

BLESS GOD FOR RAIN.

"Bless God for rain!" the good man said,
And wiped away a grateful tear;
That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here.
Our Father! thou who dwellest in heaven,
We thank thee for the pearly shower!
The blessed present thou hast given
To man, and beast, and bird, and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame,
As though a prayer came from its heart
For rain to come; and lo, it came!
The Indian corn, with silken plume;
And tiny pitchers with flowers filled,
Send up their praise of sweet perfume,
For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green;
The brooklet swells its song again;
Methinks an angel's wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us rain;
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests tread;
God wrote it ere the world was dry—
It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,
And clouds of fire were swept along,
The sun rides in a car of gold,
And soaring larks dissolve in song.
The rills that gush from mountains rude,
Flow trickling to the verdant base—
Just like the tears of gratitude
That often stain a good man's face.

Great King of Peace! deign now to bless,
The windows of the sky unbar;
Shower down the rain of righteousness,
And wash away the stain of War;
And let the radiant bow of Love
In beauty mark the moral sky,
Like that fair sign unrolled above,
But not like it to fade and die.

The Aztec Towns in New Mexico.

Editor *Evening Star*—The undersigned had the pleasure to peruse, in your issue of July 28, a passably-enough-told tale of a hitherto unknown race of Albinos; and had he encountered it in the pages of "Gulliver's Travels," he would have considered it entertaining to the youthful mind; but as it is attempted to be palmed off on grown people, endorsed, as per your introduction, by the government—whoever he, she, or it may be—the writer deems it just that this tale, or any other such tale, as idly conceived, be "knocked in the head right then and here." The writer would state that he has been a resident of New Mexico for nearly twenty years, knows the Rio Grande from Abiquin, N. M., to Eagle Pass, Texas, having had the pleasure to help survey it as the Mexican boundary, under the then Major—now General—Emory, Chief of Topographical Engineers; he is "chuck full" of all the tradition, art of witchcraft, &c., past and present, imparted to him by an old crony living on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, near "El Pison," some twenty miles north of Santa Fe, and consequently flatters himself that he knows whereof he speaks. There is no such race, your correspondent E. G., and all the savans of General Crook, to the contrary notwithstanding. The Mexicans are a decidedly nomadic people, as much as a fixed habitation will permit. They are eminently a stock-raising people, and their herds are driven annually six or eight days' journey into the mountains east or west, to hibernate, and there is not a foot of country unexplored by them. Before the government sent their missionaries and Indian agents there for "Christianizing purposes," they lived agreeably enough with their savage enemies, the Apaches and Navajos, but since the advent of these christianizing influences the Indians have gone to the dogs, and imitated their example of stealing and robbing. Judge Benedict, Mr. Aney, Gov. Conolly, and many other eminent men of the Territory, were continually exploring its great mineral resources east and west for a term of years, and had they discovered such a race as mentioned by E. G., the writer would have believed it, but "if not, not." To cavil at the statement of E. G., the writer would like to see him or any other man come from California alone, accompanied by two mules. He should like to get a glance at the individual and ascertain how he managed to make himself and his two mules invisible, or to find out whether a prairie dog or coyote hole furnished ample accommodations for him and his mules when surrounded on all sides by savages of the most savage description; where he left the trail to make Santa Fe; whether he thinks one

mule can pack "grub" enough from California to Santa Fe; where said Albinos, after living for upwards of 200 years in the canyon, procured their splendid firearms, (Henry rifles,) and excellent horses, their cotton, or their silks; and, moreover a very tyre in the art of travelling out west, that sensation report, for the most preposterous of all stories is the part of his account where he came across an Indian (a Comanche he says) camp, and left unmolested. Hung be the heavens with black! Has it come to this that a village of redskins see a man arriving to and departing from their camp, with two mules, and they not kill him, scalp him, roast or disembowel him, and have a great scalp-dance over his ghastly remains? Pshaw! E. G., that won't do, you don't know "Injun!"

