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Biographical Sketch.

From Sartain's Magazine, for August.
ANDREW JACKSON.
BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Continued from June 30.

The war of 1812 opened with the cowardly surrender of Hull, at Detroit. Instantly the whole western country rose in arms, to revenge the insult and wipe out the disgrace. An army of ten thousand men were organized and put under General Winchester, who was soon after ranked by General Harrison. Jackson among others, had volunteered his services, and petitioned for the post which was assigned to Winchester. Through the influence of the member of Congress from that district, the former was preferred; and, taking command of his division, ended his short campaign with the massacre at the river Raisin. Had Jackson commanded those brave Kentuckians, that massacre, which clothed so many families in mourning, would never have taken place; and in all probability, the whole character of the Northern war was changed. He resolved, however not to remain idle, and issuing a patriotic and spirited address to the young men of the State, he soon saw twenty-five hundred volunteers flock to his standard.

He immediately offered his services to the General Government, which were thankfully accepted, and he was ordered to proceed down the Mississippi to defend the southern frontier, then threatened by the enemy. As soon as he could collect his provisions, means of transportation, &c., he set out. It was the middle of winter, and a bitter cold day, when this band of volunteers embarked on the Ohio for Natchez.

Gen. Jackson started on his Southern expedition the 7th of January. The next day, General Winchester, his successful rival, led his doomed column through the snow-filled forest towards the river Raisin, where it was to sink forever in blood.

Not long after Jackson's arrival at Natchez, all danger of an attack in that quarter had disappeared, and he received orders from the Secretary of War to disband his troops, and deliver over the public property to General Wilkinson, commanding the regular army in that district.

At the time this order arrived, there were a hundred and fifty men on the sick list, nearly sixty of whom were confined to their beds. Should the army be disbanded, these would be left uncared for, while many of the sound troops, being without money, could not possibly return home. This was known to Wilkinson, who evidently had induced this order from the ignorant, inefficient Secretary of War, for the sole purpose of compelling those of the volunteers who were without the means of subsistence to enlist in the regular army. But General Jackson was never known to desert a man in distress; his whole nature awoke at the call of pity, and come what would he resolved not to leave those sick soldiers on the destitute well ones, till he had seen them safe back to the homes from which he had taken them. Trusting in his well-known character and in his word, he pledged to them when they adhered to his standard, that he would never

desert them, they had cheerfully followed him to the South, and to abandon them destitute in that then remote region, would be an act of barbarity unworthy of a commander and of a man.

Many of the invalids were young men, sons of his neighbors and friends, and they no sooner heard of the order that had been received, than they sent for him, and rising from their sick couches, prayed, with tears, not to forsake them. They reminded him of his promises, and appealed to his honor. This was not needed; his heart had already fixed his determination; those brave young men he would watch over and protect, even though his act of disobedience should bring on him the vengeance of the Government.

The field-officers coincided with him when he made his resolution known to them; but at night they held a secret meeting in which it was resolved to remonstrate against the course he was pursuing, and recommend immediate obedience to the order of the Secretary of War. But Jackson was a man whom opposition only fixed firmer in his resolution, and the accumulation of difficulties and embarrassments roused to still higher exertions and greater sacrifices. When this remonstrance was read to him, he burst into a torrent of indignation, charged home on the timorous officers deceit and duplicity, and heaped reproaches on them for wishing to leave the destitute sick soldiers to want, while they themselves had horses and money with which to return. He told them, in conclusion, that no power on earth could alter his purpose, and bade them prepare at once to march. If the mean time, he dispatched to the Secretary a full and frank account of the matter, detailing all the circumstances and his own conduct.

