

THE LINCOLN COURIER.

"THE PUBLIC GOOD SHOULD EVER BE PREFERRED TO PRIVATE ADVANTAGE."

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"UNCLE NED."

The admirers of negro melodies who are familiar with "poor old Ned," (and who is not?) will be amused at the paraphrase below, which we find in the *Salem Register*, taken from a Cincinnati paper. "Uncle Ned" was written by S. C. Foster, of Cincinnati, who also composed the music. The *Pittsburg Dispatch* says, it was composed of three more verses not now sung.

The following are the three verses of the song heretofore unpublished, paraphrased by the author:

De children all loved him becase he was so kind,

And nebber got tired ob dere talk.
He'd play for dem to dance, or totter on be hind,

When Dinah took them out to walk.

Chorus.
Den lay down de shovel and de hoe,
Hang up de fiddle and de bow—
No more hard work for poor old Ned,
For he's gone whar de good niggers go.

Some niggers like to play de tamborine,
Kase it cultivates de noble tones—
But when dey hear Ned on de old violin,
Dey lay down de banjo and de bones.

Den lay down de shovel, &c.

Some say old age was de cause ob his death,
But this chile tinkt dat's a lie,
For I see ob de 'pinion dat he couldn't get his breath,

And dat am de reason why he die.
Den lay down de shovel, &c.

PARAPHRASE.

gained the hearts of the juvenile members of the family by his uniform forbearance, inasmuch as he never became weary of their loquaciousness.

He would enliven with melody, the innocent rambles,

Which they were wont to take under the surveillance of the indulgent Dinah.

There are individuals of Ethiopian extraction,

Who prefer the Chinese style of music;
This prejudice has, however, been in many instances eradicated.

By one delect strain from the bow of the now lamented musical defunct.

It has been asserted that his death was the result of the extreme longevity;

But this I consider an erroneous supposition, being impressed with the belief that his demise

Was partially owing to a physical inability to inhale the vital gases.

From the Asheville Messenger.

JOHN HILL alias NIXON CURRY.

"Truth stranger than Fiction."

This is the heading of a story published in the "Democratic Review," and extensively copied in the Southern country. As the article occasionally stumbles on the truth, and as many of the events occurred in North Carolina, and said Curry was confined in Buncombe jail for one of his offences, we deem it a matter of justice to put the public in possession of some facts, unadorned with romance, imagination and false coloring. We copy the articles (that precede the main article) giving a glimpse of his public life in the West.

"Among the truest friends of the people, of all in the present Convention, may be named John Hill, of St. Francis. His energy, eloquence and courage fully entitle him to the proud place he holds, and we trust, will long retain."—*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 last Legislature, and formerly of the State Convention, who, as it is alleged, is the notorious robber, Nixon Curry, that committed such atrocious felonies years ago in the mountains of Carolina."

—*Little Rock Gazette* of May, 1840.

The writer gives Iredell county the place of his nativity, correctly, but all his garrulousness about his being the son of a Presbyterian Minister, of high moral

character—of the Governor offering five thousand dollars reward—of Curry running "200 armed men" of the renowned "fighters of the West" off the "prairie" &c., &c., are all utterly without the least foundation of truth. Said Curry, while confined in our Jail, (having been removed here for safety, pending his confinement for the murder of a negro,) got in with the Jailor's wife, in some way, so as to get hold of the key, with which he made his escape in the night, and after leaving the village he got bewildered and lost in the woods, and the next day was arrested two or three miles from town, by some persons who were out driving for deer, and safely lodged in jail again. Curry had not the advantages of education, but was possessed of a prepossessing appearance and uncommon shrewdness. Those persons familiarly known as "granny's" held a consultation over him before committing him to the cradle, and decided in "Solemn conclave and prophecy," that that child would be hung.

He missed the prophecy but a little—he was killed. His due, from what we know, would have been a rope. His character, in short, from what we conceive to be the best authority is, that he was distinguished from his earliest youth, for the most marked and complete desperation of character. Out of a youth of idleness, irregularity, and dissipation, he emerged into manhood of most atrocious villainy. His first great crime was stealing a negro from a respectable farmer by the name of Johnson, and carrying him off from the country. His second was stealing another negro from a farmer, by the name of James Gibson, which he took to Tiger River, S. C., where, for fear of detection, he led him to the river bank, under pretence of getting wood, and knocked his skull off with an axe, and cast him in the river! His third was the murder of Benjamin Wilson who he believed, was in possession of information that would convict him of both the former murders. For the murder of Wilson he was tried and acquitted at the Superior Court of Mecklenburg.

