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## MELANCHOLY.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Ode to me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,  
And do not take my tears amiss;  
For tears must flow to wash away  
A thought that shows so stern as this:  
Forgive, if somehow I forget,  
In we to come, the present bliss.  
As frightened Prosperine let fall  
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,  
E'en so the dark and bright will kiss.  
The sunniest things through stormiest shade,  
And there is even a happy rain,  
That makes the heart afraid.

All things are touched with Melancholy,  
Born of the sweet soul's mistiest,  
To feel her fair ethereal wings  
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust:  
Even the bright extremes of joy  
Fling on conclusions of disgust,  
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,  
Whose fragrance ends in just.  
Oh give her, then, her tribute true,  
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!  
There is no music in the life  
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;  
There's not a string attuned to mirth,  
But has its chords of Melancholy.

From the National Intelligencer.

## CAPTAIN FREMONT'S REPORT.

August 15.—It had been supposed that we had finished with the mountains; and the evening before, it had been arranged that Carson should set out at daylight, and return to breakfast at the camp of the Mules, taking with him all but four or five men, who were to stay with me and bring back the mules and instruments. Accordingly at the break of day they set out.—With Mr. Preuss and myself remained Basil Lajeunesse, Clement Lambert, Janisse, and Descoteaux. When we had secured strength for the day by a hearty breakfast, we covered what remained, which was enough for one meal, with rocks, in order that it might be safe from any marauding bird; and, saddling our mules, turned our faces once more towards the peaks. This time we determined to proceed quietly and cautiously, deliberately resolved to accomplish our object if it were within the compass of human means. We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's route would lead us to the foot of the main peak. Our mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine at the Island Camp, and we intended to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known, and we had many a rough and steep slippery place to cross before reaching the end. In this place the sun rarely shone; snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it, and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure, and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our sides, a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, terminating 2,000 or 3,000 feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the snow peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes of a green color each of perhaps a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep. These lay in a kind of chasm; and, according to the barometer, we had attained but a few hundred feet above the Island Lake. The barometer here stood at 20,450, attached thermometer 70 deg.

We managed to get our mules up to a little bench about a hundred feet above the lakes, where there was a patch of good grass, and turned them loose to graze. During our rough ride to this place, they had exhibited a wonderful placidity.—Parts of the defile were filled with angular, sharp fragments of rock, three or four and eight or ten feet cube; and among these they had worked their way, leaping from one narrow point to another, rarely making a false step, and giving us no occasion to dismount. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travellers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about 1,800 feet above the lakes came to the snow line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. Hitherto I had worn a pair of thick moccasins, with soles of *parfleche*; but here I put on a light thin pair, which I had bought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a further advance. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing in the outset had spared my strength; and, with the exception of a disposition to headache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the case of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,

Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR IS SAFE."

RULES. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY Gen'l. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,  
NUMBER 20, OF VOLUME II.

SALISBURY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 13, 1845.



VERY IMPORTANT.

Permit us to call the attention of farmers in this section, to the following article from the "North Carolina Farmer." It is very probable that some of them may be vastly benefited by noticing the suggestions here made:

### REMEDY FOR SHORT CROPS.

As the crops of almost every description have fallen far short of their usual abundance in every part of the State, it is expedient to adopt every means of saving and increasing the elements of subsistence for man and beast. Let, then, every farmer commence, at once, a system of economy, and see that it is strictly followed, in feeding—that nothing be wasted. The next step is to make every thing that can be produced while the season lasts. Sow largely of Turnips. It is not yet too late, if the ground is liberally manured and well prepared. They are excellent in fattening hogs and cattle; and if well boiled, with corn meal and a little salt, until thoroughly cooked, making a slop of little more consistency than gruel, they will save two-thirds of the corn usually thrown to such animals, and fatten them more rapidly. Sow largely of rye, early this fall, which will answer for winter grazing, and supply an early grain crop next year, which will furnish wholesome food for man and beast. Save all the crab grass and other kinds of hay that you can. Cut down, cure and stack up all the stalks of corn in the fields which produce no ear. This year there are many such in every field; and after the corn is gathered, cut and haul all the stalks; and set them up under a shelter on end, to use as wanted. They are good food for both horses and cattle, if only enough be given them each day to be picked clean; and the part refused will add much to the manure piles. Save all the pea vines that can be spared from the land. They make the best sort of rough food for cattle and mules.

