

A LAND OF MYSTERY.

We have read with the deepest interest some accounts that have come to us by the last California steamer, relative to the discovery of certain ruined cities in a tract of country known as the Great Basin...

The publication of these curious discoveries in the newspapers, is drawing out others, and making developments, in the same connection, equally strange. A correspondent of the Phoenix Herald, writing from the San Bernardino Valley, under date of September 19th, gives the following account of an immense stone bridge said to have been found in that vicinity...

According to this authority, then, the whole country, from the Colorado to the Rio Grande, between the Gila and San Juan, is full of ruined habitations and cities, most of which are on the table land. Capt. Walker states that, in traversing this desert, he had frequently met with crumbling masses of masonry and numberless specimens of antique pottery...

What material here, now, for antiquarian research! What a theme for the novelist and the historian! All history, is at fault, in this case, for the oldest records we have are as silent as the grave, about these now found cities of the Plain, and the terrible phenomena which is supposed to have whelmed them in ruin...

On his first trip across the Continent, he discovered in the midst of the wilderness of Gila, what appeared to be a strong fort, the walls of great thickness, built of stone. He traversed it, and found it contained forty-two rooms. In the vicinity were met with numerous balls of hard clay, from the size of a bullet to that of a grape shot...

In further corroboration of Captain Walker's account of the implements he discovered in the ruined cities of the Desert, the California State Journal says:—

"Hand-mills, similar to those described, have been found scattered through all the mining regions of the State; collections of them, dug up in the search for gold, may be seen in almost every mining camp. We remember to have seen two, taken in one day, on the bank of the Yuba river, from a distance of sixteen feet below the surface of the ground...

"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 dark robe with a red border, gracefully draped so as to leave their right arm and shoulder bare. They have most beautiful hair, which they arrange with great care...

"The absurdity of testimonial giving has reached such a height that we may expect it to go still higher before it finally topples over, and we shall not be astonished to hear that two persons riding together in a handsome cab have formed themselves into a meeting for the purpose of presenting the driver with a new lash to his whip, or some other appropriate testimonial..."

"The Apocryphal Compliments.—Seemingly, says Punch, every body is getting so very polite to every body else that it is beginning to be almost impossible for two or three persons to get together without a meeting of two being got up to present the third with a testimonial..."

"Shooting Horses.—The following regulations of the British army upon this subject were prepared by a mixed commission of officers and eminent experienced professional men, and have recently been issued:—

- 1. The shoe is to be berelled off so as to leave a space and prevent pressure to the sole.
2. It is not to be grooved or fettered, but simply punched and the nails counter-sunk.
3. Calking is to be applied to the hind shoe only, and is to be confined to the outside heel.
4. The weight of the shoe is to be from twelve to fifteen ounces, according to the size of the horse.

A FAIR INFERENCE.

"A prosecution under the 'Maine law, was on trial. The 'State Attorney' who thought he was a 'cute chap,' was trying to make out his case through circumstantial evidence by showing that the defendant had the means of crime in his house. He called an undoubted 'customer' to the stand—a man who would know a jug 'at sight,' and held the following colloquy:—

Q. Lawyer, Mr. Sargent, were you ever in Benjamin Kimball's bar room?
W. Yes, sir!
Q. Did you see any liquor there?
W. No, sir!
Q. Did you see anything containing liquors there?
W. Not as I know of.
Q. Did you see any decanters or tumblers there?
W. No, sir!
Q. Did you see any barrels or kegs there?
W. Yes, I see some kegs there!
Q. Ah, yes, (exultingly,) you did then, see some kegs? Now, sir, tell the jury what there was in those kegs?
W. I do not; I didn't look in.
Q. Yes, sir; but were there not marks upon the outside—tickets, or labels, or printing, or writing of some kind?
W. Yes, well, there was; I remember it now; I know I should have forgot it if you hadn't put me in mind!
Q. Oh, yes, you do remember; just state sir, before you forget, what there was printed or written?
W. It was different on all of 'em; none on 'em had it alike.
Q. Well, sir, tell us what it said on the first one you saw?
W. Well, I mostly forgot now, but I believe it said 'Gin' on the first one.
Q. I said 'Gin'; then sir, I guess we can find out what there was in those kegs if you didn't look in. Now, sir, tell us what it said on the next one?
W. Well, on the next one it said 'Ben Kimball,' but I didn't think 'Ben Kimball' was inside the keg;—Knickerbocker.

