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Choice Poetry.

BILLY DALE—A PARODY.

'Twas a clear cold night
When the stars shone bright,
And the snow covered hill and vale,
When two or three young lads
Who were out on a spree,
Went to see old Billy Dale.
Old Billy, queer Billy, droll Billy Dale;
Now the white hairs blossom
On the time honored head
Of the queer old Billy Dale!

They frolicked and danced,
As the night advanced,
Till moon made the dark night pale,
Still right in the middle
Of the room, with the fiddle,
Sat the jolly old Billy Dale,
Old Billy, &c.

Old Billy could sing
Like a bird in the Spring,
Or could tell first-rate tale;
And if anything went wrong,
It would not be long
'Till turned right by old Billy Dale,
Old Billy, &c.

Now the heart of Billy
Has never grown chilly,
Tho' his voice is beginning to fail;
And if you want a song,
You need not wait long.
If you call on old Billy Dale,
Old Billy, &c.

May his snow-white head
Ne'er rest with the dead;
But should this ravager ever fail,
May the angels above,
In ecstasy of love,
Shout "here comes Billy Dale."
Old Billy, queer Billy, droll Billy Dale;
Now the white hairs blossom
On the time honored head
Of the queer old Billy Dale!

An Interesting Story.

DEAF SMITH,

THE CELEBRATED TEXAN SPY.

About two years after the revolution, a difficulty occurred between the new government and a portion of the people, which threatened the most serious consequences—even the bloodshed and honors of civil war. Briefly the case was this:

The constitution had fixed the city of Austin the permanent capital where the public archives were to be kept, with a reservation, however, of a power in the President to order their temporary removal in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy, or the force of a sudden insurrection.

Conceiving that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Cananches frequently committed ravages within sight of the capital itself, Houston, who then resided at Washington, on the Brazos, dispatched an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the State records to the latter place, which he declared to be, *pro tempore*, the seat of Government.

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which the promulgation of that *pro tempore* raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, boarding-houses, groceries, and faro-banks, were thunderstruck, maddened to phrensy; for the measure would be a death-blow to their business; and accordingly they determined at once to take the step to avert the danger by opposing the execution of Houston's mandate. They called a mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the circumjacent country, who were all more or less interested in the question; and after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the administration, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives by open and armed resistance. To that end they organized a company of four hundred men, one moiety of whom, relieving the other at regular periods of duty, should keep constant guard around the state-house until the peril passed by. The commander of this force was one Colonel Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war of independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two desperate duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonist nearly to pieces with a bow-knife. Indeed, from the notoriety of his character for ferocity, as well as his courage, it was thought that President Houston would renounce his purpose touching the archives, as soon as he should learn who was the leader of the opposition.

Morton, on his part, whose vanity equalled his personal prowess, encouraged and justified the prevailing opinion by his boastful threats. He swore that if the President did succeed in removing the records by the march of an overpowering force, he would then hunt him down like a wolf, and stab him in his bed, or wretch him in his walks of recreation. He even wrote the hero of San Jacinto to that effect. The latter replied in a note of laconic brevity:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I will certainly come and take them; and if Colonel Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my car-cup."

On the reception of this answer, the guard was doubled around the state-house. Chosen sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the capital, the military paraded the streets from morning till night, and a select caucus held permanent session in the city. In short, everything betokened a coming tempest.

One day, while matters were in this precarious condition, the caucus at the city-hall were surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger, whose mode of entering was as extraordinary as his dress. He did not knock at the closed door—he did not seek admission there at all; but climbed unseen a small bushy-topped live oak, which grew beside the wall when he leaped, without sound or warning, through a lofty window. He was clothed altogether with buckskin, carried a long and very heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the button of his suspender, a large bow-knife, and in his leather belt a pair of pistols, half the length of his gun. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a panther in his motion, with dark complexion, and luxuriant hair, with a severe iron-like countenance, that seemed never to have known a smile, and eyes of intense, vivid blue, and wild and rolling, and piercing as the point of a dagger. His strange advent inspir-

ed a thrill of involuntary fear, and many present unconsciously grasped the handles of their side arms. "Who are you, that thus presume to intrude among gentlemen, without invitation?" demanded Colonel Morton, ferociously essaying to cow down the stranger with his eye.

