

VIVE LA BAGATELLE!

CASE OF WILLIAM R. ELLIOTT.

Our readers will recollect that some weeks ago, we published a few particulars of the abooting of young Kendall by Mr. Elliott. As the case has excited much interest, we give the evidence of one of the witnesses, which is about as clear as any of the testimony given, and, as will be perceived, is the testimony of one of the actors in the scene, whose interest it was to give the coloring against Elliott so far as he could without perjuring himself: The following is the deposition of Mr Josiah Bailey, taken by Justices Goddard and Morrell.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, County of Washington, to wit.—On this 20th day of August, 1845, we, B. K. Morrell and J. H. Goddard, Justices of the peace in and for said county, did go to the dwelling-house of Josiah Bailey, in said county; and, after the said Bailey being sworn on the Holy Evangel of Almighty God, he, the said Bailey, did depose and say: Kendall and myself met here, in front of our house, about 5 o'clock, p. m., on the 18th inst. We walked up to the corner of 14th street, at James'. Elliott was coming from across the street towards Purdon's. I proposed to stop until he came up; and I asked him if he would roll a game of ten-pins with us. He said that he would not. He said that he had been insulted at Mr Burch's. I asked him how it was. He said that the alley had been taken away from him. I asked him who by. He said by Mr Harrison and Dr Humphreys. He explained how it was. I remarked that it was not Mr Burch's fault—it was his own; if it had been me, I would have kept the alley. He said that he did not wish to make a blackguard of himself. I told him I thought it was his right. Kendall then asked that it was cowardice. Kendall then asked us to go and take some soda-water. The three of us walked in. Elliott said he did not wish any thing. Kendall walked up to the counter, and took a glass with myself. I took my glass and drank it down directly. Kendall drank his very slow, and was telling Henry McPherson what had passed between us when we were out of doors. He told McPherson that Elliott was such a damned coward as to give up his alley. Elliott stepped up and said he was a damned liar and was no gentleman. Kendall said to him it was only a joke; and Elliott remarked that he did not like such jokes, or language to that amount. Some little talk went on then, with angry words—more so than before, which I do not remember—when Kendall told McPherson that Elliott was a damned coward. Elliott was walking towards the door. The words damned coward, damned liar, and no gentleman were repeated two or three times—the first by Kendall and the last by Elliott. Elliott came towards Kendall. Kendall still had the glass in his hand. Kendall set his glass down, and they came towards each other, very close up. I caught hold of Kendall—McPherson took hold of Elliott. McPherson and myself told them that they should not fight there—that they must go out of doors if they wanted to fight. Elliott then walked up to the counter, and laid a saw down on it, that he had in his hand, about a foot long. It was about an inch and a half wide near the handle, and went down to a point nearly. I did not see him pick the saw up. He had no saw when he went in. As my back was towards Elliott, and my face towards Kendall, we all three walked towards the door. Then Elliott leaned against the counter, opposite the door that opens on 14th street. Kendall and myself stood in the door. Kendall then had some little conversation with him, the particulars of which I cannot remember, and remarked that the first time that he met with him in the street he would thrash him, or words to that amount. Each of them said some few words after that, and Elliott told him that if he (Kendall) would send to him, he would fight him in a gentlemanly manner. Kendall told him that he would take a cowhide and cut the skin off of him. Elliott told Kendall the reason that he would take that course, that he could not get a gentleman to act with him. I then stepped up to him and told him that I would act with Kendall in any thing. When I asked him to recall that—that I considered myself a gentleman—he said that he would not, but refused to do it. I was with Kendall at the time, and took it as a personal reflection. Some angry words passed between us, which I do not remember. I struck him with my left hand. I did not strike him very hard. I had a large ring on my little finger at the time, and I must have hit him with it and blackened his eye. I shook my fist in his face before I struck him. He said something about my striking him when he was not prepared. He walked up to a looking-glass in a case, looking at his eye, and said he would settle with me before night. Some little conversation went on between the three of us. Kendall & I then went up to the ten-pin alley. I mentioned what had happened to Mr Burch's son. Kendall and I then walked into the alley where they were rolling. After I had been there a little while, I came out again into the front room. Mr Burch's son met me there, and said that Elliott had got into a hack and went down as far as Franck Taylor's, telling Lieutenant Munn that he would be back directly. Burch then said, "he has gone to get a revolver." I then went into the alley, and told Kendall what I had heard. Kendall, Harrison, and myself, then rolled three games together. During the rolling, I rolled bad. Kendall commenced running me about being afraid of Elliott's revolver. I told him that I was sorry for what I had done—that I was too quick. We went out of the alley. Elliott was standing at the corner of James'. He had his right hand in his pocket, and in his left hand he had an iron stick of some kind, which I took to be a cane rifle. He was standing about two or three feet from the door on 14th street. Just before I got to him, Dr Miller stepped up to him, and was talking to him. Kendall was walking down with me at the time. Kendall was next to Elliott, and I was next to the curb-stone. As I got up to him, I stepped out from behind Kendall, and towards Elliott, and told him I was ready to settle that matter. I was in a perfectly good humor, and think I addressed him by the name of Rufe. Elliott

