

"The snow deepened gradually as we advanced. Our guides wore out their moccasins; and, putting one of them on a horse, we enjoyed the unusual sight of an Indian who could not ride. He could not even guide the animal, and appeared to have no knowledge of horses. The snow was three or four feet deep in the summit of the pass; and from this point the guide pointed out our future road, declining to go any further."

On the 25th, Godey, who was a little distance from the camp, had sat down to tie his moccasins, when he heard a low whistle near, and, looking up, saw two Indians half hiding behind a rock forty yards distant; they would not follow him to approach, but, breaking into a laugh, skinned off over the snow, seeming to have no idea of fire-arms, and thinking themselves perfectly safe beyond arm's length."

On the 31st, says Captain F., "We gathered together a few of the most intelligent of the Indians, and held this evening an interesting council. I explained to them my intentions. I told them that we had come from a far country, having been travelling for nearly a year, and that we were desirous simply to go across the mountain into the country of the other whites. There were two who appeared particularly intelligent—one, a somewhat old man. He told me that, before the snows fell, it was six weeks to the place where the whites lived, but that now it was impossible to cross the mountain on account of the deep snow; and showing us, as the others had done, that it was over our heads, he urged us strongly to follow the course of the river, which he said would conduct us to a lake in which there were many large fish. There, he said, were many people; there was no snow on the ground; and we might remain there until the spring. From their descriptions, we were enabled to judge that we had encamped on the upper water of the Salmon Trout river. It was hardly necessary to say that our communication was only by signs, as we understood nothing of their language; but they spoke, notwithstanding, rapidly and volubly, explaining what they considered the folly of our intentions, and urging us to go down to the lake. Take, a word signifying now, we very soon learned to know, from its frequent repetition. I told him that the men and the horses were strong, and that we would break a road through the snow; and, spreading before him our bales of scarlet cloth and trinkets, showed him what we would give for a guide. It was necessary to obtain one, if possible; for I had determined here to attempt the passage of the mountain. Pulling a bunch of grass from the ground, after a short discussion among themselves, the old man made us comprehend that if we could break through the snow, at the end of three days we would come down upon grass, which he showed us would be about six inches high, and where the ground was entirely free. So far, he said, he had been in hunting for elk; but, beyond that (and he closed his eyes), he had seen nothing; but these were one among them who had been to the whites, and, going out of the lodge he returned with a young man of very intelligent appearance. Here, said he, is a young man who has seen the whites with his own eyes; and he swore, first by the sky, and then by the ground, that what he said was true. With a large present of goods, we prevailed upon this young man to be our guide, and he acquired among us the name Melo—a word signifying friend, which they used very frequently. He was thinly clad, and nearly barefoot, his moccasins being worn out. We gave him skins to make a new pair, and to enable him to perform his undertaking to us. The Indians remained in the camp during the night, and we kept the guide and two others to sleep at the door, and having made them comprehend the use of our fire-arms. The snow, which had intermitted in the evening, commenced falling again in the course of the night and it snowed steadily all day. In the morning I acquainted the men with my decision, and explained to them that necessity required us to make a great effort to clear the mountains. I reminded them of the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, with which they were familiar from the descriptions of Carson, who had been there some fifteen years ago, and who, in our late privations, had delighted us in speaking of its rich pastures and abounding game, and drew a vivid contrast between its summer climate less than a hundred miles distant, and the falling snow around us. I informed them (and long experience had given them confidence in my observations and good instruments) that almost directly west, and only about seventy miles distant, was the great farming establishment of Captain Sutter—a gentleman who had formerly lived in Missouri, and emigrating to this country, had become the possessor of a principality. I assured them that from the heights of the mountain before us we should doubtless see the valley of the Sacramento river, and with one effort place ourselves again in the midst of plenty. The people received this decision with the cheerful obedience which had always characterized them; and the day was immediately devoted to the preparations necessary to enable us to carry it into effect. Leggings, moccasins, clothing—all were put into the best state to resist the cold. Our guide was not neglected. Extremity of suffering might make him desert; we therefore did the best we could for him. Leggings, moccasins, some articles of clothing, and a large green blanket, in addition to the blue and scarlet cloth, were lavished upon him, and to his great and evident contentment. He arrayed himself in all his colors; and, clad in green, blue, and scarlet, he made a gay-looking Indian; and, with his various presents, was probably richer and better clothed than any of his tribe he ever had before."