Here we will suggest two or three excellent methods of saving pea vines. 1. An intelligent practical farmer living near Raleigh, informed us the other day, that his plan of saving pea vines had never failed; which is, just before frost, to cut or pull them up, with all the peas that remain on them and haul them immediately to a square pen made of rails, with a rail floor, and pack them away in the pen without waiting for them to cure, by treading down alternate layers of dry straw and vines until the pen is full, carrying up an opening in the middle from bottom to top, for air and evaporation, which may be done stuffing a sack bag with straw, stacking round it, and drawing it up with the rising layers, until the packing is completed. 2. Another plan is, to pull and put them up green, in the form of a top stack, smoothing down the leaves and branches outside. 3. Another, which we have tried with complete success, is to cut down a tree 4 to 5 inches in diameter, with many branches; trim the limbs up in sugar loaf shape, leaving them long as possible at bottom; then cut off the tree at a suitable distance from the lowest limbs to set in the ground firmly, like a stake pole, with these limbs about a foot above the ground; then stack your vines, (best a little wilted) soon after pulling, on this, laying them on in such a manner (beginning at the bottom) that the limbs will cause sufficient opening all the way up for air, which will prevent heating or moulding; and the vines and peas will be cured as brightly and sweetly as the very best of blade fodder.

Once more; save all the cobs and shucks, and, if possible, have the corn for stock ground up, shuck, cob and all. A gallon and a half to two gallons of this meal sprinkled on cut fodder or hay, moistened with a little water, will keep a work horse fat. The saving, in this alone, would be great; but how much greater, if the reader will attend to all the above suggestions!

**U. S. Naval force in the Gulf.**—The Washington Constitution says "the United States squadron in the Gulf of Mexico is ample for any emergency likely to arise in that quarter. Including the steam frigate Mississippi, now on her way, it will consist of ten vessels of war, mounting over two hundred guns." This, we believe, is a larger force than has ever been heretofore concentrated under the command of any naval officer in our service. On the western coast of Mexico there is, or shortly will be, eight of our vessels of war, and this force will be increased by the vessels of the East India squadron, now on their way home.

**Nashville.**—This beautiful city is growing with the rapidity of some of the most flourishing towns and cities of the north. There are now in progress of erection there forty-two business buildings, sixty-eight dwelling houses, two churches and a large hotel.—*Express.*

Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20 deg. N. 51 deg. E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent, we had met no sign of animal life, except the small sparrow-like bird already mentioned. A stillness the most profound and a terrible solitude forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*brumet*, the *humble bee*) came winging its flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men. It was a strange place, the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war; and, seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18,293, the attached thermometer at 44 deg.; giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect. From the description given by Mackenzie of the mountains where he crossed them, with that of a French officer still further to the north, and Col. Long's measurements to the south joined to the opinion of the oldest traders of the country, it is presumed that this is the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains. The day was sunny and bright, but a slight shining mist hung over the lower plains, which interfered with our view of the surrounding country. On one side we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; and on the other was the Wind river valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri; far to the north, we just could discover the snowy heads of the *Trois Tetons*, where were the sources of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, and at the southern extremity of the ridge the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte river. Around us, the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures; between which rose the thin lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns, which is correctly represented in the view from the camp on the Island Lake. According to the barometer, the little crest of the wall on which we stood was three thousand five hundred and seventy feet above that place, and two thousand seven hundred and eighty above the little lakes at the bottom, immediately at our feet. Our camp at the Two Hills (an astronomical station) bore south 3 deg. east, with a bearing afterward obtained from a fixed position, enabled us to locate the peak. The bearing of the *Trois Tetons* was north 50 deg. west, and the direction of the central ridge of the Wind river mountains south 39 deg. east. The summit rock was gneiss, succeeded by sienitic gneiss. Sienite and felspar succeeded in our descent to the snow line, where we found a felsparitic granite. I had remarked that the noise produced by the explosion of our pistols had the usual degree of loudness, but was not in the least degree prolonged, expiring almost instantaneously. Having now made what observations our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below, and, standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers. It was about 2 o'clock when we left the summit; and when we reached the bottom, the sun had already sunk behind the wall, and the day was drawing to a close. It would have been pleasant to have lingered here on the summit longer; but we hurried away as rapidly as the ground would permit, for it was an object to regain our party as soon as possible, not knowing what accident the next hour might bring forth.

