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BY JOHN CAMERON.

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From the Watchman of the South. JOSEPH GRAHAM.

CONTINUED.

Cornwallis found his position in Charlotte exceedingly unpleasant from the unfriendly spirit of the surrounding population. While there was no army of the patriots near him, his men found safety only in their numbers. His sentries were shot down, often in open day; his foraging parties seldom escaped an ambush, or returned to camp without bloodshed. The whigs would not bring in provisions, Tories were watched, and brought supplies at the peril of their lives.

CAUSES OF EXASPERATION.

It is not wonderful that the inhabitants were rendered desperate; that no terrors of armed men could break down the patriots, nor any pacific offers of the British general allay their hostility; and that any defection, in a neighborhood, from the patriot cause, but inflamed the already excited spirits, and added to the sufferings of an invasion, the miseries of domestic war. In one excursion of the British forces up the Catawba waters in South Carolina, a Presbyterian Church was burned; their preacher's house destroyed; and every BIBLE in the neighborhood that had David's Psalms in *Metre* bound with it, (which was the case with every Bible in Presbyterian families in the Carolinas) was committed to the flames. To sing *old Rouse's* version was rebellion;—and yet *old Rouse's* version was the manual of all the Scotch Irish in their solemn worship of Almighty God. It was a war against religion; and men fought for the *hope of immortality*. Every man rejoiced when Sumpter surprised this party and fell upon them sword in hand while they were making merry with the misery of some poor women who had come to beg for their families, and for some respite in their sufferings—and the sacrilegious commander was found among the slain.

The difficulty attending the foraging and plundering in Mecklenburg county made the sufferings of the country greater. The British soldiers knew no bounds to their rapacity when they found a family unprotected. "Leave me at least a bucket to bring water for my children," said a widow from whose house the soldiers had taken or destroyed every moveable thing. "Yes, yes," said Tarleton—"Widows in every house now; nothing but widows now-a-days." When some widows appeared before Cornwallis, and demanded redress in the name of suffering humanity, to the honor of Cornwallis he said, that a widow that could get a hearing from his Lordship, never sued for redress in vain.

CHARLOTTE EVACUATED.

The battle of King's Mountain took place on the 7th of October, 1780, on the first chain of hills to the west of Charlotte, and ended in the death or captivity of the whole British force under Ferguson. The best, the only accurate account of that battle, derived from authentic sources, is in the handwriting of Graham, and is accompanied with a beautiful diagram. As this will probably be given to the public by his son-in-law, Dr. Morrison, further notice will be omitted here.

On the dark and stormy night of the 14th of October, just 18 days after he had entered the town, Cornwallis abandoned Charlotte: The graves around *Liberty Hall*, which he had used as his hospital, testified that his forces were diminished. In his hasty retreat from the village, which took place in the night to prevent surprise by its secrecy, he lost much of his baggage in the swamps in which he became entangled by a whig guide whom he forced into his service, who first bewildered the army and then escaped. The British army lay for a time at Winozborough, another Presbyterian settlement, in a condition to give much less annoyance to his Lordship while he refreshed his troops.

GRAHAM AGAIN IN THE ARMY.

Having recovered from his wounds, Graham succeeded in raising, in December, 1780, a company of fifty five mounted riflemen, accounted at their own expense; some of them, besides their rifles, being provided with swords and pistols; and all prepared, like the other regiments in that campaign, to endure great hardships for a limited time, with few supplies other than they could obtain themselves, and with little or no pay.

General Greene reached Charlotte on the 24th of December, 1780, and superseding Gates, who had rallied his forces and was returning upon Cornwallis, marched his army to Hick's creek, on the north side of the Pedee, near Cheraw.

The celebrated victory of the Cowpens was gained by Morgan over Tarleton on the 17th January, 1781. To secure his prisoners, six hundred in number, a body too large for the security of his forces, in the neighbor-

hood of the whole British army, Morgan commenced his march for Virginia, entering Lincoln county, North Carolina, and moving for Beatties ford, that he might have Greene between him and the British force.

CROSSING THE CATAWBA, AND DEATH OF DAVIDSON.

Cornwallis moved up the south side of the river in rapid marches, to intercept Morgan at the Ford. Greene moved up the north side to meet and succour his friend. Here commenced the trial of generalship between these commanders which was decided at the battle of Guilford in the following march. The three bodies having about the same distance to march to reach the Ford, every thing depended on the speed of Morgan's forces, encumbered with prisoners. Greene left his army, and with a small guard, rode across the country and joined Morgan, whose forces, encouraged by Greene, and ambitious to save their prisoners and their fame, pressed on with wonderful spirit; and, surmounting all obstacles, reached the Ford first. The morning after they crossed, Cornwallis was on the southern banks, disappointed of his prey, but hot in pursuit.

