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TERMS.

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POETRY.

From the Charleston News.

EMBLEMS.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Like a snow-white lily, The fairest of its race; Beneath a fostering hand it grew In loveliness and grace: A storm-cloud gather'd over it, And burst upon its head, It yielded to the shock and lay Low on its grassy bed. A young and gentle maiden Dwell in a princely dome; The pride and happiness of all In her own native home. Not less nor anxious watching Their cherished one could save, And like the fragile flower, She found an early grave.

In a sweet cottage garden A modest violet grew; And merrily to the passer by Uttered its eye of blue; One in the crowd admiring With rapt hand plucked the flower, The fragrance stole—then cast it by— 'Twas withered in an hour. Within that vine-clad cottage Was innocence enshrined; Beauty—oh! union rare on earth— With pure and lovely mind. Then came the cruel spoiler With words of witching power, And like the violet, faded—lost— Was that sweet cottage flower.

I saw the slender ivy Cling to a ruin'd wall; It strengthen'd and sustain'd the pile Which totter'd to its fall: And by its green leaves cover'd The time-worn tower look'd gay, And braved the summer storm and blast— Of many a wintry day. A noble heart was breaking Beneath its load of care; But there was one whose gentle voice Forbade him to despair. With words of deep affection She cheer'd his onward way, And like the ivy green and bright, Smiled on the darkest day.

I saw a rose unfolding And watch'd it day by day: The dew and sunshine nourish'd it— Could that sweet flower decay? The autumn wind blew rudely And chill'd its tender form: For bright it was, and beautiful, To hide the coming storm. An infant in its beauty Slept on its mother's breast, Death came—her bud of earthly hope, Dropp'd to its lowly rest. Alas for that young mother! Her brightest dream is o'er; For wither'd rose, and spirit fled, Time never can restore.

Thus is each flower that springeth A type of woman's heart; Of weakness, gentleness and strength, Of hope that soon depart: Of fading youth and beauty, Of fading truth and love; Of fond ties tender'd here on earth, To be renew'd above. Then let us in the passing Of summer flowers away, Learn that we hold no mortal life A tenure frail as they; And guard the germ of virtue With watchful, jealous care, That it may spring beyond the skies, And bloom un fading there.

MISCELLANY.

From the Democratic Review.

JOHN HILL, alias NIXON CURRY; OR, THE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

A TRUE SKETCH OF LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

"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 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 rencounter 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 crimes years ago

in the mountains of Carolina."—Little Rock Gazette, of May, 1840.

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 no 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 an exciting life. Simple memory will serve him very well.

About fifty years ago there lived in Fredell county, North Carolina, a Presbyterian minister by the name of Curry. He was a man in easy circumstances, of irreproachable character, and had a large family of promising sons and daughters. Among those the favorite was Nixon, distinguished by a boy for his fearless courage and the tenderness of his heart alike. He seems, from several anecdotes 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 to the sheer power of his endurance.

From the time he was six years old, that is to say, from the first session he attended in the country school house, had Nixon Curry been in love.—His idol was a little girl of the same age, and under the tuition of the same master. The attachment appears to have been mutual from the commencement. They stood up in one class, and always managed to stand together. During the hours of recess, when the other juveniles were amusing themselves with boisterous sports, the precocious lovers would wander amidst-leaves groves, or by the mossy margins of silver rills. Forever, to eternity, and whenever, the soft spell of first love comes, it brings with it the bright spirit of poetry, scattering thick-starred dreams and divine visions of beauty over all things. Even then they exchanged pledges, and discoursed in sweet, sinless whispers of their future bridal.

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 at maturity years. 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, firmer vows and wilder love which always increases in proportion to its crosses, and, like the tree of Lebanon, sends down its deepest roots into the heart the more it is shaken by storms.