looked very angry. He made an answer, but I did not understand him at the time; but since, I have understood that it was, "You have got your partner with you." Kendall did not stop—he walked on. As I passed by, I heard Dr Miller make some remark, and I turned round. Elliott had the skirt of his coat raised; and as I turned, he dropped his skirt, still holding his hand in his pocket. I made the remark to Kendall, when I got up to him, that it was not worth while to notice Elliott. We went on across the street. He followed us into the street a little way—about a quarter-way across the avenue. I think Wm. McPherson then came out and stopped him. William and Charles McPherson then came across the street to where we were. We started to go down to the Belle boat-house. Kendall said it was their drill evening, and asked me to go with them. This remark was made in the ten pin alley, before we started out; and we left the ten pin alley to go to the boat-house. The two McPhersons joined us on the other corner, and William said that Elliott wanted him to take a part in it. I took that to mean that Elliott wanted him to act as a messenger between us. I told him to tell Elliott that if he would come over on the commons, I would take a brickbat and he might have his revolver. This was after McPherson remarked that Elliott was armed. After some little conversation, Kendall said he would go over and take his arms away from him. Kendall then started—McPherson stopped him. Kendall started again; McPherson struck at him and went across the street. I did not hear him say that he would go across the street and thrash him. I had my back towards the street, facing the Franklin engine-house, talking to the McPhersons. I heard the report of a pistol, as I thought, but since have heard it was only a cap. I ran over towards where they were at. Just before I got there Elliott shot again. I was about twenty feet from Elliott. I saw Kendall fall. He fell on his knees first, then on his face. Elliott left Kendall, and then turned towards me, and we both advanced towards each other. Elliott fired at me; I cannot tell exactly the distance at the time between us. I was very much excited. He was on the flag footway and came towards me. I was in the street. I then stooped down to pick up a stone after the first fire at me. I got a very small one. I suppose it was about the size of a common hickory nut. As I raised, he fired again, and I threw the stone at him. The stone struck a hack on 14th street, near Fuller's. I stooped down again to get a stone. He fired a third time at me, and I felt something sting me—a kind of numbness in my arm. I raised again. He was standing on the curb-stone on the same side of Fuller's. He snapped the pistol at me again. The cap did not burst. I was very close to him at the time. He then ran into Fuller's. I threw the stone at him that I had in my hand. It struck inside the door. When I first ran at Elliott I ran with the intention of catching him. I had no stone or weapon of any kind. After the first fire at me I picked up a stone with the intention of hitting him; and as he fired each time he would retreat from me towards Fuller's. He had got with his face towards me, and his back towards Fuller's. Kendall said nothing at any time after the affair at James' of getting any arms. I was with him all the time, and if he had got any, I think I should have known it. The cane fell about the time that Kendall fell. Kendall, Elliott, and myself had all been very intimate up to that time. I had no idea the little difficulty in James' store would lead to an interruption of our former friendship, or end in any thing serious until I heard Elliott had armed himself. Then I thought something serious would grow out of it, as I had never known him to have a revolver before; but he had generally carried a Bowie-knife. I have frequently seen him with it since his return from Arkansas, and conversed with him about carrying it. We were all at school together, and our friendship was of long standing. Do not recollect of ever having used any threats against Elliott, until the night after I was wounded. Then I was in a great deal of pain; and some person by my bedside said that Elliott would get off—that he had very influential friends, and that they had employed General Jones; and that he would be likely to get off. I then said that, if the law would let him off, I did not think that I would. I may have, when I was in a great deal of pain, used stronger language towards Elliott; but I do not recollect it, if I did, immediately after the occurrence.

