

The Lancaster Ledger.

DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME I.

LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1852.

NUMBER 21.

THE
LANCASTER LEDGER
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
WEDNESDAY MORNING.

R. S. BAILEY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars per year, if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in six months; or Three Dollars, if payment is delayed until the end of the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at seventy-five cents per square of twelve lines, for the first insertion, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. A single insertion One Dollar. Nothing will be counted less than a square.

Advertisers are requested to state, in writing on their advertisements, the number of times they wish them inserted; or they will be continued in the paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

ALL KINDS OF

JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH
At this Office.

Biographical Sketch.

From Sartain Magazine for July.

ANDREW JACKSON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

CONCLUDED.

Jackson's business at this time often required his presence in Jonesborough, two hundred miles distant. The only road to the place was but a half-beaten path, and led, most of the way, through an unbroken wilderness. Sometimes alone, with a rifle, hunting-knife, and saddle-bags, and sometimes with companions, he performed this tedious journey, which was frequently attended with great peril. Large bodies of Indians, acknowledging no sovereignty of the white man, then roamed unmolested the vast forests that covered the fertile plains of Tennessee; and it often required great care and skill to avoid being captured by them.

On one occasion, as Jackson, with three companions, was returning from Jonesborough, he reached one night, a little after dark, the east bank of the river Emory.— Looking across, he saw on the opposite side the camp-fire of a large body of Indians. Immediately drawing back, and bidding his companions keep silent, he directed them to turn up stream, and leaving the road in different places, so as to make three different trails, hurry on as fast as possible. They proceeded in this way for some time, and then reunited, and pushed eagerly forward all night and next day till two o'clock in the afternoon. At length, arriving at a point in the river where the current was not so rapid, Jackson resolved to cross. A raft of rough logs was soon constructed, on which the rifles, ammunition, baggage, &c., were placed. Jackson, with one of his companions, was to carry these across first, and then return for the horses. The place he had selected was just below the foot of one cataract, and near the brink of another.— But no sooner was the raft pushed adrift than it swept rapidly down stream, with a force the two navigators strove in vain to check. Finding they were driving steadily towards the brink of the cataract, Jackson wrenched loose one of the long, rude oars he had constructed, and rushing to the stern, reached one end to the bank, down which his terrified companions were running, and bade them seize it and pull with all their might. They did so; and the raft struck the shore just as it was entering on the rapids above the waterfall. On being reproved by his companions for his recklessness, Jackson smiled, and replied: "A miss is as good as a mile. You see how near I can graze danger. Come on!—I will save you yet."

They continued on up stream, and next day, crossing at a ford, reached Nashville in safety.

At another time, he appointed a rendezvous with a party with whom he was to cross the wilderness; but being delayed by business, he did not arrive at the place till they had been gone nearly a day.— Resolved, however, not to be left behind, he took with him a guide and travelled all night, and early in the morning came upon the smouldering camp-fires around which they had slept. He was still pressing forward, when suddenly he discovered the trail of quite a body of Indians, evidently in pursuit of his unsuspecting friends ahead. Nothing daunted he kept on till he had nearly overtaken the savages. The guide then became alarmed, and refused to proceed further. Jackson coolly divided his provisions with him, and told him to return. Resolved that his fellow-travellers should not perish while there remained the least chance of his warning them of their danger, he continued cautiously to advance, revolving a thousand schemes how he should circumvent the savages. Presently he saw the trail turn off to the right. It flashed over him at

once they were endeavoring to get in advance, and lay in ambush for the unsuspecting party. He immediately gave spurs to his horse, and at length, a little before dark, came in sight of his friends encamped on the opposite bank of a deep and half frozen stream. Their fires were already kindled for the night, and their clothes and baggage spread out to dry.— As they heard the plashing of his horse in the water, they sprang to their feet in alarm; but at sight of the intrepid young Carolinian, a joyful shout of welcome went up from the whole camp. The tidings he brought, however, soon dissipated their gladness; and in a few minutes the horses were re-saddled, and the whole party straining forward through the wilderness. They kept on all night without halting, and when daylight appeared, urged their jaded beasts to still greater speed. The day, however, was almost as gloomy as the night; the sky was overcast; not a breath of air disturbed the lofty tree-tops under which they passed, and that ominous silence which precedes a storm brooded over the solitude. At length the welcome sight of the log cabins of some hunters met their view, and they felt that protection from the Indians and shelter from the approaching storm were at last before them; but to their surprise and grief, and Jackson's indignation, both were refused them, and they were compelled to push on and bivouac in the forest. Jackson, who had not slept for two nights, wrapped his blanket around him, and throwing himself on the ground was soon fast asleep. Soon after the snow began to descend, silent and soft, in the sleepers, and when the young soldier opened his eyes in the morning, he found himself covered six inches deep.