During the night after Morgan crossed, the river had so much risen from abundant rains, that his Lordship, on reaching its banks found it impassable. During the two days of delay, Morgan was far on his way to Virginia; and Greene marching to cross the Yadkin, in the same direction, his army too weak to risk a general battle.

General Davidson, with the North Carolina forces, was left to delay as long as possible the crossing of the British army. Graham's rifle company was posted on the bank of the river at Cowan's Ferry, where the crossing was attempted, and the other forces some distance in the rear. The riflemen kept up a regular and galling fire on the British lines as they waded the river, and many an officer and soldier went floating down the stream, victims of their deadly aim. Davidson came down to the bank; and was taking observation of the main body of the enemy, accompanied by Col. Wm. Polk and the Rev. Mr. McCall, (or McCaule), who were near him, when he received a fatal shot, falling dead instantly from his horse. As the British infantry used muskets only, and the General's wound was from a rifle shot, it was supposed he was shot by a Tory rifleman who acted as guide to the enemy, and knew the General by sight. But no one ever claimed the dangerous honor of firing the fatal shot.

When the British line reached the bank, the American forces all retreated and scattered in small bodies continued for a time to harass the march of his Lordship, who pursued after Greene. The retreat of Greene across the Yadkin and the Dan, and the hot pursuit of Cornwallis; the turning of Greene upon his pursuer; and the effective battle of Guilford Court House—form a memorable page in the history of the Revolutionary war.

SURPRISE OF THE TORIES.

While Cornwallis and Greene were trying their skill, previously to the battle of Guilford, Graham's company, with other forces, under the command of Gen. Pickens, of South Carolina, was hanging on the skirts of the British army and annoying their light parties. He was engaged in the famous surprise of Col. Fyles, with his regiment of three hundred Tories, embodied and advancing to join Cornwallis, and was within two miles of his Lordship's main body of forces. Mistaking the American forces for Tarleton's body of light horse, they raised the shout, "God save the King," and never discovered their mistake till trampled down by the cavalry that leaped on them sword in hand. The discomfiture was complete; and the American forces escaped without loss, though Tarleton was advancing in less than a mile's distance to receive these Tories and march them into camp.

The day previous to this event, Graham surprised a guard at Hart's Mill, within a mile and a half of the head quarters of the British army in Hillsborough; and then united his forces with the light horse under the famous Col. Lee. This gallant officer used to speak of the surprise of these Tories with great enthusiasm; and describe most graphically their consternation when they found their mistake. He led his troops along in front of their lines which were shouting him a welcome: he traversed the whole front unsuspected; he and his men waving their swords. His command—"Wheel into line," gave no alarm. At the word "charge," his company leaped their horses upon the ranks of the Tories, and in a twinkling bathed their swords in blood. It was the most complete surprise of the whole war.

DISBANDED HIS REGIMENT.

The term of enlistment, three months,

expired on the 14th of March. Until that time Graham and his forces were, with Cols. Washington and Lee, constantly engaged in harassing the foraging parties who might venture any distance from the main body. Great skill and alertness were displayed in countering the efforts of the Tories to lead the British parties to the houses of the patriots, and thus supply the king's army, and gratify their private revenge.

As was usual with all the partisan corps, Graham's regiment insisted on returning home for rest and refreshment after their time of service had expired, in which their resources were pretty well exhausted. He was directed by Greene to march them in a body till the Yadkin was crossed. On reaching the southern bank of the river they were disbanded. On the very next day, far in his rear, at Guilford, Cornwallis accepted the challenge of Greene, and gave battle;—and two days after was on his march to Wilmington. VIATOR.

May 2, 1844.

ECCALEOBION, OR EGG-HATCHING MACHINE.

The following description of the machine to hatch eggs, now exhibiting in New York, is from the correspondent of the *Utica Gazette*. A Chicken Hatchery was established near this city sometime since, but it was abandoned for some reason unknown to us. But here is the description of the New York machine.—*Cin. Gaz.*

I dropped in, the other day, to see the Eccaleobion, or egg-hatching machine. The art is not a new one, having been long practised by the Egyptians, but the inventor of this machine has succeeded in bringing the art to a great perfection and practicability. The "fountain of life," as it is labeled, is embraced within a wooden box about five feet in length and four in width and height. The heat is produced by a furnace of coal, surrounded by a boiler, from which extend flues, carrying the vapor to every part of the machine. The eggs are deposited in drawers, opening from the outside. The warmth of these drawers is precisely like that of the setting hen, as any one can perceive who has ever had experience in putting his hand under those irascible creatures. The temperature is regulated by a thermometer, and is kept uniform during the whole process.