"We reached our deposit of provisions at nightfall. Here was not the inn which awaits the tired traveller on his return from Mont Blanc, or the orange groves of South America, with their refreshing juices and soft fragrant air; but we found our little *cacoe* of dried meat and coffee undisturbed. Though the moon was bright, the road was full of precipices, and the fatigue of the day had been great. We therefore abandoned the idea of rejoining our friends, and lay down on the rock, and, in spite of the cold, slept soundly.

"August 18.—We left our encampment with

the daylight. We saw on our way large flocks of the mountain goat looking down on us from the cliffs. At the crack of a rifle they would bound off among the rocks, and in a few minutes make their appearance on some lofty peak, some hundred or a thousand feet above. It is needless to attempt any further description of the country; the portion over which we travelled this morning was rough as imagination could picture it, and to us seemed equally beautiful. A concourse of lakes and rushing waters, mountains of rocks naked and destitute of vegetable earth, dells and ravines of the most exquisite beauty, all kept green and fresh by the great moisture in the air, and sown with brilliant flowers, and every where thrown around all the glory of most magnificent scenes: these constitute the features of the place, and impress themselves vividly on the mind of the traveller. It was not until 11 o'clock that we reached the place where our animals had been left when we first attempted the mountains on foot. Near one of the still burning fires we found a piece of meat, which our friends had thrown away, and which furnished us a mouthful—a very scanty breakfast. We continued directly on, and reached our camp on the mountain lake at dusk. We found all well. Nothing had occurred to interrupt the quiet since our departure, and the fine grass and good cool water had done much to re-establish our animals. All heard with great delight the order to turn our faces homeward; and toward sundown of the 17th, we encamped again at the Two Buttes.

After suffering many privations and encountering great danger in an attempt to survey the River Platte, the party reached Laramie Fort on their return on the last day of August, and arrived at St. Louis on the 17th September. We can find space for only two or three very brief extracts from this homeward tour. After describing the passage of their India-rubber boat over three cataracts, "where perhaps one hundred feet of smooth water intervened," the narrative proceeds:

"Finally, with a shout of pleasure at our success, we issued from our tunnel in the open day beyond. We were delighted with the performance of our boat, and so confident in her powers, that we would not have hesitated to leap a fall of ten feet with her. We put to shore for breakfast at some willows on the right bank, immediately below the mouth of the canon;—for it was now 8 o'clock, and we had been working since daylight, and were all wet, fatigued, and hungry. While the men were preparing breakfast, I went out to reconnoitre.—The view was very limited. The course of the river was smooth, so far as I could see; on both sides were broken hills, and but a mile or two below was another high ridge. The rock at the mouth of the canon was still the decomposing granite, with great quantities of mica, which made a very glittering sand.

