about its want of faithfulness to the original, he passed around the Gallery. I sat down again to make a sketch of this plaster statue of Aldridge, the world-renowned actor (by the way, an excellent model of him as
Othello), when our little brown-faced boy bowed his head in the doorway, and announced this time a lady—a colored lady. I laid down my pencil, and though much confused, tried my hand at politeness. The lady, plainly, but neatly attired and rather stiff, was all politeness, but it was of that kind that first chills, and then freezes you. Eye-glass up, and with sarcastic smile, she hurriedly scanned several of the pictures. Her air was a dissatisfied one in the outset; she had come to find fault and quarrel with our poor Gallery from the first. I felt this, and determined on revenge. 'What nonsense is all this!' she exclaimed, and proceeded to criticise quite freely. I caught up my pencil, and wrote: 'An old maid; a little dimmed in sight; somewhat faded, but a few good traces of beauty yet left: face a little too sharp, and eye too restless and a little prudish with all: quite ready in speech, but rather too second-hand in opinion.' I stopped. A kind of nervous feeling came over me, and I began to fumble for my knife, to scratch the words old, dimmed, and all the other unpleasant adjectives I had thrown into my sentences, for in truth she was not old, though I learned afterwards she was a maid. My lady friend perceiving my embarrassed manner, laid it to her own superciliousness, and her eye dilated at the supposed effect and proceeded freely with her criticisms.

My old revenge came back upon me: 'Madam, or mam,' said I at last, 'these pictures, as a whole, make no claim to the high artistic merit you look for in them, though I think some of them rather clever as works of art; but they serve as simple reminders of what the people of color were, now are, and will yet be. What they have gone through, are going through, and have yet to go through.' This last speech of mine had the desired effect. With glass still to her eye, she passed on in her strictures, and on, too, in the Gallery. I adjusted myself again to make the sketch of Aldridge, and taking position, looked up for the purpose. Lo, and behold! my visitors were both gone. I was alone. My paper for my intended sketch was scribbled out, and my pencil whittled away. Bothered and puzzled, I snatched up my hat and started for the door, bidding the boy at the same time to bar it against all further intruders, I rushed into the street.

Struggles for Freedom in Jamaica.

BY ROBERT CAMPBELL.

Thirty years ago there was, perhaps, no place in which the condition of free people of color was more intolerable than in Jamaica; nor, if we except Hayti, was there any place in which more vigorous efforts were made to achieve political enfranchisement than in that island. The political disqualifications under which they labored were even greater than those to which the same class of persons are exposed in this country. Here they are, it is true, denied the right of suffrage, there they were in addition denied even the privilege of an oath in court in defense of their property or persons. They might be violently assaulted, their limbs broken, their wives and daughters outraged before their eyes by villains having white skins, yet they had no legal redress, except another white man chanced to see the deed. Oppressed and wronged though this class of people are here, no legal impediments exist to the acquirement of wealth among them, while there they had to contend against an enactment which prohibited any white man be-
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