Swamp Lands have been donated heartily by recent Congresses to the Western States. As the public has probably very little idea of the extent of the national generosity towards the vigorous young commonwealths of the West, it may be of interest to many to know that, according to the report of the U. S. Surveyor-General for Missouri and Illinois, the total number of acres of swamp land given to Missouri is 2,765,871, and the number given to Illinois is 2,370,835. According to the St. Louis Republican, much of this land may, and will be reclaimed, and in general, the soil is so rich as to make it very valuable.

THE AUTUMNAL SEASON. FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL. The hills and plains have for a fortnight been clothed in a mantle of beauty. The rich green foliage of summer was breathed on a month ago by the Frost Spirit, and changed into as many colors as are ever presented in the bow and the clouds of heaven. It is a beautiful provision of a bounteous Providence that the most gorgeous coloring of the forests should immediately precede their desolation. The trees are brightest at the close, and their beauty is never so brilliant as when they are about to be stripped. Thus, also, is it with the soul of the christian about to pass away. Its closing moments are its brightest, for then the light of a better world is reflected on it, and all its thoughts and feelings are full of immortal radiance and glory.

The beauty of this earth is truly wonderful. Each hour of each day and each night is clothed with beauty as is the mane of the lion with strength. There are the constellations glittering in their unsounded depths forever and the moon in her majesty to make the night glorious; and there are the mountains and the plains, old ocean and the running streams, birds and flowers without number to shed delight on the day. Let the uninitiated eye turn where it will, and a world full of the forms of beauty awakens its raptures. Beauty is thrown in every light cloud that floats within our atmosphere as well as in every object which those clouds look down on. It is at this period of the year, when autumn reigns supreme, that the visible beauty of earth seems most marvellous. Go and stand where the mighty forest stretches out before you, and whence you can look down on its variegated foliage and gaze on the masses of color before you, until their richness and their brightness impress themselves fully upon you, and then say if nature is not a most skilful artist, and whether there is any school so grand as hers. The picture before you is one which art may not hope to rival. Art is very striking and admirable in many of her towering creations, but their beauty depends altogether on the closeness and fidelity with which she has copied nature. But there are many things in nature which art can never portray. The flower by the wayside, but not the grand old forest tree clothed in its autumnal glory, may be accurately represented by art. Then how shall art's daring hand portray you glorious hillside in all its breadth and splendor, where are twenty different varieties of trees, each in its own peculiar gay garb differing from all the rest, and each seeming to aspire to be most worthy of admiration, and the whole forming together one mighty massive picture abounding in points of beauty on which the eye would vainly dwell forever? There is a power and a majesty and a depth of harmony in such a picture which fills the soul with the shadows of great thoughts and lights up the eye with visions of a beauty such as may not be realized on this side of heaven. We have often stood in the presence of such gorgeous displays of the autumn time and gazed upon the splendor spread before us until we were fully possessed with the glory of the scene, and felt that it was a privilege indeed to live in a world of such rare and exquisite beauty.

It is at this season of the year also that the heavens grow brightest, as if in rivalry of the radiance of earth. The western sky as the sun wheels downward through his pavilion of clouds and his golden rim touches the far-off hill, presents a scene of the most inspiring character. In the forms of the various clouds are seen gigantic representations of battles, statues of heroes and demigods, and pictures of gentle beauty, all glowing with warmth and lustre. The whole western heaven is grand beyond description. Brilliant hues of all kinds are seen blending together in such harmony that no eye can detect where the presence of the one ceases or that of the other begins. There is at that hour and this season a unity between heaven and earth which may be felt. The cloud exalts to the forest and the forest returns a glad response. The crimson shadow of the sky falls upon the placid bosom of the river, and river and sky seem to be holding blessed communion with each other. Gradually the glory fades from heaven, and that of earth is somewhat beneath the thickening veil of twilight. The stars come out to replace the lost glory of the sky, and soon the heaven, which so lately was so full of fervor and grandeur, is locked in the embrace of darkness, and night reigns supreme with her sentinel stars to see that as the hours pass away all goes well on earth.

There is a peculiar fitness in the atmosphere for the scenery at this season of the year. The brightness of the foliage would be too glaring were it not softened by the haziness of the Indian summer. The smokiness of this season affords the finest background for the display of autumnal pictures, and then how german are the quiet and the warmth of these days to the best observation of the forest! The warm beams of the sun invite you out into the open air, and the hush in the atmosphere is most favorable to a satisfactory study of the entrancing scene presented on every hand. These are the qualities that make the Indian summer the most delicious season of the year. It is very proper that Nature should be brightest here she assumes the cheerfulness of winter. It is exceedingly ingenious in her to make her exit in a blaze of glory.