The Indians, when they discovered they had been baffled in their attempt to get in advance, pressed forward in pursuit till they arrived at the cabins of the hunters who had treated Jackson and his party so hospitably. Being met with the same inhospitality, a fight ensued, and the hunters were all massacred.

In these trips from Nashville to Jonesborough, Jackson's courage and presence of mind were constantly put to proof, and he went through an excellent training for his after career in the war with the Creeks.

At this time he was in the full bloom of youth. Athletic, fearless, impetuous; filled with chivalric feeling; ever ready to succor the needy, his reputation spread far and wide among the settlers. If a band of needy emigrants from the eastern slope required assistance on their way, he was the first to volunteer to go to their aid; if an expedition was to be fitted out against a tribe of marauding Indians, he was first at the rendezvous, and first in the assault on the hostile towns. The savages feared him, and gave him the name of "Sharp Knife," and "Pointed Arrow."

On one occasion he was accompanying a party of travellers from Nashville to Lexington, among whom was a lady going to join her husband. The intervening country was then a wilderness, which rendered it dangerous to travel, except in parties of some size. The second night after they started the lady was taken so unwell that in the morning she was unable to proceed. The party, however, had no idea of stopping there till she recovered, and were preparing to depart without her. Jackson remonstrated with them against the brutality of leaving a woman unprotected in the wilderness. A son who had been nurtured by such a mother as watched over his childhood, would never desert a woman in distress, though a thousand deaths stared him in the face. To his amazement, his appeals were received with cool indifference or silent contempt; and by their conduct they plainly told him he had better mind his own business. The whole nature of Jackson was aroused; his eye flashed fire, and seizing his rifle, he levelled it, swearing that he would shoot dead the first man who dared set foot in stirrup. Every feature of his countenance expressed the determination of his heart, and his well-known character forbade trifling. They then consented to remain a day, at the end of which time the lady was able to proceed.

At this period of his life, an event occurred which caused considerable excitement at the time, and many years after was the fruitful source of much slander and abuse. Mrs. Donelson, with whom Jackson boarded, had a daughter distinguished for her beauty of person, and engaging manners. She had married a Mr. Robards, whose character proved to be worthless and vile. After bearing patiently, for a long time, his violent outbursts of temper, and made to suffer from his vicious course of life, she left him and returned to her mother. Jackson and Judge Overton occupied a cabin by themselves, but took their meals with the family of Mrs. Donelson. It was, therefore, a usual and proper, that Jackson, then a young man, should become charmed with the society of Mrs. Robards. A reconciliation having been effected between her and her husband, by Judge Overton, the latter came to Nashville, and prepared to settle down as a farmer. His jealousy, however, was soon aroused at the intimacy that existed between Jackson and his wife, and caused much unhappiness in the family.— Jackson being informed of it, changed his boarding place, hoping by this means to allay the excitement. The state of things, however, not improving, he went frankly to Mr. Robards, and remonstrated with him on his senseless jealousy. But nothing could satisfy the suspicious husband, and he abruptly left, declaring he should never return. Mrs. Robards, indignant at the treatment she had received, and the implication cast upon her character, resolved that the separation should be final. Not long after, being informed that he intended to return, and take her to Ken-

tucky, she determined to accompany Colonel Stark, an elderly gentleman, and his family to Natchez, in order to avoid him. The Colonel, fearful of the Indians, requested Jackson to pilot him through the wilderness. As the latter was almost constantly called upon to perform this service for other travellers and emigrants, he did not see why he should refuse in this case, and he therefore accompanied them. This was unwise, and strengthened the suspicions that had already been whispered about. There is no doubt that he felt the attraction of a young and fascinating woman, and it is very probable she preferred the high-minded, chivalric Jackson, to her own vicious, cruel, and heartless husband. She ought to have done so at all events, but there was never the shadow of proof of criminality, and it would not have been safe for any one to have said so openly, within a hundred miles of where Jackson lived.