The latter returned his stare with compound interest, and laid his long, bony finger on his lip, as a sign—but of what, the spectators could not imagine.

"Who are you? Speak! or I cut an answer out of your heart!" shouted Morton almost distracted with rage by the cool, sneering gaze of the other, who now removed his finger from his lip, and laid it on the hilt of his monstrous knife.

The fiery Colonel then drew his dagger, and was in the act of advancing upon the stranger, when several caught him and held him back restraining:

"Let him alone, Morton, for God's sake.—Do you not perceive that he is crazy?" At that moment Judge Webb, a man of shrewd intellect and courteous manners, stepped forward, and addressed the intruder in a most respectful manner:

"My good friend, I presume you have made a mistake in the house. This is a private meeting, where none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not appear to comprehend the words, but he could not fail to understand the mild and deprecatory manner. His rigid features relaxed, and moving to a table in the centre of the hall, where there were materials and implements for writing, he seized a pen and traced one line: "I am deaf." He then held it up before the spectators, as a sort of natural apology for his own want of politeness.

Judge Webb took the paper, and wrote a question: "Dear sir, will you be so obliging as to inform us what is your business with the present meeting?"

The other responded by delivering a letter inscribed on the back. "To the citizens of Austin." They broke the seal and read it aloud. It was from Houston, and showed the usual terse brevity of his style:

"Public Citizens.—Though in error, and decided by arts of traitors, I will give you three days more to decide whether you surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision. SAM HOUSTON."

After the reading, the deaf man waited a few seconds, as if for a reply; then turned and was about to leave the hall; when Colonel Morton interposed, and sternly beckoned him back to the table. The stranger obeyed and Morton wrote: "You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks ten minutes ago; you are brave enough to give me satisfaction."

The stranger penned his reply, "I am at your service."

Morton wrote again: "Who will be your second?"

"The stranger rejoined: "I am too generous to seek an advantage, and too brave to fear any on the part of others; therefore I never need the aid of a second."

Colonel Morton penned: "Name your terms."

The stranger traced without a moment's hesitation: "Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; and distance one hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time."

He then took three steps across the floor, and disappeared through the window as he had entered.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Webb, "is it possible, Col. Morton, that you intend to fight that man? He is a mute, if not a positive maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will only tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton with a smile; "that mute is a hero whose fame stands in the records of a dozen battles, and at least as many bloody duels. Besides he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the President to retract his vow."

"You know the man, then. Who is he?"

"Deaf Smith," answered Morton, coolly.

"Why no; that cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," remarked Judge Webb.

"There again your Honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston, to save his favorite from the vengeance of certain Texans in whose conduct he had acted as a spy. I fathomed the artifice twelve months since."

"If what you say, be true, you are a mad man yourself!" exclaimed Webb. Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down ravens in their rapid flight, and killed Cananches and Mexicans at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards."

"Say no more," answered Colonel Morton, in tones of deep determination, "the thing is already settled. I have agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and if I succeed, my triumph will confer the greater glory."

Such was the general habit of thought and feeling prevalent throughout Texas at that period. Towards evening a vast crowd assembled at the place appointed to witness the hostile meeting, and so great was the popular recklessness as to affairs of the sort, that numerous and considerable sums were wagered on the result.—At length the red orb of the summer touched the turrid rim of the western horizon, covering it all with crimson and gold, and filling the air with a flood of burning glory; and the two mortal antagonists, armed with long ponderous rifles, took their station, back to back, and at a preconcerted signal—the waving of a handkerchief—walked slowly and steadily in opposite directions, counting their steps, until each had measured fifty. They both completed the given number about the same instant when they wheeled, each to aim and fire when they chose. As the distance was great, both paused for some seconds—long enough for the beholders to flash their eyes from one to another, and mark the striking difference between them. The face of Col. Morton was calm and smiling, but the smile it bore had a most mur-

derous meaning. On the contrary, the countenance of Deaf Smith was stern and passionate as ever. A side view of his features might have been mistaken for a profile done in cast iron. The one, too, was dressed in the richest cloth, the other in smoke-tinted leather. But that made no difference in Texas then; for the heirs of heroic courage were all considered peers—the class of inferiors embraced none but cowards.

