"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME 28---NUMBER

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1853.

"Poet's Corner."

(By Request.) The Minister's Quarter Pay-Lay. As the parson sat at his books one day,

A rap at his door heard he; The Parish Collector had called to pay The Society's quarter fee.
A hundred dollars, and fifty more. Were counted the parson's due: Though small sum this, for half a score To victual, clothe, and shoe.

But the day had come, and for youthful spot The parsonage ne er displayed A day like that, when his scant support Was about to be promptly paid.

The children danced, and giggled, and grinned And wriggled like cels in oil,
And smiles broke forth on the viage thin
By fasting, and tears, and toil.

The Parish Collector sat him down. And out of his pocket took

The tithes he'd gathered about the town, Crammed into his pocket-book: It was not much of a cram, at that; Though honey and milk indeed, Not milk enough for a starving cat, Nor honey enough for need.

But such as it was, without much risk, The collector poured it out; He spread it round on the parson's desk, And scattered it all about: But little of shining gold was there, And less from the silver mine, And bank bills-they were exceeding rare Alas! for the poor divine,

First came a note for a little sum, Which the poor man late had given To a rich parishioner, near his home. Whom he norud to meet in Heaven. Ten dollars was all-not much, I know; But an order followed the note, With butcher's bill, and a bill or so For butter and bread, to beot.

The doctor had drawn for his small amount The grocer had filed his claim, And all intended their bills should count Whenever his pay-day came. The good collector reckoned them up; The minister stood aghast;
Twas a bitter drug in his brimming cup,
To think he had lived so fast.

Who knows what pain the parson endured. As the good man hands them o'er, And says, with a hem, "Sir, these are yours And they should have been paid szroac; For a scandal it is to religion, sir.
Which the world can never forget, When a man of ease, like a minister, Is mable to pay a debt.

"And here, besides, is a lot of cash, Three fives and a lusty ten: And your boys dress up like men; But allow me to say, good Parson Gay, You'd better just lav aside A little of this for a rainy day,

By a walk instead of a ride.

"For money is scarce, and the times are hard, And you, sir, are getting gray, And you may not fare as you HERE have fared,
Should the people turn you away.
We've given you here a large support.
And the farmers all complain That the crops this year will be dreadful short If we don't soon have some rain.

"We can't long nay such enormous sums As we have to pay you now, For you know that the pay day often comes
And the 'Squire has lost a cow;
And one of old Goodwin's sheep is dead, And me feels poor this year."
The tender shepherd here turned his head To drop-for the sheep-a tear!

Of this the collector no note took He gabbled his story through, Then slowly folded his pocket book, And looked as if he knew. He took his hat with a cheerful smile, Rejoiced in a duty done, Then rode away to his home, a mile,

The parson rose, as he left the room, And bowed with a smile of grace, But his heart resembled a ruined tumb. In spite of his smiling face. He closed the door, and resumed his chair Till, amid his griefs and fears, He seemed half-choked for a breath of air Then burst in a flood of tears.

He thought of his children's needy feet, His barrel of meal was gone; And the question arose, "What shall be eat W hat raiment shall we put on!"
He thought of the ravens, how they're fed How the lilies' garments grew, Bu when was a raven's RENT UNPAID, Or a lily areayed for snow!

With tender emotions all astir In the parson's heaving breast, His children's mother—he thought of her How she, who had done her best, Still needed a hood, and cloth, and thread A dress, and a thicker shawl-Till, pressed in spirit, he knelt and prayer
To the glorious Lord of all.

The evening came, and be met his wife, And his blooming children nine, Yet naught, they saw of the inward strife That harassed the sad divine.

He sat serene in the central seat, And his wife sewed near his side, His children hovered about his feet And he to be cheerful tried. But when he went to his nightly bed

To sleep till the waking morn,
He selt, as he pillowed his aching head.
That he wished he had ne'er been born And all that night was his pillow drowned With the tears no eye could see, But His, who once for the thankless groans And bled upon Calvary's tree.