Robards being confirmed in his suspicions, by this departure of his wife under the protection of Jackson, applied to the Legislature of Virginia for a divorce—at least such was the report—and Jackson, on his return to Nashville, was told that the appeal was granted. Resolved at once to vindicate the character of an injured lady, from the aspersion this divorce cast upon it, and at the same time to show the high estimation in which he beheld her—prompted, no doubt, too, by his feelings, he immediately returned to Natchez, and offered himself to her. At first she refused him, but afterwards, overcome by his importunity and ardour, she relented, and they were married in the fall. To some the marriage was damning proof of guilt, while others saw in it the evidence of an attachment which had never been sullied by any outward improper act. It was one of those unfortunate occurrences which would be misconstrued, whatever the termination might be.

But there was another feature in this affair which chagrined Jackson much.— On his return with the bride to Nashville he discovered that the act which had passed the Virginia legislature, was simply one granting permission to bring a suit for divorce in Kentucky, and not a bill of divorce. He had married the wife of another man, to whom she was still bound by her marital vows. Luckily for him, however, the suit which had been brought in Kentucky just then terminated in favor of Robards, and the divorced wife was free. Jackson immediately took out a license, and was married over again.

Thus ended an affair which has since been so much distorted. The meek and gentle nature of his wife was just adapted to his impetuous, stormy and yet, frank and generous spirit, and they lived long and happily together.

Notwithstanding the scandal and excitement which this affair had created, Jackson continued to increase in popularity and influence. Tennessee had been set off into a territory, of which he was appointed attorney-general. In 1796, when it was erected into a state, he was elected a member of the convention to frame a constitution. The next year he was chosen representative to Congress, and the year after, senator of the United States. He took his seat in November, but the following April, asked leave of absence and returned home. Soon after he sent in his resignation to the Legislature, which immediately appointed him Supreme Judge of the State, an appointment which he had not solicited, and which he accepted with great reluctance. He distrusted his own abilities for such a station, being then but thirty-one years of age. But, however much he might be wanting in experience he possessed some qualities exactly adapted to the rude and lawless inhabitants of the frontiers. One thing was certain, that law in his hands would not be a mere bit of parchment, nor its decisions allowed to be disregarded. This was of vital importance in a new country, where threats and violence often turned aside the course of justice, and weakened respect for the mandates of law.

His first court was held in Jonesborough where his executive was strikingly developed. Among other cases to be tried, was that of a ruffianly fellow, named Russell Bean, who, in a drunken fit, had cut off the ears of his infant child. He was a powerful, ferocious villain, and disdainful to flee, proudly paraded the court-yard, daring the sheriff to seize him. The latter, fearing to approach him, reported in Court that "Russell Bean would not be taken." Judge Jackson, with an emphasis now seldom used in court, rebuked the sheriff, and peremptorily ordered the arrest to be made, and if necessary to "summon the posse comitatus."

Soon after, the Court adjourned for dinner; and, in the mean time, the sheriff summoned his "posse comitatus," and among them the judge's messengers. The sheriff, doubtless, thought that they would refuse to obey the summons, and he would thus avoid the danger of attempting to arrest this armed and desperate man. He, however, very much miscalculated as to one of the judges; for Jackson, when the sheriff had finished reading his summons, coolly replied, "Very well, sir, I will attend you, and see that you do your duty."

Taking up a loaded pistol, he walked to the court-yard, where Bean stood, with a brace of pistols in his hands, and a dirk in his bosom. Fixing his eye on him, he said to the sheriff, "Advance and arrest him; I will protect you from harm."— Bean, however, firmly stood his ground; the sheriff hesitated, not liking the prospect of a ball through his body. Jackson observing the cowardice of the sheriff, sternly advanced upon Bean, when the latter began to retreat. "Stop," thundered Jackson, "and submit to the law." The bold borderer instantly threw down

his pistols, exclaiming, "I will surrender to you, sir, but to no one else." Jackson might have spared himself the trouble of evoking the majesty of the law; it was not the law the fellow was afraid of, but the man who was never known to flinch from danger or turn back from his purpose.