Presently two rifles exploded with simultaneous roars. Colonel Morton gave a prodigious bound upwards, and dropped to the earth a corpse. Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to reload his rifle; and then having finished his brief task, he hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterwards, Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten more men, appeared in Austin, and, without further opposition, removed the State papers.

The history of the hero of the foregoing anecdote was one of the most extraordinary ever known in the West. He made his advent in Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which happened about two years ago; but although he had many warm personal friends, no one could ever ascertain either the land of his birth, or a single gleam of his previous biography. When he was questioned on the subject, he laid his finger on his lip, and if pressed more urgently, his brow wrinkled, and his dark eye seemed to shoot sparks of livid fire! He could write with astonishing correctness and facility, considering his situation; and although denied the exquisite pleasure and priceless advantage of the sense of hearing, nature had given ample compensation, by an eye-quick and far-seeing as that of a raven. He could discover objects miles away in the far-off prairie, when others could perceive nothing but earth and sky, and the rangers used to declare that he could catch the scent of a Mexican or Indian at as great a distance as a buzzard could distinguish the odor of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities that fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he rendered invaluable services to Houston's army during the war of independence. He always went alone, and generally obtained the information desired. His habits in private life were equally singular. He never could be persuaded to sleep under the roof of a house or even to use a tent cloth. Wrapped in his blanket, he loved to lie out in the open air, under the blue canopy of pure ether, and count the stars, or gaze with a yearning look at the melancholy moon. When not employed as a spy or guide, he subsisted by hunting, being often absent on solitary excursions, for weeks and even months together in the wilderness. He was a genuine son of nature, a grown up child of the woods and prairie, which he worshipped with a sort of Pagan adoration. Excluded by his infirmities from cordial fellowship with his kind, he made the inanimate things of the earth his friends, and entered by his heart's own adoption into brotherhood with the luminaries of heaven! Wherever there was land or water, barren mountains or tangled brakes of wild, waving cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but Smith's home, and there he was happy; but there was Deaf Smith an alien and an exile.

Strange soul! he hath departed on the long journey, away among those high bright stars which were his night lamps; and he hath either solved or ceased to ponder the deep mystery of the magic word "life."

A GREAT MAN.

George Lippard, in his new work called "The Nazarine," thus speaks of President Jackson: "He was a man! Well I remember the day I waited upon him. He sat there in his arm chair—I can see that old warrior face, with its snow-white hair, even now. We told him of the public distress—the manufacturers ruined, the eagles shrouded in erpe, which were borne at the head of twenty thousand men into Independence square. He heard us all. We begged him to leave the deposits where they were; to uphold the great Bank in Philadelphia. Still he did not say a word. At last one of our members, more fiery than the rest, intimated that if the Bank were crushed, a rebellion might follow. Then the old man rose. I can see him yet.

"Come!" he shouted in a voice of thunder, as his clutched hand was raised above his white hairs.—"Come with bayonets in your hands! With the people at my back, whom your gold can neither buy nor awe. I will swing you around the Capitol, each rebel of you—on a gibbet—high as Haman's."

"When I think," says the author, "of that one man standing there at Washington, battling with all the powers of Banks and Panic combined, betrayed by those in whom he trusted, assailed by all that the snake of malice could hiss or the fiend of falsehood howl—when I think of that one man placing his back against the rock and folding his arms for the blow, while he uttered his vow: 'I will not swerve one inch from the course I have chosen!'—I must confess that the records of Greece and Rome—nay, the proudest deeds of Cromwell or Napoleon cannot furnish an instance of a will like that of Andrew Jackson when he placed life and soul and fame on the hazard of a die, for the people's welfare.