CAPTAIN INGRAHAM IN BOTHOOD. -- A correspondent at Holmes' Hole sends us

the following: Capt. Peter Daggett was a coast pilot of the Congress frigate in 1813, during the late war, with Great Britain. They had on board the Congress a midshipman, a lad of ten years of age. One day, while at sea, they saw a ship, which they siterwards took and made a prize of. When the ship was discovered in the distance, Captain Daggett and the little middy were on the fore yard. Capt Daggett

Miscellaneons Selections

A Turnpike and a Divorce.

A certain Captain M—, a hale good humored man, beloved by all who knew him, and a certain Dr. R—, one of the handsomest men alive, and a gentleman all over, met a few years ago in Trenton. It was during the session of the Legislature, which as everybody knows, is, when it happens, a great feature in Trenton life, and a pregnant item in the histo-

ry of New Jersey.

Both the Captain and Doctor were borers-lobby members-not for the benefit of their own pockets—but for the pub-lic, comprised within the limits of Camden, which, as you know, is a great city. located near the retired hamlet of Philadelphia, the captain was boring for Camden as the seat of Government, court house and jail, for the county of Camden. The Doctor was boring for Long-a-Coming, being a large city composed of a blacksmith shop and two framed houses, and located somewhere between the extreme limits of Camden county and the

Atlantic ocean. In a word, the site of a county court house was a disputed question—the citizens of Camden wanting it in Camden, the vote's of Camden county, just to spite the Camden people, wanted it in

Long-a-Coming. Well, the captain with his hearty, honest face, and the Doctor with his honest very handsome face, came to Trenton as lobby members, to press the respective merits of Camden and Long-a-Coming, upon the notice of the Legislature of New Jersey, A week, two weeks, three weeks, a month passed, and yet the Legislature took no action, and Camden county was still without a seat of govern-

ment, court house or jail. The Doctor grew quite impatient; meeting the Captain one day, in one of the passages of the singularly peculiar capitol of New Jersey, he said to his friend:

You are here for Camden, I for Long-a-Coming and here we have been for a month. Allow me to ask in the most delicate manner, why in the d don't this Legislature take some action in the matter, and let us off home I/ You business is suffering and my patients are dying, and yet we are dancing attendance on this cursed Legislature. Why don't they—the assembled wisdom of New Jersey,—say Canden or Long-a-Coming, and let us go home ?

The Captain drew his young friend in to the recess of a corridor and looked a him queerly, with one eye half shut, and his mouth fixed on a decided pucker. The fact is, R., said he, you are green Are you not aware that this is a great country, that New Jersey is a great

state, a New Jersey Legislature the tallkind out of jail?"

The doctor confessed that he was aware of some of these points, but dark as to others; he had some conception, of how the 'Ichthyosauras'; a big animal with hard name, known to geologists which had the whole world to itself a few millions of years before Adam; how the Icthyosauras looked when he was about, but Jersey Legislation was an animal he had looked at on all sides, but could not understand.

The Captain took the Doctor good humoredly by the arm, and led him into a retired place, where a lighted candle shone upon the countenance of a bottle of champagne, made in Newark, but labelled, France.

Over this bottle the Captain proceded to give the doctor some idea of Jersev legislation; if you could have seen the fine Roman features of the Doctor, and the good face of the Captain, a little ruddy and topped by the hair which was partly gray, you would have much enjoy ed the startling narrative which fell from

'Albany is a great place,' so the Cap ain began; Harrisburg is another great place: legislaturs can be had in great quantities at reasonable prices, but Trenton is the place.

Expound, said the Doctor. Upon which the Captain illustrated his text by the following narrative:

One winter there came to Trenton two men named Smith and Jones, who had Bristol are located just a mile apart, on both of them designs upon the Legisla- opposite sides of the Delaware river; you ture. Jones had a bad wife, and was in love with a pretty woman; he wished to case. be divorced from the bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman, who by pike man, who gave 'em the champagne the by, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a bust ! Therefore Jones came to Trenton for a divorce.