Another reason: the Comanche Indians only roam as far north as Presidio de San Elizarir, in northern Texas; then the Apache country commences; runs to southern New Mexico, say about Valverde; here the Navajos own the country up to about 100 miles above Santa Fe, and there the Utes hold undisputed sway. The Navajos own all the country west and border on the Umpquahs and Yaquis, west; south they line with the Ginenos, Tonteros, and Mescaleros, (all Apaches), near the copper mines, on the Gila river. There is no trail from California to Santa Fe, the old pack trail from Santa Fe went down the Rio Grande to Sablero, north, or Mesilla, south, in Arizona; thence to the Apache Pass, to the Gila river, Pimo villages, California desert, thence to Los Angeles.

Mr. E. G. should be more careful as to his localities. Such stories may do for the average eastern greeny; but occasionally he may wake up the wrong customer.

The facts imparted by Captain Manning, of the U.S.A., are in the main correct—barring the Albinos. The territory of New Mexico is an archaeological collection; far and near; at every hand, one meets with the ruins of an extinct race. The southern portion of New Mexico has been well explored and described by skillful army officers, especially those graduated from West Point, who, by their superior education, were so well fitted for the task. But Captain Manning is wrong in supposing that the remnant of these aboriginal inhabitants is descended of the mystical mound builders of by-gone ages. Dress, tradition, language, religious ceremonies, all conform to the idea that they are descendants of either the Tascalans—the allies of Cortez—or the Montezumas. The only openly performed religious festival is called the day of Montezuma, personated by some one, accompanied by his daughter, Malinchas. All other ceremonies are performed in a cellar-like building called La Estufa, and no eye, save that of these so-called Pueblos, ever beheld any ceremony performed therein. When it takes place the town is surrounded by their guards, and no traveler, white, brown or black, can for that night arrive in the town.

There are many such towns on the Rio Grande—from Santa Fe west, St. Domingo, Los Luces, Los Lentas, Limitas, Socorro, Islete, and many others. Their fields, farms and vineyards are a model of neatness, which might be well imitated by our eastern farmers; the houses in the towns are tastefully decorated and whitewashed, and kept scrupulously neat and clean; in lieu of glass the window panes are made of crystalized gypsum, very clear and transparent. One feature is noticeable in their towns—the houses have no doors! the ingress and egress takes place from the roof—a means employed undoubtedly in former times to guard against surprise by their ancient enemies—the Apaches. Although nominally Catholics, they retain yet many of their ancient customs; every morning at the rise of the sun the head of the family mounts to the roof and peers into the sun, to see if Montezuma is coming. The sun is adored as the great vivifying principle, fire comes next; and it is said that the holy fire, the representation of the sun, never dies in their estufas, where it is nourished by their Puhuxantes—priests; they had a tradition concerning the coming of the white man—substantially the same one Montezuma had and imparted to Hernando Cortez, and when the white race penetrated into New Mexico in the later century from the east, they having become accustomed meanwhile to

the Spaniards, who came under Onate, about 1625, they fled in dismay.

Every traveler in that region will remember the ruins of an old church on the road to Santa Fe, on the banks of the Pecos river, for want of a better name called Pecos church. Tradition has it that the sacred fire was guarded here, together with a monster snake, to whom children were sacrificed daily, but on the advent of the Americans the fire happened to die out, the people deemed themselves bewitched, and scattered. An ancient looking individual was pointed out to the writer at Xemez, in the early part of the '50's, who was reputed to have been governor of the settlement.

But I fear the yarn is spinning out too long, else mention would be made of two towns in the ruins settled by the Jesuits, called La Gran Quivira and Questa Llavo, where treasures amounting to millions lie buried, as told by the chronicles of the place, kept by the fathers. The town, upon being sacked, was destroyed by the Apaches, its inhabitants put to the sword, except one father, who escaped with the chronicle to El Paso del Norte.

A. JAUR.

—Washington Star, Aug. 3.

The Holy Moses.