"I had already said that our provisions were very low; we had neither tallow nor grease of any kind remaining, and the want of salt became one of our greatest privations. The poor dog which had been found in the Bear river valley, and which had been a companion of voyage ever since, had now become fat, and the mess to which it belonged requested permission to kill it. Leave was granted. Spread out upon the snow, the meat looked very good; and it made a strengthening meal for the greater part of the camp. Indians brought in two or three rabbits during the day, which were purchased from them."

"To-night," (4th of February) continues the narrative, "we had no shelter, but we made a large fire around the trunk of one of the huge pines, and covering the snow with small boughs, on which we spread our blankets, soon made ourselves comfortable. The night was very bright and clear, though the thermometer was only at 16°. A strong wind which sprang up at sundown, made it intensely cold, and this was one of the bitterest nights during the journey."

"Two Indians joined our party here, and one of them, an old man, immediately began to harangue us, saying that ourselves and animals would perish in the snow, and that if we would go back he would show us another and a better way across the mountain. He spoke in a very

loud voice, and there was a singular repetition of phrases and arrangement of words, which rendered his speech striking and not unmusical."

"We had now begun to understand some words, and, with the aid of signs, easily comprehended the old man's simple ideas. 'Rock upon rock—rock upon rock—snow upon snow—snow upon snow,' said he; 'even if you get over the snow, you will not be able to get down from the mountains.' He made us the sign of precipices, and showed us how the feet of the horses would slip and throw them off from the narrow trails which led along their sides. Our Chinook, who comprehended even more readily than ourselves, and believed our situation hopeless, covered his head with his blanket, and began to weep and lament. 'I wanted to see the whites,' said he; 'I came away from my own people to see the whites, and I wouldn't care to die among them; but here—and he looked around into the cold night and gloomy forest, and drawing his blanket over his head, began again to lament."

"Seated around the tree, the fire illuminating the rocks and the tall bolls of the pines around about, and the old Indian haranguing, we presented a group of very serious faces."

"February 5.—The night had been too cold to sleep, and we were up very early. Our guide was standing by the fire with all his finery on, and, seeing him shiver in the cold, I threw on his shoulders one of my blankets. We missed him a few minutes afterwards, and never saw him again. He had deserted. His bad faith and treachery were in perfect keeping with the estimate of Indian character which a long intercourse with this people had gradually forced upon my mind."

On the 10th of February, "the wind kept the air filled with snow during the day; the sky was very dark in the southwest, though elsewhere very clear. The forest here has a noble appearance; the tall cedar is abundant, its greatest height being 130 feet, and circumference 20, three or four feet above the ground; and here I see for the first time the white pine, of which there are some magnificent trees.—Hemlock spruce is among the timber, occasionally as large as eight feet in diameter four feet above the ground; but, in ascending, it tapers rapidly to less than one foot at the height of 80 feet. I have not seen any higher than 130 feet, and the slight upper part is frequently broken off by the wind. The white spruce is frequent; and the pine, (*pinus colorado* of the Mexicans), which constitutes the beautiful forest along the flanks of the Sierra Nevada to the northward, here the principal tree, not attaining a greater height than 140 feet, though with sometimes a diameter of 10. Most of these trees appear to differ slightly from those of the same kind on the other side of the continent."

"The elevation of the camp, by the boiling point, is 8,050 feet. We are now 1,000 feet above the level of the South Pass in the Rocky mountains, and still we are not done ascending. The top of a flat ridge near was bare of snow, and very well sprinkled with bunch grass, sufficient to pasture the animals two or three days; and this was to be their main point of support. This ridge is composed of a compact trap, or basalt, of a columnar structure; over the surface are scattered large boulders of porous trap. The hills are in many places entirely covered with small fragments of volcanic rock."

