



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

THE GRAYS OF THE EMIGRANTS

They sleep not where their fathers sleep,
In the village church-yard's bound;
They rest not 'neath the ivied wall,
That shades that holy ground.

No, where the solemn organ's peal
Pours music to the breeze;
Though the dun aisle at even hour,
And swells amid the trees.

No, where the turf is ever green,
And spring-flowers blossom fair;
Upon the graves of ancient men,
Whose children sleep not there.

Where do they rest—those weary men,
Who left their native shore,
To earn their bread in distant lands,
Beyond the Atlantic's roar!

They sleep on many a lonely spot,
Where the mighty forest grew—
Where the giant oak and stately pine
A darkling shadow threw.

The wild-bird pours her eerie song
Above their grassy graves;
And far away, through the still night,
Is heard the sound of waves.

And the breeze is softly sighing
The forest sighs among,
With mournful cadence ringing,
Like harp by angel's string.

And moss, nursed by weeping dew,
Shed here their blossoms pale;
And spotless snow-flowers lightly bend
Low to the passing gale.

The fire-fly lights her sparkling lamp
In that deep forest gloom,
Like hope's dim light, that breaks the night
And darkness of the tomb.

The mossy stone or simple cross
Its silent record keeps,
Where, mould'ring in the forest shade,
The lonely exile sleeps.

Yet deem him not by all forgot:
Kind hearts have breathed a prayer,
And tears of faithful love been shed
By those who lost him there.

Oskanda, Rice Lake, Nov. 4, 1853. —Old Countryman.

THE MOQUIS: A CURIOUS PEOPLE LIVING AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Far away beyond the Louth Pass, on the head waters of the Colorado River, lives John Bridger, a trapper of the plains and in many respects for more than 40 years. It is admitted by all trappers that he is better acquainted than any living man with the intricacies of all the hills and streams that lose themselves in the great basin. While trapping on the tributaries of the Colorado, an Indian offered to guide Mr. Bridger and party to a people living far in the desert, with whom he could barter. The proposition was accepted; and after providing themselves with dried meats and water they struck right out into the heart of that great desert, where no white man has before or since been, and which the hardy mountaineers will only venture to visit. After five days' travel the party arrived at three mountain peaks, rising in grandeur in that solitary waste. These mountains were covered with a diversity of forest and fruit trees. In streams of the purest water tipping down their declivities, their base was a numerous agricultural people, surrounded by waving fields of corn and a profusion of vegetables. The people were dressed in leather; they knew nothing of fire-arms, and only the bow and arrow; and for mile after mile, circling the base, were added houses two and three stories high. Mr. Bridger was not allowed to enter any of their towns or houses, after remaining three days, bantering scarlet cloth and iron beads for their furs, but, before being driven to the coast, he learned that they had no intercommunication beyond their own settlements. These are the people that once inhabited the

banks of the Gila and Colorado, and left these monuments of wonder, the "Casse Grand," which so deeply attracted the followers of Fremont and Dampian, and they vanished like a dream, there can no longer be a doubt.

Months after this conversation with Bridger, I had another with Mr. Pappin, the agent of the American Fur Company. He told me that another of the party, Mr. Walker, the mountaineer, who was in one of the mountain passes is named, and who is known to be a man of truth, had given him the same description of these isolated people, and in my mind there is not a shadow of doubt of their existence.

According to Captain Walker, 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 bank of the Rio Grande, flows almost due west, and empties into the Colorado at a point on the same parallel of latitude with Walker's Pass. About 100 miles north of this, and running almost parallel with it, is the river San Juan. Each of these streams is about 250 miles long. Between them stretches an immense table land, broken occasionally by sierras of no great length, which shoot up above the general elevation. About half way between the two rivers, and midway in the wilderness between the Colorado and the Rio Grande, is the country of the Moquis. From the midst of the plain rises abruptly on all sides a table of considerable elevation, the top of which is as flat as if the same great power had shaved 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 steep flight of steps cut in the solid rock. Around its base is a plain of arable land, where the Moquis cultivate with great assiduity. Here they raise all kinds of grain, melons and vegetables. They have also a number of orchards, filled with many kinds of fruit trees. The peaches they raise, Captain Walker says, are particularly fine. They have large flocks of sheep and goats, but very few beasts of burden and cattle. They are a harmless, intelligent race—kind and hospitable to strangers, and make very little resistance when attacked.