General Wilkinson, hearing of Jackson's determination, wrote him a letter of solemn expostulation, in which he depicted the awful consequences of disobeying the General Government. The latter very curtly replied that he knew what he was about, and was willing to take the responsibility. Anticipating the fulfillment of the Secretary's order, the former had sent officers to recruit from the volunteers the moment they were disbanded. This was reported to Jackson, who immediately issued orders to arrest and place in confinement, the first officer who entered the encampment for that purpose. In the mean time, he directed the quartermaster to provide wagons for the transportation of the sick and the baggage. The latter dared not disobey, but played the laggard so well, that not a team was sent in till the night before the morning appointed to march. Only eleven wagons then arrived, and these were discharged at once by the quartermaster. But Jackson was a dangerous man to play tricks upon, and peremptorily ordering the unfaithful officer from his presence, he seized the wagons and commenced loading. The sick, one after another were handed out under his personal inspection, and made as comfortable as the means in his possession allowed. At last all but one was stowed away, when the surgeon reported in a dying condition, and too far gone to be removed.

"Not a man shall be left who has life in him," replied Jackson; "bring him carefully out." The young man, apparently just on the verge of death, and wholly unconscious of what was passing about him, was lifted into the wagon, and the column turned its face homeward. Jackson had given up his own horse to a feeble soldier; and with his stern, fiery heart beating with all a father's affection for the sick youths who had volunteered to fight and die by his side, trudged on foot amid the wagons containing the invalids, bestowing words of comfort and cheering up the desponding with the promise of soon seeing home and friends. Ever and anon he was seen falling back from the head of the column, or hastening up from the rear to the wagon containing the young soldier who was supposed to be dying. For a long time the poor invalid lay insensible; but being at length aroused by the heavy jolting of the wagon over the uneven road, he opened his eyes, and gazing vaguely about him, faintly murmured, "Where am I?"

"Jackson who was watching with paternal interest the first dawning of reason, replied in glad tones, "On your way home, my good fellow." That word "home" reached the sources of life, and from that moment he began to improve; and at length the kind-hearted commander had the satisfaction of presenting him restored to his family.

Jackson on foot, wading through the swamps, and day after day, toiling along the miry roads, an example of heroism, self-denial, and tenderness, seems an entirely different person from Jackson in the thunder and carnage of battle. But, in this respect he was like Marshal Ney, possessing a heart which the world in arms could not shake, yet which the cry of an infant could overcome. In both, there was a deep seated tenderness, which lay among their other and sterner qualities like a green Alpine valley amid the gigantic cliffs and glaciers that surrounded it.

The Spring opened gloomily for the western and northern frontier. The massacre at Fort Rains had broke up Harrison's campaign, and left Tecumseh leisure to travel South again, and rouse the Indians there to the same hostilities which had proved so successful at the North.

At this time, the vast Mediterranean that stretch along our northern boundary were embosomed in a boundless forest.—Only here a fort and there a settlement showed that the foot of civilization had ever entered those almost limitless solitudes. All through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, numerous and powerful tribes of Indians roamed undisturbed, and hung, in black and threatening war-clouds, on the borders of civilization. The English succeeded in inciting most of these to host-

ilities against the settler. Their efforts were aided in a masterly manner by Tecumseh, a Shawnee warrior, who had imbued a bitter, unyielding hostility to the Americans. Brave, temperate, scornful a lie, and despising the spoils of war, he fought to restore his race to their ancient rights and power. Unable to cope with the Americans alone, he gladly availed himself of our declaration of war to form an alliance with the British. Lifted by native genius above the vices of savages, he also exhibited a greatness of intellect, and loftiness of character, which, in civilized life, would have led to the highest renown. Despising the petty rivalries of tribes and chiefs, he became absorbed in the grand idea of uniting all the Indian

in one great and desperate struggle for mastery with the whites. He had succeeded in carrying out his scheme, to a great extent, throughout the North and West. Of erect, athletic frame, noble commanding appearance, with the air of a king, and the eloquence of a Demosthenes, when rousing the Greeks to arms against Philip, he went from tribe to tribe electrifying them with his appeals, and rousing them to madness by his fiery denunciations against their oppressors. His brother, the prophet, accompanied him—a dark, subtle, cunning impostor, to whose tricks Tecumseh submitted for a while, because they fulfilled the hatred and deceit of rival chiefs. As he arose before his savage audiences, his imposing manner created a feeling of awe; but when he kindled with his great subject, he seemed like one inspired. His eye flashed fire, his swarthy bosom heaved and swelled with imprisoned passion, his whole form dilated with excitement, and his strong untutored soul poured forth in eloquence, wild, headlong, and resistless as the mountain torrent. Thoughts, imagery leaped from his lips in such life and vividness that the stoicism of the Indian vanished before it, and his statue-like face gleamed with passion. The people he always carried with him; but the chiefs, who feared his power over their followers, often thwarted his plans. When not addressing the clans, he was reserved, cold, and haughty. His withering sarcasm, when Proctor proposed to retreat from Malden; his reply to the interpreter, who offered him a chair in the presence of Harrison, said, "Your father wishes you to be seated?" "My father! the sun is my father, and the earth my mother," as he stretched himself proudly on the ground, reveal a nature conscious of his greatness, and scorning the distinctions which the white man arrogated to himself.

