

THE CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.
A WEEKLY PAPER.
PUBLISHED BY
J. H. NEWSON.
TERMS.
For one copy, paid in advance, \$1.00
For this copy, in arrears, 50c
For this copy, to separate subscribers, 50c
To agents, or smaller clubs at the same rates.
In all cases, where the subscription is charged
in the book, \$2.00
All business letters to the Editor must be post paid.

CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

ASK NOTHING THAT IS NOT RIGHT—SUBMIT TO NOTHING THAT IS WRONG.—Jackson.

[VOLUME I. LINCOLNTON, N. C., SEPTEMBER 7, 1849. [NUMBER 39.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

John Hill, alias Nixon Curry, Or the Victim of Circumstances.

A TRUE SKETCH OF LIFE IN ARKANSAS.
Among the most interesting of the people of all in the present Convention, was a man named John Hill, of St. Francis. His energy, eloquence and courage fully entitled him to the proud place he holds, and as we trust, will long retain—that of leader of the Arkansas Democracy.—Little Rock Gazette, in the days of the Convention.

BLOODY AFFRAY.—A desperate rencontre occurred last week in St. Francis. Two distinguished citizens were killed and three others dangerously wounded. The difficulty resulted from an attempt to arrest John Hill, a member of the late Legislature, and formerly of the State Convention, who, as it is alleged, is the notorious robber, Nixon Curry, that committed such a series of felonious acts in the mountains of Carolina. Little Rock Gazette, of May, 1849.

We have given the previous extracts from the oldest and most respectable journal of Arkansas, in order to satisfy every reader that the following narrative, extraordinary as some of its incidents may appear, is not a tissue of fiction. Indeed, while relating genuine events, and painting true scenes, we have been especially careful to avoid all vivid colors. Should this short sketch, by any chance, reach the forests of Arkansas, the people there will deem its descriptions tame in comparison with the deeds of the man. The writer, who has resided long on the frontier, has no use for fancy in portraying its exciting life. Simple manly will suffice him very well.

About fifty years ago there lived in Irwell county, North Carolina, a Presbyterian minister by the name of Curry. He was a man in every circumstance, of irreproachable character, and had a large family of promising sons and daughters. Among these the favorite was Nixon, distinguished when a boy for his fearless courage and the tenderness of his heart alike. He seems, from several incidents of his early days, to have been a child of impulse and intense earnestness and passion. When only six years of age, he had a combat at school with a bully of the playground, nearly twice his own weight, and after suffering dreadfully, at last achieved victory, due almost entirely to the sheer power of his endurance.

From the time he was six years old, that is to say, from the first possible moment in the country school house, had Nixon Curry been in love. He had a little girl of the same age, and under the tuition of the same master. The attachment appears to have been mutual from the earliest moment. They stood up in one class, and always managed to stand together. During the hours of recess, when the other boys were engaged in various sports, the precocious lovers would wander off by themselves, or by the mossy margin of a stream. Forever, to eternity, and whenever, the soft spell of first love comes, it brings with it the bright spirit of poetry, centering thick-stemmed dreams and divine visions of beauty over all things. Even then they exchanged pledges, and discoursed in sweet, soulless whispers of their future bliss.

And thus they grew up into one delicious identity of fancy and of feeling. Their bias for the society of each other, while children, caused no particular remark. Such attachments are common among the youth of opposite sexes in the country, and as usual, terminate abruptly, on arrival of maturity. Far different, however, was the case with Nixon Curry and Lucy Gordon. Their passion became so evident at fifteen, that all further intercourse was forbidden by her parents—among the wealthiest aristocracy of Carolina. Then followed stolen meetings by starlight, furtive vows and wilder love, which always heroses in proportion to its excess, and like the tree of Libanus, sends down its deepest roots into the heart, the more it is struck by a storm.

Finally, at seventeen, when Lucy's relatives were endeavoring to force her into the arms of another, she fled with the lover of her childhood. They are pursued—over a sea; and Nixon Curry shot his rival and one of the proud Gordons dead on the spot, and then escaped with his bride, although hotly chased by more men, and found an asylum in the Alleghany Mountains, near the sources of the Catawba. Here, under the plea of necessity, he embraced the profession of a robber, and rendered his name famous by the number and astonishing boldness of his exploits. We may record it not as a matter of merit, perhaps, but for the sake of historical truth—that the youthful bandit never was known to perpetrate any deed of murder for the sake of plunder, though he did several to avoid arrest. At length the rumor of his daring felonies ceased suddenly, and notwithstanding a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension by the Governor of the State, he was heard of no more in North Carolina.