The eggs remain in these drawers for twenty-one days, when the chickens step out as large as life, and apparently quite as much at home as under their mother's wing. For the first day they are left in a drawer of the same temperature, by themselves, after which they are turned out into the little yard attached to the machine, which communicates with warm recesses under the box, made to imitate the shelter of a hen's wing, under which the flocks retire for their siesta or night's rest, as naturally as possible, without any quarrelling about places, or scolding from the old hen. There were some biddies in another pen six weeks old, who had never known another of the species of greater age than themselves, yet as likely young hens and roosters as if most carefully educated under a parent's eye, and within the constant hearing of the parental cluck. The young cocks already display their valiant propensities, bristling their neck feathers at each other, and essaying juvenile crowing with efforts almost sufficient to bring their wish bones into their throats.

The proprietor informed me that the chickens thus hatched and reared escaped "all the ills that *fowl* is heir to" the pip, the staggers, vermin, &c. These maladies, which it is well known carry off nearly half of the young flocks produced in the natural way, are occasioned by exposure and caught from older birds. If an egg is sound and perfect when put into a machine, it never fails to produce a chicken. If it is not so, it can be removed on the fifth day and is removed. It is interesting to note the progressive change produced by this artificial incubation. An egg which has been four days in the machine, when broken, showed the commencement of the pulsations of the heart, which were perceptible to the naked eye, and as regular as the swinging of a clock pendulum. Every day develops some new organ, till the internal apparatus is complete, then comes the eyes, the feathers and the to be picked bones, the little legs, each "sticking out a feel," and last of all, the inquisitive and audacious little bill, which forthwith pokes a hole through the little globe into the great globe without and speedily eliminates the whole concern.

The invention is patented, and the machines are sold for \$120 each. Although this is rather a large price for an old hen, still I think it might be profitable to an extensive poultry dealer. The real hens might

be kept laying eggs the year round, instead of a third of their time as at present. No eggs are lost, whereas by the mode now in use, two or three out of every dozen are spoiled by the carelessness or partiality of the hen, and there is a very great saving in the rearing of the young chickens. Furthermore, by this mode fowls may be kept coming on at all seasons of the year, instead of spring and summer only.

MR. POLK'S ACCEPTANCE.

COLUMBIA, Tenn., June 12, 1844.

Gentlemen: I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 29th ult., informing me that the democratic national convention, then assembled at Baltimore, had designated me to be the candidate for the democratic party for President of the United States, and that I had been unanimously nominated for that office.

It has been well observed that the office of President of the United States should never be sought nor declined. I have never sought it, nor shall I feel at liberty to decline it, if conferred upon me by the voluntary suffrages of my fellow citizens. In accepting the nomination, I am deeply impressed with the distinguished honor which has been conferred upon me by republican friends, and am duly sensible of the great and mighty responsibilities which must ever devolve on any citizen who may be called to fill the high station of President of the United States.

I deem the present to be a proper occasion to declare, that if the nomination made by the convention shall be confirmed by the people, and result in my election, I shall enter upon the discharge of the high and solemn duties of the office with the settled purpose of not being a candidate for re-election. In the event of my election it shall be my constant aim, by a strict adherence to old republican landmarks, to maintain and preserve the public prosperity, and at the end of four years I am resolved to retire to private life. In assuming this position I feel that I not only impose on myself a salutary restraint, but that I take the most effective means in my power of enabling the democratic party to make a free selection of a successor who may be best calculated to give effect to their will, and guard all the interests of our beloved country.

With great respect, I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

JAMES K. POLK.

To Messrs Henry Hubbard, &c.

A GOOD ONE.

Having heard that Mr. Henry Cansler, of Lincoln, is the Repeal candidate for the County of Lincoln, we are reminded of an incident in his personal history, which occurred in 1840, at which we have been a good deal amused.

Mr. Cansler was one of those active politicians in 1840, who believed that Gen. Harrison was a granny and wore red petticoats—sold poor honest white neighbor men and neighbor women for debt, and was only supported by the British, the Federalists, and the Tories. His great desire in that memorable contest, was to prostrate the Whigs; and as there was one of the Harrison Electors whose ancestor's patriotism in the Revolution he thought he could assail, but was not sure, he took advantage of the condition of an old Whig, (who happened to be a little mellow and of course communicative,) one who was at the battle of Ramsour's Mills, in which the Tories were routed, horse, foot, and dragoons." He cautiously pumped the old fellow in this wise: "You love a drop of the erator, my worthy old friend?" "Yes, by the Lord—and who has a better right? Didn't I fight for liberty? and who says—(hiccup)—that I sha'n't drink as much as I d—d please, eh? (hiccup,)" "Nobody, certainly. You were at the battle of Ramsour's Mills, I believe?" "You may believe that—and a bloody battle it was, too." "The Tories fought hard then?" "Fout? Why they fout like infernal savages. We had to kill 'em all nearly, before they'd knock under." "Well, what did you do with the prisoners?" "Do! why we built a bull pen, and stacked 'em up in it, till we could send 'em off to Head quarters. And we cocked, and swore if they spoke a word or winked an eye, we'd make a h—ll of a ridding among 'em. And I tell ye, they sot straight." "Well, do you recollect any of those you had in the pen?" "Oh yes, a good many." "Will you name some of 'em?" "Taint worth while, as they're most all dead now; and 'twas a long time ago; and their children don't like to hear it." "Well, but you might name a few of them. Did you see any of the —'s there?" "No." "Any of the —'s?" "No." "Well, did you see —'s (the Elector's) father there?"