Smith had a good wife, plump as a robin, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter fer a turnpike, or plank road, to extend from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hol-

Well, they with these different errands, the legislature's adjourned and gone home came to Trenton, and addressed the as-sembled wisdom with the usual arguments.

1st. Suppers, mainly composed of ovs-

2d. Liquors in great plenty from 'Jer-sey lightning,' which is a kind of locomotive at tull speed, reduced in liquid shape—to Newark champagne.

To speak in plain prose, Jones the dihad a glass through which he looked at vorce man, gave a champegne supper, the ship. The young midshipman in-quired, What do you make of her, sir I' by a champagne breakfast; under the Capt. Daggett took the boy under his arm modifying influence of which, the assem-and ran out to the end of the yard, where they could get a better view of the ressel. the turnpike bills, and Jones and Smith, finally at the three quarters empty chamited beast. Asked me if I wanted to they could get a better view of the vessel.

Oh, sir, said the boy, 'I hope that she is a copy of each bill on parchment in their pages.

a frigate, and that we shall have a hard fight, and that every officer over me will be killed. Then I shall be captain, and I many stage coaches. Smith arrived at will take the two ships into port in grand home in the evening, and as he sat down the style. This brave little fellow is now in the parlor, his pretty wife beside him, I how practy she fild look! and five of her last said in a calm decided way—

late affair at Smyras—Viscourd Gaz.

the turnpike bills, and Jones and Smith, pages.

a copy of each bill on parchment in their pages.

This is a sample of Jersey Legislation,' replied the captain.

The doctor sat a long-time in a deep thought, absently playing with a cork of the three fourths exhausted bottle, and at last said in a calm decided way—

Long-scoming and Camden may go 'He is,' sez he. 'W

'A turnpike, my dear. I am one of it.' the directors, and will be president; it

honev.' plumpness and goodnes dimpling all over her face, 'let' me see it,' and she leaned over Smith's shoulder, pressing her arm upon his own, as he looked at the parchment. But al! at once Smith's visage grew long. Smith's wifes visage grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath.

· D -- n it, wife, these infernal scoundrels at Trenton have divorced us.' It was too true. The parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the name of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in frightfully legible letters.

Mrs. Smith wiped her eye with the corner of her apron.

'Here's a turnpike,' she said, 'and with the whole ten of our children staring me in the face; I aint your wife.' 'D-n the pike and the legislature, and—and——

Well, the fact is, that Smith reduced to single blessedness, and 'enacted' into a stranger to his own wife, swore terribly. Although the night was dark, and most

of the denizens of Smith's village had gone to bed, Smith bid his 'late' wife to put on her bounet, and arm in arm, they proceeded to the house of the clergyman of their church. What in conscience is the matter, en-

quired the clergyman. 'The matter is, I want you to marry us two right off! replied Smith.

Marry you is judited the clergyman with expanded fingers and awful eves, 'are you drunk or crazy ?' 'I ain't crazy, and I wish I was drunk,

said Smith desperately; the fact is, brother Goodwin, that some scoundrels at Treaton, unbeknown to me, and at the dead of night, have gone and divorced me from my own wife; she is the mother of-of-nine children!" 'Ten,' said Mrs. Smith, who was cry-

ing. 'Here's a turnpike!'
Well, the good minister seeing the state of the case, (the Trenton parchment was duly produced from the pocket of the lugubrious Smith) married them over straightly, and would not take a fee; the fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone so that he could give vent to a suppressed laugh, which was shaking him all over; and Smith and Smith's wife went joyfully home and kissed every one of their ten children. The little Smiths never knew that their father and mother had been made strangers to each other by legislative enactment.

Divorce is the word, eried Jones. playfully patting her double chin. 'The fact is Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll go and get married to-night. I know how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper or breakfast-did the business for them. Put on your bonnet, and let us go to the preacher at once, dearest.'

The widow (who was among widows as peaches are among apples,) put on her bonnet and took his arm.

Just look how handsome it is nut on parchment!' cried Jones pulling the document from his pocket, and with much rustling spreading the document out be-

Here is the law which says that Jacob Jones and his wife Anna Carolina Jones are two. Look at it!

