

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1, 1850.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.  
NEW SERIES—NO. 157.

## HOME INDUSTRY.

### THIS WAY FOR BARGAINS!

**GEO. H. SWORD**  
TAKES this opportunity of tendering to the public his thanks for the liberal encouragement heretofore extended to him, and would respectfully remind them that he still continues to manufacture at his old stand, in East York street, a few doors east of the Globe Inn, all kinds of **NEW FASHIONABLE FURNITURE,**

**CRACK TABLES, BUREAUS, CARD END, SOFA, PIER, DINING, BREAKFAST, CRADLES, WASHSTANDS, SPOONSTAIRS, DRESSING BUREAUS, BEDSTEADS, CRADLES, WASHSTANDS.**

together with all other articles usually made in his line of business. All work done at his establishment will be warranted to be made of the best material and by the best of workmen.

**GEO. H. SWORD.**  
Gettysburg, Jan. 18, 1850.—If

## HATS AND CAPS,

## ROOTS & SHOES.

**WM. W. PAXTON**  
HAS commenced the BOOT & SHOE Business, with HATS & CAPS, and has now on hand a large and complete assortment of HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

## THE BEST LARD LAMP.

### HOUSEKEEPERS, ATTEND!

THE subscribers take this method of informing the public, that they are manufacturing a new style of LARD LAMP—the invention of the senior partner, and for which they are about obtaining a Patent. This Lamp, it is confidently predicted, will satisfy the wants of the public in the slightest degree, and the attention of those using lard for this purpose is called to it. It yields a brilliant and steady light, while the consumption of lard is remarkably small; its construction is neat and does not require the careful attention bestowed upon those heretofore used. So that, taking the economy of the light, &c., into consideration, this lamp stands above all others, and should command the attention of every housekeeper.

Many of our citizens have this lamp in use, and all cordially unite in pronouncing it **GOOD.** All lamps insured to give satisfaction, or the money returned.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

## TIN AND COPPER WARE.

**GEO. WAMPLER** also informs the public, that he has commenced the manufacture of COPPER, TIN & SHEET-IRON WARE at the Old Stand, in St. Baltimore street, directly opposite the "Republican Compiler" Printing Office. A continuation of the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

The highest prices paid in cash for old Copper, Pewter and Lead.

## STAGE HOTEL,

GETTYSBURG, PA.  
[FORMERLY KEPT BY JAS. A. THOMPSON.]

THE subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public generally that he has taken charge of the large and conveniently located Hotel, in Chambersburg street, Gettysburg, Pa., for a number of years under the care of JAMES A. THOMPSON, Esq., and widely and favorably known to the Travelling Public, as the stopping place of the mail Stages to and from Baltimore, York, Harrisburg, Chambersburg, Hagerstown, Frederick and the intermediate towns. The house has been thoroughly repaired and refurnished, and nothing will be left undone in the effort to sustain the high character of the House and render it worthy of the patronage of the Travelling Public. The services of attentive Servants and careful Hostlers have been secured, and every requisite convenience will be guaranteed to all who may be pleased to favor us with their patronage.

**JOHN L. TATE.**  
Oct. 12, 1849.

## THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Creating last night a dreary mood,  
When deeply by the snow,  
I overtook the midnight hour,  
An old man, with a grizzled beard,  
"Tidings and good, and best,  
And nothing but the best,  
Some pleasant news,  
He had brought me, my happy day,  
I would spring his ending news,  
Some glad I gave, the evening night,  
When a deep silence fell,  
I heard an old voice say "Good-night!"  
And a young one echo "All's well!"  
I turned to see the Old Year was gone!  
And lo! a beggar child,  
Whom I had seen dancing on,  
And ever sweetly smiled,  
And prattled with such glib art,  
I clasped the New Year to my breast!  
So 'tis with life! when midst the gloom:  
Of the soul's night, we see  
A loved joy sink into the night,  
And long as much for joy's unknown,  
As e'er we prized the blessing down.

## A FABLE.

Old Hodge, one night, at Carlo's bar,  
Had got in a queer humor,  
When, as he lay down to rest,  
He heard the "voices of the night."  
As with a quill uncertain step,  
Up to a mill-pond's bank he came,  
Where old King Bullfinch held his court,  
He thought he heard one call his name—  
"Old Hodge, old Hodge!" he stopped and gazed,  
"Till gobblins seemed to fill the dark,  
And Hodge, though brave, was rather scared:  
"What's that?" he said, "what's that?"  
"Old Hodge go drink!"  
"Old Hodge go drink!"  
"Old Hodge go drink!"  
"Old Hodge go drink!"  
"You lie, by go!" said Hodge, "you lie!"  
A deep voice answered "Nevermore!"  
And Hodge thought Nick himself was near,  
Among the bushes on the shore:  
So thinking, he started to run,  
He started like a railroad car,  
But horrid shapes now thronged his path,  
And voices shouted near and far,  
"Old Hodge go drink!"  
"Old Hodge go drink!"  
"Old Hodge go drink!"  
Hodge reached his home half dead with fright,  
And never since has he got "right!"