With such a representative, law soon became an object of fear, and the turbulent spirits that had heretofore defied its power, were tamed into submission. This sudden yet firm decision was one of Jackson's peculiar characteristics. Men who make up their minds on the issue of the moment, are apt to hesitate in a crisis which includes life and death. Not so with Jackson. His mobile nature was easily flung into a tumult of excitement; but when there, it became as rigid as iron. Quick to decide, action followed decision, as the bolt follows the lightning's flash.

He possessed another peculiarity not commonly found among men. His excitements, though so high and terrible, were not transient gleams; but permanent as the object that created them. A less hardy frame would have sunk under them.

In 1803 a difficulty occurred between him and Governor Sevier, who was candidate for re-election. The quarrel was taken up by Sevier's political friends, and many threats of vengeance were uttered against Jackson. The feeling was very strong in Jonesborough, and when in the fall he proceeded thither to hold his regular court, a mob was organized, with Colonel Harrison at its head, to tar and feather him. Jackson having been taken sick on the way arrived with a high fever upon him, and, scarcely able to dismount, retired to his room, and flung himself upon the bed. In a short time, the mob, being notified of his arrival, assembled round the tavern. Being told the object of their assembling, Jackson arose, and throwing open his door, said to a friend, "Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to visit upon me; and I hope the Colonel's chivalry will induce him to lead his men, not follow them." The hint was understood; every individual of that mob well knew that the floor of that chamber would swim in blood with the first attempt to cross the threshold of the open door. No one liking to be the first to encounter Jackson, the crowd quietly dispersed.— Harrison apologized for his rudeness, and ever after by his attachment evinced his regret.

But not long after, while holding court at Knoxville, Jackson came in collision with Sevier himself. Leaving the Court room one day, he found the Governor in front of the building, haranguing in an excited manner a crowd of men, and swinging his naked sword about as if cutting off the heads of imaginary foes. No sooner did the latter observe Jackson approaching than he turned fiercely upon him, and addressed him with oaths and insults.— The latter retorted, and a fierce fight of words ensued. The result of it was, Jackson sent the Governor a challenge, which he accepted, but deferred the time of meeting so often, that the former at length published him as a coward. This brought things apparently to a crisis, and an informal meeting was agreed on, just over the Indian boundary. Jackson repaired to the place, and waited two days for his opponent. He then wrote a letter, stating the nature and ground of the quarrel, and set out for Knoxville, determined that it should be adjusted in some way or other. He had not proceeded far, however, when he met the Governor, accompanied by twenty men on horseback. Halting in front of this formidable array, he sent forward his friend with the letter he had prepared. The Governor refused to receive it, which threw Jackson into a paroxysm of passion. The former was armed with a brace of pistols and a sword; Jackson also had a pair of pistols in his holsters, but without thinking of these more deadly weapons, he no sooner saw the letter returned and heard the insult that accompanied it, than he set his cane, which he held in his hand in rest, and plunging the spurs into his horse, dashed full on the Governor and his band. The company parted to the right and left in dismay, and the astounded Governor, seeing the maddened steed rushing full upon him, leaped from his saddle to avoid the shock. In doing so, he trod on his scabbard and stumbled. In a moment Jackson was upon him, and but for the interposition of friends would have punished him severely.

This ended the duel, and the parties separated, if not good friends at least peaceable enemies.

The next year Jackson resigned his Judgeship, and, tired of the turmoil and vexations of public life, bought a farm ten miles from Nashville, on the Cumberland River, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. Beloved by his neighbors—reverenced for his integrity, decision and kindness—blessed with a wife who filled his home with sunlight, he passed his days serenely, and coveted no higher honour than that of a successful farmer. Early in the morning he was out on his farm, looking at his stock and superintending the labourers, and evening found him enjoying the sweets of domestic comfort.— He took more pride in his stock than in his crops, and had an especial passion for horses. Nor was this strange; he had scarcely been off the back of one since he was thirteen years old. The horse had been his companion in long and perilous marches, and often the only one, for days together, in the boundless forest. To his sure feet and courage he had more than once been indebted for his life, both on the mountain side and in breasting the rapid stream. For forty-eight hours on a stretch, without food or rest, his noble steed had borne him, when hard beset,