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—overtaken; 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 hospitable; 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 caverns 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 the second series of untortunes. 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 dissimilar from that of the pacific "bear-hunter," a close and cordial intimacy grew up between them; and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the eldest brother, George, a confidant as to the secrets of his previous history. It happened that this same George conceived a violent desire for political distinction, and requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate in his liberal friend's favor. Hill refused, and the Strongs conspired for a terrible revenge. Writing back to Carolina, they procured a copy of the reward offered for the arrest of Nixon Curry, the far-famed robber; and then collecting a party of a dozen desperate men, they attempted to capture Hill in his own house. The latter had gone armed, with his enormous double-barrelled shot gun, two long rifle 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 balls and buck-shot 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 betwixt the two fires, the victim's 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 overtaken 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 his dreadful double—that sure death dealer to either man or beast, within the range of two hundred yards—instantly 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 be always on the look out, and therefore, unable to follow any steady business, in order to support his family, he resorted to the gaming table. He learned to indulge in the fiery stimulus of ardent drink, and his disposition necessarily soured by recent events, became quarrelsome in the extreme.

Perhaps there never was a man, excepting only that Napoleon of duellists, James Bowie, who was so heartily dreaded. 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 waylaid 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 have shook when they saw him, and shanking bands generally make very poor shots.

During the September term, 1843, of the Circuit Court of Pope county, in which Hill resided, he got out of bed one morning uncommonly 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 smelt 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 would 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 as he spoke to the great double barrel hanging on buck horns over the door; "practice with that every morning, and the day you are sixteen, shoot the loads of both barrels into the man who will this day kill your father."

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

Hill and Howard departed; Lucy with tears, and Mary blushing, both calling out as they left the gate, "Take good care of him, Mose, 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."

Howard then caught hold of his future father-in-law, (alas! who 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 ferocious 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 Mose? Remember Mary!"

Hill's anger only increased, till finally he threw his hand to his belt, and clutched a pistol. And then Howard's blood 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 cocked 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 bathed 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, while writhing and twisting like two raging serpents, the handle of Hill's huge Bowie knife, unthought 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 keen blade from its scabbard, and sheathed it up to the hilt in the bosom of his friend and Mary's father.

"The dream is fulfilled!" exclaimed Hill; with a smile of strange sweetness, that remained on his features even after he was a corpse. He then sank 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 open. 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 heart, had he not been prevented by the bystanders, who had now crowded into the room.

The same evening Mose 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 passed with a preceding page, but literal 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 kill 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 practiced with his father's gun every day for two successive years, and this even before he had any rumor as to the place of Howard's refuge. He then learned that his foe 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, assured his mother's look.

"Mother Mose is dead—I for him have both loads. Though I cried before I done it, and afterwards, too—he looked no miserable, pale, and lony as a skeleton."

"Poor Mose!" 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."

FREDERICK BREMER.

The numerous admirers of this popular writer will be glad to learn that there is a probability of his visiting this country soon. The Boston Transcript has learned that it was Miss Bremer's intention to leave Stockholm for America, the latter part of August. She is one of the few novelists of modern days whose works are worth reading.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

PRAIRIE LIFE—TALE OF REVENGE.

Although much has been written on prairie life, many a wild adventurer, and yet many a wilder scene has been left undescribed. Poor Ruxton, who died at St. Louis, and whose highly entertaining and valuable work "Scenes in the Far West," is enriched with many a story and scene which, no doubt, to the people of the East, seem like tales from the Arabian Nights. There is so much originality about the manner and habits of the trapper and frontiersman, that one is struck with their peculiar language or mode of expressing themselves, as well as their singular costume. They are, in fact, as distinct and marked a class as sailors, and have as many odd and quaint sayings.

It is generally the commission of crime, some disappointment in life, or a native love of adventure and peril, that makes these men desert the comforts of civilized society for the wilds and haunts of the red man. We can imagine the terrible reaction which takes place when the storm of passion or wreck of disappointed hopes sweeps over the sensitive soul, and leaves a desolation—a ruin of the former man. It is misfortunes like these which scorch and dry up the finest feelings; some moral wrong or injustice committed by others towards them, in revenging which they have been compelled to leave their homes and become exiles in the Far West.