We gave only one day to the rogues' rendezvous, called the "Summer Capital," by the salt sea waves, and returned to New York. On our way back we fell in with a gentleman from South Carolina, who, although a carpet-bagger, was a very decent sort of a man (or he would have staid there). He gave us what would have been an amusing account of affairs in that State, had it not been so horrible. This man Moses, the governor of the State, has committed every crime known to the calendar except murder. His reign is a carnival of crime. Resting upon a mass of ignorant, brutal blacks, elections have ceased to exist, and offices are openly sold for money. There is no part of Africa or the wilds of South America, no island in the West Indies, where such a beastly state of affairs exists. Moses has not only his family in places where they can plunder with impunity, but an army of worthless, unprincipled retainers, who, as chiefs of the negro league, march the negroes out to vote as cattle are led to water or labor. He does not hesitate, however, to prey upon his own family if occasion serves. He had made his cousin Inspector of Phosphates at a heavy salary—an office of as much significance as if he had made him high custodian of the governor's boot-jack, and he bled the young man to such an extent that one-half the salary was taken by his excellency. Notwithstanding this, he called upon his cousin for a thousand dollars. The Inspector of Phosphates hurried around—we believe it is called "shinning" in Wall street—and borrowing the thousand dollars, duly paid over the same. The next day, to his intense disgust, he found himself removed from the pleasing and lucrative business of inspecting phosphates, and a man put in who paid twenty-five hundred dollars for the office.

On another occasion he took a fancy to a likely mulatto girl, and although slavery has been, we are assured, abolished, and the emancipation proclamation is celebrated with music and banners, the governor offered a thousand dollars for the dusky piece of loveliness; and horrible as it seems, the mother accepted or rather agreed to the price. Subsequently this potentate either repented of tendering so large a sum, or probably not having it at the time, he managed to make the girl's acquaintance, drove her about in his carriage, and ended in saving the heavy expenditure. The facts coming to the knowledge of the mother, there was a South Carolina Tilton-Beecher scandal created, all the facts getting into the journals of the State. They did not seem to disturb his excellency.

Governor Moses is a gorgeous gentleman, rather handsome in his personal appearance, reminding one of Lester Wallack—well, rather a corn-fed Wallack, and resembling more the huge colored wood-cuts of that celebrated actor than that actor himself. Like his illustrious chief, General Grant, Moses seeks frequent relaxation from the cares of State. But instead of going to a Long Branch he comes to New

York. There is great excitement and rejoicing among the ladies of the pave and the "gay gamblers" when it is known that he is in town. He generally takes a suite of rooms at the Metropolitan, with a large retinue of humble followers, whose time is occupied in procuring interviews with their magnificent master and the fairest of girls to be found in certain localities of this great metropolis. On these occasions he flings money about in the most lavish manner. He has been known to pay for entertainments at the rate of a thousand dollars a day.

We could fill our journal with choice stories of this sort concerning our South Carolina Turk. And this is reconstruction; and let us paint it an inch thick, to this favor must it come at last. Built on a foundation of brutal ignorance, it rears aloft its shameless front of beastly indulgence, that makes one wonder if he does indeed live in the nineteenth century and makes one of a civilized community.—D. P. in Washington Capital.

Infanticide Made Easy.

Infanticide made easy appears an appropriate title for the very prevalent practice of baby-farming in our midst, now that the basket has been removed from the door of the Foundling Asylum by reason of the falling off in contributions to that much-needed institution. Recent investigations on the part of the Board of Health show that more than one-half of the illegitimate children recently born in New York are systematically placed out to nurse with the intention of securing their death through lingering, yet certain means. Incredible as it may appear, there are a crowd of women who are not only receiving newly-born infants for the purpose of their ultimate extinction, but absolutely solicit patronage from the keepers of the numerous lying-in establishments springing into existence since the introduction of licensed midwives. This revolting trade cannot be suppressed, as no criminality in the nurses can be shown, while the female physicians are in no wise amenable to the law, inasmuch as few among them will loan themselves to feticide, the only offence for which they could be punished. To exterminate this last practice was a cardinal object in the foundation of the Foundling Asylum, and for a time this design was accomplished; but as the money of the institution has diminished, the Sisters beneath whose charge the Asylum has been placed decline reception to infants indiscriminately tendered them. More foundlings could in previous years be traced to married than unmarried mothers; still, it is a curious fact that a knowledge that their offspring will be taken care of in a religious establishment has done much to render domestic servants indifferent as to the conservation of their prior distinctive virtue, and, consequently, during the past hard Winter many unmarried girls voluntarily surrendered their honor. Suddenly the doors of the Foundling Asylum are found to be closed against these clandestine mothers, and, in their despair, they are forced to seek a refuge in private lying-in establishments, whence their progeny is taken to be cared for in any manner agreed upon. It is upon the poor girls of the working class that these midwives rely for their custom, and as their charge is merely ten dollars for attendance and five dollars a week for board their dormitories rarely remain long unoccupied. Nevertheless, all illegitimate infants born within our city limits could not be chargeable upon residents; quite the reverse; young women, married and unmarried, come from the East, the West and the South, either to dispose of their offspring or to hide their shame within the wilderness of this great city. These women have been for years past the patrons of the Restells, Costellos and other notorious abortionists, who, now that they find their original trade precarious, resort to the expedient of "adoption" to get rid of the infants necessarily born within their domiciles. While the basket moved within the peristyle of the asylum a midnight journey secured an excellent adopted mother in curliber al Legislature; but now that its place is usurped by a stalwart policeman, few midwives run the risk of a charge of felonious aban-