Putting her gloved hand on his shoul der she did look at it. 'Oh dear!' she said with her rosebud

lips and sank back on the sofa. Oh thunder and blazes!' cried Jones. and sank beside her, resting the fatal parchment in his hand-- Here's lots of happiness and champagne gone to ruin.'

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was incorporated into a turnpike company, and what made it worse, authorized, with his brother directors to construct a turnpikefrom Burlington to Bristol.

When you reflect that Burlington and will perceive the hopelessness of Jones'

· It's all the fault of that d-n turnsupper, or was it breakfast? cried Jones in agony. If they'd a chartered me to stove his shoes off, broke his halter, and a turnpike from Pig's Run to Terrapin then run back inter the stable flor, Trap. idea of making a turnpike from Burling- went his hind legs close to the hips. There ton to Bristol is absurd.

And you ain't divorced!' said Eliza quite tearfully. "No! thundered Jones, crushing his hat between his knees, ' and what's worse,

drunk, and won't be back to Trenton till next year! The mistake had occurred on the last day of the session, when legislators and ters, with a rich back ground of steak and | clerks were laboring under the effects of champagne supper, followed by a champagne breakfast. Smith's names had been put where Jones ought to have been and wisey wersey, as the latin poet has

> This is in substance, if not in words, the captain's story. Do you mean to say that that is a fact ! asked the doctor, smoothing his

ant box in which they were seated, and met an old gentleman in search of a spir-

studying their lessons is a corner of the to blazer! This very night I will repose room, he was induced to expatiate upon in the bosom of my family. The next the good result af his mission to Trenton. train starts at five o'clock, and I'll take

Whether this story is true or not, we will set us up, love; we can send the chil- cannot say, but both the captain and the dren to boarding school, and live in style-doctor are men of truth, and the latter, out of the toll. Here is the charter, one bleak autumn night, when we were belated amid the pines, at the very Jer-'Let me see it,' said the pretty wife, seyest of Jersey taverns, told the story who was one of the nicest wives, with to me by a bright wood fire, with a sincere and honest face.

Why he Sold the Horse. Mr. Sellum is a horse jockey; that is when he is not more profitably employed! he is not asha med, he says, to try his fortune in that very respectable calling. He dropped in a horse bazaar a few weeks since, and very soon after Sellum arrived a superb-looking charger mounted by a graceful rider, pranced up the court and entered the arena, sold at public vendue.

There he is, gents, said the auction-eer, there he is, a splendid beast! Look at him and judge for yourselves. There's an ear, a forearm, a nostril an eye for you. That animal, gentlemen, was knocked down to a gentleman under the hammer, less than three months ago for two hundred and eighty dollars. But I am authorized to day to sell that horse, let him bring more or less. He's a beauty; fine figure, splendid saddle beast, natural gate fourteen miles to the hour, trots a mile in 2,42; and altogether he's a great horse, which last remark no one doubted, for he weighed eleven hundred pounds. How much am I offered for that beautiful horse?" continued the auctioneer. Move him round the ring, John, that's it; elegant mo-

Here the horse stopped short, and re-fused to harder mother then, though John buried the rowels to the shoulders on his ribs.

· Give a bid gentlemen, if you please; hat horse must be sold." 'Twenty dollars,' was heard from one

corner of the room. . Twenty dollars !' screamed the aucioneer, with a seemingly ironical laugh. · I'm offered the stupendous sum of twenty dollars, gentlemen, for that animal very important to mankind generally. Just Are there no sausage-makers in this see how Bronson has been puffed into a star congregation ? I'm offered only twenty of the first magnitude by galvanizing a short fore, the horse is here to be sold, so I nearly made a great man out of Dickinson

shall accept the bid. 'Twenty dollars ! I'm offered twenty dollars twenty dollars twenty dollars. Give me thirty! Twenty dollars. Give me fire? Twenty dollars-did I hear five?—Twenty—give two and a half? Twenty dollars -- say one ?- shall I have twenty one? If that's the bid, gentlemen, down he must go! Twenty dol-lars—going! Twenty dollars, only twenty-Who's the fortunate buyor ? 'Sellum-John Sellum, said

'John Sellum, twenty,' said the auctioner; 'you have got a horse as is a horse.' And the fortunate John bore his maginficent charger away in triumph. A few days subsequently, an old acquaintance met John in the cars, and inquired

about his purchase. Got that horse yet, John?