The following is an extract from the letter of a country correspondent: "By the by, I see that the whigs have tendered a public dinner to Mr Meares, which he has the good sense to decline. I wonder why they didn't, at the same time, tender a tea party to Jere Pearson and Benjamin Oliver, those redoubted heroes of the certificate force. I think they are entitled to some mark of distinction for their 'noble services' in the cause of cooney."—Wilmington Journal.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 27.

One of the most striking features of this Island is the division of the farms into small fields by well-built and substantial stone walls. The extent of these walls, as stated in an address some time ago delivered before a society here, is six hundred and sixty miles; and it has been asserted that to build such a wall would cost more than all the lands would sell for in fee simple.

THE GREAT BRITAIN OUTDORE.—The immense steamboat Oregon, recently launched at New York, has been finished, and will shortly be placed on the route between New York and Providence. Her length is three hundred and forty feet—ten feet longer than the steamship Great Britain. It is said there will be a trial of speed between these two huge vessels on the 30th inst.—Balt. Sun.

CANDLES.—Prepare your wicks about half the usual size, wet with spirits of turpentine, put them in the sun until dry, then mould or dip your candles.

Candles thus made last longer, and give a much clearer light. In fact they are nearly or quite equal to sperm, in clearness of light.

mer somewhere sings,) the knight mounted Rosinante, (about whose identity there could be no question,) and gallantly shuffled towards the ring, which he bore away most dexterously, having only given his horse a very slight check at the moment when he inserted the point of his lance. The achievement was greeted with due applause; and the knight, wheeling his steed, saluted the ladies, and returned to his place among the champions.

In the second round, success sat upon the spears of Nos. 6, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, and 16. On this occasion, the Knight of La Mancha was less fortunate. He perhaps neglected to reign up his horse at the proper moment, and so failed to bear away the ring, though he knocked it down. He, however, insisted on having it replaced, which was done by the hand of Sancho. The thing was not according to the rules of chivalry, as understood in these degenerate days; but the Mirror of Knighthood certainly knew best. Moreover, as he sat by, sheathed cap-a-pie in armor—which, though it looked like pasteboard, might have been iron in fact—and with that upon his head which was enough like a tin wash-basin to have been the veritable helmet of Mambrino; and as his formidable lance was significantly extended with a protecting air over the head of Sancho as he stooped to pick up the ring, there was none who dared dispute his pleasure. Finally, when the ring was replaced, he reined back his steed a few feet, and then, returning with the most majestic leisure, bore it away.

Cervantes tells us, that when the knight set forth on his second expedition, exulting in the prospect of the triumph that awaited him, the sympathy of the horse and rider was so complete, that "the very germs of his saddle vibrated with pleasure." Something of the same sort was observed on this occasion; for no sooner did the lance touch the ring, than the sagacious steed actually sprang into a gallop, (a thing never known but once before,) and caroled before the ladies, brandishing his tail in triumph like a warrior's plume.

In the third round, the successful knights were Nos. 2, 6, 7, 10, 11, and 12. The Knight of La Mancha, too, on this occasion, by bringing his horse to a dead stand when he reached the ring, through which he poked the point of his lance with wonderful precision, avoided his former partial discomfiture, and again returned triumphing to his place; after which, he declined any further part in the entertainment, having won "honor enough for one day."