After the massacre at Frenchtown, he took his brother, and went South to the Creeks, to complete his plan of a general alliance. The journey of nearly a thousand miles through the wilderness of these two brothers.—the discussion of their deep laid scheme at night around their solitary camp-fires,—the day-dreams of Tecumseh, as gorgeous as ever flitted through the imagination of a Caesar,—the savage empire he would form, and the greatness he would restore to his despised race, would make a grand epic. Pathless mountains and gloomy swamps were traversed; deep rivers swam, and wearieness and toil endured by this savage chieftain, not for spoils or revenge, but to carry out a great idea. There is a rule, Tuscan grandeur about him, as he thus moves through the western wilderness impelled by a high purpose,—a barbaric splendor thrown about even the merciless measures he means to adopt, by the great moral scheme to which they are to be subject. His combinations exhibited the consummate general. While England occupied us along the sea-coast, he was to sweep in one vast semi-circle from Michilimackinac to Florida upon the scattered settlements. Fires were to be kindled North, South and West, to burn towards the centre, while civilized warfare should desolate the eastern slope of the Alleghenies. Tecumseh had seen Hull surrender, helped to cut to pieces a part of Harrison's army, and drive back the remainder. His prospects were brightening, and with this glorious news to back his burning eloquence, he had no doubt of exciting the Southern tribes to war. The Chickasaws and Choctaws in Mississippi numbered over thirty thousand; the Creeks twenty-five thousand, while south of them dwelt the large and warlike tribe of the Seminoles. His chief mission was to the Creeks, from whom, on his mother's side, he sprung. This powerful clan stretched from the southern borders of Tennessee to Florida. The sun in his course looked on no fairer, richer land than the country they held. Some of them had learned the arts of civilization, and, hitherto, had evinced a friendly disposition towards the whites.—But British influence working through the Spanish authorities in Florida, had already prepared them for Tecumseh's visit. An alliance, offensive and defensive, had been formed between England and Spain; and the armies of the former were then in the Peninsula endeavoring to wrest the throne from Bonaparte. The latter, therefore, was bound to assist her ally on this continent, and lend their aid to exciting the Southern Indians to hostility. But for this, Tecumseh, with all his eloquence, might have failed. Co-operating with the British agents in Florida, as he had done with Brock and Proctor in Canada, he at length saw his great scheme about to be fulfilled. The old and more peaceful, those who had settled in well-built towns, with their schools, and flocks, and farms,—opposed the war which should devastate their land, and drive them back to barbarism. But the eloquence of Tecumseh, as he spoke of the multiplied wrongs of the Indians, their humiliation, described the glory to be won, and painted in glowing colours the victories he had gained at the North, kindled into a blaze the warlike feelings of the young; and soon ominous

tidings came from the bosom of the wilderness that stretched along the Coosa and Talapoosa rivers. Anxiety and alarm spread among the white settlers, and the scattered families sought shelter in the nearest forts. Twenty-four had thus congregated at Fort Mimms, a mere block-house, situated on the Alabama, near the junction of the Tombigbee. It was garrisoned by a hundred and forty men, commanded by Major Beasley, and, with proper care, could have resisted the attack of the savages. But the rumour of a rising among the Indians were discredited. A negro who stated he had seen them in the vicinity, was chastised for spreading a false alarm.