'No. I sold him.' 'So soon ! What for ?'

. Well, nothin' in particular, but I didn't ancy the critter, all things considered.' 'He was sound, wasu't he?' Well, reckon he wasn't; that is to

say calculate he wasn't! Showed very good pluck till I got him down into Washngton street, after I left the bazanr, but just opposite the garden he fell down on

the pavement.'
Pshaw! You don't say so?' 'Ya-as. Blind staggers wus kind! But I didn't mind that, so I took him home, and nus't him up a little. Put him in the gig the next day, but he wouldn't run a hot wire through his ear, wollopped, and so forth, and finally built a fire

under him !-All no use; cunning cuss! sot right down on the pile of shavings and nut it out!

Here his friend smiled. 'That wasn't nothin, though,' Went to get into the wagon and he started 'fore I gathered up the ribbons. Went about three rod for ad, and stopped again quickr'n lightning.' Throwed me out over his head inter the horse trough-kicked himself out of the shafts, and run a mile afore we ketched him. Brought him back and put him in the stall-low stable -got out of his reach, and began to. whale 'im. Then be kicked up again : knocked the floorin' all through overhead Hollow, I might have borne it but the door happened to be open and down

I had him foul. 'Yes you did' replied his friend. 'I got a piece o'plank an' lammed him for about ten minutes, when I'll be hanged if he didn't git mad! and kicked himself out o' the hole. Next mornin' found him swelled up big as four hogsheads. Rubbed spercets o' turpentine all over 'im, an, the ongreatful rascul kept tryin' to kick me for it. Give 'im nuthin to eat for eight days, and the swellin' went down agin | Took im out of the stable, and found 'im lame behind.'

Very likely.
But, on closer examination, see he was lame for ard ! one balanced t'other, so he couldn't limp. One eye had been knocked out in the fight, but the headstall kivered that misfortin. Brushed 'im down keerfully, and put on the shiny whiskers and gazing round the restaur- harness,-Led im down the street, and

He's high strung, sex I. No matter, sex he; I want a good

Int he apsome l'acz L

you want 'im just as he is your a judge of horses, no doubt? 'Wall, I am,' sez he.

'Very well, then; you may have im for two hundred dollars' sez I. The old gent peeked into his mouth stroked his neck, looked very knowin, and replied-

'I'll give you a hundred and fifty.' 'Split the difference,' sez I

Done, sez he. 'The hoss is yourn,' sez I. 'He gave me the money, took the au-imal, and that's the last I've beern o'him

or that hoss.' · Possible!' exclaimed his friend. Ya-as. Under all the circumstances, I thought it wasn't best to keep the beast you see, so I let 'im go.'

Where are you going now! inquired his friend. 'To York.' When do you return ?

Not at present ! said Mr. Sellum, sliy-and I reckon he didn't.

A Scene at the National

Madame Rumor tells funny stories sometimes. She gives the following account of an interview between Prince John Van Buren. on his recent visit to this city, and Colonel Beverly Tucker, the Sentinel of the Hards. The scene was at the National Hotel, where the prince stopped, and where the gallant Colonel met him, and thus accost-

Why, John, how are you! What the devil brought you here? Have the Hards driven you out of Gotham or has Guthrie called you down here to give an account of yourself? How's the election?