At the first settlement of the fertile delta, bordering on the St. Francis there came an emigrant, who called himself John Hill, and who soon succeeded in acquiring universal popularity. Although of moderate means, he was sober, industrious, generous and hos-

pitable; and such continued to be his character, in the new country of his adoption, for twelve successive years. During all that long period he never had a personal difficulty or quarrel with any human being; and yet every body was satisfied, that such a peaceful life—singular for that latitude, was not owing to a want of courage, or deficiency in power to perform good service, in any sort of battle-field; for of all bear-hunters that ever pierced the jungles of cane in "the great swamp," or descended by torch-light into the dark caves of the Ozark Mountains, he was celebrated as the most fearless.

He was repeatedly elected to the Territorial Legislature, where he distinguished himself by a strong, impassioned eloquence, as a chief leader in the Democratic ranks. He was next, as we have already seen, a member of the Convention that formed the State Constitution; and was elected again the ensuing year to represent his county in the Senate of Arkansas.

At this period commenced his second series of misfortunes. Hill's nearest neighbors were the Strongs, four brothers of considerable wealth, more ambition, and if we may borrow the phrase of the country, "famous fighters."

Notwithstanding their character was so familiar from that of the public "bear hunter," a close and cordial intimacy grew up between them and Hill, in an unaccountable manner, made the eldest brother George, a confidant as to the secrets of his previous history. It happened that this same George, in a fit of passion, and in a moment of weakness, procured a copy of the reward offered for the arrest of Nixon Curry, the famous robber; and then, collecting a party of a dozen desperate men, they attempted to capture Hill in his own house. The latter had always game armed, with his enormous double-barreled shotgun, two long pistols, and a knife so heavy that few other hands besides his own could wield it. The assault of the Strongs proved horrible to themselves. Hill killed two of the brothers, and dangerously wounded five of their friends, escaping himself unhurt, although more than twenty rounds of ball and buckshot were aimed at his breast.

The excitement resulting from the affair was boundless. A requisition came on from the Executive of Carolina, demanding the surrender of Nixon Curry. The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for the arrest of John Hill; and thus, between the two fires, the victims' chance seemed perfectly hopeless.

Hill's conduct in the crisis was prompt and fearless as ever. Packing up hastily, he set out with his wife and children, in a common moving wagon, for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of a band of desperadoes that he believed would protect him. He was overhauled at Conway Court-House by two hundred men in pursuit, all thoroughly armed, and some of them renowned fighters. Hill saw their approach on the distant prairie, and with this dreadful double-barreled—such sure death-slayer to either man or beast within the range of two hundred yards—instinctively marched to meet his foes. This incredible bravery, joined to the fear before inspired by his desperation, affected the advancing troops with such an unaccountable panic, that the whole two hundred sought safety in a disgracefully rapid flight.

Several other attempts were made to capture the dangerous outlaw, all alike ending either in ludicrous or bloody failures. In the meantime, Hill's character and conduct underwent a complete change. Forced to live always on the look-out, and therefore, unable to follow any steady business in order to support his family, he resorted to the gambling-table. He learned also to indulge in the fiery stimulus of ardent drink, and his disposition necessarily soured by recent events, became quarrelsome to the extreme.

Perhaps there never was a man, excepting only that Napoleon of duellists, James Bayly, who was so heartily detested. I have myself seen persons of undoubted courage turn pale merely at the appearance of Hill's gigantic form, broadly belted and bristling with pistols. He was way-laid and shot at a number of times, yet still escaped without a scar. But this could be no wonder; for even brave men's hands shook when they saw him, and shaking hands generally make very poor shots.

During the September term, 1843, of the Circuit Court for Pope county, in which Hill resided, he got out of bed one morning unaccountably gloomy, and while at the breakfast table, suddenly burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Lucy—that beautiful Lucy, who had formerly left her wealthy home in Carolina for the robber and robber's cave.