## THE WIND.

The wind is a bachelor  
Merry and free;  
He roves at his pleasure  
O'er land and o'er sea;  
He ruffles the lake's flower,  
And he sleeps when he lists  
In a jasmine bower.  
He gives to the cheek  
Of the maiden his bloom,  
He tenses her warm kisses,  
And he kisses her cheek;  
The sweets that she sips  
Are laved with his moment  
On lover's lips.

## 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 generation, may be named JAMES 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 the leader of the Arkansas Democracy."—Little Rock Gazette, in the days of the Convention.

"DROPPY ARRIVAL.—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 JAMES HILL, a member of the late Legislature, and formerly of the State Convention, who, 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, 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 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 need of fancy in portraying its exciting life. Simple memory will serve him very well.

About fifty years ago there lived in Ireland county, North Carolina, a Presbyterian preacher, by the name of Curry. He was a man in easy circumstances, of irrefragable character, and having 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 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 the victory, due almost entirely to the sheer power of his endurance.

themselves with boisterous sports, the precocious lovers would wander amidst leafy groves, or the mossy margins of silver rills. For ever, to eternity, and whenever the soft spell of first love comes, it brings with it the bright spirit of poetry, scattering thick-stared dreams of divine visions of beauty over all things. Even then they exchanged pledges, and discussed in sweet-scented whispers of their future betrothal.

And thus they grew up into one delicious identity of fancy and of feeling. Their passion became so evident at fifteen, that all further intercourse was forbidden by her parents—among the wealthiest aristocracy of Carolina. Then followed staid meetings, by star-light, 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 relations were endeavoring to force her into the arms of another, she fled with the lover of her childhood. They were pursued and 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 on the Allegheny 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 as an historical truth, that the youthful bandit never was known to perpetrate any deed of murder for the purpose 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 want of courage, or deficiency in power to perform good service, in any sort of battle-field; for of all the 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 Strong's, four brothers of considerable wealth, more ambitious, 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. This same George conceived a violent design for political distinction, and requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate in the illiberal friend's favor. Hill refused, and the Strong's 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 always gone armed, with his enormous double-barreled 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 Strong's proved horrible to themselves. Hill killed two of the brothers, and dangerously wounded two of his friends, escaping himself unhurt, although more than twenty rounds of ball and buckshot were aimed at his breast.

hauled 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-barreled, this sub-dealer to either man or beast, within the range of two hundred yards—instantly march to meet his foe. 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 fought 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 also 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 duels, James Boyle, 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 shook when they saw him, and shaking hands 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 unaccountably gloomy, and 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 a 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 has come, he cannot hush from death; beside, it would be the act of a coward to do so, if one possess 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-barreled hanging on the 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 me, Mose, and be sure and bring him back to-night."

Even the by-standers, 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 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, a waking with a start, and 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; essayed to stem the bloody wound with his handkerchief; and then apparently satisfied that all was over, sprang to his feet with a shout far 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 by-standers, 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 indulging a tale of romance we would have padded with the preceding page; but literal truth compels us to record another fact equally characteristic, both as to the chief actors and the backwoods 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 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-barrel in their old buck-horn rack, answered his mother's inquiring look, "Mother, Mose is dead; I let him have both loads." "Though I cried before I done it, and afterwards too; he looked so miserable, pale, and bony 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."

## Correct Transcript of the Sentence of Death against Jesus.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world, namely, that of death against the Saviour; with the remarks which the journal Le Droit has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now, I am not aware that it has ever appeared in the German papers.

The sentence is word for word as follows:—  
"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross."

"In the seventeenth year of the emperor Tiberias, and on the 25th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontification of Annas and Caiaphas:—  
"Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment on the Presidential chair of the praetor,  
"Sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove,  
"1. Jesus is a misleader.  
"2. He has excited the people to sedition.  
"3. He is an enemy to the laws.  
"4. He falsely calls himself the son of God.  
"5. He falsely calls himself the King of Israel.  
"6. He came into the temple, followed by a multitude, carrying palms in their hands.  
"Orders the first centurion, Quirillus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution.  
"Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.  
"The witnesses who have signed the sentence of death against Jesus are:  
"1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee;  
"2. John Zorobabel;  
"3. Raphael Robani;  
"4. Capet.  
"Jesus shall be taken out of Jerusalem, through the gate of Trucea."  
"This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language. A similar plate had been sent to each tribe. It was discovered in the year 1280, in the city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, through a search made for the discovery of antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the commissaries of the arts in the French army to Italy.  
"Up to the time of the campaign in the south of Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then, this relic is kept in the Chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained their positions that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of arts. Denon had a fac simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet, for 2890 francs.  
"There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the Gospel.