A story is told of an extraordinary meeting, and an act of revenge said to have taken place many long years ago, on the fork of the Pawnee. A party of four who had been roving for many years in the West, all strangers to each other, were one day accidentally thrown together, when a strange and bloody scene ensued. These men presented a striking contrast in features. The youngest was delicately made, with long light hair and blue eyes; his exposure had given him a rich, brown complexion. He was of the medium stature, and made for strength and agility. There was a dark void over his features, which told that with him the light of hope had gone out. He was travelling on a mule, with his rifle in his gun leather at the bow of his saddle, when he overtook a man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder and pistols in his belt, who was over six feet and had a deep, wide scar on his right cheek. As day was drawing to a close, they proposed to camp, and brought up at the head of the fork of the Pawnee. Shortly after they had camped, a man was seen reconnoitering them with a rifle in his hand, and having satisfied himself that the sign was friendly, he came woefully into the camp, and after looking sternly at the two men, was asked by Scar Cheek to "come to the ground." He was a stout, muscular man, much older than the other two, with a deep habitual scowl, long, black, matted hair and very unpropitious features. Some common place remarks were made, but no questions were asked by either party.

It was near twilight when the young man, who had gathered some buffalo chips to make a fire to cook with, suddenly perceived a man approaching them on a mule; he came steadily and fearlessly on to the camp, and, casting a look at the three, said, "took ye for Indians;" then glancing at the deer-skin dress of the trio, he observed, "Old leather—some time out, eh?" The man was a bout fifty years old, and his gray hairs contrasted strangely with his dark, bronzed features, upon which care and misfortune were strongly stamped. He was only half clad by the miserable skins he wore; and, as he dismounted, Scar Cheek asked "where from?" "From the Kaw," (Kinnas), he replied, throwing down a bundle of other skins.—After unfastening and staking out his mule, he brought himself to the ground, and taking his rifle, looked at the priming and shaking the powder in the pan, he added a few more grains to it; then placing a piece of thin dry skin over it, to keep it from the damp, he shot the pan. The group watched the old trapper, who seemed not to notice them, while Scar Cheek became interested and showed a certain uneasiness. He looked towards his own rifle, and once or twice loosened the pistols in his belt, as if they incumbered him. The young and the stout man with the scowl exchanged glances, but no word passed. So far no question had been asked as to who the other was; what little conversation passed was very laconic, and not a smile had wreathed the lip of any one of them.

The little supper was eaten in silence, each man seeming to be wrapped in his own thoughts. It was agreed that the watch should be equally divided among the four, each man standing guard of two hours—the old trapper taking the first watch, the young man next, and Scar Cheek and he with the scowl following.

It was a bright moonlight night, and over that barren wild waste of prairie not a sound was heard as the three lay sleeping on their blankets. The old trapper paced up and down, ran his eyes around the wild waste before him, and then would stop and mutter to himself. "It cannot be he," he said half aloud, "but the time and that scar may have disguised him. That boy, too—it's strange I feel drawn towards him; then that villain with his scowl," and the muscles of the old trapper's face worked convulsively, which, the moon-beams falling upon, disclosed traces of a by-gone misadventure. The trapper suddenly approached the sleeping men, and, kneeling down, gazed intently upon the features of each and scanned them deeply. Walk-

ing off, he muttered to himself again, saying—"It shall be," and then judging by the stars that his watch was up, he approached the young man and woke him, pressing his finger upon his lip to command silence at the time, and motioned to him to follow. They walked off some distance, when the trapper taking the young man by the shoulder, turned his face to the moonlight, and, after gazing at it wistfully, whispered in his ear, "Are you Perry Ward?" The young man started wildly, but the trapper prevented his reply by saying "Enough, enough." He then told him that he was his uncle, and that the man with the scowl was the murderer of his father; and that he with the scowl had convicted him (trapper) of forgery by his falsehood. The blood started the lips of the young man, and his eyes glared and dilated almost from their sockets. He squeezed his uncle's hand, and then, with a morning glance as he looked to his rifle, moved towards the camp. "No, no!" said the old trapper, "not in cold blood; give them a chance." They cautiously returned to the camp and found both the men in a deep sleep.