"I have had a dreadful dream," answered the husband, shuddering at the recollection. "I saw George Strong in my sleep, and he kissed me with his pale lips, that burned like fire, and smelled of sulphur: I am sure I shall die before sunset."

"Then do not go to court, to-day," said the wife, in accents of earnest entreaty.

"But I will," replied the husband firmly.

"When a man's time is come, he cannot hide from death; besides, it will be the act of

a coward to do so, if one possesses the power." Then addressing his son, a fine intelligent boy of thirteen, he continued, "Bill, you see my gun?"—pointing his finger at the great double-barreled hanging on buck-horn over the door; "practice with that every morning, and the day you are sixteen, shoot the heads of both barrels into the man who will this day kill your father."

"Yonder comes Miss Howard; he will protect you, Pa," remarked Mary, Hill's oldest daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen, who was to be married the next day to the youth then appearing.

Hill and Howard departed; Lucy with tears, and Mary, sobbing, both calling out as they left the door, "Take good care of him, Moss, and be sure and bring him back to-night."

"Never fear," answered the youth, with a laugh; "Hill will never die till I kill him."

"Then he will live forever," retorted Mary, laughing also.

As soon as the friends reached the village, Hill began to drink deeply, and manifested more than ordinary anxiety for a combat, insulting every body that crossed his path, and all the youth's entreaties failed to pacify him. At last the desperado swore that he would clear the court-house, and immediately entered, with his friends, a party of a dozen or so, and a guard of honor for the door. One old drunken man did not run as fast as Hill wished, and he sprung on the imbecile wretch and commenced beating him unmercifully.

Howard then caught hold of his future father-in-law, (as it was never to be,) and attempted to pull him away.

With eyes red and glaring like a mad dog, Hill instantly turned upon his friend, and with a single blow of his fist felled him to the floor. Then, following up the violent act, he leaped on the youth, and began a most furious battery. In vain Howard endeavored to escape, crying out, in tones of beseeching horror—

"For God's sake, cease! Hill, don't you know me—your friend Moss? Remember Mary!"

Hill's anger only increased, and till finally he threw his hand to his belt and clutched a pistol. And then Howard's blood also boiled, and he resolved to fight for his life. He was of as powerful a frame as the other—the only person in all Arkansas to be compared with the desperado in physical strength.

Howard grasped the barrel of the pistol as Hill sought it, and the weapon exploded in their hands without injury. Once more they clenched, and the most dreadful struggle ensued ever witnessed in the West. The advantage shifted from one side to the other for the space of five minutes, till both were bled in streams of their own blood.

Even the bystanders, looking on through the windows of the log court-house, were struck with wonder and awe. At length, with a shriek and twisting like two raging serpents, the handle of Hill's huge Bowie knife, without of previously, protruded from beneath his hunting shirt. Both saw it at the same time, and both attempted to grasp it. Howard succeeded. Quick as lightning he drew the blade from its scabbard, and stunched it up to the hilt in the bosom of his friend and his Mary's father.

"What a noble feat!" exclaimed Hill, with a smile of strange sweetness, that remained on his features even after he was a corpse. He then sunk down, and expired without a groan.

Howard gazed on him there as he lay, with that singular smile on his face, and his glazed eyes opened. And then, awaking with a start, as if from some horrible vision of the night, the poor unhappy youth fell headlong on the body of his friend, crying in tones that melted many a hardened spectator into tears—"Great God! what have I done?" He kissed the clammy lips of the dead—wet his cheeks with a rain of unavailing sorrow—tried to staunch the bloody wound with his handkerchief—and then, apparently satisfied that all was over, sprung upon his feet with a shout, or more properly a scream, "Farewell, Mary—your father is gone, and I am going with him," and turning the point of the gory knife towards his own breast, would have plunged it into his own heart, had he not been prevented by the bystanders, who had now crowded into the room.

The same evening Moss Howard disappeared, and was heard of no more for nearly two years, when a horse trader brought back word that he had seen him in San Antonio, Texas.

When the shocking news reached Hill's family, the beautiful Mary burst into a wild laugh. "She is now in the asylum for the insane, at New Orleans."