The Knight of the Raven Plume, and he of Maryland, who alone had been three times successful, remained the sole competitors. In the fourth round, both were again successful, and the excitement became intense. Maryland and Virginia were in the lists together as competitors, and party cries for one and the other rang through the field. The contest narrowed down to two single knights; each of them, by the whirlwind velocity of his movement, and steady poise of lance, proved his seat and nerve. The very steeds they strode secured to feel the excitement which swayed the multitude on the hill-side, and spring forward from the station to the ring with quicker stride and more impetuous bound. One more round. The Knight of the Raven Plume failed for the first time—owing, perhaps, to the swaying of the ring in the freshened wind; and the Knight of Maryland, bounding from his station like an arrow sent with deadly aim, bore off the ring the fifth time, and triumphed amid a thunder of applause. The prize (a flowery wreath) was delivered to him by the judges, and laid by him at the feet of the fair Miss S. C. of Gloucester; his chosen Queen of Love and Beauty.

The evening was celebrated by a fancy ball, which passed off handsomely.

Fauquier Springs, Aug. 30, 1845.

The following account of the Warm Springs of North Carolina, as well as the beauties of some of its scenery, from a correspondent of the Charleston Patriot, will be found interesting. We have sometimes wondered how it happens that the Charleston and Columbia people have more intercourse with the people of western North Carolina, and know more about the country, than those living in the Eastern and Middle parts of North Carolina. It is something that we cannot account for; and it does not look right to us:

WARM SPRINGS.

BURTONS, (N. C.) Aug. 31, 1845.

This establishment is distant forty miles from Asheville, and about one hundred from Greenville, S. C.—The proprietor is Mr Patton, of Charleston. In former years, the place was one of fashionable resort, and crowds, eager for health or pleasure, flocked to it during the Summer months. In some seasons the number entertained at one time has been stated, at over two hundred. About the year 1837, a decline in the business of the establishment began to be marked, which continued for several years. This has been accounted for by a diminished amount of general travel, growing out of the pecuniary difficulties and embarrassments of the country. But however accounted for, the fact set the proprietor to his wits ends, and by a successful stroke of policy, he has during the present season recovered for his house much of its pristine prosperity. This was effected by means of low charges, and widely circulated hand-bills and advertisements. The thing has taken admirably well, and the establishment has had a larger ratio of the Spring-visiting gentry for a month or two back, than could have been predicted for it by the most sanguine.

The main brick edifice and the numerous surrounding cabins, are capable altogether of accommodating a great number, and are at the present time almost entirely occupied. The tables are commodious. There is a billiard house and a nine-pin alley, attached to the premises. But the bath-house and the springs, are the main curiosities of the establishment. The medicinal effect of the water when used as a bath, in cutaneous disorders, rheumatism, etc., have been attested, it is said by some remarkable cures, but of this, we have no knowledge, not having had an opportunity of inspecting the certificates, said

to be in Mr Patton's possession. As an article of mere luxury, the bath is very delightful being about four feet in depth, and twenty feet square, supplied by bubbling springs, which are inexhaustible, and kept pure by a free passage, afforded to the accumulating waters. It is a natural warm bath, heated up by nature's subterranean fires, and impregnated with the gases and other substance which perform the part of fuel down in the bowels of the earth. What these gases and substances are, must be determined by chemists and their cautious analysis. Our impressions are, that sulphur and iron are the main ingredients, though we pretend to no chemical lore. It is amongst such materials that warm or hot springs, would naturally be formed. The formation sulphuric acid from sulphur is a plain process. Sulphuric acid will act upon iron, and in the action generate heat. A spring comes rippling along and finds itself in uncomfortably warm quarters, and is glad at the first opportunity to seek the open air and discharge its heated contents. This is our theory without referring to any books, which by the way are not at hand just now. On entering the bath house where the springs rise, the air seems to be heated to a high temperature, and is quite vapoury. The temperature of the water varies from 90 deg. to 105 degs. Fahrenheit, and what is most singular, the heat depends on a large degree upon the height of the neighboring river, and is greater or less as that runs deep or shallow. We have this on the authority of others, and not on our own observation. The river is now of course very low.