(This was what he had been fishing for) 'No, I did not see him. But I'll tell ye who I did see—your grandfather, Mike Quiggle, and old Mike never liked me much after that; I made him set up so d—d straight that night." Here, as the story goes, Mr. Cansler ended his catechism and *slapped*.

Michael Quiggle, we are informed, was not only the maternal grandfather of Mr. Cansler, but also of our excellent friend Michael Hoke. We have heard indeed, that the present democratic candidate for Governor used to write his name Michael Q. Hoke, until he arrived at years of discretion, when he cunningly dropped the tell tale Q.

As the democracy seem to pride themselves upon the genealogy of their candidates, we suggest that Gen. Saunders, after he has got the marrow of the matter about Mr. Polk in Mecklenburg, should extend his enquiries into the Revolutionary services of the grandfather of Michael, *alias* Michael Q. Hoke. We hope we don't intrude—but, really, these are nice little matters that deserve attention. Did old Michael Quiggle sign the Mecklenburg Declaration? too—as well as old Ezekiel Polk? We pause for a reply.—W. Clifton.

JUDICIAL ANECDOTE.

The Courts of Vermont have been celebrated, for many years, for the wit and amusing peculiarities of several of their Justices. Anecdotes are rife respecting them, from the rough and coarse humor of Harrington, to the more polished scintillations of his successor of later times. Nothing can be more racy than the following, which we are confident is new to the majority of our readers:

Judge — had effected a settlement of accounts with one of his neighbors, a very parsimonious man, and it was found impossible to make correct change within *three cents*, which the Judge said he would hand to the other at any subsequent period. Some days after, while the Judge was upon the bench, and in the midst of a cause, the avaricious neighbor, whose brains could not rest while the three cents were absent from his pocket, appeared in the court room, and with slight ceremony, beckoned to his debtor to grant him an interview. The Judge, who was so unfortunate as to stutter somewhat, appreciated instantly the purpose of the applicant, and arrested the progress of the case with "st-stop, a f-f-few moments, until I s-speak to m-m-my neighbor P." He thereupon descended from the bench, and accompanied neighbor P. to a private room, and, as he expected, received a demand for the delinquent three cents. He paid it, obtained a receipt, and returned to the court-room, convulsing every one present with laughter, by the following remark: "Th-they s-say, that at th-the moment an any one d-dies another is b-b-born, and th-the soul of th-the one th-that dies g-goes into th-the b-body of th-the one th-that's b-born. N-now when neighbor P. w-was b-born, n-no body died!"

GROSS FRAUD.

The Locofocos are running Polk in some parts of the country as an incidental Protection man, and in others as a Free Trader. The Nashville Union, the immediate organ of Polk and Jackson, says,—

"We wish it born in mind, that the oppressive Tariff of 1842 has been condemned by every true Democrat, and by none more decidedly than Mr. Van Buren. THAT ITS PROVISIONS ARE VIEWED WITH ABHORRENCE BY GOVERNOR POLK AND ALL HIS FRIENDS, WE NEED NOT REPEAT."

Just look at the following resolutions passed by the 'Young Hickory Club' of Murrinstown, New Jersey.

Resolved, That the story of Col. Polk being a Free Trade man, so industriously circulated by the Whigs, must be told to other ears than those of the Democrats of Morris in order to gain credence; we do not believe a word of it, and shall not until we have some better proof than the bare assertions of Whig office-holders and office-seekers.

Resolved, That believing a permanent Tariff of some kind to be of great consequence to the manufacturer, we, like our candidates for President and Vice President, are opposed to disturbing the present Tariff law.

And the Albany Argus says that Col. Polk "advocates a bill giving AMPLE PROTECTION to the Manufacturing interests."

Can fraud be more atrocious or impudently more brazen than this? Is not every vote these men obtain by such pretences won by deliberate falsehood; for which they are or ought to be indictable at common law?