Had we been inditing a tale of romance, we would have paused with a preceding page, but liberal truth compels us to record another fact equally characteristic, both as to the chief actors and the back-woods theatre of the main tragedy.

It will be remembered that the fallen desperado had enjoined it on his son to slay the slayer of his father on the day he should arrive at sixteen. "Without any such charge, vengeance would have been considered by that boy as a sacred duty; for, on the frontier, the widows of the slain teach vengeance

to their children, and occasionally execute it themselves!

Accordingly, Bill Hill practised with his father's gun every day for two successive years, and this even before he had any run-up to the place of Howard's refuge. He then learned that his father was in Texas, and two months before he was sixteen set out to hunt him up.

"At the end of four months, Bill Hill came back, and hanging up the double-barrels in their old buckhorn rack, answered his mother's inquiring look.

"Mother, Moss is dead—I let him have both loads. Though I cried before I done it, and afterwards, too—he look'd so miserable, pale, and bony as a skeleton."

"Poor Moss!" said the mother, weeping; but it could not be helped. The son of such a brave man as Nixon Curry must never be called a coward, and besides, it was your father's order."—Democratic Review.

A Sunday On The Dead Sea.

We take the following vivid sketch of the heat and desolation of the Dead Sea, and of its effects upon the human frame, from Lieut. Lynch's forthcoming "Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and Dead Sea." We have rarely read a more eloquent and thrilling passage:

"A light air from the south induced me to abandon the awning and set the sail, to spare the men from laboring at the oars. A light tapping of the ripples at the bow, and a faint hiss of foam and bubbles at her side, were the only indications that the boat was in motion.

"The Fanny Skinner was a mile astern, and all around partook of the stillness of death. The weather was intensely hot, even the light air that urged us almost insensibly onward, had something oppressive in its flow of heat. The sky was unclouded, save by a few faint clouds in the North, sweeping, plume like, as if the sun had consumed the clouds, and the light wind had drifted their shreds. The glitter from the water, with its multitude of reflectors, for each ripple for a mirror contributed much to our discomfort; yet the water was transparent, but of the color of diluted absinthe, or of the prevailing tint of a Persian opal. The sun, we felt, was glaring upon us, but the eyes did not take cognizance, for the fierce blaze would have brightened the powers of vision, as Semele was consumed by the unveiled divinity of Jore.

"The black chasms and rough peaks, smothered with grime, were around and above us, veiled in a transparent mist, like visible air, that made them seem unreal—and 1800 feet below, our sounding lead had struck upon the buried plain of Siddim, shrouded in slime and salt.

"While busied with such thoughts, my companions had yielded to the oppressive drowsiness, and now lay before me in every attitude of sleep that had more of stupor in it than repose. In the awful aspect which this represented, when we first beheld it, I seemed to read the description over the gates of Dante's inferno:—'Ye who enter here, leave hope behind.' Since then, habituated to mysterious appearances, in a journey so replete with them, and accustomed to scenes of deep and thrilling interest at every step of our progress, those feelings of awe had been insensibly lessened or lulled by opeet interest in the investigations we had pursued.

"But now, as I sat alone in my wakefulness, the feeling of awe returned; and, as I looked upon the sleepers, I felt 'the hair of my flesh stand up, as Job's did, when a spirit passed before his face,' for, to my disturbed imagination, there was something fearful in the expression of their inflamed swollen visages. The fierce angel of disease seemed hovering over them, and I read the forerunner of his presence in their flushed and feverish sleep. Some with their bodies bent and arms dangling over the abandoned oars, their hands exoriated with the acid water, slept profoundly; others, with heads thrown back and lips cracked and sore, with a scarlet flush on their cheeks, seemed overpowered by weariness even in sleep; while some, upon whose faces shone the reflected light from the water, looked ghostly, and dozed with a nervous twitching of the limbs, and now and then starting from their sleep, drank deeply from a breaker and then sank back again to lethargy. The solitude, the scene, my own thoughts, were too much; I felt, as I sat thus, steering the drowsily moving boat, as if I were a Charon, ferrying not the souls, but the bodies of the departed and the damned, over some infernal lake, and could endure it no longer, but breaking from my listlessness, ordered the sails to be furled and the oars resumed—action seemed better than such unnatural sleep."