The farmer's boys are very happy at this period, for these are the days in which they go a nutting, and when they strive to ensure the foolish rabbit and entrap the pretty partridge. Early each morning, while the town boy is dreaming of the party he attended last night, his happier brother in the country buries his hands in the depths of his breeches pockets and starts off on a dog trot to see what luck has befallen him during the night. Onward he goes, crushing the crackling grass beneath his foot, until he reaches the strip of woods beyond the cornfield, and there comes within sight of the cruel snare which he contrived for the rabbit. His heart swells with pleasure as he sees the poor creature hanging like a criminal with his limbs rigid and his eye forever fixed. The noise is soon undone, and the snare is again set with the hope that other rabbits may also place their necks in jeopardy, and he picks up his trophy, and, whistling "Lucy Neal" or "The Days of Absence," proceeds with a merry heart and a light step to other snares. Having secured all his game, he reaches the barn-yard in time to drive the lowing herd atheld, as Jenny has just concluded her labor on the last cow and is about leaving with her pals for the house. The young Hodge returns in time for his breakfast which is smoking on the table before him, and he waxes a war of extermination on biscuits, rolls, and dodgers, on cups of hot coffee and glasses of cool milk, until his stomach is satisfied. He performs all the work he has to do cheerfully, and then starts to gather the rich brown chestnuts and white hickory nuts for the winter nights that are approaching. The nuts fall on the crisp leaves, and in their fall make music to the boy-farmer's ear sweeter even than the song of spring. Before night closes in he has secured as many nuts as he can carry, and goes cheerily homeward, while the indignant squirrels bark at him from a dozen trees. Happy, indeed, is such a farmer-boy, and happy are the influences of such a boyhood on the strong man into which the boy will in a few years rapidly mature.

DEMOCRATIC INSTINCTS.

Among the many extravagant notions which have flowed from what the Union calls the "rude Democratic instincts" of the present day, nothing has fallen under our observation more evincive of the insatiable spirit and tendency of those instincts than the following resolution, one of a series unanimously adopted at a "great ratification Democratic meeting" at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, on the 11th ultimo:—

"Resolved, That the annoyances to our hardy and enterprising fishermen at the East; the difficulties and expense of establishing boundaries and running lines at the North and West; and the disregard of treaty obligations by slave traders in the Gulf of Mexico, indicate that the happiness and prosperity of the whole people would be greatly advanced by spreading the stars and stripes of the Union and the shield of our Constitution and laws over the whole North American Continent and its adjacent Islands, and that in our opinion this is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

We could almost wonder that the old Cradle of Liberty did not topple on the heads of its occupants, or the ghosts of their revolutionary fathers did not rise up to rebuke them for such an insult to one of the great principles embodied in their own Declaration of Rights, so ably asserted and maintained in that time-honored temple, which was, never on any occasion to trespass on the rights of others. It was upon that sacred principle that our Government was administered, from the moment of its inception down to the period when it came to be regarded by a President as "any Government." From that time the principle began gradually to lose its influence, until a war of aggression upon a weak and supposed helpless neighbor followed, which gave such an impulse to the Democracy as completed its destruction. The natural rights of man are now regarded as belonging exclusively to "Young America." No other people but those who can be classed under some one or other of the various categories of "Democracy" are supposed to have any rights at all, either of life or property. The "annoyances" of our fishermen, whether they spring from their own disregard of treaty restrictions or not, must be removed; the slave trade on the Gulf of Mexico, which washes the shores of three independent nations, all having an equal right to its free navigation, must be broken up; "the difficulties and expense" of settling boundaries must be got rid of; and to accomplish these purposes we must trample under foot the rights of all nations which stand in the way, from Beltrins Straits to Panama. But when this shall be accomplished will the lines and boundaries of our domain be any more distinctly or permanently marked than they are now? Will the Indians prove a limit to the spirit of aggression and aggrandizement? Acquisition does but increase the desire for further acquisition. We should be no better satisfied with the whole of North America than we are now with the half of it. South America must come along with it into our clutches, and "all its adjacent islands," embracing Oceania within the western half of the world. How tempting a prospect to the "instincts of Democracy!" The empire of ancient Rome was not a circumstance to the empire of the modern Washington; but we trust that before all this shall happen the name will be changed, that no such blot may rest upon the pure fame of the *Pater Patrie*.—*See Intel.*