PROVIDENCE SENTINEL.

ENGLISH SCHOOL-TEACHING. "Cook's Quarto Geography," recently published in London—a work of considerable pretensions—gives some valuable information to "Young England" in regard to this country. It teaches that "in the Isle of Orleans, at the Mississippi, is the town of New Orleans, the capital of Louisiana." The young men of Virginia "are gamblers, cock-fighters and horse-jockeys. Their passion for these diversions, not only inhumanly barbarous, but beneath the dignity of a man of sense, is so predominant that they even advertise their matches in the public papers." But of New Englanders, it declares that: "From laziness, inattention and

want of acquaintance with mankind, many of the people have accustomed themselves to peculiar phrases, and to pronounce certain words in a drawing manner." The people of Maine, "according to appearance, are wretched in the extreme. Their chief provision is a dirty, dark-colored rye meal, and if they use any meat, it is an account of procuring their sheep from becoming more numerous than they desire, rather than for the pleasure of a good meal. Their common beverage is grog, or a mixture of rum and whiskey with water. This State (Massachusetts) is 'only one in the Union in which there are no slaves.'"

Miscellaneous Reading.

LIEUT. GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

The renowned warrior, whose achievements have added so much lustre to the American arms, and whose very name is suggestive of victory, occupies no ordinary place among the eminent men of our country. The "hero of Lundy's Lane"—the "saviour of Mexico"—the General who has never known defeat—will do Scott deserve the meed of honor.—Pleasing, therefore, is the task we have undertaken to add one leaflet to the laurel wreath with which his admiring countrymen have already crowned him.

It is said that Scott's descent may be traced from a gentleman of the Lowland of Scotland, who immigrated to this country shortly after the battle of Culloden. This person having settled in Virginia, or so in the practice of the law. He, however, died at an early age, leaving a son William, who became the father of the subject of this sketch. Near Petersburg, Virginia, on the 13th June 1783, Winfield Scott was born. He received a liberal education, and having adopted the law as his profession, his studies were directed to that end, and in 1806 he was admitted to the bar. In 1807, Scott came to this State with the intention of practising his profession in Charleston; but, in consequence of the law requiring of legal practitioners a residence in the State of one year, he abandoned his design, and returned to Virginia.

About this period, these secondary causes, which brought on the war of 1812 were in active operation. Scott perceived that hostilities with one or more of the offending powers were inevitable. The spirit of the soldier rose within him and shoring in the general feeling of indignation produced by the aggressions on our commerce, and the imprisonment of our seamen, he resolved to exchange the forum for the battle-field—to forsake the study for the more congenial companionship of Mars. Accordingly, a bill, providing for the increase of the army, having been passed by Congress in May, 1808, he succeeded by means of an influential friend, in securing the commission, of Captain of light artillery.

Now commenced his military career, but not under the most favorable auspices. Having been sent, in 1809, to join the army in Louisiana, he became involved in a difficulty with the commander, General Wilkinson. This proceeded from some free comments which the ardent young Captain had made on the character and conduct of that inefficient officer. Having been brought before a court martial, Scott was suspended from the army for one year.—He now returned to Virginia and, profiting by the sage counsel of a friend, determined to make his sentence of suspension personally advantageous, by devoting himself to the study of military art and science. When, therefore, he was allowed to rejoin the army, he was enabled to do so with undiminished zeal, and a more intimate acquaintance with the duties of his profession.

Next ensued the war of 1812, in which Scott bore so conspicuous a part. Having been previously promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, he first distinguished himself at the battle of Queenstown Heights, in which, although finally forced to surrender, his conduct was very highly commended. It was on this occasion that Scott fought in full dress uniform, and being urged to change his dress, made the well known reply: "No, I will die in my colors."

