

"There the torrent is colored with the tears of the red man, for the red man's tear is blood," she said, as she extended her graceful arm towards a rift in the falls where a clear column gleamed coral bright through the parted drapery of pearl white spray. "Far away, where the snow-hills are forgotten under a burning sky, these waters wear another stain—the stain of the black man's tears of dust and sweat."

A sad truth is shrouded in the Indian girl's wild poetry. Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin, grieves over the woe of the African slave a thousand miles off, while with every art of diplomacy and war, they chase the poor Indian beyond their border, and take counsel, openly, how to despoil him of his hunting grounds, and exile him forever from the graves of his ancestors, and the dear haunts of his boyish sport and manly daring.

Louisiana and Mississippi thrill with indignation at the sufferings of the Indian, as he recedes before the eager march of civilization, or dies in her embrace; but they look calmly on the bondage of the African. Each compassionates largely the sin that is not of its own neighborhood, and reconciles itself to the pressure of the evil at home, until conscience and convenience can meet to adjust a settlement, and agree upon the remedy.

The older states hunted down the red men, and enslaved the black ones, until the land was all in white hands, and free servants became more profitable than purchased ones, and then conscience immediately opened her slumbering eyes and raised her head from her gold embroidered pillow to pray for the repose of the slaughtered Indians, and emancipate her useless Africans.

Those states which have thoroughly exterminated and dispossessed the Indians, and who have no large Native American land reserves to bar the speed of the axe and the plough within their limits, are tranquil and tender-hearted on Indian matters, just as those who have escaped from the cares and incumbrances of a redundant negro population, are at leisure to censure those still yoked to the burthen.

In those border states, where they are even now receiving their baptism of blood and fire in Indian forays, and where every white person counts for the full worth and value of a human being in the master roll of civilization, they do not dwell so heavily on a red man shot, or a black one over-taxed, but they turn pale with horror when they read of the stern serfdom of chain and lash in which sailors are crushed in our commercial cities, or the hard servitude of poverty which binds thousands of young maidens to the harsh hours and tasks of our eastern factories. States like Kentucky, that have no troublesome Indians in their household—that have drained off their superfluous Africans, and are about exchanging slave labor for more economical hired service, and who are making encouraging advances in mines and manufactures, contemplate with serene hopefulness, all the prosperous and legalized forms of servitude that flourish in their bounds; but their indulgent moderation aims, nevertheless, at future amendments. They lead the van from their position in the career of amelioration; but it is only by this favored position they are enabled to be such clear exemplars, and so far ahead in the school of fraternity. In time, the dwellers in more ungenial latitudes, will come up to the point these leaders now occupy, for freedom and light are urging all their children on the upward course. In the glance backward over the path they have travelled, the foremost pretenders to