There seems to be no abatement in the excitement raised among the Coalitionists of Massachusetts by Attorney-General Cushing's late offer, and it bids fair eventually to rival the war in this State, between the Harbors and the Softs. A dispute in our columns, this morning, from Boston, informs us that the Coalition papers are now re-publishing an editorial article written for a leading democratic paper in 1850, zealously advocating the very coalition which Mr. Cushing now condemns. The article in question, the Coalitionists assert, can be proved to have emanated from Mr. Cushing's pen. In this connection, we find the following rich letter, alluding to the missive of Attorney-General Cushing, going the rounds. It is from the pen of Mr. F. A. Hildreth, the recently appointed Postmaster of Lowell, and is far beyond anything in the letter of Mr. Bronson, which caused his removal:—

"The writer is an enormous hypocrite and scoundrel, and the person he writes to is a paltry, peevish, huckstering knave. * * * But this interference with State legislation, is a matter which must be immediately corrected, or there is no independence likely to be left. We are ready to co-operate with slaveholders and abolitionists, hard and soft, anybody and everybody, to get rid of such a monstrous tyranny as this. * * * But Cushing is a hypocrite as well as a tyrant. There is not a democrat in the State more deeply implicated in the coalition with free-soilers than he is. He broke with the hankers on this very ground."

We suppose Mr. Hildreth's head will now come off.—*N. Y. Express.*

This is a very belligerent Administration. Mr. Guthrie "slays" Mr. Bronson and denounces the Hard Democracy.—Mr. Cushing makes war upon the Soft Democracy—and Mr. Jefferson Davis rears at and pitches into Mr. Toombs. From Maine to Georgia, the members of the Cabinet keep a watchful eye, and fire at, if they do not shoot the refractory. This is the good time that, previous to the last Presidential election, we were told, was "coming."—*Alex. Gazette.*

The tremendous Democratic majority of Pennsylvania does not seem to be all legal. In Perry county there was a great fraud practised. Last year it polled 6377, and of this increase 2270 was in the Democratic vote. Complimentary and self-denying.—The Freeman's Journal of New York, in announcing the election of Mr. Peter Dawson, the Democratic member elect of the Assembly for the twelfth district, says, "We congratulate Mr. Dawson on his election, though we thereby lose a most reliable and excellent carrier of our paper." Very handsomely done, is it not?

Lines.—In condolence with Noggin (hard) of the New York Custom House; and Brown (soft) of the Boston Custom House. The time is out of joint.—O cursed spite! 'Tis sweet that I was born to set it right. Ill starved inspectors! justly may ye curse, The doom assigned ye by a chance perverse. Have suffered Noggins, and one Brown made hard! Or if unheeded he fell deers dead most work, Pined here by Noggins, and her Brown, in York; Or better still, had we been Guthrie's care, And Cushing's mandates been directed there! Boston Courier.

The Discoverer of Gold in Australia is to be rewarded by the British government. The Colonial authorities of Australia propose to give to Mr. Hargraves, the discoverer, £10,000, but the Duke of Newcastle, who is the head of the Colonial Department in the Ministry, offers him only half that sum, which Mr. Hargraves objects to.

In the city of Houston, Texas, it is said that \$75,000 is annually spent for intoxicating liquors. The population consists of about three thousand white inhabitants.

Episcopal.—The Rt. Rev. Thomas A. D. D., the new Bishop of North Carolina, arrived at Christ Church in this City, on the morning and afternoon last. At night he ministered the holy rite of Confirmation to the young ladies at St. Mary's School, and afterwards the sacred act with an appropriate discourse.

We are requested to give the following list of Bishop Atkinson's appointments. He will visit the Church in Wilmington, on the 20th; in Fayetteville, on the 27th; in Warrenton, on the 30th; in Henderson, on Friday, December 2nd; in Oxford, on Sunday, December 24th.

W & R R. R. Stock.—31 (only) shares sold at public sale, on Saturday last, 25 shares of Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad Stock, at interest added; also 12 shares of the day stock, considered at par, and we should not be surprised if they are worth a premium in a few days.—1851, Jan.