After this affair he remained a prisoner of war until January 1813, when having been exchanged, he hastened to the field of war, prepared to engage thereon with renewed spirit and vigor. Soon after he figured most conspicuously at the capture of Fort George, where he pulled down the enemy's flag with his own hands, and completed the victory by a hot and daring pursuit of the retreating foe.

But it is not our purpose to enter into a detailed recital of his services. They are familiar to the American reader. Suffice it to say that having been made Brigadier General in March, 1814 Scott won additional honors at Lundy's Lane and Chippewa, and finally emerged from the "dust and blood" of the "second war of independence" as its most distinguished hero. He was not only promoted to the high rank of Major General, but was honored with "the recorded approbation, of his country"—"that which he himself regards as the 'highest reward that a freeman can receive.'"

In 1841, by the death of Macomb, Scott became commander-in-chief of the army. He had, however, up to this period been engaged in many difficult and important services. He had brought several Indian wars to a successful close—had conducted with wisdom a delicate mission to this State during the period of nullification—had adjusted the matters pertaining to his profession—had adjusted the difficulties between Maine and the British Government respecting the north-eastern boundary—and had generally exhibited the high qualities of the civilian as well as soldier.

It was, however, in our late war with Mexico that Scott completed the full measure of his fame. We need not enter into an account of his achievements in that country. Our own fellow-citizens—the members of the Palmetto Regiment—participated therein most honorably, and Carolinians, at least, can receive no new information on the subject. It is well known how landing in Mexico at the head of 10,000 men, he took the city of Vera Cruz with the strong fortress of San Juan de Ulloa;

how carrying the heights and sweeping through the pass of Cerro Gordo, he bore the American eagle successfully through the streets of Jalapa, Perote and Puebla; how defeating the enemy at Churubusco, Contreras, San Antonio, Chalultepec, and Molino del Rey, he finally entered in triumph the City of Mexico, and was virtually the conqueror of the country. Thus was ended that celebrated campaign which commanded the admiration of the highest living military authority of Europe, and the recollection of which fills American bosoms with pride and exultation. It was a campaign rapid and complete. It established on higher grounds than ever the reputation of our soldiery; and unattended by a single blunder or omission, it will stand a lasting evidence of the genius of him who planned it.

On the declaration of peace between Mexico and the United States, Scott returned home, and was received with becoming honors. He was afterwards the regularly appointed nominee of the Whig party for the Presidency; but being defeated by the Democratic candidate, in consideration of his services in the Mexican war, he has recently been invested with the rank of Lieutenant General.

Scott is certainly the most scientific General that our country has ever produced. Nor is he deficient in any of the requisites of the able commander. Bold, energetic, prompt, and skillful, he is both *foresighted* and *half-way* measures receive his adoption, but he seems always to engage in battle prepared for every emergency, and with well considered plans. Self-confident and self-reliant, he not unfrequently counts upon victory before it is won, and coolly provides for the pursuit.

Physically, Scott is a fine specimen of the soldier—tall and erect, his personal appearance is commanding, and his bearing soldierly. In disposition, he is magnanimous, though impetuous. Of his vanity much has been said, and he may or may not be inordinately vain. It were, however, well, if all liable to such a charge could point to deeds like his.

THE PRESENT TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

The *Edinburgh Review*, in a recent article upon this subject, gives the following facts:—

The Divisions of the Bible into chapter and verse, which have no existence in the original, have been made without any authority whatever. They were introduced for the purpose of liberating the theological student from the necessity of attaining a deep and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, by placing in his hands a Concordance which they have been notched and scored to tally with, and by which he may be readily assisted to the discovery of any passage he may chance to want. About the middle of the thirteenth century, Cardinal Hugo de Sane (who projected a Concordance to the Latin Vulgate, and divided the Old and New Testament into chapters. Rabbi Nathan, in the fifteenth century, in preparing a Concordance of the Hebrew Scriptures, subdivided the chapters into verses. Robert Stephens, in the sixteenth century, passed simultaneously through the press a New Testament and a Concordance; and, so at least his son Henry tells us, while travelling on horseback between Lyons and Paris, he cut the New Testament into verses for the sake of adapting it to his Concordance. This, we believe, is, in brief, the most approved account of the origin of those divisions and subdivisions by which our editions of the Bible are disfigured. No other book ever suffered such irreverent treatment. In all other compositions the paragraph ends where the sense pauses; in the Sacred Scriptures, whatever the sense may be, every third or fourth line brings the reader to the end of the paragraph. They are the only works we happen to be acquainted with in which the correct arrangement of the author's text has been rendered subordinate to the facility of reference. And we are quite sure that they alone are endowed with a sufficient force of vitality to outlive so cruel a process of mutilation.

