The New Yorker Staats Zeitung for January 22nd, 1853, from which this table is copied, adds a hundred and seven thousand for the German emigration to Baltimore and New Orleans, and about two hundred thousand for the emigration of previous years, making the entire German population, arrived, at 900 thousand: allowing 48 per cent. for their increase during the fourteen years, and we have one million two hundred and sixty thousand as the entire German migration of the second quarter of the 19th century.

The increase of this migration has been gradual, until within the last three years, when it has increased at the rate of thirty thousand per annum, and from being only one-half as many, has in the last year, actually outnumbered the Irish immigration.

And it is but reasonable to expect that in the next ten years, or perhaps longer, it will go on increasing; for while the whole home population of Ireland is but six millions, that of Germany is nearly fifty millions.

The vitality of the German emigrant is greater than that of the Irish. These latter, enfeebled by starvation and whiskey at home, seek employment here on railroads, running through malarious districts from Maine to Panama, and their stalwart looking, but really feeble frames fall an easy prey to the fevers which they contract.

In the city of New York, twenty-five years ago, an acre or two surrounding St. Patrick’s Cathedral afforded ample burying room for the whole Irish Catholic population. Since then, a ten acre field in Eleventh-street has been twice filled up, tightly packed, by the same population, and within three years, eighty acres have been bought on Long Island by Bishop Hughes, and a ferry especially established, called Bishop Hughes’ Ferry, to carry over the Irish dead to this new cemetery, at which several priests are engaged from morning till night, reciting the last sad ceremonies over the departed sons of Erin.

To be Continued.

Afric-American Picture Gallery.

BY ETHIOP.

NUMBER I.

I always had a penchant for pictures. From a chit of a boy till now, my love for beautiful, or quaint old pictures has been unquenched.

If an ever abiding love for any branch of Art is indicative of a fitness to pursue it, then I should have been a painter. Even when so small as to be almost imperceptible, I used to climb up, by the aid of a stool, to my mother’s mantle piece, take down the old family almanac and study its pictures with a greater relish than ever a fat alderman partook of a good dinner including a bountiful supply of the choicest wines. All this however, never made me a painter. Fate marked out a rougher, sterner destiny for me. But the habit of rambling in search of, and hunting up curious, old, or rare and beautiful pictures, is as strong as ever.

It was in one of these rambles, that I stumbled over the Afric-American Picture Gallery, which has since become one of my dearest retreats wherein to spend many an otherwise weary hour, with profit and pleasure.

The collection is quite numerous, having been sought from every quarter of the American continent, and some from abroad; and though as a Gallery of Art, if not highly meritorious, still from its wide range of subjects and the ingenuity with which
many of them are presented, it must, to the lover and curious in such matters, afford much for amusement, and to the careful observer and the thinker much that is valuable and interesting.

In style and excellence these pictures vary according to the fancy or skill of the artist. Some are finely executed, while others are mere rough sketches. Some are in oil, some in water colors, and India Ink shadings, a few statues, statuettes, and a few Crayons and Pencilings possessing a high degree of merit; others are mere charcoal sketches and of little worth beyond the subjects they portray.

But without pursuing this general outline further, let the reader, with me enter into this almost unknown Gallery. Well, here we are, and looking about us.

The first thing noticeable, is the unstudied arrangement of these pictures. They seem rather to have been put up out of the way, many of them, than hung for any effect.

The walls are spacious, and contain ample room for more, and, in many instances, better paintings; and many niches yet vacant for busts and statues; and just here, let me make an humble petition in behalf of this our newly discovered Gallery.—It is that generous artists, will, at their convenience, have the goodness to paint an occasional picture, or chisel a statue or bust, and we will be sure to assign it to its appropriate place. But let us take a survey, and speak only of what strikes us most forcibly in our present mood.

PICTURE NUMBER 1.—THE SLAVE SHIP.

This picture hangs near the entrance, on the south side of the Gallery, and in rather an unfavorable light.

The view is of course Jamestown harbor, Virginia, in 1609, and has all the wild surroundings of that portion of our country at that period; the artist having been faithful even to every shrub, crag and nook. Off in the mooring lays the slave ship, Dutch-modeled and ugly, even hideous to look upon, as a slave-ship ought to be. On the shore is a group of emaciated Africans, heavily manacled, the first slaves that ever trod the American continent; while in the fierce and angry waters of the bay, which seem to meet the black and dismal and storm-clad sky, is seen a small boat containing another lot of these human beings, just nearing the shore.

If the artist's general conception of this picture may be regarded a success, in its details, beyond all question, this is its crowning point. The small boat struck by, and contending with a huge breaker, is so near the shore that you can behold, and startle as you behold, the emaciated and death-like faces of the unfortunate victims, and the hideous countenances of their captors; and high and above all, perched upon the stern, with foot, tail and horns, and the chief insignias of his office, is his Satanic Majesty, gloating over the whole scene.

What is more truthful than that the devil is ever the firm friend and companion of the slave ship?

PICTURE NUMBER 2.—THE FIRST AND THE LAST COLORED EDITOR.

This small, but neat picture hangs on the north side of the gallery; and though simple in its details, is so well executed that it has much attracted me.

The Last Colored Editor, quite a young man, with a finely formed head and ample brow—thoughtful, earnest, resolute—sits in chair editorial, with the first number of the Freedom's Journal, the first journal ever edited by, and devoted to the cause of the colored man in America, held in one hand and outspread before him, while the other, as though expressive of his resolve, is firmly clenched.