The night preceding the massacre, the dogs growled and barked, showing that they scented Indians in the air. But all these warnings were unheeded, when suddenly, in broad mid-day, the savages, some seven hundred strong, made their appearance before the Fort, and within thirty feet of it, before they were discovered. The gate was open, and with one terrific yell they dashed through into the outer enclosure, driving the panic-stricken soldiers into the houses within. Mounding these they set them on fire, and shot down every soul that attempted to escape. Seeing, at once, their inevitable doom, the soldiers fought with the energy of despair. Rushing madly on their destroyers, they gave blow for blow, and laid sixty of them around the burning buildings before they were completely overpowered. At last, a yell of savage triumph rose over the crackling of flames, and cries and shrieks of terrified women and children. Then followed a scene which may not be described. The wholesale butchery—the ghastly spectacle of nearly three hundred mutilated bodies, leaved and hacked into fragments, were nothing to the inhuman indignities perpetrated on the women. Children were ripped from the maternal womb, and swung as war-clubs against the head of the mothers, and all those horrible excesses, which seem the offspring of demons, were committed on the dead and dying.—Not more than twenty or thirty of the whole, escaped.

The news of this terrible disaster broke, like a sudden thunder-clap on the neighboring States. Georgia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina flew at once to arms. On the 17th of September a mass meeting assembled at Nashville, which, with one voice, nominated Jackson commander-in-chief of the troops of the State. Ten days after, the nomination was confirmed by the Legislature, and \$200,000 voted to carry on the war. Jackson immediately issued a stirring appeal to the people, in which, after describing the state of things, he urged them to assemble to his standard with all speed, saying, "Already are the bones of the slain crying out, 'Marching to your borders, with their pestering knives unsheathed to butcher your women and children: time is not to be lost. We must hasten to the frontier, or we shall find it drenched in the blood of our citizens.'" At this time he was suffering from the arm which had been mutilated in his encounter with Benton, and was unable to be present at Fayetteville, the rendezvous, on the 4th of October; but he sent an address to be read to the troops, and rules regulating the police of the camp. Although too feeble to take the field, he three days after, with his arm in a sling, put himself at the head of the army. The next evening, a despatch arrived from Col. Coffee, who had been previously sent forward with a large detachment to Huntsville, thirty-two miles distant, stating that a body of nearly a thousand Indians were on their way to ravage the frontiers of Georgia, and another party approaching Tennessee. The day after came a second express confirming the report. By nine o'clock the following morning, Jackson put his army of twenty-five hundred men in motion, and at eight in the evening reached Huntsville, making the thirty-two miles in eleven hours. Finding here that the rumour was without foundation, he proceeded leisurely to Ditto's Landing, where Colonel Coffee with his regiment was encamped. Here he paused to wait for supplies, and survey his position.

With promptness on the part of those co-operating with him, he saw that the hostile Creeks could be crushed with one blow; for on the west of their settlements were six hundred Mississippi volunteers and the third regiment of regular infantry, six hundred strong, under Colonel Russell; on the east were twenty-five hundred Georgia militia, commanded by General Floyd; while from the north five thousand volunteers and militia; twenty-five hundred from East Tennessee, under Generals Cocke and White, and the same number from the western section of the State, were moving down on the devoted tribes. This army of five thousand Tennesseans was under the command of Jackson, the western half of which he led in person. There were, besides this formidable array, a few posts held by small detachments, and a few hundred friendly Indians, most of them Cherokee. When these separate armies should close around the hostile settlements, encircling them in a girdle of fire, it was universally believed that the war would be over.

While Jackson remained at Ditto's Landing, waiting anxiously for the supplies which Generals Cocke and White had promised to forward, he despatched General Coffee, with six hundred picked men, to destroy Blackwarrior town, a hundred miles south.