There are several of the Warm Springs on the establishment, and they must ever be considered as amongst the greatest natural curiosities. Some of these Springs bubble up incessantly in the middle of the river. The water is not unpleasant to the taste, even in its natural state, and we know of many who drink large quantities of it, but when iced, it was pleasant as other water, with all the advantage of its mineral properties, whatever they may be. There is also on the ground a spring, said to be limestone, which we think true, but the limestone element is by no means very strongly marked, although there is little doubt of its existing. Four miles from Warm Springs, there is a place of accommodation, kept by a Mr Broils, which is somewhat resorted to, and has we have been informed on it, a chalybeate spring.—We have not visited the place.

The warm springs are situated in the most romantic country we have ever met with. It is almost of entirely an Island, surrounded by the French Broad river and a creek, communicating with it. To those who are admirers of magnificent scenery, the banks of the French Broad hold out a rich and unending prospect. Weeks might be spent in the contemplation without loss of enthusiasm. The river works its way through the wildest mountain passes and contains on its bosom rocks, huge, cragged and in endless profusion. There is good fire-boat too afforded on this river, and in the forests around the hunter's horn is frequently heard with its merry note and its accompaniment of yelps and howls from half dozen score of lank sided hounds. Many hunting parties are made at the Springs, but we have joined none of them having long been of the persuasion that a deer hunt was not what it is cracked up to be, at least to one of our city raised gentry. We are willing to forego this sport for the ease and comfort of remaining at home, reading the newspapers, talking politics, strolling out to the mountains, or even writing letters to the Southern Patriot. We may be mistaken in this thing, but after all the *gustibus, &c.*

SWINTON.

A PATRIOTIC WHIG.

We do love to see a party man live enough of patriotism and honor, to not only silently eschew the Tory opinions and arguments of the National Intelligencer, but to openly censure them in terms which they deserve. It is therefore with pleasure that we copy the following sentiments of "a Georgia whig." We should never be afraid to trust the reins of Government into the hands of such a whig as we judge him to be:

To the Editor of the Union:

Savannah, Sept. 5, 1845.

The fanatical spirit evinced by a portion of the press of the country—at the head of which stands the National Intelligencer—can have no other issue; and it seems to a dispassionate observer, can have no other object, than to drive the whig party of the country en masse to the support of the administration.

I am fain to believe that these journals are laboring under some strange hallucination not to perceive this. Or are they under foreign pay and influence? We must adopt one of these views to account for their thoroughly suicidal course. I am led to these remarks from reading some of the late leading editorials of the above named paper upon the authority of the President to station the troops now in Texas, and those which may hereafter go there upon the banks of the Rio Bravo. This authority is viewed in this region, by nine out of every ten men, (aside from party feeling,) as unquestionable. I am a whig myself; but I will not acknowledge any man as a leader of the party who will or can adopt such views and such a course: and, believe me; such is the feeling of a host of others. The course your journal has defended and adopted upon this question has given universal satisfaction; and allow me to say, that the administration will be triumphantly sustained in its views and measures upon this question by every American heart in the country. Our country, first, last, and ever, is the universal sentiment; and if Mexico is so thoroughly blinded by passion as to obscure her better judgment, and make or declare war upon us, then it will be the duty of the President to march a force of fifty thousand men into the country, and plant our glorious banner upon the "national palace" itself; and not only take possession, but hold it also, till Mexico not only sues for peace, but guarantees the payment of the expenses of the war.

We want no foreign mediation upon this subject, and ought not to accept any—being entirely competent to manage our own affairs.

A GEORGIA WHIG.

For the North Carolinian.

TO MY FRIENDS N. & L.

What is friendship? asks a spirit
From the shades of Time departed;
Ere, too, responds what is it?
From the narrow, hollow-hearted.

Wind to reb repeats the calling,
What is friendship, tell me, can ye?
Deep to deep, in answer falling,
More loudly asks, What can it be?

Is it, asks the spirit, starting,
Something through the fancy screaming—
Waking sorrow at its parting,
Heighning pleasure at its coming?

Is it, asks the rebel loudly,
Aught that lives within the freing;
Something secret, pure and holy,
Through the inner chambers stealing?

Is it, asks the wind complaining,
Something that is worth the seeing?
Is it transient or remaining?
Has it really any being?