The practice of breaking the text of Scripture into verses, would, under any circumstances, prove most injurious to the right apprehension of its meaning. It is the immediate cause of much misconception.—Passages of Holy Writ, thus insulated, receive a kind of independent character. The sense of each little paragraph seems drawn to a point; and the careless or unlettered reader is apt to confine his attention to the few words thus placed in an aphoristic form before him, and to accept them as a distinct enunciation of some religious dogma; whereas, if they had been presented to his eye in connection with their context, he would at once have received them in their right meaning, and been spared the error into which the present deceptive mode of printing the volume has betrayed him. We cannot conceive any case in which evil would not have resulted from the introduction of our divisions of chapter and verse. With whatever care the Sacred Text had been cut into such minute sections, those minute sections must necessarily have had a tendency to mislead the reader. But they have not been carefully made. The only end contemplated in making them, was to fit the Bible to the Concordance. And that it might be effectually accomplished, every other consideration—the progress of the narrative, the beauty of the poetry, the theological argument, and even the grammatical construction of the sentences—have been continually disregarded. We need not enlarge on the detriment which the eloquence, the pathos, the impression, the very intelligibility of the Sacred Writings have incurred from this reckless and fractional mode of subdivision.

What would be the effect on the understanding of the student, if a metaphysical essay of Dugald Stewart were set before him in a form as lacerated and severed as that in which he is condemned to read the Theological Essays of St. Paul? Would he not find himself lost in a sort of labyrinth of words, amid which he was unable, on account of the continually recurring breaks in the sentences, to trace the connection of the argument? A very intelligent friend of ours declares, that he never could comprehend the drift of the Epistle to the Romans, till he read it without the interruptions of chapter and verse, in Shuttleworth's translation.

What was the opinion of Selden, a high authority on such a subject, at the time of its last revision? "There is no book," says that learned man, "so translated as the Bible for the purpose. If I translate a French book into English, I turn it into English prose and not into French-English. 'Il fait froid,' I say, 'It is cold; not 't makes cold.' but the Bible is rather translated into English words than into English phrase. The Hebrews are kept, and the phrase of that language is kept; which is well enough so long as scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the common people, 'Lord, what gear do they make of it!' Most extraordinary, indeed, is the gear they make of it! And none but those who may have had the curiosity to turn occasionally into some of our country conventicles, in which the neighboring tailor, or journeyman, or cooper, officiates as the expositor of the Sacred Text, can imagine the miserable misapprehensions to which this peculiar, literal, word for word mode of rendering the Scriptures has given rise. It may, perhaps, be worth while to cite a few instances of the Hebrew phrases to which Selden alluded, and which as literally translated, bewilder the understanding of the reader.—'A covenant of salt,' means 'a friendly contract;' 'they are crushed in the gate,' means 'they are found guilty in a court of justice;' 'branch and rush,' means 'the highest and lowest;' 'the calves of our lips,' means 'the words of our mouths;' 'rising early,' means 'acting with alacrity;' 'I have given you cleanness of teeth,' means 'extreme scarcity.' Such are the sort of Hebrewisms which have been retained—and, as Selden says, 'What gear do the common people make of them!'