February 13.—"The meat train did not arrive this evening, and I gave Godey leave to kill our little dog, (Tlamath), and which he prepared in Indian fashion, scorching off the hair, and washing the skin with soap and snow and the cutting it up into pieces, which were laid on the snow. Shortly afterwards the sleigh arrived with a supply of horse meat; and we had to-night an extraordinary dinner—pea soup, mule, and dog."

On the 20th of February, "we encamped with the animals and all the material of the camp on the summit of the Pass in the dividing ridge, 1,000 miles by our travelled road from the Dalles of the Columbia."

"The people who had not yet been to this point climbed the neighboring peak to enjoy a look at the valley."

"Temperature of boiling water gave for the elevation of the encampment 9,338 feet above the sea."

"This was 2,000 feet higher than the South Pass in the Rocky mountains, and several peaks in view rose several thousand feet still higher. Thus, at the extremity of the continent, and near the coast, the phenomenon was seen of a range of mountains still higher than the great Rocky Mountains themselves. This extraordinary fact accounts for the Great Basin, and shows that there must be a system of small lakes and rivers here scattered over a flat country, and which the extended and lofty range of the Sierra Nevada prevents from escaping to the Pacific ocean. Latitude 38° 44'; longitude 120° 29'."

"Thus this Pass in Sierra Nevada, which so well deserves its name of Snowy mountain, is eleven degrees west and about four degrees south of the South Pass."

FROM THE N. O. REC. SEPT. 19.  
FROM CORPUS CHRISTI.

The steamship Alabama, Capt. Windle, arrived yesterday from Annapolis Bay, which she left on the evening of the 15th instant. She reports that the steamer Dayton burst her boilers on the 11th; on her passage from Corpus Christi to St. Josephs, having from 30 to 40 persons on board, including U. S. soldiers, and hands attached to the Bayton, at the time of the explosion. Ten of them were killed on the spot. Lieuts. Higgins and Berry were among the dead. Seventeen persons were wounded, some of whom will probably recover. Captain Crossman, the Quarter-Master, was on board, and with two other officers, was blown up in the air upwards of 100 yards, but escaped with a few contusions. Capt. Crossman had one of his legs somewhat bruised, but was able to walk and attend to his business the next day. The Dayton is a total loss.

We copy the following from a private letter from one of the officers of Capt. Forno's company. The letter is dated Corpus Christi, Sept. 8th.

"There are stationed at this place about 3000 troops, consisting of regulars, both infantry and cavalry, and two companies of volunteer artillery. Capt. Forno's corps, to which I am attached, really deserves praise. They were, at first, mostly raw recruits who had never shouldered a musket, or handled a cannon in their lives; but being drilled twice or three times a day, under officers who understand their duty, they are becoming well disciplined, and I doubt not in a few weeks will equal the regulars themselves."

We have many reports in circulation, but none that can be depended on. No one can tell when we will march, or where. Of one thing we all feel confident: that we have an army possessing the proper spirit, and large enough to whip all the Mexicans that can be mustered against us, let them come when and where they please."

Since the above was written, we learn by an extract of the Picayune that but seven were killed by the bursting of the Dayton's boilers, namely: Lieuts. Higgins and Berry, one sergeant, and corporal, two discharged soldiers and one deck hand. Lieut. Wm. Gordon, of the 3d Infantry, was one of the officers standing with Capt. Crossman. His injuries are slight. Lieut. Graham, of the 4th Infantry, was slightly scalded. Dr. Crittenden of the 7th Infantry, was thrown down and much bruised by timbers which fell upon him, but he was again about.

The bodies of all those lost have been recovered. One of the wounded died the next day; the other sixteen were less injured than was at first apprehended; and no fear was entertained for them.