Surrounding him are piles of all the journals edited by colored men from the commencement up till the present, among which the Freedom's Journal, Colored American, People's Press, North Star, and Frederick Douglas's paper are the more prominent. The First Editor is represented as a vener-
able old man, with whitened locks and placid face, leaning on a staff, and unperceived by the Last Editor, is looking intently over his shoulder on the outspread journal.

It is his own first editorial, and the first ever penned and published by a colored man in America. The scene is the linking together of our once scarcely hopeful past with the now bright present.

PICTURE NO. 3—THE FIRST MARTYR OF THE REVOLUTION.

This is a head of Attucks. It may not be generally known, and it may not be particularly desirable that the public should know, that the First Martyr of the American Revolution was a colored man; that the first bosom that was bared to the blast of war was black; the first blood that drenched the pathway which led up to American liberty, was from the veins of a colored man.

And yet such is the fact; and the artist has done a service in the execution of this head. It hangs at the north east end of the Gallery, and is a fine likeness of a bold, vigorous man,—just such, as would be likely to head a revolution to throw off oppression.

May the name of Attucks and the facts connected therewith never perish.

PICTURE NO. 4. SUNSET IN ABBROKUTA.

This is a fine painting. The landscape is rich, varied, beautiful. The sky has all the warmth of hue and softness of tint, and all that gorgeousness (changing seemingly with every instant,) for which an African sky is so much noted. No rainbow with us, in its full splendor, is so variegated or so wide in its range of colors.

The last touches of the artist’s pencil has made the glow of the coming evening to softly spread itself over here and there a dusky inhabitant reclining upon the banks of an unrippled lake. The effect is fine, and the whole scene is so charming that one could almost wish to be there.

PICTURES 5 AND 6.—THE UNDER GROUND RAILROAD.

In these two pictures the artist is certainly quite up to our idea. They are of large size and represent both the Southern and Northern portions of that mysterious road. They hang beside each other on the south side of the Gallery and are marked A and B. I would suggest, that B be changed over to the north wall, as a more appropriate place. Picture A, or the south view represents a dark road leading through a darker forest, along which is seen merely some twenty pairs of fine stalwart human feet and legs,—male and female,—of all sizes, hurrying northward. Every muscle and limb indicates firmness and resolution.

The scene is night-time, and far distant through the forest is faintly seen the north star—small but bright and unfailing, and to the fugitive, unerring.

Picture B on the north view consists of some twenty bold heads and fine robust faces, each of which is lit up with a joy no pen can portray, and nothing but the pencil of the master could have reached. The exclamation of each must be 'we have found it!!!'

In the foreground is a lake and the back ground is a Canadian forest, through which here and there you can perceive a small rustic cottage. Both of these pictures sustain well that air of mystery which envelops the Under Ground Rail Road.

In the first view we have but the feet and legs; indicating the mysterious manner in which those feet and legs move bodies towards freedom, or pass along that undefined and undefinable Road that leads to liberty.

There is another thought. The head, the recognized seat of the mind, is useless to the slave, or, if of service to him, this thinking apparatus is not
his own; it belongs to his owner; hence he makes use of his feet and legs, or the physical machinery; while in the second view, at the northern end of this undefinable Road, where liberty is, the head or mental part is presented to view. The slave,—the chattel,—the thing is a man.

(To be Continued.)

Trifles.

BY MARY A. S. CARY.

'Tall oaks from little acorns grow.'

Words, actions, events, and circumstances become important or trivial in proportion to the relations they sustain, or to the accidents of time and purpose inseparable from their real significance.

Greater prominence is sometimes given to a word because of the source from whence it emanates, and things the most common-place become magnified into, or assume great proportions; and events small in themselves, become the index to the most stupendous results.

A mustard seed planted by skilful hands germinates, and in time becomes a beautiful flowering plant; in an after stage of its growth, the husbandman gathers in a valuable yield, which is transferred to the man of business, who in turn, disposes of a share to his neighbor; thus a commercial transaction is commenced, ships are put into requisition, and trade, in all its intricate relations, receives an impulsion,—but a mustard seed in the beginning, who could have calculated the importance of the article mustard in the commercial world?

Commerce, the great regulator of human speculative affairs, is but a compendium of little inventions, contrivances and results, directed by human skill and forethought, and gravitating each toward the other by the certain laws of human relations and economic affinities.

An arrow directed by the skilful Jonathan to a certain point, though without meaning to the casual observer, has become a messenger of infinite interest to the Christian world, all Judaea is involved in the issue, and the Gentile nations shall gather comfort and consolation from the interpretation of its position: from David shall come the Emanuel, who shall reign in righteousness forever and forever more, and a trifle no greater than an arrow shall proclaim the matter.

Since the occurrence of that thrilling-soul-stirring event, we multiply the intervening years by hundreds and thousands, every one of which, could we but become acquainted with its history, has hidden away among its fast receding arcana, the little though multifarious hints upon which our present civilization rears its magnificent superstructure; and the equally trifling suggestions, which gave form and consistency to present social, civil and religious grievances.

Now and then are expressive words in certain relations; they become volumes in their relation to trifles. Then, was and is the meager beginning of every endeavor; now, its perfect or elaborate fulfilment as the case may be. Though 'comparisons' are odious in most cases, they are not so when applied to trifles.

Then, men gave to God the husks of faith, and trust, and homage, in roughly hewn altars, whereon were offered up the holy sacrifice; now, upon the same trifle, is poured out marvelous wealth, and domes, and spires, and gaudy piles,