"GREEN"—AND KEEN.—A young lady from the country, on a visit to her city cousin, being invited to a party, was told by her city coz to fix up and put her best foot foremost, in order to catch a beau—"she looked so green in her country attire." The country lass looked comely into the face of her rather faded relative, and replied, "better green than withered."

Ink is the black sea on which thought rides at anchor.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE. Arrival of the Canada.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 24, 1849.
The steamer arrived at Halifax on Wednesday evening, having been detained by heavy weather. The following is an abstract of her intelligence:

The Markets.
LIVERPOOL, August 11.—Business in every department of trade, continues healthy, though there is rather less doing in produce, than in the case of things look cheerful.

Throughout the week an active demand has prevailed for cotton, and there has been a large attendance of the trade, who purchased freely. Holders have been less disposed to take previous prices, and purchasers had to pay 1-3 a 1-4 advance on American descriptions. The following are the official quotations, as declared by the Board of Brokers: Fair Uplands, 5 1-4; Mobile, 5 3-8; Orleans, 5 5-8. The sales of the week have amounted to 78,000 bales of which speculators took 24,000, and exporters 6000 bales.

The Havre cotton market was calm, but prices were well sustained.

The Grain Market was depressed at the close of the week and most descriptions exhibit a declining tendency. The demand for Flour is of a retail character, at 24s a 25 6 per bbl. In London it is quoted at 21 3d. Indian corn is in rather better demand, and yesterday considerable sales were made at 24s a 24 6 per quarter. White is scarce, and sells at 25 a 26s. Corn Meal, 14 a 14 6d per bbl. The importations of cured provisions have been limited, and there is a steady demand for Bacon at former prices: Lard is not much inquired after, but prices are firmly maintained, and holders are asking a demand of 6d per cwt. Beef sells readily at full prices. Rice: one hundred tierces Carolina Rice: sold at 18 3 a 20s.

Harvesting operations had commenced under favorable auspices, the crops giving promise of an abundant yield.

There was a good demand for cotton and woollen manufactures.

Money is abundant, and prices are advancing. The bullion in the Bank of England amounts to fourteen and a half millions sterling.

Consols for money and account closed at 92 7-8 a 93. At the Paris Bourse on Thursday, the funds opened at an advance of 1-4 per cent. The conclusion of the treaty of peace between Austria and Saxinia has given strength to the French funds.

Political.

The Danish Minister of Marine has given official notice that the blockade of the Elbe would be raised during the month of August.

The English papers are filled with accounts of the enthusiastic reception of the Queen in Ireland. The cholera is increasing in London.

President BONAPARTE denies any desire to change the present form of Government. Some of the journals insist that NAPOLEON'S visit to the Western provinces was a failure. General OSTROVSKY has resigned the command of the Army of Italy, because, as is said, he could not act in harmony with the Pope, who has always treated him with distrust. General HORZSLAW has been appointed in his place. There are serious rumors of a change in the French Ministry. The Minister of Finance, in his statement to the Assembly, says that the deficiency in the Treasury on the first of next January, will be 550,000,000 francs, and the estimate of deficiency the ensuing year will be 320,000,000 francs.

The Pope's Commissioners had arrived at Rome, and disbanded the whole military organization, even those corps which had been faithful to the Pope. It is reported that GARIBOLDI has beaten an Austrian party that attacked him. His forces have been increased by the accession of many Hungarians.

Venice still holds out. It is reported that three Armenian or American vessels had arrived with provisions for the besieged.

The news from Hungary is still favorable to the Maygars, though the accounts are some what conflicting. They still occupy the line of the Theiss. It is reported that BEM, with 40,000 men, had completely beaten a Russian force of 60,000 in Transylvania, and that he had taken Hermanstadt. It is also reported that KLAFFKA, the Hungarian General, had attacked and captured Raab, and afterwards had seized a large quantity of provisions and munitions of war, with which he fell back to Comorn. The London Daily News gives the following: The Austrian and Russian troops occupied Hermanstadt and Cressstadt, to the number of 60,000 men. BEM, with 40,000, advanced against them, and a battle ensued, in which the Imperialists were defeated and fled precipitately, leaving 10,000 dead and wounded on the field, nearly all their artillery and 8000 prisoners.