The Galveston papers of the 6th contain the constitution of Texas entire. Attached to it is the following important ordinance:

AN ORDINANCE.

Whereas, various contracts have been entered into by the President of the Republic of Texas with divers individuals, with the expressed intention of colonizing an enormous amount of the public domain of Texas; and Whereas, it is believed that said contracts are unconstitutional, and, therefore, void from the beginning, and if carried out would operate as a monopoly of upwards of a million of acres of the public domain of Texas, in the hands of a few individuals—when, in truth, the citizen soldiers and creditors of the Republic of Texas had, by the laws and constitution of said Republic, a clear and indisputable previously subsisting right to locate upon public domain thus attempted to be assigned to said contractors:

Sec. 1. Therefore, it is hereby ordained and declared, That it shall be the duty of the Attorney General of this State, or the District in which any portion of the colonies may situate, as the organization of the State shall be completed, to institute legal proceedings against all colony contractors, &c., &c. [The bill provides for the protection of actual settlers.]

Sec. 2. Be it further ordained, That the Legislature is hereby restrained from extending any contract for settling a colony, and from relieving a contractor from the failure of the conditions, or the forfeiture occurring from non-compliance with the contract.

Sec. 3. And be it further ordained, That this Ordinance shall be presented to the people for their adoption or rejection at the same time this Constitution shall be presented to them and the returns of the votes taken on this Ordinance, etc. etc.

Adopted in Convention, 17th August, 1845.  
THOMAS J. RUSK, Pres't  
JAMES H. RAYMOND, Sec'y.

We have been politely permitted (says the Tropic) to publish the following very interesting extract from a letter of Gen. Taylor to a gentleman of this city:

"As yet we have met with no enemy, nor do I expect we shall do so, at any rate for some time, as our Chief Magistrate cannot declare war; and from all the information I can obtain, I do not believe Mexico will declare war against us; and even should she have the temerity to do so, she will hardly attempt to invade any portion of our territory, but will act on the defensive and by non-intercourse. I was quite surprised to learn that considerable apprehensions were felt by the good citizens of New Orleans and elsewhere for our safety particularly as I neither by letter, or in any other way, expressed or entertained the opinion that I thought our situation a critical one, much less that I desired a reinforcement, or that my command was not adequate to repel any force that might be brought against it—at the same time I duly appreciate, as well as feel, under the greatest obligations to the good people of your city, not only for the interest they manifested for our safety, but more especially for the efficient aid of the two volunteer companies of artillery so promptly despatched."

The Union cuts the Charleston Mercury, with an air of offended dignity, declaring that it will not again contradict any of its charges, "however mendacious," and that the 'republican party' (i. e. the Loco Foco party) 'prefer an open enemy to an insidious foe.' There's for you friends of Mr. Calhoun!—Alex. Gaz.

The Stage.—Charles Kean and his wife are reported to be worth fifty thousand pounds. Forrest, it is said, has invested upwards of a hundred thousand dollars in stocks and real estate. Macready cleared something like sixty thousand dollars during his recent visit to this country; and Anderson about the same amount. Ellsler and Celeste are both immensely rich, and so is Ole Bull, who is said to possess a larger estate than any of the foregoing.

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.  
SALISBURY, N. C., OCTOBER 4, 1845.

JACOB COTTON.

This fellow, charged with the murder of Mrs. Mary West and her grandson, was tried and convicted at Mocksville, last week. The case came up on Wednesday morning, before his Hon., Judge Pearson, and after a most tedious examination, and elaborate debate on both sides, was closed with the Judge's charge about 12 o'clock on Thursday night. States' Counsel, H. C. Jones, Nat. Boyden; Counsel for the prisoner, James E. Kerr, J. Clarke, J. A. Lillington.