The New York Tribune gives an account of a Postmaster at one of the offices in the London route, who was very much annoyed, emptying one of the mail bags upon him, and getting a nice little kitten spring out from the letters and frisk about very much to the kittens are apt to do. As there was no subscription upon it, he is at a loss how to get rid of it, but is debating whether he had better knock it on the head, and forward it to the Post Office with his next batch of mail.—*New Haven Palladium.*

Change of Fortunes.—Mr. Samuel Bronson, San Francisco, has an annual income of \$25,000. In 1840, Mr. Bronson was a poor and struggling printer in New York, and worked in the office for Messrs. Bolton & Livingston. In five years ago he arrived in New York and West. A crownless hat, with coat and trousers to match were not very pressing recommendations for the adventurer. He never succeeded in joining the New York City of the Mormons, and for more than a year suffered of their persecution. He was one of the four hundred others of the persecuted who came attracted by the glowing descriptions of Fremont and others, of California. He chartered the ship Brooklyn, and immediately sailed for the El Dorado, where Mr. Bronson amassed an immense fortune.—*Brooklyn Express.*

Instances are frequently meeting among the Baltimore Sun, of hardships endured by fugitives in Canada, with which, according to the statements of the fugitives themselves, was no parallel while they were in a country's service. For the benefit of the manager of the "under-ground rail road," we publish the following case of the kind, the account of which taken from the Napanee (C. W.) Standard. There is a negro residing in this place, aged of fifty years old, who ran away from his master in Maryland last April, and came through by the underground rail road. He says he was glad to return to his old master by the ground road, or even on foot, if he could have experienced more suffering during his five months in Canada, than he has during his whole life in slavery!

After nine ballottings, the Legislature of Mont. yesterday, succeeded in electing a Senator in place of Mr. Phelps, Wig. J. Kellogg (Democrat) is the successful candidate and was elected by three votes over his Whig competitor, Judge Collamer. The election was free soilers (who held the balance of power) the regular Democrats, in the same manner the election of the Democratic Speaker was effected.—*N. Y. Express.*

STEDMAN & HORNE. Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c. FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Fayetteville generally, that they have just received from New York, and are receiving their supplies of Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c. A variety of Hats, suitable for the season; also Gentlemen's Boots, Shoes and Slippers, a large assortment of ready-made Clothing; a great many other articles in the Ladies' line, and we would be pleased to attend to them to call and examine for themselves. All orders sent to our care from our friends and customers will be promptly attended to. March 20, 1851.

FRENCH BURR MILLSTONE. Great Reduction in Price. EGENTON, MORRIS & CO. CONTINUE to make to order, and keep on hand French Burr Millstones of all dimensions, warranted to be of best quality, and made from Burr blocks selected from the best quarries in France. They keep for sale. Cologne, Coccalia and Esopus Millstones; Burr Blocks, Bolting Cloth, Screen Wire, Calcined Plaster, Hydraulic Cement, &c. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. R. M. ORRELL, Agent at Fayetteville, N. C. March 11, 1851.

NEW BAKERY. THE Subscriber has established a Bakery at No. 210 North Street, on the Lot two doors East of Dr. McNeill's Cabinet Shop. He is prepared to furnish Families, Bakers, and the public generally, with Breads, Cakes and Cakes of various kinds, of the best quality, as he has procured the services of one of the best Bakers in the State. Prices reasonable. Give me your orders. CHAS. BAYNE, 210 N. Street, Fayetteville, Dec. 28, 1850.

ROCKFISH SHEETINGS. BY the bale or half bale, for sale by C. T. HATCH & SON, July 13, 1852.

COTTON BAGGING. HAVE a plentiful supply of Gunny and Paper Cotton Bagging, Bale Rope, and Bagging Twine, &c. Send in your orders and they shall be supplied. JAS. G. 1852. Oct. 3, 1853.

THE Super session—his The Court trying a suit tween Dunc roe, Coun Strango, Da Banks, and the defendan B. Wright, verdict was. On Mond elected last, Rae as Cler and entered. There is (this day the will be but. Extra Court on the secon We learn Docket to be money and The case Horse steal ty of Richd have been The MA the failure, tion, even Thrice such field, Richd inquires re mail bag h Cheraw with other failure This was Richmond, October an not reach Postmaster Hill is in the the way of. This mo last Thurs Store, also. We venture. We call out all as to see th Expecte papers app believe that Pierce's (to be turned o supposition of War, h avowing bil geat in the came a cu The electic adversely to be sent to. But w Cabinet we one of its vided he e men who previously sort a sick political refuge. take to the President by disceat them, and well as the THE N Union, an the South the defeat party, and that brau to us that floored, an It is tru the South the South in the dentu tained to unexampy which York, in a struggle, are more the influ rally sup omen. It is s shown m posed the But mo them, m thereby o others u they w Guthrie's this was. The ef at Wash complete and wh was won nunciati calls for beancy they not ed and is son was rather h have tri The l we have Softs, of ed; and lower H