"We re-embarked at nine o'clock, and in about twenty minutes reached the next canon.—Landing on a rocky shore at its commencement, we ascended the ridge to reconnoitre. Portage was out of the question. So far as we could see, the jagged rocks pointed out the course of the canon, on a winding line of seven or eight miles. It was simply a narrow dark chasm in the rock; and here the perpendicular faces were much higher than in the previous pass, being at this end two or three hundred, and further down, as we afterwards ascertained, five hundred feet in vertical height. Our previous success had made us bold, and we determined again to run the canon. Every thing was secured as firmly as possible; and, having divested ourselves of the greater part of our clothing, we pushed into the stream. To save our chronometer from accident, Mr. Preuss took it, and attempted to proceed along the shore on the masses of rock, which in places were piled up on either side; but, after he had walked about five minutes, every thing like shore disappeared, and the vertical wall came squarely down into the water. He therefore waited until we came up. An ugly pass lay before us. We had made fast to the stern of the boat a strong rope about fifty feet long; and three of the men clambered along among the rocks, and with this rope let her down slowly through the pass. In several places high rocks lay scattered about in the narrows it required all our strength and skill to avoid staving the boat on the sharp points. In one of these the boat proved a little too broad, and stuck fast for an instant, while the water flew over us; fortunately, it was but for an instant, as our united strength forced her immediately through. The water swept overboard only a sextant and a pair of saddlebags. I caught the sextant as it passed by me, but the saddlebags became the prey of the whirlpools. We reached the place where Mr. Preuss was standing, took him on board, and with the aid of the boat, put the men with the rope on the succeeding pile of rocks. We found this passage much worse than the previous one, and our position was rather a bad one. To go back was impossible; before us, the cataract was a sheet of foam; and shut up in the chasm by the rocks, which in some places seemed almost to meet overhead, the roar of the water was deafening. We pushed off again; but, after making a little distance, the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope. Lajeunesse, the third man, hung on, and was jerked headforemost into the river from a rock about twelve feet high; and down the boat shot like an arrow, Basil following us in the rapid current, and exerting all his strength to keep in mid channel—his head only seen occasionally like a black spot in the white foam. How far we went I do not exactly know; but we succeeded in turning the boat into an eddy below. 'Cre Dieu,' said Basil Lajeunesse, as he arrived immediately after us, 'Je crois bien que j'ai nage un demi-mille.' He had owed his life to his skill as a swimmer; and I determined to take him and the two others on board, and trust to skill and fortune to reach the other end in safety. We placed ourselves on our knees, with the short paddles in our hands, the most skillful boatman being at the bow; and again we commenced our rapid descent. We cleared

rock after rock, and shot past fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with the cataract.—We became flushed with success, and familiar with the danger; and, yielding to the excitement of the occasion, broke forth into a Canadian boat song. Singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along; and were, I believe, in the midst of the chorus when the boat struck a concealed rock immediately at the foot of a fall, which whirled her over in an instant. Three of my men could not swim, and my first feeling was to assist them, and save some of our effects; but a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy, and I landed on a pile of rocks on the left side. Looking around, I saw Mr. Preuss had gained the shore on the same side, about twenty yards below, and a little climbing and swimming soon brought him to my side. On the opposite side, against the wall, lay the boat bottom up, and Lambert was in the act of saving Descoteaux, whom he had grasped by the hair, and who could not swim; 'Lache pas,' said he, as I afterwards learned, 'lache pas chere frere.' 'Cain pas,' was the reply, 'Je m'en rais mourir avant que de le lacher.' Such was the reply of courage and generosity in this danger. For a hundred yards below the current was covered with floating books and boxes, plates of blankets, and scattered articles of clothing; and so strong and boiling was the steam that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and the long black box of the telescope were in view at once.—For a moment I felt somewhat disheartened. All our books, almost every record of the journey, our journals and registers of astronomical and barometrical observations, had been lost in a moment. But it was no time to indulge in regrets, and I immediately set about endeavoring to save something from the wreck. Making ourselves understood as well as possible by signs, (for nothing could be heard in the roar of waters,) we commenced our operations. Of every thing on board, the only article that had been saved was my double-barrelled gun, which Descoteaux had caught, and clung to with downy tenacity. The men continued down the river on the left bank. Mr. Preuss and myself descended on the side we were on; and Lajeunesse, with a paddle in his hand, jumped on the boat alone, and continued down the canon.—She was now light, and cleared every bad place with much less difficulty. In a short time he was joined by Lambert; and the search was continued for about a mile and a half, which was as far as the boat could proceed in the pass. Here the walls were about five hundred feet high, and the fragments of rocks from above had choked the river into a hollow pass, but one or two feet above the surface. Through this and the interstices of the rock the water found its way. Favored beyond our expectations, all of our registers had been recovered, with the exception of one of my journals, which contained the notes and incidents of travel and topographical descriptions, a number of scattered astronomical observations, principally meridian altitudes of the sun, and our barometrical registers west of Laramie. Fortunately, our other journals contained duplicates of the most important barometrical observations which had been taken in the mountains. These, with a few scattered notes, were all that had been preserved of our meteorological observations. In addition to these, we saved the circle; and these, with a few blankets, constituted every thing that had been rescued from the waters.

