

And the Indians, from different nations, who often visit this place, also add greatly to the picturesque appearance of its streets. Summoned by curiosity, they congregate here in large numbers, and while their gaudy trappings and painted faces remind us of the strange wild life they lead, their prowling propensities and downcast eyes inform us of the melancholy fact, that they are the victims of a most heartless, though lawful oppression. And this remark, by the way, reminds me of a living picture which I lately witnessed, and will briefly describe. It was the sunset hour, and I was returning from a ride on the eastern bank of the great river. The western sky was flooded with a saffron glow, in the midst of which floated unnumbered cloud-islands, tinged with deepest gold. Underneath lay the beautiful city, with its church-spires uppointing to the Christian's home; then passed the rushing tide of the Mississippi, ploughed by many a keel; and in the foreground was a woody bluff, on the brow of which sat a solitary Indian, humming a strangely solemn song, as his white locks and eagle plumes waved in the evening breeze. I asked no question of the borrowing dreamer, but pursued my way, pondering on the cruel destiny which has power to make man a stranger and an exile, on the very soil from which he sprang, and where repose the ashes of his forgotten kindred.

Lover as I am of genuine art, it will not do for me to leave this city, the sturdy child of a new and great empire, without alluding to its treasures in this particular. The bright particular star, who uses the pencil here, is Charles Deas. He is a young man who left New York about eight years ago, for the purpose of studying his art in the wilds west of the Mississippi. He makes this city his head-quarters, but annually spends a few months among the Indian tribes, familiarizing himself with their manners and customs, and he is honorably identifying himself with the history and scenery of a most interesting portion of the continent. The great charm of his productions is found in the strongly marked national character which they bear. His collection of sketches is already very valuable. The following are a few of the pictures which I saw in his studio, which pleased me exceedingly. One, called the Indian