There is nothing further of importance, and no new features in Irish affairs.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.
Cotton has advanced 1-8 since yesterday's news.

The Canada arrived this morning. Our harbor presented a splendid spectacle. Three fine steamers—the Canada, Sarah Sands, and Cherokee—all coming up at once. The Cherokee shot ahead, and came in first.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 6 p. m.
The Cotton Market has been much excited under the favorable news from Europe. The sales have amounted to 2000 bales at 1-4 advance. Fair Uplands, 10 3-4, Orleans, 11 1-4.

Breadstuffs are weaker, but prices are unchanged.

The Board of Health has stopped its daily report of Cholera cases.

From the N. Y. Commercial.
PLATTEAU AND SMART.—If homoeopathic principles are right, the profession of homoeopathy cannot be hurt by travel jokes, but only by the repetition of exceedingly small doses. Pungent wit will be innocuous; diluted might operate violently. We shall not annoy our homoeopathic readers, then, by quoting the following recipe for making "Aqua fortissima," from the Newark Advertiser, for it is a mixture of wit and humor of more than average strength:
Take a little rum—
The less you take the better,
Mix it with the lakes
Of Wey and of Weter.
Dip a spoonful out—
Mind you don't get greedy—
Pour it in the Lake
Winnipegoo.
See the mixture well,
Least it prove inferior;
Then, put half a drop
Into Lake Superior.
Every other day,
Take a drop, in water;
You'll be better soon;
Or, at least, you ought to.

1,000,000 x
From the Charleston Mercury.

MARTINIS CONDUCT ON THE PART OF TWO NEGROES.—On Wednesday afternoon, the 15th instant, at the time of high water, an exceedingly clever and interesting little son of the Rev. Mr. WOODWARD, about eight years of age, accidentally fell from the bridge over one of the creeks of the village of Bluffton. Two Negroes—Andrew, belonging to Mr. WOOD, and John, belonging to Gen. HAMILTON, happening to be in the vicinity, hastened to his rescue. Both unhesitatingly leaped into the water, and Andrew fortunately reached the child at the moment he had ceased to struggle, and was sinking to the bottom. He swam with the child to a raft of boards that was drifting near by, upon which, aided by Joe, he succeeded in placing him in security. This timely assistance, rendered not without some personal danger to the rescuers, and in the course of which was displayed far more presence of mind by Andrew, than negro usually exhibit, has been the means, through the influence of preserving the hope of a family, and of saving to the village one of the most promising and engaging children it contains. Such scenes as will never be forgotten—unaccounted for, that they may stand forward as a warning to the fanatics of the North, for which the three States of the Union continue to produce negroes, willing, thus freely to venture their lives in behalf of their masters, they possess an argument, pro-slavery, stronger than in their own favor; against it, and an argument of safety, which, in times of danger, may be deemed to dispel some of the most philanthropical hopes and visions of BURNET, BARRETT, BURLINGAME and Brothers.

How creditable to the South does the above contrast with the following painful incident which, about three years since, occurred on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, whilst the editor of this paper was returning in Pennsylvania.

A little boy, not four years old, the pride of his fond parents, slipped away from his attendant, fell into the canal, and was drowned in a night of 2 big negroes who was bounding on a bridge not far off and who, instead of spring to the assistance of the poor little fellow struggling in the water for his life, leisurely walked off to a den of free negroes and there related the occurrence. Some little time thereafter, when many sympathizing friends were in search of the lost child whose fate was not yet certainly known to any of his own race, a negro passing said, with much unceremoniousness, that the boy must be in the steady for "a colored man" on coming to their but a little while before, had said that he had just then seen what he took to be a white child struggle in the water and finally sink; but that he "did not concern about it."

Comment is unnecessary. The truth is, no two distinct races of people can occupy the same country upon terms of equality, without producing loathing and disgust on the one side, and the most deadly hatred on the other. A rabbit and a skunk cannot comfortably occupy the same hole; nor can two distinct races of mankind enjoy the same political privileges while dwelling together, unless they amalgamate which, as regards the whites and negroes, is too revolting to contemplate. Nothing but the domestic institution of servitude in the South, renders the existence of the African race at all supportable in the United States.

ED. CAROLINA REPUBLICAN.

There is a close connection between good sense and good nature than is generally supposed.