For stealing the negro of Gibson, he was tried in Iredell Superior Court and convicted, and while under sentence of death, escaped from prison with all his guilt and crime upon him, and fled to the West, where there is no rational doubt he appeared and figured so extensively as the great leading Democrat "John Hill," of Arkansas. He was well calculated to deceive and betray any individual or community—a traveling embodiment of all the evil propensities of which the human mind is susceptible; a will and nerve to execute every wicked imagination. And unless his life in Arkansas was totally different from his course in North Carolina, we do not wonder at his covering up and Bulwerizing his native and historic manliness.

The writer of the story ends the life of Hill in Pope county, Ark., 1843, by a Bowie knife in the hands of Moses Howard, at the Court-house which said Hill had cleared Judge, Jury, and all, while in a fit of rage and drunkenness.

Those papers that have copied the "story" would do well to notice these facts and "let justice be done, though the heavens fall."

A Dry Clay Brick Press.—We recently examined in the Hall of the Franklin Hotel, Chestnut street, a model of one of the most ingenious and successful machines for brick making, that has ever yet been produced. It is the invention of Mr. T. Cubertson, and is patented by Messrs. Cubertson & Scott, of this city. Already one of these presses is in full action near New Orleans, where the Biloxi Steam Brick Company have entered into contract to supply thirty millions of bricks—chiefly for the building of the new Custom House, in the great Southern capital and port. The Machine is very strong, simple in its construction, has but few wearing surfaces, requires but little power to drive it, and but a few hands to attend it. It is self-feeding and self-delivering, and operates with great certainty and accuracy, and will make with ease 25,000 Brick per day, requiring no preparation of the clay other than pulverising or running through rollers attached to the machine, and no yard room for drying, as the Bricks are sufficiently hard to stack up in the kiln at once. The Brick are of a uniform size and shape, are harder, smoother, and stronger, and being less porous will absorb much less water; and it is also a well established fact, will stand fire better than those made in the ordinary way. The pressure being gradual and continuous, allows the air to escape freely as the clay is forced into the moulds; and as each mould passes twice under the cylinder, first in one and then in the

other direction, receiving clay from the hoppers each way, the Brick is not only full and perfect in all the corners and edges, but the different particles of clay are by this rolling or kneading process completely united. By a slight alteration of the moulds alone, Brick of any desired size or shape may be made for paving, lining cisterns, building arches, &c. As the works will all be under cover, Brick can be made as well in wet as in dry weather; they can also be made earlier in the Spring and later in the Fall than in the ordinary way.

A large "Brick Press" is about to be erected immediately at the extensive brick fields of Messrs. C. & S., Pea Shore four miles from Camden, N. J., in which, we learn, that the enormous pressure of one hundred tons will be applied to the formation and compression of each brick. —*Mammoth Gazette.*

Remains of Whitfield.—Rev. Jonathan F. Stearns writes to the *Newburyport Herald*, that it has been well known "that one of the principal bones of Whitfield's right arm has been missing from among the remains of that eminent saint, deposited in the vault under the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church in this town." The bone was in possession of a person in London. Mr. Stearns states further that he recently received a package, containing the stolen relic, with a letter, from which an extract is given below, with Mr. Stearns' remark thereupon:

"Some years ago a brother clergyman was requested to obtain an original letter of the dear and honored Whitfield for me, which he thought he could easily do. He failed, however, in the attempt; but to my great surprise and mortification, sent me what he called a precious relic of the holy man of God, one of his bones! and precious it is, but it was of too sacred a nature to expose to the public eye, and I have preserved it, hoping to restore it to its proper place with my own hands. This I must now intrust to you, and I shall be happy to learn from you that it has been done."

The trust committed to me, I am happy to say, has been discharged. The venerable relic was conveyed to the vault where its kindred remains lie, and in the presence of the Session of the Church and the Parish Committee, restored to its place yesterday—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

As it seems not proper that names should be mentioned in this matter, I would only beg leave to add, that the gentleman by whom the restoration has been made, is known by reputation to me and others in this community, and the worth of his character is a sufficient guarantee that the transaction is genuine, and the motives which have influenced his course honorable and sincere.

JONATHAN F. STEARNS.
Newburyport, Sept. 28, 1849.