and no wonder he became attached to him. He delighted in blooded animals, and imported many from North Carolina and Virginia. This naturally led to trials of speed and bottom on the race course, where large sums often changed hands.— This custom, so beneficial in improving the breed of horses, but so pernicious to the morals of men, led to one of the most painful events of Jackson's life. He had a favorite horse named Truxton, distinguished for his speed and endurance. A match was made between him and a horse owned by a Mr. Erwin and his son-in-law, Charles Dickinson, of two thousand dollars, with a forfeiture of eight hundred dollars, in case of the withdrawal of either party. On the course, Mr. Erwin and his son-in-law withdrew their horse, and offered to pay the forfeit. The notes tendered, however, were not cash notes, and Jackson refused to receive them, claiming the right to select from the list in the hands of the stake-holder. This was granted, the payment received, and the affair settled. Not long after, however, Dickinson was told that Jackson had accused his father-in-law of producing a false list. This the latter denied, when the author's name was given. It was then proposed to call him in, but Dickinson would not consent. Jackson meeting the slanderer not long afterwards, gave him the lie, and fist-fight followed.

Notwithstanding all this, either through the recklessness of Dickinson, who was a loose character, a trader in blacks and horses, and a professed duellist; or, through the persuasion of Jackson's enemies, who thought this an opportunity of getting rid of a man they feared and hated not to be omitted, the quarrel was kept alive. Severe and insulting letters were published in the papers, and language which exasperated both parties to the highest degree. At length, Jackson was informed that a letter charging him among other things with cowardice was in the hands of the editor. He immediately mounted his horse and in a temper of passion rode to Nashville, and demanded a sight of it.— Finding his information correct, he sent Dickinson a fierce challenge, and demanded an immediate meeting. The latter, however, deferred it for a week, and spent the intermediate time in practising at Jackson's figure chalked out on a board. This was hardly necessary, for he was a dead shot, and was certain to hit his antagonist if he fired. It was arranged that they should stand back to back, move off a certain distance, wheel and then approach and fire as soon or as late as either party chose. Dickinson had insisted on this mode of fighting, so as to get the first fire, or call forth Jackson's before he had approached sufficiently near to make it dangerous. His own practice had been perfect, and he knew he could strike his antagonist at a distance the latter would scarcely attempt to fire if he kept cool.— Jackson understood this manoeuvre, and had made up his mind to be shot. He wore a frock coat on the field, which he threw back over his shoulders. At the word given they walked away, wheeled, and advanced towards each other. Soon after Dickinson fired. Jackson staggered a moment as he felt the ball enter him, but the next moment he drew his coat around him to staunch the blood, and walking deliberately up to his foe, shot him dead. It was a bloody deed, and though sanctioned by the custom of the times, to which so many of our best men have fallen victims, it was a crime for which no apology should be offered. By nature Jackson was a man of terrible passions, and in this instance they had been aroused into tenfold fury, by the injustice that refused the reconciliation he sought, and by the conviction that a sense of injury did not lay at the bottom of the quarrel, but the deliberate desire and determination to take his life. The friends of Dickinson were resolved to provoke him so that he must challenge his adversary or leave the country, and thus give to the latter the choice of time and mode of meeting. The plan was well laid and succeeded perfectly in every respect, except that the ball did not happen to reach a vital spot. It entered the breast, shattered two of his ribs, then lodged in his side, where it remained for years. He, however, mounted his horse and rode twenty miles before his second discovered that he had been shot, and then only by seeing the blood ooze from his garments. He must have been in an extraordinary state of mind, to have borne all this in silence so long. Were his thoughts busy with the man he had slain? Had he left his fierce hate on the field where his enemy lay weltering in his gore, and was remorse now gnawing at his heart, and conscience whispering in his ear "You will meet that foe again beyond the tomb?"

There were rumors of unfairness in the fight, &c.; but these died away, and men spoke in astonishment of the steadiness of nerve which so severe and painful a wound could not even for a moment shake.

Jackson, after some weeks, resumed his agricultural pursuits, and not long after entered as silent partner in a mercantile house in Nashville. Putting entire confidence in his partner, he trusted everything to his sagacity and honesty. Things went on smoothly for awhile; but at length it was discovered that the house was insolvent. It could not pay its debts by some thousands of dollars. The concern was closed at once, and Jackson, with that high sense of honor and justice which had so often entangled him in quarrels among lawless men, immediately sold his fine plantation on the Cumberland, parted with his favourite stock, paid off the debts of the house to the last cent, and retired to a log cabin to begin the world anew.