The uncle and nephew stood over them. Scar Cheek was breathing hard, when he suddenly cried out, "I did not murder Perry Ward!" "Liar!" said the trapper in a voice of thunder, and the two men started and bounded to their feet. "Red skins about?" asked they in a voice. "No, worse than red skins," said the trapper, "Harry Ward is a-bout!" and seizing his knife he plunged it into Scar Cheek's heart. "Then take that," said he with the scowl, and, raising his rifle, the trapper fell a corpse. With a bound and a wild cry the young man jumped at the murderer of his uncle, and with his knife gave him several fatal wounds.—The struggle was a fearful one, however, and the young man had also received several bad cuts, when his adversary fell from the loss of blood, and soon after expired. Thus ended this strange meeting, and thus were father and uncle revenged.

A GOOD STORY.

Old Col. W.—, formerly a well known character in one of our eastern cities, was remarkable for but one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity, and that was for buying any bit of trumpery which came under the head of "miscellaneous," for the reason that it could not be classified. Though close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing away his money in fives and tens on such trash. In this way he had filled all the old corners in his dwelling and out-houses with a collection of non-descript articles that would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for, or to what use they could be put. This, however, was a secondary consideration with the Colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about such articles after they were fairly holed. Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against these purchases, which served only to clutter up the house, and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the Colonel, though he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better half, could not resist the passion; and so he went on, adding from week to week, to his heap of miscellaneous. One day, while sauntering down the street, he heard the rich, full tones of the auctioneer, and of course stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he perceived a collection which looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, and around which a motley group were assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer, in the very height of a most indignant remonstrance with his audience.

"Nine dollars and ninety cents," cried the auctioneer, "Gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous, to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property! Nine dollars and ninety—good morning Colonel! A magnificent lot of—antiques, and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents.—Gentlemen, you'll never see another lot like this; all going—going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Col. W.—, can you permit such a sacrifice?" The Col. glanced his eye over the lot, and then with a nod and a wink, "stood him he could not. The next instant the hammer came down, and the purchase was his at ten dollars. As the articles were to be paid for, and removed immediately, the Col. lost no time in getting a cart, and having seen every thing packed up and on their way to the house, he proceeded to his own store, chuckling within himself that now, at least, he had made a bargain at which his wife could not grumble.

In due time, the Colonel was sitting at the dinner table, when lifting his eyes he observed a cloud on his wife's brow. "Well, my dear?" said he inquiringly. "Well," repeated his wife; "it is not well Mr. W., I am vexed beyond endurance. You know G. the auctioneer?" "Certainly," replied the Colonel, "and a very gentlemanly person, he is too—you may think so," rejoined the wife, "but I don't, and will tell why. A few days ago, I gathered together all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering the house for the last twelve months, and sent it in to him with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder for cash. He assured me he would do so in all this week at farthest, and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I have been congratulating myself on my good fortune; first, on having got rid of a most insupportable nuisance; and secondly, on receiving money enough therefor, to purchase that new velvet dress you ordered me so long ago. Add now a bit for you, don't you think? This morning, about an hour ago, the whole lot were laid again under the hammer of capitalism!" The Colonel looked blank for a moment, and then proceeded to clear up the table, and his good reason was palpable in the position of a top dollar, yet inside that in the folds of his waist coat on condition, however, that she would never appear in it. Of course, she kept her promise.