Departed Friends.—The preservation of the memories of lost friends is not only a good exercise for the affection, and the source of a pleasing hope to all who are yet to die, but it is calculated to have a soothing and refining effect upon those who indulge it. Our departed friends always appear to us in the light of beings removed to a purer existence and a higher state of intelligence, so as to be enabled to see and judge correctly of all our thoughts and actions. If we bear them any respect, we will hesitate, under this ideal censorship, to do things which are unworthy of us, and for which perhaps the present world has no punishment. We will try, on the contrary, to be as pure in thought and deed as possible, in order that we may be the more pleasing to those who, we conceive, are altogether pure, and whose esteem we naturally desire to conciliate. In the midst, too, of the bustle and shock of the present life, when little interests and petty jealousies are tearing themselves like serpents in our hearts, how salutary to reflect that all advantages we can now seek either to gain or defend, are but trash and dross in the estimation of those from whom we lately parted, and in no long time will be the same in our own. Are we provided with a large share of such goods as this world has to give, then will we control our appreciation of them, by reflecting of how little account they will be when we have rejoined those friends in another world. Are we poor, and injured, and friendless, then will the recollections of our departed friends tend to cheer us, by presenting the idea of their superiority to all such evils—a superiority soon to be our own.—*Robert Chambers.*

What is the safest capital a man can invest in business, and which shall insure him the greatest amount of interest? Answer: Civility.

A COLLEGE LARK.

The following capital story is told by "one who knows," of Dr. Maxcy, and cannot fail to amuse our readers. On one occasion, several of the students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the doctor's carriage into the woods, and fixed upon a night for the performance of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with conspicuous warts, and managed to convey to the worthy President a hint, that it would be well for him to secure the door of his carriage house. Instead of paying any heed to this suggestion, the doctor proceeded, on the appointed night, to the carriage house, and esconced his portly person inside the vehicle. In less than an hour some half a dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat, and cautiously withdrew the carriage into the road. When they were fairly out of the college precincts, they began to joke freely with each other by name.

One of them complained of the weight of the carriage, and another replied by swearing that it was heavy enough to have the old fellow himself in it. For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck into the woods, to a cover which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle. Making themselves infinitely merry at the doctor's expense and conjecturing how and when he would find his carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to depart—having once more agreed that "the carriage was heavy enough to have the old doctor and all his tribe in it"—they were startled by the sudden dropping of one of the glass panels, and the well known voice of the doctor himself thus addressed them:

"So, so, young gentlemen, you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely, as you have brought me hither for your own gratification you will not refuse to take me back for mine. Come, Messrs. —, and —, and —, buckle to, and let us return, it's getting late!"

There was no appeal; for the window was raised and the doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word, the discomfited young gentlemen took their places at the pole, at the back of the vehicle, and quite as expeditiously, if with less voice did they retrace their course. In silence they dragged the carriage into its wonted place, and then retreated precipitately to their rooms, to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone, the doctor quietly vacated the carriage, and went to his house, where he related the story to his family with much glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account nor was the carriage ever afterwards dragged at night into the woods.

THE YANKEE FOX SKIN.

BY YANKEE HILL.

"Mornin' Squire!" said "down east, giving a nod and a wink to Lyman and Towie, as those gents stood in their store one morning, "up and dressed," for business.

"How are you, sir?" said the merchant.

"Pooty well, considerin' de state of things in general. I say, you sell skins here, do you?"

"We do, occasionally, 'was the response.

"Well, so I calkulated; buy Fox Skins you reckon?"

"Sometimes. Why have you got some for sale?"

"Some. You, guess I hev one, its some teou, I tell you."

"Let's look at it," says one of the merchants. The owner of the skin tugged at the capacious pocket of his "yaller overcoat," a few minutes, and out came a pretty considerable, sizeable bang-up of a venerable ruyard.

"Here it is, a perfect bewty it is, too. Am it?"

"Seen many finer ones," says Towie.

"Praps you hev, and praps you ham; but I deou think its a rare bewty—slick and shiny as a bran new hat."

"When did you get this skin?" says the merchant.

"When did I get it? Why, when I killed de darn'd critter, of course!"

"Yes, we know; but was it in de fall or summer, or wuen?"

"Oh! ye-s; well, I reckon, 'twarut fur from 4th July, any way, fur I'd jest cleared up my old shootin' pece, for p'rade on de glorious anniversary, and along comes de old critter, and I jest give him a rip in de gizzard, dat settled his hash mighty sudden, I tell you."