Prompt to redress the wrongs of others, as well as his own, he won the esteem of all upright men. Such a man is not be-

measured by ordinary rules. A positive executive character like his must be averaged to be treated justly. Impelled by passion, he may at times commit deeds of which the staid moralist looks with horror; but it must be remembered, too, that he would breast danger, venture his life for others, and undergo privations, toils, and suffering, from which that same moralist would shrink in affright. The good in such a man must be made to balance the bad. The departures from the common track of life from both sides must be taken, before the balance against him is struck. He must be credited as well as charged in the book of common morals before one is able to decide how he stands. This is the only just rule, and by it Jackson would stand head and shoulders above most of those who have concerned him.

By his industry and perseverance, he soon recovered from his embarrassments, and became a flourishing farmer again. Having occasion to go to Natchez after some blacks for his plantation, he found at the station of the United States agent among the Choctaws, by which his road passed, several families of emigrants detained because they had no passports from the Governor of Mississippi. In the mean time, the agent was selling them provisions at an exorbitant price, and making them work for him at a very low one. Indignant at this outrage, he demanded of the agent how he dared thus to arrest a free American on the public road. Taking the matter in his own hands, he told the frightened emigrants to gear up and follow him. The agent famed and threatened; but seeing Jackson well armed, dared not interfere. He, however, determined to be revenged on the latter when he returned, and armed some fifty men to arrest him, unless he came furnished with a passport. Jackson heard of this, and his friends advised him to procure one; but he indignantly refused, declaring it was a humiliation to an American freeman should submit to it. Arming his negroes with axes and clubs, while he himself carried a loaded rifle and two pistols at his saddle-bow, he approached the station.— The agent came forth, and asked him to show his passport. "That depends on circumstances," replied Jackson, as he carelessly swung his rifle so as to bring the muzzle where it could look the agent full in the face. The latter understood what circumstances, and the kind of passport alluded to, and wisely let him pass on.

He afterwards reported the agent to the general government, and he was removed. His hatred of wrong and oppression was intense, and though his way of defending the injured was not always strictly legal, it must be remembered that no other mode of redress was open to him. Jackson had scarcely reached home, when he received a letter from Governor Carroll, requesting him to act as second, in a duel between him and a brother of Col. Benton. He could not well refuse him, but Colonel Benton took it unkindly, and spoke bitterly of him. A bitter correspondence in the papers followed, and some time afterwards, meeting at a public house in Nashville, a most desperate, murderous fight took place, in which Jackson had his arm broken and mutilated by a pistol-ball. The estrangement which followed, was afterwards healed, and they became fast friends.

Through such rough scenes of war and border-life, was Jackson trained for the high responsibilities which were to be placed on him. He had not been indifferent to the oppressive acts of the English government, and his voice was loud for immediate redress. At length the long-suffered clouds burst—war was declared, and the mustering of arms was heard over the land.

Selected Articles.

The Cholera Baffled.

In the very height of the cholera in this city last year, viz: the 20th of June, 1849 Dr. Turner, the chrono-therapist, published in New York Sun, an essay, demonstrating, by arguments drawn from reason and from experience, that the most reliable and efficacious remedy for the epidemic is an emetic sufficiently active to assist the efforts of nature in cleansing the system. This was thought at the time rather a bold proposition, and was taking the "bull by the horns" in defiance of the faculty. The position has been well sustained however. Emetics of various kinds have been employed advantageously in various parts of the country. The simplest form is that described by one of our sea-captains, Capt. Peabody, of the packet ship Isaac Wright, in a letter to Dr. Turner, in July last, viz: "A tablespoonful of red pepper, in a tumbler of hot water—ingredients to be obtained in every well regulated household. This prescription is simple enough, and one concerning which we are pleased to see it asserted, that it has been used in the western part of our country, the only place affording an opportunity of trying it since its publication, with the most invariable success. But there is something more important connected with it than the mere relieving of patients. The knowledge that an efficient remedy exists, dispels all panic— which every one knows is ten times worse than the mere disease—ane extracts the fangs of a once dreaded monster. The cholera is now like the plague, yellow fever and small pox—a toothless tiger.— Noath's Sunday Times.