At length, being urged by the earnest appeals of friendly Indians, who were in daily danger of being cut off by the Creeks, he, on the 19th started for Thompson's Creek, where he had ordered the provisions, which he supposed were near at hand, to be stopped. Cutting his way through the heavy forests, and dragging his artillery over steep mountains, he at

length, after a painful march of two days, reached the place of depot, but no provisions had arrived. Instead of supplies, came a letter from General White, who was at Lookout Mountain in the Cherokee country, stating that no flour could be spared from that post. His position was now becoming painful and critical. Standing in the centre of the wilderness, and on the borders of the enemy's country, with his little band around him, he saw no alternative but to retreat, unless he ran the risk of starving his army in the forest. But to abandon his design would leave the friendly Indians at the mercy of their enemies, an act not only cruel in the extreme, and utterly repugnant to his nature, but which would furnish a false example to the friendly tribes, whose alliance it was of the highest importance to secure. Prudence would have dictated a retreat, but Jackson had never yet turned his back voluntarily on a foe, and he resolved, at all hazards, to proceed. Sending off expresses to Generals Cocke and White, and to the Governors of Tennessee and Georgia, and the American agents in the Choctaw and Cherokee nations, he issued a stirring address to his troops, in which he promised them that the "order to charge would be the signal for victory." In urging on them the importance of coolness, and presence of mind, in every emergency, even in "retreat," he adds,

"Your General laments that he has been compelled, even incidentally, to hint at a retreat, when speaking to freemen and to soldiers. Never, until you forget all that is due to yourselves and your country, will you have any practical understanding of that word. Shall an enemy, wholly unacquainted with military evolutions, and who rely more for victory on their grim visages, and hideous yells, than upon their bravery or their weapons—shall such an enemy ever drive before them the well-trained youths of our country, whose bosoms pant for glory, and a desire to avenge the wrongs they have received. Your Gen'l will not live to behold such a spectacle; rather would he rush into the thickest of the enemy, and submit himself to their scalping-knives; but he has no fear of such a result. He knows the value of the men he commands, and how certainly that valor, regulated as it will be, will lead to victory."

Cut off from supplies, locked up in the wilderness, through which swarmed thousands of savages, eagerly watching his advance, with only six days' rations of meat and two of flour, he issued this bold and confident address, and then gave orders for the army to march. Arriving at Ten Island, he erected Fort Strother as a depot, and to cover his retreat. In a letter to Governor Blount, from this place he says:

"Indeed, sir, we have been wretchedly supplied,—scarcely two rations in succession, have been regularly drawn, yet we are not despondent. While we can procure an ear of corn apiece, or anything that will answer as a substitute for it, we shall continue our exertions to accomplish the object for which we were sent."

Here, being informed that Gen. White was only twenty-five miles distant up the river, he sent him a despatch to hasten at once, to the Fort. In the mean time, General Coffee, who had returned successful from his southern expedition, was sent to attack a large body of Indians at Tallushatchee, some thirty miles distant. With nine hundred men, this gallant officer advanced, and succeeded in completely surrounding them, and though the savages fought desperately to the last, but few escaped. A hundred and eighty warriors lay stretched around the ashes of their dwellings. Among the slain, was a mother, on whose bosom her infant boy still lay, struggling in vain to draw nourishment from the lifeless breast. When he was brought to camp, Jackson endeavored to persuade some of the female captives to take care of him, but they all refused, saying, "His relations are all dead, kill him too!" He then ordered some sugar to be given him, and sent him to Huntsville, where he could be properly cared for. He afterwards adopted him, gave him a good education, and placed him at a saddle to learn a trade. The latter was accustomed to spend every Sunday at the Hermitage, with his adopted father, who was strongly attached to him. But he always pined for the free, wild life of his race. The close air of the shop and the drudgery of an apprentice did not agree with him, and he soon after sickened. He was then taken home to the Hermitage, where he lingered some time and died.

This care and solicitude for an Indian infant, in the midst of the troubles and perils that surrounded him, remind one of a similar act of Marshall Ney, when his doomed army was fast sinking in the snow-drifts of Russia. At length, on the 7th of November, an Indian runner arrived in Camp, stating that Fort Talladeaga, about thirty miles distant, was surrounded by the hostile Red-sticks, and if he did not hurry to its relief, the friendly Indians, who had taken refuge in it, must be massacred. The runner had scarcely finished his message when the order to march was issued, and in a few minutes the columns were in motion. It was midnight, and through the dim cathedrals of nature, lighted only by the stars of heaven, Jackson led his two thousand men towards the Talladeaga. Eight hundred of these were mounted riflemen, who presented a picturesque appearance as they wound slowly along the rough forest path underneath the autumnal woods, each with uncasing watchfulness, piercing the surrounding gloom and every hand grasping a trusty rifle.—Their heavy tramp frightened the wild beasts from their lairs, and awoke strange echoes in the solitude. Now straining up steep ascents, and now swimming deep ri-