The proposition of, to the confusion of many a passage, and the bewilderment of many a reader, is continually used as synonymous with *lay*; a sense which it has now so entirely lost, that Gifford, in his edition of "Massinger," has thought it necessary to give a note upon it. After no longer means according to, as it did of old, but is exclusively confined to the sense *behind*, whether referring to time, or place, or person. In the Sermon on the Mount, we find, 'Take no thought for the morrow.' "To take thought" formerly implied "to be anxious or distressed." The phrase is so used by Shakespeare in Julius Caesar. And in the age in which our translation was made, it very correctly expressed the sense of the original text. But at present, in consequence of the changes that have occurred in our language, it has not only ceased to convey our Saviour's precept, but inculcates a carelessness of life, which is incompatible with the Christian game of Prudence. In the cases mentioned above, the words still remain with us, though their acceptance has been altered; but there are many words retaining their place in our version of the Scriptures which are no longer current among the people, and of which the significance is only known to the literary antiquarian. How many of us are there who have any notion of what is meant by "sashes," "atches," "sharberges," "brigandine," "knops," "cessings," "nuffers," "scimples," "strabing," or a number of other obsolete terms, which nobody, among the ordinary class of English readers, is ever likely to meet with?

AN EXCELLENT LAW.

In Germany "Every rail road company is bound by law to have a double track on their lines, and no person is allowed to walk on a rail road track at any time, by day or night, under penalty of the law. A barrier of strong planks is placed along the side of the tracks, to keep off animals. Every fifteen or twenty miles along the track there is a station for a guard or watchman, who lives in a little hut beside the road, and whose business it is to be at his post, with a red flag in his hand, at the approach of every train; and before the train is due, to patrol his beat to see that all is safe, and to remove all obstacles which are sometimes placed upon the track by miscreants. In the case of danger, the guard hoists on a telegraph, so called, which stand near each guard house, a red printed *casquet*, which can be seen by the engineer a great distance, but if everything is right, the two wooden arms of the telegraph are stretched in the air. During the night there is instead of the *casquet*, a lantern with a deep red light placed in the air as a warning of danger; and a common one if all is in a safe condition. At every crossing there is a gate, which is locked up as soon as the train is due, and any one, either on horseback or in a carriage, who desires to cross, must wait until the train has passed."

In England the R. R. Companies are compelled to fence in their roads, and in portions of our own country at the North, the roads are fenced. This arrangement, we look upon, as an excellent one and worthy of being adopted universally. In fact it is nothing more than doing justice to the community through which a road passes and throwing a *protection* around the interests of the Company itself for fencing the roads. Those interested in the rail road enterprises of our country—the Stockholders, the Legislature and the Bench are all inclined to establish the principle in accordance with the English decision upon the subject and some Northern decisions, that the people are trespassers, by their slaves and stock, upon the property of the Company whenever their slaves and stock are killed upon their roads.

The English decisions are based upon justice and equity, because their roads are fenced and of course when stock is killed upon them they are there, as trespassers. The railroads at the North, many of them are in like situation and of course like decisions, as regard them, are just and proper, but by what system of justice our railroad companies can expect and our judges give such decisions, we are at a loss to find. They are manifestly at variance with the law by which the people at large are governed, to say nothing of their being at variance with our former decision, which have looked upon railroads as public highways upon which in the very nature of things impossible for one to commit a trespass by going upon them. By the common law of the country stock is not committing a trespass when it feeds upon a man's uninclosed land, how then is it committing a trespass when it happens to feed upon the Railroad Companies uninclosed land? Why this invidious distinction in

favor of Railroad Companies! Are individual rights, or rather, should not individual rights be as sacred? The great highways of the country are open to all—no one can commit a trespass upon them by going upon them. If then a Company chooses to obtain them a charter and to lay out and construct a great highway and invite persons to travel thereon by what rule can they afterwards look upon persons as trespassers for accepting their invitation to use their road as a public highway? We now allude to those instances in which persons are simply in the act of accepting the invitation held out by the Company—i. e. in going to and departing from the railroad stations on business connected with the Company or in travelling upon their road. Can a man be a trespasser where he is by invitation?