"The day was running rapidly away, and it was necessary to reach Goat Island, whither the party had preceded us, before night. In this uncertain country the traveller is so much in the power of chance that we became somewhat uneasy in regard to them. Should any thing have occurred, in the brief interval of our separation, to prevent our rejoining them, our situation would be rather a desperate one. We had not a morsel of provisions—our arms and ammunition were gone—and we were entirely at the mercy of any straggling party of savages, and not a little in danger of starvation. We therefore set out at once in two parties, Mr. Preuss and myself on the left, and the men on the opposite side of the river. Climbing out of the canon, we found ourselves in a very broken country, where we were not yet able to recognise any locality. In the course of our descent through the canon, the rock, which at the upper end was of the decomposing granite, changed into varied sandstone formation. The hills and points of the ridges were covered with fragments of a yellow sandstone, of which the strata were sometimes displayed in the broken ravines which interrupted our course, and made our walk extremely fatiguing. At one point of the canon the red argillaceous sandstone rose in a wall of five hundred feet, surmounted by a stratum of white sandstone; and in an opposite ravine a column of red sandstone rose, in form like a steeple, about one hundred and fifty feet high. The scenery was extremely picturesque, and, notwithstanding our forlorn condition, we were frequently obliged to stop and admire it. Our progress was not very rapid. We had emerged from the water half naked, and, on arriving at the top of the precipice, I found myself with only one moccasin. The fragments of rock made walking painful, and I was frequently obliged to stop and pull out the thorns of the cactus, here the prevailing plant, and with which a few minutes' walk covered the bottom of my feet. From this ridge the river emerged into a smiling prairie, and, descending to the bank for water, we were joined by Benoit. The rest of the party were out of sight, having taken a more inland route. We crossed the river repeatedly—sometimes able to ford it, and sometimes swimming—climbed over the ridges of two more canons, and towards evening reached the cut, which we here named Hot Spring gate. On our previous visit in July we had not entered this pass, reserving it for our descent in the boat; and, when we entered it this evening, Mr. Preuss was a few hundred feet in advance. Heated with the long march, he came suddenly upon a fine bold spring gushing from the rock, about ten feet above the river. Eager to enjoy the crystal water, he threw himself down for a hasty draught, and took a mouthful of water almost boiling hot. He said nothing to Benoit, who laid himself down to drink; but the steam

from the water arrested his eagerness, and he escaped the hot draught. We had no thermometer to ascertain the temperature, but I could hold my hand in the water just long enough to count two seconds. There are eight or ten of these springs, discharging themselves by streams large enough to be called runs. A loud hollow noise was heard from the rock, which I supposed to be produced by the fall of water. The strata immediately where they issue is a fine white and calcareous sandstone, covered with an incrustation of common salt.

