

supreme humanity must confess the lesson taught by the desert-horn, but educated daughter of the Dakota chief at St. Anthony's Falls.

Oppressors and oppressed dwell everywhere; but it is only the unfamiliar form that invites general and active abhorrence. This impulse against African servitude which agitates the northern states—to whom it is unknown—and exasperates in its defence the south, who declares it a stringent necessity of self-preservation to the whites—is at least, with the masses, but a geographical morality—a humanity of latitude and longitude, modified by climate, relaxing under the moist heats of the south, and intensifying in the cold winters of New-England.

In three short weeks I had touched the extremes of southern and northern oppression. On the same river, under the same religion, government and language, I had seen the African in hereditary bondage, hopeless of freedom for himself or children, and daily driven to his task by bodily fear, yet careless and content in his glossy well-fed health, and making the sunny plains resound with his songs, until the most resolute abolitionists doubted whether this child of an undeveloped race, still in the imbecility of its unprepared animal credulity, did not require the social polity that gives him a master to tend his wants and compel him to learn the use of his hands and mind. On the upper waters of the river I saw the home of Black Hawk and his braves in the occupation of the whites, and heard the broken-hearted remnant of his tribe relate in a cold despair, too deep for tears and complaint, that the barren desert assigned them by a mocking treaty was whitening with the bones of half their women and children. They did not lament—but they did not smile—when they told that beside every lodge was a grave. I saw the Dakotas, who have of their kindred many educated persons of mixed blood intermingled with their plumbeous, yielding up in sign and silent gloom their chosen hunting grounds, and their sacred altar stones, hallowed by immemorial tradition of martial rites and Dakota glory; and none could look up at this decaying race, and upon the stony, joyless composition with which they face the path of exile and death, and say as we do of the laughing, dancing slaves—"This is a happy race." The dweller on the Upper Mississippi puts his foot on the neck of the expiring Indian and exclaims, "Behold the cruelty of the slave-holder." The dweller on the Lower Mississippi raises the lash over the African, and exclaims, "Behold the injustice of the Indian-oppressor." Missouri and Kentucky, who have tasted both evils and yielded to both temptations, turn to the north and to the south and say, "Judge ye gently one of the other, for ye know not the weight of your brother's cross."

THE LAND OF THE SUGAR CANE.

Louisiana is the sugar plantation of the Union, and no soil in its limits yields a more generous return to the cultivator, but in entering the state from the gulf it gives no such promise of wealth and fertility. We left the lovely banks of Corpus Christi, where the flowers never cease to bloom, and the fresh breeze never forgets to play in the fairy groves that dot, like emeralds of deeper tint, the green savannas, and it was a chilling contrast to meet at the mouth of the river the dreary waste of turbid waters eating their sullen way through the still more dreary expanse of black mud. All the southern border of Louisiana is a labyrinth