When it is considered that a railroad Company runs its road through a community without let or leave of the people, for its own advantage and pecuniary interest that it holds out an invitation to the community at large to travel upon it and to do business with it; and that the road is unfenced and therefore unprotected, as individual property must be, in order to sustain an action of trespass from stock, we can not comprehend by what rule of justice or equity persons traveling upon the road or in the act of doing business with the road, or stock upon the road can be looked upon in the light of trespassers. Let the Company fence their roads—thus putting themselves in a position in which the law which governs the people at large, will reach and cover them, and then and not till then will stock be committing a trespass by going upon their road. In no case it seems to us, can a man be deemed a trespasser upon the company when he is within the invitation extended to him and to all by the company themselves.

But there are many advantages which should induce these companies to fence their roads apart, from any such considerations. The comparative safety with which they may run their cars with increased speed is no small consideration in itself.

The exemption from delays—from the waste and injury of accidents caused by leaving their track exposed, and above all, the freedom from the malice of those who may feel themselves injured in having their stock and their range destroyed by the road, without any or sufficient compensation, and who may be induced thereby to seek retaliation and revenge. History and facts show that experience has embraced it as the best, the wisest, and the safest policy, and wisdom would dictate its universal adoption.—*Sumner Watchman*.

A NOBLE ANSWER.

When Louis Napoleon, before he had violated his oath of fidelity to the French republic, reviewed the troops encamped at Sartory, Horace Vernet, the great military painter of France, was commissioned to paint the scene, and did so, introducing General Lomonicere, Cavagnie and other distinguished republican generals who were on the field. After he had overthrown the republic, Master Louis sent for Vernet, one day, and pointing to the portraits of the noble republicans, said in the most peremptory manner,—"Remove these traits of the noble republicans, remove these 'Sir,' replied the noble artist, 'I am a painter of history, and I cannot do it.' Of course, after this bold speech, Vernet fell into disgrace but he was too great a man to be sent to Cayenne, or driven into exile, and after a lapse of time, the emperor sent for him, and treated him with the respect his greatness of soul deserved. 'Flaneur,' the brilliant correspondent of the Boston Post relates the above anecdote and also the following:—"One morning, in crossing Rue-de-la-Dauphine, driving a spirited horse in a tilbury, Vernet ran against a cart laden with stones, and broke the shaft of his vehicle. A sign painter, engaged close by in painting some sausages on a butcher's shop, recognised the renowned artist, rushed to aid in mending the shaft. The master of the tilbury slipped a piece of gold into the painter's hand. 'What! Vernet from a brother artist?' said the man reproachfully. 'Pardon. How then can I show my gratitude?'—'Give me a stroke of your pencil—I shall be too well paid,' said the man of signs, pointing to the ladder and scaffold. 'Willingly,' observed Horace, and scrambling up the ladder, he soon finished the most tempting string in the world, and to this day, as during the last fifty years, they are said to attract all passers by.—*Baldou's Pictorial*.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—The farmers of Aberdeen, Scotland, are said to practise the following method of curing their butter, which gives it a great superiority over that of their neighbors: Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one ounce of common saltpetre; take one ounce of this composition to one pound of butter, work it well into the mass, and close it up for use.—The butter cured with this mixture appears of a morrow consistency, and fine color, and never acquires a brittle hardness or tastes salty. Dr. Anderson says: 'I have eaten butter cured with the above composition, that has been kept for three years, and it was as sweet as at first. It must be noted, however, that butter thus cured required to stand three weeks or a month before it is used. If it is sooner opened, the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coldness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards.'

WHAT IS MARRIAGE.—It is a Mutual Life Insurance Society, for nothing tends to abbreviate existence so much as unblest singleness. It is a Temperance Society, for it tends to keep men sober. It is an Employment Society, for it makes all hands industrious.—It is a Saving's Bank, for it makes men thrifty. It is one of "Twenty ways to make a fortune." It is a specific for many ills, far superior to Indian Vegetable Preparations.—In fact, marriage is an intense happiness promoting institution, which we fear is rapidly going out of fashion.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at, sweet faces, and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate," when once set "going."