A case of such interest rarely occurs in this part of the world, usually so civil, and as may naturally be expected, created a good deal of excitement. Some of our readers, probably remember the circumstances under which this most awful murder was committed: Mrs. Mary West, a very aged woman, (about 84 years) resided in this vicinity, alone, with the exception of a grandson aged between 10 and 11 years. She was living in ease and comfort, with an extensive connection, and a well known fact that she had a handsome amount of money at her command,—that she had money loaned out; and always kept a sum by her. This tempted the cupidity of Jacob Cotton. He conceived in his heart the perpetration of the most horrid deed ever committed in this part of the country: and on the 19th of March last, put it in execution.

Cotton lived in Davidson county,—Mrs. West in Rowan, with the Yadkin river and a distance of six miles intervening, between their several residences. Cotton had formerly lived in Rowan, near Mrs. West's; and up to the night of this horrid deed, had some relations residing but a very short distance therefrom. Before day, on the morning of the 19th March, these relations of his, discovered that Mrs. West's house was on fire, and by them spread the terrific intelligence, throughout the neighborhood. In a short time many of the neighbors were on the spot, who after diligent search discovered the lifeless remains of the aged occupant smouldering in the ashes of the ruined dwelling. They immediately drew it out, and with it came up the hitherto undiscovered remains of the little boy. They were found side by side just under the spot where the bed they usually occupied should have stood. A Jury of Inquest was summoned to the place, who after a careful examination, returned that Mrs. West and her grandson, Henry Swink, had come to their death by violence from the hand or hands of a person or persons unknown, and that the house was afterwards fired. They were led to this conclusion by the facts that the bodies of the unfortunate tenants, were found together where they must have slept; and that the hinges of one of the doors were broken and bent as if force had been applied to open the door. The lock of the Chest in which the old lady kept her money, was found in the ruins under the spot occupied by the chest, with the bolt forced out of the boxing, and just in such a condition as might have been expected, if one, with a chisel, had broken it by prizing up the lid. And then there were drops of fresh blood on the steps of the back door, and on a plank leading from the door. These circumstances, together with the exceeding improbability that a person of such great age, could sleep so profoundly as not to discover the dwelling on fire until it was too late to escape from it, or after discovering it, never removing from bed, was satisfactory to the Jury of Inquest that a foul deed had been committed. But there were left no traces by which they could fix a reasonable suspicion upon any one. Thus the whole matter rested for some time; and it was rapidly fading from the minds of the people.

About two months and a half had passed away, when public attention was again awakened on this subject: Jacob Cotton, a poor, miserable wretch, was arrested on suspicion, and after a close examination before Meshack Pinckston, J. P., of Davidson county, was fully committed to await his trial. The time, place, and result, of that trial, has already been stated. We will now mention a few facts elicited on said trial, going to connect the prisoner with the deed of which he stood charged.

It was proven, that on the next morning after the murder of Mrs. West, about 9 o'clock in the day, Jacob Cotton presented himself at the house of Furgerson in Davidson county. Mrs. Furgerson and sister were the only persons at home.—Cotton looked badly—as one who had lost sleep—said he had started to go to his mother's on the day before, some 16 miles off, was taken with a bleeding at the nose—turned back, and slept all night in Swicegood's barn.

After getting his breakfast and drink-

ing several times of some liquor for which he had sent by the sister of Mrs. Furgerson, he became pretty lively,—danced about over the floor, singing a ditty, something like the following:

"The old hen and chicks went to roost  
The old sheep oppom eat them down  
And the old Turkey cook straited round."

Whilst in this flow of spirits he showed two purses containing money. He emptied them of their contents, and in the presence of the Furgerson's counted forty-two dollars and ten cents. It was proven that Cotton had acknowledged two days before that he had no money, but that he was going to his mother's and would have plenty towards the last of the week. It was proven that he lived in the most abject poverty—that although a good blacksmith, he idled away his time, and was a trifling, worthless fellow—that he was never known to have a large sum of money before. It was proven that he did not go to his mother's, and consequently got none from her. He attempted to account for his money: mentioned the names of two persons, of whom, he said he received it: But in this he failed: They had, it was true, paid him some money five, six, or seven years before, but never an amount exceeding six dollars. Where then, did Cotton get his money? It was shown that he did not sleep in Swicegood's barn;—his father-in-law endeavored to prove that he slept at his house on that fatal night; but having told two stories entirely irreconcilable with each other, his evidence fell to the ground; (and if his ears do not pay for it 'twill be a less matter:) Where then did Jacob sleep? It was proven that he said at the time of his arrest, "I know where I got my money, and can tell, if I chose to do so, and if people are so bad off to know, I can tell, or show, who killed Mrs. West," and yet, during all his trial he could not, or would not, show where he got his money, neither would he divulge any thing in relation to the murder.