P. J.-God bless you, Bev. how do you do ! As for the election. I know nothing about it. Guthrie is all right; I go in for the resolutions of '98; hold that 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church,' and my business here is to buy a nigger!
T.—Buy a nigger! Good gracious, Prince,

how you surprise me! P. J.—Yes buy a nigger! I consider a nigger the great panaces, the ornament of the christian, the emblem of faith and fidelity in the politician, and altogether, something lecture to Gifthrie upon niggers—they have -more than half humanized Charley O'Connor, and even raised poor Cooley to the preciuts of notoriety. Since miracles have ceased, no such wonders have been performed before, and all by niggers. Nothing in Edmonds about spirit rappings begins to come up to it. I tell you Bev. I must have a nigger-iny fame requires it, and my personal wants demand it!

T .- Nonsense, John: but do you really want a nigger?-because if you do, you must have one. P. J.-Why, certainly Islo. Everybody

seems to doubt what I say about niggers. I tell, you, Bev, I have changed my mind upon that subject, and though I did not think so once, I now regard the 'Wilmot' with the same abhorrence that I do the Maine law .--It's sumptuary, merely—a check upon pleasure-upon personal comfort-upon all the arts and all the sciences, upon greatness, upon chivalry, and therefore, any man that can't see this, and hasn't got a nigger in his eye

in these days, is no man at all. T.-Why, John, you talk like a saint Give us your views in the Sentinel, and then you will be cosidered orthodox. They are as sound as a nut. I thought you would come!

right at last. P. J.-Sound! Why, I am as sound on niggers as the stump candidate was on the goose question. The only trouble is to make the top of the rocks and houses, watching the world believe it. I want to crush out unbelief and the Sentinel isn't strong enough for that. I must have a nigger, a real hard nigger, an ordained Adamantine, such a one as Dickinson would delight to choose, and start a peg! Coaxed him, drawed him, as would make a fit companion for Cooley. I tell you, Bev, that I must get ahead of the

whole batch, and Niggers ! niggers ! niggers ! are the cards Wherein to catch the conscience of the Hards." suppose we agree on the Maine law. T.-Ah! John, therein we do harmon

perfectly, and The colloquists then retired into a corner it is shrewdly suspected to converse about the printing of congress. Washington

-We have been favored with some observations made by Baron de Terloo, a Belgian naturalist and traveller, now residing in our city, showing that an important change has taken place about the Mission. During the last twenty months the surface of the earth: at the Mission has been elevated about eighleen inches, but the change was not accompanied by any perceptible quake or anbterranean noise. It is well known that very temarkable changes of this kind are constantly going on in South America. In the Straits of Magellan, the earth has been raised more than 16 feet; The Islands of Chiloe and Madre de Dois have raised 10 feet; Talcahuano 17 feet; Vina 12 feet in 12 years, and Cobija 5 feet in 2 years. The earth has likewise been perceptibly mised within a few years at Panama, Viejo and San Blas .- Alta California

The Ship Canal across the lathmus of Darien, to connect the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific, is likely to be built. The strait or canal is proposed to be thirty feet deep at low water, and one hundred and sixty feet wide. The estimated cost of the work is \$75,000,000. It would shorten the distance by water from New York to San Francisco, 13,000 miles. It will probably

What'll you take for 'im?' sex he.

He's high strung,' sex L.

No matter,' sex he; I want a good

Rights, and bringing the patronage of the legislature.

Rights, and bringing the patronage of the led and ciled, and fastened to each side of trusted with partonage of the led and ciled, and fastened to each side of trusted with partonage of the head, something like a large resette.

The is,' sex he. 'What's he worth?'

What's he worth?'

What's he.

He is,' sex he. 'What's he worth?'

What's he worth?'

What's he.

He is,' sex he. 'What's he worth?'

The effect is very striking. The married and viley.

The effect is very striking. The married and viley.

The effect is very striking. The married and viley.

The Buttle Soug.

BY BAYARD TATLOR. Here, to our mind, is the finest production of the nuse of Bayard Taylor. We never open his poem I XIMENA without reading it, and it has always been a matter of wonder to us, that it has not been adapted to music by some of our composers. It is a grand and stirring song.

EDITOR CHESTER REPUBLICAN. Shout for the spears of Spain! The Moor o'er the deep hath come, And the wild breeze bears again The sound of his battle-drum.

Pour through our sumy land

The charging trumpet's peal;

Shout for the Christian band

And the spears of old Castile!