PREDESTINATION.—"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be travelling with him.  
"Of course I do."  
"And you also believe that what is to be, will be?"  
"Certainly."  
"Well, I'm glad to hear it."  
"Why?"  
"Because, I intend to pass that boat-head in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded whistles. So don't be alarmed, for if the billow ain't to bust they won't."  
Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looked very much like backing out, which the captain seeing he observed,  
"I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be will be?"  
"So I do, but I would prefer being a little nearer the siera when it takes place."

THE WORST ISM.—"Harry" enquired of his friend the other day, "which do you consider the worst of the numerous isms now prevalent?"  
"Abolitionism?" enquired his friend.  
"No."  
"Socialism?"  
"No."  
"Nativeism?"  
"No, no."  
"Then I must give it up," replied he.  
"Expound."  
"Why, Rheumatism."

The Spanish papers state, that during some excavations lately made at Saragossa, a discovery has been made of many medals and others relics, which appear to be remains of a civilized people which had occupied the place before the Carthaginian invasion of Spain.

## A SMART BOY.

"Well, sonny, whose pigs are these?"  
"Old sow's sir."  
"Whose sow is it?"  
"Our old man's, sir."  
"Well, then, who is your old man?"  
"If you'll mind the pigs, I'll run home, and ax the old woman."  
"Never mind, sonny, I want a smart boy, what can you do?"  
"Oh, I can do more than considerable. I milk the geese, ride the turkeys to water, hamstring the grasshoppers, light fire for flies to court by, cut the buttons off dad's coat when he's at prayers, keep tally for dad and mam when they scold at a mark—old woman is always ahead."  
"Got any brothers?"  
"Lots of 'em—all named Bill, except Bob, his name's Sam—my name's Larry, but they call me Lazy Lawrence for shortness."  
"Well, you're most too smart for me."  
"Travel on, old stick in the mud, Ishan's hire you for a boss to-day."

TROPICAL DELICACIES.—On the last trip of the steamer Cadala a passenger at the dinner table inquired—  
"Waiter, have you any tropical delicacies?"  
"I don't understand French, sir, but I'll speak to the steward."  
The steward brought a supply of *Aspotatoes—Della.*

DARK AND COLD.—In an account of the recent expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, it is stated they were 80 days without seeing the sun, and had their thermometer 50 degrees below zero. They served out their rations of fifth proof brandy by chopping it up with a hatchet, it being frozen solid.

INSECURITY.—It has been eloquently remarked, that in the obscurity of the cottage, far from the seductions of rank and affluence, is nursed the virtue which counteracts the decay of human institutions—the courage which defends the national independence—the industry which maintains all classes of the State.

Constantinople contains nearly double the population of New York city.  
In Russia there is one soldier to every sixty inhabitants throughout the empire.  
The Great Chinese wall reaches a distance of fifteen hundred miles!  
An Irishman and a negro were fighting a few days since in Philadelphia, and while grasping each other the Irishman exclaimed—"You black vagabond, holler enuff! I'll fight till I die."  
"So will I!" sung out the negro; "I always doos."

"Miss, will you take my arm?"  
"La, yes, and you too."  
"Can't spare but the arm, Miss," hastily replied the old bachelor.  
"Then," said Miss, "I can't take it, as my motto is to give the 'whole hog' or none at all."  
A Greek maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied,—"I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtuous without a stain—which is all that descended to me from my parents."

It is hard to tell which is the most mortifying—to be censured by a man of judgment, or to be commended by a fool. On the whole, we think we should prefer the former.  
DARK DAY.—The 8th was an unusually dark day in Pittsburgh. Families at nine o'clock were eating breakfast by candle light, and at twelve gas had to be lighted in all the rooms.

The dying charge of Alfred, Bishop of Bridgeport, to his son, was—"Serve God, and your country, and be benevolent." The substance of many essays is embraced in this short sentence.  
There are some that live without any design at all, and only pass in the world like straws upon a river; they do not go but they are carried.  
A child, aged nine years, of Jacob Hiles, at Layfayette, N. J., got access to a jug of liquor in the house, last week, and drank so much that he died next day.

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day.  
"Right over there!" said the boy; "ain't nowhere else."  
When Prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.  
He is the greatest bigot who denounces others for consistent and conscientious adherence to what they hold as Truth.

"The Germans call a thimble a *finger hat*, and a glove a *hand shoe*." Well, who cares if they do!  
A locomotive is the only good machine that can be given for riding a man on a rail.  
Pistols and a ship, were the weapons and distance chosen by a Yankee, recently challenged to fight a duel.  
Get justice, and the law, and the world will be ruled by the just and the good.