The warlike Navajos who dwell in the mountains to the north-west 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 the mountain stronghold. Here their enemies dare not follow them. When a stranger approaches, they appear on the top of the rocks and houses watching his movements. One of their villages at which Captain Walker stayed for several days, is five or six hundred yards long. The houses are generally built of stone and mortar, one of them adobe. They are very snug and comfortable, and many of them are two and even three stories high. The streets are considerably advanced in some of the arts, and manufacture excellent woven clothing, blankets, leather, basket work and pottery. Unlike most of the Indian tribes of this country, the women work within doors, the men performing a "little bit of" hard labor. As a race, they are not inferior in color to the Digger Indians of California. Indeed, the women are so lovely by far in consequence of not being so much exposed to the sun. Among them, Captain Walker saw three villages, where, with a few hair and light eyes. He saw a number of the same kind at the Zunyi villages, nearer the Rio Grande. They were no doubt Aztecs, and probably gave rise to the rumors which have prevailed of the existence of white mountains in the Basin.

The Moquis have probably acquired notions of travelling the top of the mountain as a safe route for their caravans. They have cut out the rocks in many places, and have excavated out of the solid rock a number of large rooms, for manufacturing woven cloth. Their only arms are bows and arrows, although they never see each other with bows and arrows. The Navajos carry off their stock without opposition. But on the almost every other tribe of Indians on the continent, they are scrupulously honest. Captain Walker says the most attractive and valuable articles may be had exposed, and they will not touch them.

Many of the women are beautiful, with forms of faultless symmetry. They are very neat and clean, and dress in quite a picturesque costume of their own manufacture. They wear a park robe of a red colour, gracefully draped so as to leave their right arm and shoulder bare. They have most beautiful hair, which they arrange with great care. The condition of a female may be known from her manner of dressing the hair. The virgins

part their hair in the middle behind, and twist each parcel around a hoop six or eight inches in diameter. This is nicely smoothed and oiled, and fastened to each side of the head, something like a large rosette. The effect is very striking. The married women wear their hair twisted into a club behind.

The Moquis farm in the plain by day and retire to their villages on the mountain at night. They irrigate their lands by means of the small streams running out of the sides of the mountain. Sometimes when it falls to snow on the mountains in winter, their crops are bad. For this reason they always keep two or three years provisions laid up, for fear of famine. Altogether, they are a most extraordinary people, far in advance of any other aborigines yet discovered on this continent. They have never had any intercourse with the whites, and of course their civilization originated with themselves. What a field is here for the adventurous traveller!

COBDEN ON POPULAR IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Cobden in an address before the Mechanics' Institution, Birmingham, drew the following deplorable picture of popular ignorance in England:

Give me voluntary education, or State education—but education I want. [Loud applause.] I cannot accept statistics to prove the number of people who attend schools—to prove that the people are educated, because I cannot shut my eyes to what is evident to my senses,—that the people are not educated. That they are not being educated. [Renewed applause.] I was talking only yesterday with a merchant in Manchester who told me that he had attended at the swearing in of the militia in one of the largest manufacturing towns of England, and that not one-half of those sworn in could read, and not one third could sign their names. [Hear, hear.] Now, without wishing to utter any fanciful opinion with regard to the peace question, I must say, with all sincerity, I think it would have been much better to land these young men, over to the schoolmaster rather than to the drill-sergeant. [Hear, hear, and laughter.] For I think the safety of this country would be more promoted by teaching them to read and write than by teaching them to face about right rightly. [Laughter.] I was talking this subject over to an old friend of mine at Preston, and he said, "I attended the coroner one day last week at an inquest. There were thirteen jurymen; five signed their names, and eight made their mark." Can I shut my eyes to what is going on around us? I cannot, and therefore I say we are not an educated people; and I say it is our duty, and our safety calls upon us, to see that the people are educated; and I know of no place more fitting to discuss this subject than in such a meeting as this, because I take it for granted you are all interested in it. You all admit the deficiency of juvenile instruction, or you would not have attended to the defective adult education. [Hear, hear.] We are not an educated people, and I have no hesitations in asserting that, in point of school learning, that the mass of the English people are the least instructed of any Protestant community in the world. ("Shame!") I say that deliberately. I remember quite well at the time of the Hungarian emigration into this country after the revolution a very distinguished minister or religious teacher of Hungary was talking to me on the subject of our education, and I told him a large portion of our people could neither read nor write. He could not believe it, and said, "If it is true a large portion of your people can neither read nor write, how do you maintain your constitutional franchises and your political liberties? Why, it is evident to me that your institutions are rather a sham to your people, and that this sort of government is only a habit with you." It is a habit, and we will cling to it and hold it; but I want a safe foundation. I want to have our civil government a habit of appreciation—something our people will be proud of, and not a simple habit, and there is no security unless it is based upon a wider intelligence of the people than we meet with at the present moment. It meets us at every turn—you can't do anything in social reform, but you are met with the question of education. Take the question of sanitary reform. Why do people live in bad cellars, surrounded by filth and disease? You may say it is their poverty, but their poverty comes as much from their ignorance as their want, and their wiles often spring from their ignorance. [Applause.] The great mass of the people don't know what the sanitary laws are, they don't know that ventilation is good for health, they don't know that the windows of an unventilated street or impure alley is productive of disease and disease. If they did know these things people would take care