Where a house is well furnished with books and newspapers, the children are usually intelligent and well informed; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant, if not profligate.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—We have met people actually entertaining a horrible dread of railroad travelling, some willing to stay at home mainly because afraid to ride after the energetic tread of the iron-horse; while, on the other hand, there are many who complain of five minutes' delay, and are willing to risk every thing for extra speed gained by its employment. We believe it is true that the accidents on railways are one hundred per cent. less than those incurred by coach travelling—take the average, and we shall find the number of deaths below that of the old coaching system. We think that the railway proprietors use all wholesome precautions, and as the public have demanded high speed, it is not altogether right or justifiable to blame officers of roads, as culpability are unavoidable many times. A celebrated Englishman once properly remarked that a traveller was disappointed that he had not arrived at Exeter from London in three hours, and yet complained of the R. R. Co., because a tyre flew off. If the public demand improvements, a few casualties—and few they are compared with the traffic—must necessarily occur. There is nothing without risk, "if you prick your finger, why there's danger in it," says Shakespeare.—Scientific American.

THE FRENCH OF LYON.—We must work if we wish to win, and labor, rightly understood, is a pleasure as well as a duty. It is by labor that we get knowledge, influence, and respectability. It was by labor that all the men who are now great in history, for their evil words and noble deeds, who wrote books, built cathedrals, made laws, and governed people, succeeded. Let no boy think honorable labor a hardship, rather let him regard it as a necessity, a duty, an enjoyment, and the true secret of success in life. The late Rev. Rowland Hill was asked which was the best means of securing a long life; and he said, "hard work."—Labor not only contributes to the length of his life, but makes it useful. Some men are women lives, and sometimes live to great ages, without hardly doing anything for their own happiness or the happiness of others. Life is only useful in proportion to its being devoted to the highest uses for man and God.

EXHIBITION OF A LION.—A most novel operation was performed at South Boston, recently. Francis Alger, Esq., had in his possession at his residence in South Boston, a lion about six months old, of the species known as the American lion, and brought a short time since from South America. This lion, as it has increased in size, has grown quite ferocious, and it was deemed advisable to remove his claws, which were very sharp to prevent him from doing injury to those who might approach his cage. To accomplish this end, Dr. Charles T. Jackson administered ether to him. At first he was quite cross and snappish, and some difficulty was experienced in getting the sponge to his nose. At last, however, a soothing impression was made, and after a pound and a half had been administered, he became perfectly docile, and slept quietly for twenty minutes. In the meantime his claws were removed with a pair of sharp pincers, and when his sleep awoke from his trance he found himself deprived of his most formidable weapons of defence. The lion recovered his wonted agility, and is now as lively as ever. It is probable that it will be necessary to cut off his teeth before he will be considered a safe pet.—Boston Traveller.

Now—Now is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "Then" I will do it. No! this will never answer. "Now" hours; "then" may never be.

W. & M. R. R.—We are informed from private sources, that the passenger train upon the Wilmington & Manchester Railroad is now running to Lynchburg, eighteen miles from Sumterville, making the length of the road in operation about thirty-four miles. For the benefit of the travelling community, we would state that the Stage Line is now connecting with the cars at Lynchburg, having commenced their regular trips on Tuesday morning last. This improvement shortens the distance to Darlington by stage ten miles. [Black River Watchman.

TO CORRECT RANCIDITY IN BUTTER—Melt and simmer it, and dip into the mass a piece of bread thoroughly toasted on both sides. Very rancid butter may be corrected by melting it in hot water, removing the scum as it rises, and working it in a churn with milk, perfectly new and sweet, and adding a little salt and pulverized sugar.

WASH FOR THE MOUTH.—An excellent wash for the mouth is made of half an ounce of tincture of myrrh and two ounces of Peruvian bark. Keep in a phial for use. A few drops in a glass of water are sufficient.

TO KILL BEES ON VINES.—Sprinkle them with urine. If too strong, it will kill the vines as well as the bugs. A moderate dose, diluted with water, will drive off the bugs, and make the vines grow rapidly.

A Muck swamp is of more value to a farmer than a mine of gold and silver.