vers, the fearless and gallant band pressed forward. In three columns, so as to prevent the confusion that might arise from a sudden surprise, it forced its difficult way through the forest, and at night arrived within six miles of the besieged fort. Here Jackson halted, and sent forward two friendly Indians and a white man to reconnoitre. About eleven o'clock they returned and reported the enemy in great force and within a quarter of a mile of the fort. No time was to be lost, and though the troops had been without sleep, and constantly on the strain for twenty-four hours, another night, and a battle lay between them and repose.

It was four o'clock of a cool November morning, when the three columns again moved forward. Advancing with the utmost caution and quietness to within a mile of the Indian encampment, they halted and formed in order of battle. Two hundred and fifty of the cavalry, under Col. Dyer, were left in the rear of the centre to act as a reserve, while the remaining four hundred and fifty were ordered to push on to the right and left on either side, until the heads of their columns met beyond the hostile encampment, and thus completely encircled it. The two brigades of Hall and Roberts, occupying the right and left, were directed to advance, while the ring of cavalry was steadily to contract, so as to shut in every savage and prevent their escape. At eight o'clock, Colonel Carroll boldly charged the position in front of him, and carried it; he then retreated, in order to draw the Indians in pursuit. They charged after with such terrible whoops and infernal screams, that a portion of General Robert's brigade, on which they were rushing with uplifted tomahawks, broke and fled. This made a chasm in the line, which Jackson immediately ordered Colonel Bradley to fill with his regiment, that for some reason, known only to the commander, had lagged behind, to the great detriment of the order of battle. But not only had he refused to fill the chasm, but he refused to fill the gap in the line, as ordered by his commander, and the latter was compelled to dismount his reserve and hurry them forward. As these steadily and firmly advanced, and poured in their volleys, the panic-stricken militia recovered their courage and resumed their places in the line. In the mean time, the encircling cavalry came galloping, with loud hurrahs, towards the centre. The next moment the forest rang with the sharp reports of their rifles. In fifteen minutes the battle was over, and the terrified savages were wildly skirting the inner edge of this circle of fire, seeking, in vain, an avenue, to the open forest beyond. Turned back at every step they felt like the autumn leaves which the wind shook from the trees. At length they discovered a gap, made by the neglect of Colonel Bradley, and the delay of a portion of the cavalry, which had taken too wide a circuit, and poured like a torrent that has suddenly found vent through it. The mounted riflemen wheeled and streamed after; and the quick, sharp reports of their pieces, and the piercing yells rising from the forest, told how fiercely they pressed on the flying traces of the foe. The savages made straight for the mountains, three miles distant, fighting as they went. The moment they bounded up the steep acclivity they were safe, and the wearied horsemen turned again to the camp. Their way back was easily tracked by the swarthy forms that lay stretched on the leaves, showing where the flight and pursuit had swept. Of the thousand and more who had composed the force of the enemy, more than half were killed or wounded. Three hundred were left dead on the spot where they had first fought. The loss of the Americans, in killed and wounded, was ninety-five.

The friendly Indians, who had been so long shut up without a drop of water, in momentary expectation of being massacred, listened to the uproar without, with beating hearts; but when the battle was over, they rushed forth with the most frantic cries of joy, and leaped and shouted around their deliverers in all the wildness of savage delight. They crowded around Jackson as if he had been their deity, towards whom they could not show too much reverence.

The refusal of General White to march to Fort Strother, left the feeble garrison of the latter in a perilous state. If it should fall, Jackson's whole line of retreat would be cut off; and he, therefore, with deep pain, was compelled to stop in his victorious progress and return to the fort. On his arrival, he found that no supplies had reached it, and that the soldiers, half-starved, were bordering on mutiny. Gen. Cocke, from the first, seemed resolved to withhold all aid from Jackson, lest he himself should be eclipsed in the campaign.