Ye that have preved of yore.

The might of your dauntless souls-Ye who the lance ne'er bore Where the tide of conflicts rolls— Strike, till the streams be dyed
With the battle's crimson rain,
With an a m of steel and hearts of pride,
For God and the hills of Spain!

Shall your vales and proud hills be
By the Moslem's foot profuned t.
Has the soul of your fathers free,
In their children's bosoms waned!
With the hearts of your glorious sires,
Thunder the stirring peal;
Shout for your homes and altar-fires,
And the spears of old Castile!

From the San Francisco Herald

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Strange Race in the Heart of California.

Through the very centre of the Great Basin runs the Rio Colorado Chiquito or Little Red River. It takes its rise in the mountains that skirt the right hank of the Rio Grande, flows almost due west, and empties into the Colorado, at a point on ne same paraner in faiture with Wall er's Pass. About 100 miles north of this, and running almost parallel with it, is the dreds of women were working in this way or river San Juan. Each of these streams at this bestial employment. Lime kilns in great number, line the road, and the and running almost parallel with it, is the stretches an immense table land, broken which shoot up above the general elevawhich shoot up above the general eleva-tion. About half way between the two been enlarged considerably in that por tween the Colorado and the Rio Grande, to come in as free competitors with I is the country of the Moquis. From men and donkeys. Whether their tap at midst of the plain rises abruptly on all piness is also enlarged thereby, we think ides a Butte of considerable elevation, the top of which is as flat as if some great-power had sliced off the summit. Away up here the Moquis have built three large villages, where they rest at night perfectly secure from the attacks of the fierce tribes who live to the north and east of them. The sides of this table mountain are almost perpendicular cliffs, and the top can only be reached up a flight of steps cut in the solid rock. Around its pase is a plain of grable land, which the Marquis cultivate with great assiduity. Here they raise all kinds of grain, melons and vegetables. They have also a line way that will not upset ther own in number of orchards, filled with many kinds doctripes L. Sat. Ecc. Post. of fruit trees. The peaches they raise, Captain Walker says, are particularly

and goats, but very few beasts of burden or cattle. They are a harmless, inoffensive race-kind and hospitable to strangers, and make very little resistence when that Prentice enjoys (?) the reputation of of them, are in the habit of sweeping down upon them every two or three years and driving off their stock. At such times they gather up all that is movable from their farms, and fly for refuge to their mountain stroughold. Here their enemies dare not follow them. When a stranger approaches, they appear upon his movements. One of their villages, at days, is five or six hundred vards long.+ The houses are generally built of stone und mortar-some of adobe. They are very snug and comfortable, and many of them are two, and even three stories high. The inhabitants are considerably advancmost of the Indian tribes of this country, the women work within door, the men performing all the farm and out-door laor. As a race, they are lighter in color than the digger Indians of California.-

fine. They have large flocks of sheep

Indeed, the women are tolerably fair, in consequence of not being so much exposed to the sun. Among them, Captain Walker saw three perfectly white, with white hair and yellow eyes. He saw two others of the same kind at the Zum villages, nearer the Rio Grande. They were no doubt Albinos, and probably gave rise to the rumors which have prevailed of the existence of white Indians in the Basin. The Moquis have probably assisted naturo in levelling the top of the mountain as a site for their villages. They have cut down the tocks in many places, and have excavated fout of the solid rock a

ly honest. Captain Walker says the most attractive and valuable articles may be left exposed, and they will not touch Many of the women are beautiful, with

forms of faultless symmetry. They are very near and clean, and dress in quite a picturesque costume of their own manufac-ture. They wear a dark robe with a red be made a great Anglo-Saxon work, and will border, gracefully draped so as to leave be completed ere half the world awakes to a knowledge of the fact.

be made a great Anglo-Saxon work, and will border, gracefully draped so as to leave their right arm and shoulder bare. They knowledge of the fact. be completed ere half the world awakes to a knowledge of the fact.