"Fox Skins," said the merchants, "are not very good when taken in hot weather, de fur and hair is thin, and not fit for much in summer."

"Well, now I reckon since I come to think it over, 'twarut not weather,

when I shot de critter; no, I'll be darned ef it was; made a thunderin' mistake 'bout dat, fur 'twas nigh on to Christmas, was by golly fur I and Seth Pourkins wur goin to a frolic. I remember it like a book, cold as sixty, snowin' awful, was, by ginger!"

"Well, says de merchants, 'was the Fox very fat?"

"Es—! Oh! Molly, warnt it fat? Never did see such a fat feller in all my beorn days. Why yeou, de fat came clean through de critter's hide, run down his legs, 'till de very arth was greasy where de darned varmint crawled around. Did de peunkins!"

"Too fat then, we guess," said Towie.

"Fat skins, sir, are not as good as those taken from an animal not more than ordinary fat."

"Well, guess 'twarnt so darned fat nuther; come to think on it, 'twas another Fox our Siab shot last fall; this old critter warnt so darned fat, not overly fat—fact, I guess it was rey-ther poor; kind of lean, tree-menjus lean; poor old varmint was about to die of pure starvation; never did see such a darned eternal starved, lean, lank, lamed live critter on arth before!"

"Very poor, eh?" said Lyman.

"Very poor! I guess 'twas; so almighty poor dat de old critter's bones stuck clean out, almost through his skin; had't killed it jest when I did, it would die afore it got ten rods furder along. Fact! by golly!"

"And well," says the merchants, "we see the skin is poor, very poor; de fur is thin and loose, and would not suit us."

"Wun't suit yeou? Neow look ahere yeou," says the Yankee, folding up his versatile skin—"I dunt kind o' like sich dealin' as dat, no heow, and I'll be darned to darntion ef you ketch me a tradin' Fox Skins with yeou agin, there ain't no lumber in de State o' Maine!" and de holder of de skin vamosed.

The Yankee.—No other man is like him. It has been said of him, that he was made for all stations, and manages to work his way in all places. Place him upon a rock in the midst of the ocean, and with a penknife and a bunch of shingles, he would work his way on shore. He sells salmon, from Kennebec, to the people of Charleston; had-dock, fresh from Cape Cod, to the planters of Matanzas; raises coffee in Cuba; swaps mules and horses for molasses in Porto Rico; retails ice from Fresh Pond in Cambridge, in the East Indies; takes mutton from Brighton, to New Orleans and to South America; manufactures moccasins for the governor of Jamaica; becomes an admiral in a foreign nation; starts in a cockle-shell craft of fifteen tons loaded with onions, mackerel, and "notions," for Vaparaíso; buys his trap on the Columbia river; catches wild beasis in Antica, for Macomber's caravan; sells granite on contract, to rebuild St. Juan de Ulloa; crosses the Rio Grande, and daguerreotypes dead Mexicans; he is ready, like Ledyard, to start for Timbuctoo to-morrow morning,—exiles himself for years from home, to sketch in their wilderness the wild men of the woods, and astonishes refined Europe with the seeming presence of the untaughted savage. Introduced to Metemich, he asks, "what's de news?" Says "how do you do, marm?" to Queen Victoria. Prescribes Thompson's eye water to the mandarins of China, and if he pleases, makes the scoung Southerners rich with cotton inventuous. He is found foremost among those who sway the elements of society—is the schoolmaster of his country, and missionary for the heathen world. He is unquicker, in fact, and instead of going round about ways, starts across lots for any desired point. If perpetual motion is ever to be discovered, he will be sure to be the lucky contriver—or he is the factotum for the whole world.

An Easy Rule for Farmers.—A quart of wheat is an English measure of eight standard bushels; so if you see that quoted at fifty-six shillings, it is seven shillings a bushel. A shilling is twenty four cents—multiply by seven and you have \$1 68 per bushel.

The Men with Tails.—The tribe of cannibal negroes lately discovered in Africa, by the French traveller Ducoucel, with a tail three or four inches long, number about 40,000, and a few members of it are slaves in the city of Mecca. Their owners have to gorge them once or twice a week with raw meat, to keep them from being dangerous.

It is said that most of the suicides in this country are committed by foreigners, as every Yankee expects to be President, and he lives to see what the doctrine of chance may bring forth.