Numerous other circumstances were brought out calculated to strengthen the probability that Cotton was guilty. But the main facts were the money found in his possession—the kind of money—silver—and the purse which contained it. The purse was proven to be the purse, the property of the deceased, Mrs. West. It was identified by her daughter and by her grandson. It is a buckskin purse, about seven inches long, and two and a half or three inches broad. The principal mark by which it was identified, is the "overwhipping" at the top, or mouth. But its general appearance was satisfactory to the witnesses, that it is the very same. Jacob proved by his mother, that he owned a purse some two years before, and she thought the purse found in his possession when arrested was the same; but she could not tell why she thought so, and did not recollect that it was "overwhipped" at the mouth. He also proved by her that he had a good deal of silver money 18 months before—money that he should have received from the two gentlemen whom he named—the same money that he could not prove he had ever received. In fine, Jacob could not show his innocence of the crime with which he stood charged; and there were several very strong and contradictory circumstances going to establish his guilt: He could not show where he slept on that fatal night; he could not show how he came in possession of the money; he could not prove that the purse was his own; he knew who murdered Mrs. West, but would not tell; and on being asked, (the day before his trial came on before the Magistrate, Mr. Pinckston,) whether he killed Mrs. West, answered "I do not know whether I did or not;" and to cap the whole, on Thursday night, just before the lawyers had concluded their speeches, the purse was found stained with blood on the inside.

The Jury retired about 12 o'clock at night, and very early next morning despatched a messenger to the Judge informing him that they were prepared to bring in a verdict. They came in and returned the prisoner guilty. Guilty of the burglary, guilty of the murder, and guilty of the arsen.

The prisoner heard the verdict almost with perfect indifference. Indeed, he had kept up, throughout the whole trial, an air of careless indifference, and on several occasions found matter to excite his risibilities.

On the last day of the Court, the prisoner was again brought before his Honor, and heard the sentence of death passed upon him. He is to be publicly hanged, at Mocksville, on the 24th day of October, instant.

On Friday night after his conviction, the prisoner made a confession. He implicates three other persons, two of whom (Peyton Hasket, and David Volentine), were immediately arrested and committed to jail, but for the want of room we must defer giving any further account at present.

Not Yet.—The negro fellow, David, who had been sentenced to be hanged on the 3rd inst., at Concord, for an attempted rape upon the person of his young mistress, has been respited by the Governor for four weeks.

MOCKSVILLE.

We imagine some of our far off readers will ask themselves where is this "Mocksville," and what sort of a place is it? Well, where is ignorant of Mocksville, must live themselves in some dark corner of the earth, where they see as rarely as they are seen, and where no lumbering news cart ever disturbs their rest; or, it may be, grope their way in gross darkness, though ten thousand rays of rich light are streaming all around them. Mocksville is a pretty village situated on almost the only sandy ridge in Davie county; and we presume the whole world knows Davie county. Why Davie county! she's a daughter of old Rowan, an, the great mother of counties! She lies up here a few miles to the North of us, South river being the dividing line; and a richer, more fertile and yet more healthy region, the sun never shone upon. Her farmers are a very clever, independent set, and they raise the biggest hogs up there that ever grunted,—we can prove it. Ah! and they raise fine tobacco too, and a good deal of it of late years; and cotton, and oats, and rye, and such master crops of wheat, and they make lots of whiskey and brandy and bacon. Well, as we were saying, Mocksville is situated on a sandy ridge near the centre of Davie county, and what is a very remarkable fact, the water that falls from the eyes of the Court-house on one side, runs off into the South river, whilst that that falls from the eyes on the other side runs into the big Yadkin. So that there is no doubt but Mocksville is situated on a ridge, and we have had ocular proof that it is a sandy ridge. This circumstance gives it a clean, healthy appearance, just what in fact it is. The streets are laid off North and South; and a large area is left for the Court-house, which occupies a central position in the village; and a more tasty Court-house will rarely be seen. There are two Churches already there, and a third one about to be built. The Presbyterian Society have a very large brick church, whose desk is stately filled by the Rev. William Hall. The Methodist Episcopal Society have a large framed church, which is supplied by "Circuit Riders" and by the Rev. Baxter Clegg, who also has charge of an excellent male school, in the village. The church now in the progress of erection, is by the Episcopalians.