Is it, asks the ocean swelling,
Something that we feign would cherish?
Has it in the soul a dwelling?
Does it live for aye, or perish?

Hark an answer softly pealing,
Like a zephyr on the bearing,
Gently through the senses stealing,
Waking thoughts divinely cheering:

"List, oh! list, inquiring spirit,
While of Friendship I am speaking—
'Tis, oh! 'tis of priceless merit,
Aye, 'tis something worth the seeking.

"'Tis a golden chain connecting
Heart with heart in sweet communion;
Every link more bright reflecting,
Pleasures springing from that union.

"Evil spirits cannot break it,
Heartless breathings cannot soil it;
Innocuous winds can never shake it,
Nor the deep laid malice spoil it.

Rust of ages gathering on it,
Makes its virtues shine the brighter;
Every weight they lay upon it
Only serves to draw it tighter."

Nigger C*****.

DEPARTURE OF THE GREAT BRITAIN.—This mammoth steamer will be seen on Saturday afternoon at about three o'clock. An unusual crowd was assembled to see her departure, estimated to number ten thousand, and Castle Garden filled up rapidly, after the "front seats" on the Battery were taken. We presume the interest shown in the Great Britain by the New Yorkers, has been as great in proportion to their numbers, as by the Londoners themselves. Six thousand dollars, it is said, were received from visitors while she lay at the wharf at the foot of Pike street.

Many striking considerations presented themselves to the reflecting mind on this interesting occasion. Some years ago it was asserted by a leading English avian, that no steamer could cross the Atlantic, and that if one had the strength, she could not carry fuel enough to supply her fire grates. This was said, too, in the face of a successful experiment made by an American, Captain Rogers, who took a vessel called the Savannah to Russia.

It is asserted that this mammoth vessel leaked badly on her passage, and that the damage done a portion of her cargo was equal to the whole value of her freight bills.

The Great Britain went to sea with about fifty-three passengers. We know of some gentlemen ready to sail from this port, who were quite unwilling to go out in her, and will follow in the first packet.

It is a singular fact that iron steamers have a disposition to leak. There was, not long since, an instance of one foundering in the German Ocean, with some loss of life, and two of our own revenue cutters are almost disabled from similar causes.

The great difficulty appears to be in the rivets of the sheets of iron. If these do not hold, and are not kept tight, leakage must follow of course. It is thought by some that the tossing of an iron vessel on the waves is felt seriously in the joints of the sheets of iron. Let there be for instance any joint in an iron vessel where there is a strain on the rivets, and they wear and become loose. In a timbered vessel a plank must be started or a hole actually made in the bottom before this occurs.

It is no doubt with a view to obviate this, that the steamers now built of this metal are constructed with compartments. The prophet of old made an axe swim, but this is past the art of the modern engineer. Iron then, must be looked after when it is in the form of a steamer.

We look with anxiety for the result of this return trip. If the Great Britain is fifteen of twenty days going home, we presume the smaller and swifter steamboats will have the preference. And if she is not a favorite with the public, of course the project is a failure.—N. Y. True Sun.

THE TURPENTINE CROP.—A gentleman himself a Turpentine maker, and well acquainted with the Turpentine region of North Carolina, told us on yesterday that the crop of this year would fall considerably short, as compared with last year's. He says that he thinks there will be a falling off of some 20 to 25 per cent. The same cause, which operates to produce a short crop, to wit, the extreme dryness of the summer, he alleges is the reason why the amount of Turpentine made during the present season will be so much less than that made last year. He says that the very same season which will produce an abundant grain crop is necessary to the advantageous cultivation of the Pine; that the tree does not bleed near so freely in extremely dry but weather as when there are what the farmer calls good seasons; that is, sunshine and showers interspersed.—Wil. Journal.

A STRANGE EFFECT.—The West Chester Jeffersonian, in noticing the death of John Patton, a lad 11 years old, attributes it to the melancholy effects produced by the murder of the brother of the deceased, Wesley Patton, by Jesse Boyd. The editor says: "The mutilated and disfigured remains of Wesley, haunted his imagination day and night, and gave his youthful memory no rest. To use his own language, 'he could not cover Wesley up.'"