They have most beautiful hair, which they are range with great care. The condition of the female may be known from the manner in Massachustta, because they ner of dressing the hair. The virgina part there is a restless activity the peace of way.

vomen wear their liair twisted into a club

The Moquis farm in the plain by day. and retire to their villages on the mount at hight. They irrigate their lands by means of the small streams running out of the mountain. Sometimes, when it fails to snow on the mountains in the winter, their crops are bad. For this reason, they always keep two or three years, pro-visions laid up, for fear of famile. Alsogether, they are a most extraordinary paosple, far in advance of any other aborigines yet discovered on this continent.

They have never had intercourse with the whites, and of course their civilization originated with themselves. What a field is here for the adventurous traveler! Was a have rarely listened to anything more in-teresting than Captain Walker's plain, unaffected story of his travels in the Great

Women's Rights.

· We congratulate those of our lady friends who are deeply interested in what is is called the Woman's Rights Move in ment.' Women have some of their 'rights' in Sardinia, as will be seen by

rights in Sardinia, as will be seen by
the following extract from Kirwan's at
Men and Things as I saw them in
Europe :—
They were tunneling the Apsanines ar
for a railway from Turin to Genosawinch as
when completed, will be a great affair for Sardinia, and armies of women were en-isgaged in making these tunnels b .. Wath so pannier of peculiar construction; made to fit the back, they entered the tunnel at one side, and emerged, laded, on the other er side ; bent down like beasts of burden. they follow each other in rows to the embankment, where each turned around; there a man drew 4 pin which let the so bottom fall out; and the stone, grave, and clay fell out of the basket ! And hone

women were quarrying them to the kilnt :: occasionally by Sierras of no great length, and sending away the lime. rivers, and midway in the wilderness betion of the world—they are allowed not employ women as well as men inc enual ? and if it be a perfectly reputable and honest business for men, why not for women? Or why should we feel more repugnance at the idea of working women in this way, than of working men! And no traveller would have expressed any repugnance to such au employment of men, however he might think it unworthy of the mechanical advancement of the age. Can any of our women's rights' friends solve the above questions.

A Good Joke. The editor of the Louisville Democrat tells the following good one, on Pren tice of the Journal. Be it remembered

attacked. The warlike Navajoes, who dwell in the mountains to the northeast of them, are in the habit of sweeping yesterday morning, and wound up by call-ing upon us as he usually does, when he wants instruction. We can't accommodate him now, but we have a good story for our readers, that we shall not keep any longer for the accommodation of our

neighbor. eighbor. He has been, or had been, regular-inhis visits to a medium in the lower part of which Captain Walker stayed for several the city, and applied to the spirits with all sorts of questions on all sorts of subjects but it was still evident that his chief anxiety was about something else, which he didn't like to bring our before company. So he solicited the spirit, through the medium, to talk to bim alone. ed in some of the arts, and manufacture excellent woolen clothing, blankets, leather, basket-work and pottery. Unlike will be borne in mind that one rap is West

two raps Yes.)

The spirit answer me to spirit Provice (anxiously:)—Will the spirit answer me truly, as it is a matter of deep interest!

pnterest!

Spirit—Rap, rap.

Prestice (trembling.)—Shall I—shall to be any better looking in the next world: than I am in this!

Spirit—Ray! Once. Prentice shipsed. Over went chairs and tables; the interest ? company broke in, and the reporter lake

-Maine is the only State which has the turo in levelling the top of the mountain as a site for their villages. They have cut down the tocks in many places, and have excavated out of the solid rock in number of large rooms, for manufacturing woolen cloths. Their only arms are bows and arrows, although they never war with any other tribe. The Navajoes carry off their stock without any opposition. But unlike almost every other tribe of Indians on the continent, they are scrupulously honest. Captain Walker says the most

The Clerified Phin Bella delice in a burst of enthusiastic admiration that there is no paper in the Umited States that can equal the New York Hersild in a cool deliberate, downright in. It says the Burstle among high what Michael Angalo is among sculptors Intal or Rubons sanctar painters, a full-grown Spangiar moon chickens, or Dick Turque saveng that a