



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

THE THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

Bright things can never die  
E'en though they fade,  
Beauty and glory  
Dustless were made:  
What though the summer day  
Passes at ere away,  
Dish not the mom's soft ray  
Silence the night?

Childhood can never die  
Wracks of the past—  
Flashes of memory  
E'en to the last.  
Many a happy thing—  
Many a dimpled cheek—  
Flow, on time's ceaseless wing,  
Far far away.

Bright things can never die,  
Saith my philosophy,  
Phoebus, though he pass by,  
Leaves us the light.

Childhood can never die,  
Saith my philosophy,  
Wracks of our infancy,  
Live on for aye.

Kind words can never die,  
Charished and blest:  
God knows how deep they lie,  
Stowed in the breast,  
Like childhood's simple rhymes,  
Sung o'er a thousand times,  
Have, in all years and climes,  
Died not and cease.

Sweet fancies never die,  
They leave behind  
Some fair legacy  
Stored in the mind—  
Some happy thought or dream,  
Pure as the day's earliest beam,  
Kissed by the gentle breeze,  
In the lone glade.

Kind words can never die,  
Saith my philosophy,  
Deep is the soul they lie,  
God knows how dear.

Yes, though the things pass by,  
Saith my philosophy,  
Bright things, can never die,  
E'en though they fade.

DISCOVERY OF RUINED CITIES WITHIN THE GREAT BASIN OF WESTERN NORTH AMERICA.

The Great Basin in the midst of our Territory, bounded on the north by the Wahsatch Mountains, and the settlement of the Mormons in Utah, on the East by the Rocky Mountains, skirting the right bank of the Rio Grande, on the South by the Gila, and on the West by the Sierra Nevada, is a region still almost unknown to trappers and mountaineers have passed all around the inner side of its rim, but none have ever crossed with the exception of Mr. Gale, who traversed on his recent trip its Northern slope, and Capt. Joe Walker, the famous mountaineer, who passed nearly through its centre in the winter of 1850. But little, therefore, is known regarding it, but that little is exceedingly interesting, and fills the mind with eagerness to know more. From Capt. Walker we have gathered many particulars, regarding his celebrated trip, and the character of this mysterious land, which have never before been brought to light. There is no lack of streams within the Rio Colorado Chiquito, or little Red River, runs entirely across it, about 100 miles to the North of the Gila and almost parallel to it, and empties into the Colorado. About 120 miles still further North the San Juan follows exactly the same course as the little Red, and empties into the Grand River, the most important branch of the Colorado. Grand River itself pursues a course a little south of West, across the Northern part of the basin, while the Aronkatee, a large river discovered by Mr. Gale, Green River, and the Rio Virgin, are all large streams, which drain the Northern mountain rim and run in a Southerly direction into the Colorado.

The Great Basin between the Colorado and the Rio Grande is an immense table land broken towards the Gila and the Rio Grande by detached Sierras. Almost all the streams run through deep canyons. The country is barren and desolate, and entirely uninhabited even by the lowest order of Indians. But though so bleak and forbidding, strewn all around may be seen the evidences that it was once peopled by a civilized and thickly settled population. They have long since disappeared, but their network still remains to attest their former greatness. Capt. Walker assures us that the country from the Colorado to the Rio Grande between the Gila and the San Juan, is full of ruined habitations and cities, most of which are on the table land. Although he had frequently met with crumbling masses of masonry, and numberless specimens of antique pottery, such as have been noticed in the immigrant trail south of Gila, it was not until his last trip across, that he ever saw a structure standing. On one occasion he had penetrated about midway from the Colorado to the wilderness, and had encamped near the Little Red River, with Sierra Blanca looming up to the south, when he noticed at a little distance an object that induced him to examine farther. As he approached, he found it to be a kind of citadel, around which the ruins of a city more than a mile in length. It was located on a gentle declivity that sloped toward Red River, and the sides of the streets could be distinctly traced, running in regularly right angles with each other. The houses had all been built of stone, but all had been reduced to ruins by the action of some great heat, which had evidently passed over the whole country. It was no ordinary conflagration, but must have been some terrific furnace-like blast of fire, similar to that issuing from a