donment, where a convenient nurse can be found willing to soothe the new born's pains with effectual doses of deadly syrups. A possibly mistaken philanthropy gave birth to the Foundling Asylum, still a positive humanity demands its maintenance and augmentation.—New York Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Difference.

In the early settlement of these mountain desert valleys, when the crickets and grasshoppers, or locusts, infested and devastated the crops sown by a persecuted people, who had fled from mobs for the sake of their religion, after being robbed of nearly all they possessed, and their leaders martyred, the cold sympathy they received from the press in many instances was that they would be compelled to scatter, while thousands would perish on the plains before they could reach civilization, thus solving the great Mormon problem. As a rule, not the slightest condolence was offered. The settlers dug roots, killed rabbits, an occasional deer or antelope, wolf, squirrel, picked wild berries, in fact anything to save life, being one thousand miles from supplies, without the means to purchase had they been in reach.

No aid was asked or offered. A portion of the sons, husbands and fathers of the settlers, who had aided in wrenching the country from Mexico, and who had not been able to meet their families since the close of the war, opened up the gold mines of California, thus throwing millions into the coffers of the country, and establishing a "half way house between the two great oceans."

Our eastern friends, who had none of the disadvantages of the early settlers in the Great American desert, except the destruction by the hoppers of their crops, receive the fostering care of the government, and the sympathy of the nation, and this great difference in a free government where all may worship as they please, is owing simply to a religious difference of opinions, the right of which is guaranteed to every American citizen. As we remarked, no aid was asked nor have our citizens as a rule been remunerated either for the time spent or losses sustained by Indian raids upon their stock; yet they are followed with vexatious law suits, with it would seem, a purpose to wrest the last dollar from our industrious, honest citizens, who have made the country all it is or perhaps would have been for the next century.

Do they want our hard-earned possession? Perhaps so. So it is believed, but the question is what would they do with them? But one answer can be given, as appears to us, and that is sell them to people who labor for a living. None of the class we have yet seen would ever think of cultivating one foot of the land our citizens have made available, at great labor and expense.

Our citizens, as they should do, are taking matters perfectly cool, so far as we have been able to observe, not even showing any fears of the rumored threatened H-1 which certain parties were coming to raise. They are used to threats of this kind, and when they hear them, take them as a fixed determination to stir up religious strife and persecution, with which they were familiar in by-gone days.

Were it necessary for us to advise our naturally cool, calculating citizens, we would say allow no plot to throw you off your guard, keep within the law, stoop to quarrel with no blackguard, defend your rights in a legal way, and rely upon that Providence who has so marvelously preserved and rewarded your past sufferings and labor.—Beaver Enterprise.

The Harm to the North.

The people at the North may imagine that they are not sufferers by the atrocious robberies which have been perpetrated upon the people of the reconstructed States by the human vultures who have represented the administration there, receiving the support and encouragement of President Grant; but if they think so they are greatly mistaken, for one part of the United States can not be brought to ruin by misgovernment and excessive taxation without the rest of the country suffering thereby in many ways. There are many manufactu-