"Leaving this Thermopylae of the West, in a short walk we reached the red ridge which has been described as lying just above Goat Island. Ascending this, we found some fresh tracks and a button, which showed that the other men had already arrived. A shout from the man who first reached the top of the ridge, responded to from below, informed us that our friends were all on the island; and we were soon among them. We found some pieces of buffalo standing around the fire for us, and managed to get some dry clothes among the people. A sudden storm of rain drove us into the best shelter we could find, where we slept soundly, after one of the most fatiguing days I have ever experienced."

"On the morning of the 3d September we bade adieu to our kind friends at the fort, and continued our homeward journey down the Platte, which was glorious with the autumnal splendor of innumerable flowers in full and brilliant bloom. On the warm sands, among the *Helianthi*, one of the characteristic plants, we saw great numbers of rattlesnakes, of which five or six were killed in the morning's ride. We occupied ourselves in improving our previous survey of the river; and, as the weather was fine, astronomical observations were generally made at night and at noon."

We must refer the botanical reader to Professor Torrey's Catalogue of the Plants collected by Capt. Fremont.

This is, we are afraid, but a very meager account of this interesting and valuable document. Our object has been to give such extracts as were most likely to interest the general reader. The man of science and the statesman will turn to it for more important objects than amusement, and their reference to it will, we think, be satisfactory.

We purpose giving a sketch of the Second Expedition in a subsequent paper.

**Manufacture of Locks in New Haven.**—The New Haven Courier gives the following statistics of the factory of Pierpont, Mallory & Co. in that city:—

There are here manufactured nine different styles of door locks and four forms of latches, together with all the various kind of trimmings used with the same, occupying five large buildings. They manufacture largely an article called the Mineral Knobs, of which they have sold, thus far, at the rate of 120,000 per year, with a constantly increasing demand. One building, forty feet in length, is used entirely for finishing the knobs and jannanping locks. A second is fitted with machinery, for cutting by dies the escutcheons, shanks, and other trimmings connected with this article. The bolts to different kinds of locks made here, are all fitted, with great precision, by dies—consequently, a large amount of labor, formerly bestowed upon them in the way of filing, is dispensed with. In this establishment are made door locks, latches and knobs of all sizes, patterns and descriptions, suited to the various demands and markets throughout the country. Here may be procured locks and trimmings from \$3 up to \$50 per dozen, well adapted to the rudest door and the most costly mansion.

There are here employed some fifty hands, who receive wages, collectively, per year, from \$18,000 to \$20,000; and in many instances, their frugality and industry are exhibited in the neat dwellings erected from the proceeds of their commendable and honest labor.

**A melancholy affair** has happened in Washington. The statement of the affair as given is, that "a difference had existed between the parties, consisting of William R. Elliott, brother-in-law of John C. Rives, and Bailey and Kendall. About half past 4 o'clock on Monday, they met in a Drug Store on the corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue, when some conversation took place, which resulted in Bailey's striking Elliott, for an alleged insult. Elliott immediately left the store, and Kendall and Bailey departed in another direction. About 6 o'clock, Elliott returned to the same vicinity, and, looking to the opposite side of the street, saw Bailey and Kendall approaching. They had no sooner come within twenty paces of him than he fired, with a revolving pistol, at Kendall, with which he had provided himself during the period of their separation. The ball penetrated the thorax, and produced death instantaneously. Elliott then fired at Bailey, and wounded him in the arm. Bailey stooped to pick up a stone, and in this way missed the ball. But Elliott again fired, twice; and Bailey then pursued him into Fuller's Hotel, but Elliott eluded him by jumping out of a back window, and thus made his escape. Elliott was arrested, the same night, and examined before the Magistrates. He was fully committed for trial.—*Raleigh Register.*

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, kindness shall begin on ours.