volcano, as the stones were all burnt, some of them almost melted, others glazed as if melted. This appearance was visible in every ruin he met with. A storm of fire seemed to have swept over the whole face of the country, and the inhabitants must have taken refuge in it. In the centre of the city was a tall, round obelisk a rock 20 or 30 feet high upon the top of which stood a portion of the walls of what had once been an immense building. The outline of the building was still distinct, although only the northern angle, with walls 15 or 18 feet long, and 16 feet high, was standing. These walls were constructed of a green quarried and well built. All the south end of the building seemed to have melted to cinders, and to have sunk a mere pile of rubbish. Even the rock on which it was built appeared to have been partially fused by the heat. Captain Walker spent some time examining this interesting spot—he traced many of the streets and the outlines of the houses, but could find no other ruins standing—as often as he had seen the ruins of this character, he had never, until this occasion, discovered any of the implements of the ancient people. Here he found a number of headstems similar to those used by the Pueblos and the Mexicans for grinding their corn. They were made of light porous rock, and consisted of two pieces about two feet long, and ten inches wide, the one hollowed out, and the other a flat stone like a roller to fit the concavity. They were the only articles that had resisted the heat. No metals of any kind were found. Strawn all around, might be seen numerous fragments of crockery, sometimes beautifully carved, at others painted. This, however, was not peculiar to this spot, as he had seen antiquities in every part of the country, from the San Juan to the Gila. Captain Walker continued his journey, and noticed several more ruins a little off his route next day, but could not stop to examine them. On this side the Colorado he has never seen any remains, except of the present races. The Indians have no traditions relative to the ancient people that once thickly settled this region. They look with wonder on these remains, but know nothing of their origin. Captain Walker, who, we may remark, is a most intelligent and close observer, far superior to the generality of the old trappers, and with a wonderful retentive memory, is of opinion that the basin, now so barren, was once a charming country, sustaining millions of people, and that its present desolation has been wrought by the action of volcanic fires. The mill discovered proves that the ancient race once farmed; the country as it now appears never could be tillable hence it is inferred it must have been different in early days. They must have had sheep too, for the representation of that useful animal is found carved on a piece of pottery. Lieutenant Beale stated, that on his first trip across the Continent, he discovered in the midst of the wilderness north of the Gila, what appeared to be a strong fort, the walls of great thickness, built of stone. He traversed it, and found it composed of 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. What was singular about them was the fact, that frequently ten or twenty of them were stuck together, and a number of holes run out of each a dozen compassing in each, or like a whole lot of rods. It is difficult to say what these were intended for. They were so hard, however, that the smaller ones could be discharged from a gun. And now it remains for the antiquarian to explore this most interesting region in the very heart of our country, and to say who were the people that inhabited it. They may have been the ancestors of the Aztecs, whose Cities found in Mexico, for they were known to have come from the north. Tradition tells that they sailed out from it at several times, directed by their prophets, not to cease their march, till they came across an eagle sitting upon a cactus, with a serpent in its claws. This they found where the city of Mexico now stands, and here they established their dominion. This legend is well preserved in the device upon the Mexican dollar. Some remains of the Aztecs still remain and within a few years past at the ruined city of Cortez, Quetzal or Pecos, in the wilderness of New Mexico. Here, in deep caverns, they kept alive, with reverential care, the Sacred Fire, which was always to burn until the return of Montezuma. It could not be more than ten years ago, when the last Indian of the tribe expired. It may be that the Pueblos south of the Gila are an offshoot of the great Aztec nation, left behind in their march to the South. The Pueblos, it is known, are far superior to the Indians of Mexico. They raise fine corn, and from a manufacture all their clothing.

Wood that some Sierpents or Lizards would give to explore the wonders that lie concealed within this Great Basin, and bring to light the history of the strange people that once inhabited it.—*Oscego Daily Times.*

The Mounds.—We had the pleasure of being present and assisting in a partial opening of one of the largest mounds on the flats of Grove creek, on Thursday last. The mound was situated on the farm of Mr. Price, some nine or ten miles east of Groveville, and was partially opened by Mr. Morris and others in 1833. They discovered and got out a part of a stone covered with characters, similar to the one found in the large mound, but of larger size. This portion was sent to the museum at New York soon after its discovery, and there lost sight of. The smaller stone found in the mound, has not been carefully preserved, and the existence of it with the singular characters thereon, is a relic of a past age and another people than any with whom the English settlers of this country are acquainted, has not been known to persons who have published voluminous works within the past five years. The object of digging into this mound at this time, was to find, if possible, the remainder of the stone, and thus establish the fact beyond doubt, to the minds of all those who have seen either of those already found, viz. That there is who built these mounds had an alphabet, and could, by that conveyance to the minds of absent persons in language. It is well known that the Indians had no such means—no written alphabet.

It is true, there are other proofs to show that there was an anterior race, who occupied our valleys, and the objects now seen in the valley at the mouth of Grove creek, lead us to the conclusion that that valley was once densely populated by an intelligent and warlike people.

The proofs are these mounds, and the system with which they are made, the fact that in the centre of them are found ashes and ashes, ornaments—among which was a copper ring, the opening of which could neither be cut with the use of diamond,—the fact of the remains of forts being found here, and all with mathematical accuracy, and many other things of the same positive character.

In the valley at the mouth of Grove Creek are some twenty mounds, and one trace of a fort, which on the West side of the river are two fortifications, one on the summit of the hill and the other on the plain. These are admirably adapted for the purpose of defence and for observation, and are works for which our Indians had no occasion and which they never built.

There is no more interesting study than that afforded by these evidences of a people that have long since passed away, and we trust it may be pursued by those who have taken an interest in it until their character is fully determined.—*Warren Times.*

The Circassian War.—Much of the same proceeds from Great Britain with regard to the Circassians, a tribe of Daghestan war even its locality is commonly disregarded, and Circassian borders on the Black Sea, is represented as the theatre of war. In truth few or no outbreaks, or rather, no wars occur in that district. But the mountains and inaccessible regions remain untroubled and Russia's power is not virtually extended to the whole of the country, their inhabitants within a short distance. The line of coast is in Russia's possession, as also a belt of territory a parallel to them Turkey, while on the east it is separated from the actual seat of war, Daghestan, by 150 miles of a difficult country, in absolute occupation by the Russians, and, therefore, absolutely subjected to that power. Daghestan is similarly encircled by Russian territory, and is even separated in a similar manner from the Caspian Sea. Nevertheless it has hitherto survived, and, but vainly, to emancipate itself from the state of a vassal bond. Its efforts have been chiefly directed to the surprise of our strong posts and forts, rarely by sudden forays and attacks upon the adjacent Russian territory. These forays are often successful, as far as booty is concerned, but can never affect the Russian possession of their present position. By the Russians, although, on the other hand, they occasionally in some places, disorganize over the whole line of frontier, to prevent a Russian invasion. With a portion of this force the Russians annexed a large Schamyl, and in order to their strongholds, and invariably with the appearance of success. Protected by the impenetrable nature of the country, the mountaineers permit the Russian troops to penetrate into defiles where discipline and order are maintaining, and whence they are compelled to retreat, with loss and discomfiture. Incapable as the Daghestans are of resisting the Russian troops on an ordinary field of battle, on their own defiles they assert an evident superiority. Hence Russia gains apparently nothing