Mocksville is not a large place now, nor has when that Rail Road is built from the seaboard, running up the valley of the Yadkin, to stop right there, why then, ah! then you'll see a town. But Mocksville, as she is, is a pleasant looking little place, and her people seem to be entertaining and industrious; and we are certain that her population has increased considerably within the last few years. There are five stores there to wit: John McRorie, Esq., Lemuel Bingham, Esq., the Mearns Grocery, Mr. Wm. Watts, and Mr. Thompson, (and one "doggy.") [And here let us ask the question, how is it that some of the merchants of Mocksville are underselling those of Salisbury? On the day before we left home, we heard a Salisbury merchant asking \$3 a sack for Salt, and fifty cents for Molasses; on the next day at Mocksville, we saw Salt sold at \$2 75 and Molasses at 40. This is something new, but it is true.] There is, also, a Cotton Factory, the property of Thomas McNeely, Esq., with a Wool Carding Machine and Grist Mill attached, all going to by steam; also, in the vicinity, a small steam saw mill. All the various branches of business common in a country like ours are carried on there, and apparently with success to those engaged in them. The Hotels—the accommodations there are decidedly fine: The Union Hotel, is the house we stopped at—it is a grand place; it is now in the hands of H. & R Reynolds, gentlemen who understand their business well. The building is entirely new, very large and conveniently and comfortably arranged, well finished and pleasing to the eye. The table was well furnished and boundedly—so was the Bar, and our money fared well beyond a doubt. But there is another House in Mocksville, by Lemuel Bingham Esq. Now, Mr. Bingham was once a Typo, and then an editor for many years. He was a pattern then, and is likely so to continue in this life.—He is just one of those sort of men who know how things should be done, and knowing doing. Both these houses are well patronized during Court weeks, and it is only on such public occasions, we imagine, that they have much company; for we do not suppose there is much travelling through those parts, except by Waggoners and Cartmen from Surry, Wilkes and Ashe, who come down into the flats to trade, and they always bring with them a supply of meat and bread, and butter and cheese to last them through their journey. One thing struck our attention, which, if we were a landlord in Mocksville, we would look upon with a sneer, slightly mixed with jealousy! We mean the barbers. A portion of the people of Davie are the rarest folk in this way that we ever came up with in all our travels. We've never been there on a public or Court day, but we have seen some dozen barbed pigs, and lambs, reposing in solemn silence on large dishes spread upon long tables, arranged under that fine grove of oaks a short distance west of the Court House. They are always there, and always well attended to, owing, no doubt to the fact, that they are "cheap for cash."

We remember hearing, sometime ago, that a poor devil of a negro barbed a dog and sold him out by the meal, in that same beautiful grove of oaks; and as we passed along by those roasted animals the other day, we detected ourselves regarding each with a searching and suspicious eye. But we saw nothing that seemed to belong to the canine family: The poor negro who introduced "boy-wow" years ago, experienced such a sad reverse of fortune on account of it, that no one has, we believe, ever had the temerity to attempt it again.

IT rumor is revived that Mr. Calhoun will take the place of Mr. McDuffie in the U. S. Senate.