The latter, however, endeavored to keep alive the spirits and courage of his troops, and distributed all his private stores to the feeble and wounded. Having nothing left for himself and staff, he repaired to the bullock pen, and from the offals cut tripe, on which he and they lived several days, in the vain hope of receiving the long-promised supplies. One day, as he sat at the foot of a tree, thinking of the hard condition of his men, and planning how he might find some relief from the increasing difficulties that pressed so hard upon him, one of the soldiers, observing that he was eating something, approached, and asked for a portion. Jackson looked up with a pleasant smile and said, "I will, most cheerfully, divide with you what I have;" and taking some acorns from his pocket, he handed them to the astonished and mortified soldier. His solicitude for the army did not expend itself in words, for he shared with the meanest soldier his privations and his wants, while many of his subordinate officers possessed abundance. He let the latter enjoy the rations

to which they were legally entitled, but himself scorned to sit down to a well-supplied table, while the army was perishing with want.

(To be continued.)

How to Grow Rich.

Hunt, in the last number of his Magazine, says:—When man takes more pleasure in acquiring money than expending it, he has taken the first step towards wealth. A farmer will receive a few grains of an improved species of corn, which he will not eat, but will plant them, and replant the product from year to year, till his few grains will become hundreds of bushels. Money is increaseable by analogous processes, and success is within the power of any man who shall attain to ordinary longevity. If a man at the age of 20 years can save from his earnings twenty-six cents every working day, and annually invest the aggregate at compound legal 7 per cent interest he will at the age of seventy, possess \$32,000. Many men who resort to life insurance, can save several times twenty-six cents daily, and thus accumulate several times the above sum, long before the age of seventy. Nearly all large fortunes are the result of such accumulations; hence the men who amass great fortunes are usually those who live long. The last few years of Girard's and Astor's lives increased their wealth more than scores of early years. To be in haste to become rich by a few great operations, is a direct road to eventual poverty. We cannot, however, command long life, but we can approximate thereto by commencing early the process of accumulation—an elongation by extending backward—being as efficacious as an elongation forward.—Every hundred dollars expended by a man of the age of twenty years, is an expenditure of what at our legal rate of interest, would, by compounding it annually, become \$3000, should he live to the age of seventy. This lesson is taught practically by savings banks, and well counteracts the fatal notion of the young, that old age is the period for accumulation, and youth the period for expenditure. By like principles, a young man who pays annually a premium for life insurance, loses not the premiums only, but the immense increase which the money would produce, should he invest it at compound interest, and live to the ordinary limit of man's life. Extremely old men, who have no length of life in prospect, are the only persons, if any, who should insure their lives, for the expensiveness of their insurance would be little more than the annual premiums. The true principles of the road to wealth is first the desire to gain, and the second, to become rich.

A sensible contemporary says: The women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco, and it would break up the practice. A friend of ours says, they ought also to pledge themselves to kiss every man that don't use it,—we go for that too.

We go for making the pledge still stronger, and limiting the reward to every man that never has used it. We hope our tobacco-loving friends will see the propriety of the suggestion. Kissing should never be allowed to become so common, dear friends, that any of you can join in it—if you cheer.

ASKING TOO MUCH.—A young couple were sitting together in a romantic spot, with birds and flowers about them, when the following dialogue ensued:—"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it at thy feet."

"Oh, sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you'd stop using tobacco."

"Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, sir, since this is the way you lay down your life for me, and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take good care you are never wedded to me, as it would be bigamy."

HOW TO STOP A PAPER.—The only honest way to stop a paper, when not wanted, is to pay into the hands of the Postmaster whatever you owe for it, if it be only two numbers, and see that the Postmaster writes an order to have it stopped. There is no use in sending to the publishers letters or papers, with postage unpaid. If you fail to do this do not complain if the publishers continue to send you the paper.

NEW JERSEY EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—This body has adopted a series of resolutions sustaining the report of the investigating committee, exculpating Bishop Doane from the charges against him, expressing confidence in him, &c., and appointing a committee of seven to present the report to the House of Bishops, accompanied with representations, the design of which is to intimate to the Bishops that a further trial will be unnecessary, and not conducive to the interests of the Diocese and the Church.