From the Warrenton (Va.) Piedmont Whig.

POLITICAL FALLACIES.

In view of the important contest about to take place between the two great national parties in the State of Virginia, we may be allowed to call the attention of our political associates to one of the most effective weapons of our adversaries, and one to which we think sufficient importance has not hitherto been attached. It may be that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but it is an undeniable fact that the Democracy by another name would *not* smell as sweet in the nostrils of those whose olfactories it was particularly designed to tickle.

In the cunning devices of partisan warfare, the so-called Democrats have greatly the advantage of their opponents; and in nothing has this superiority been more plainly perceptible than in the artful employment of certain political fallacies, which have ever been their reliance in procuring proselytes. We do not mean to say that there are no artful and unscrupulous politicians among the Whigs, but we do most positively believe, that, as a party, they are much more disposed to rely upon the truth and justice of their tenets, to the exclusion of trick and artifice, than their opponents. Hence the opportunities that have so often been given for the introduction of the fallacies we have mentioned, one of the most important of which is the exceedingly popular name which they were quietly allowed to adopt, although they had no more right to its exclusive appropriation than they had to dub themselves *the* Americans, or *the* "two legged animals without feathers." This is a self-evident proposition—one that requires no process of reasoning to make it palpable to every candid mind. But we will mention one single fact which will display the ludicrousness of this assumption in its proper light. It is this: One of the most prominent leaders of this exclusive Democratic party, a conspicuous aspirant to the Presidency, a Democrat *par excellence*, a very Democrat of Democrats, is well known to have made the declaration that, if he had one drop of Democratic blood in his veins, he would have recourse to phlebotomy, and rid himself of the "perilous stuff" forever. And there are many of the leading men of the party who, if they never uttered a similar declaration, may well be supposed to have conceived it, since it is a matter of universal notoriety that they imbibed hatred to Democracy with their mothers' milk, and displayed it in all their actions, until it became poltically convenient to receive a coat of Jackson, or Van Buren, or Polk whitewash, and, with the old stains of Federalism thus covered over, to come forth into the world again bright, brilliant Democrats, as good as new. *O tempora! O mores!*

The skilful angler adjusts his bait most carefully to the species of fish he hopes to capture, and our Democratic "fishers of men" have, with equal dexterity, adapted the external appearance of their doctrines to the tastes of those whom they desired to catch. They saw the king-governed countries of the old world pouring their half starved millions into the fertile valleys of the new, and they had no difficulty in perceiving that these millions would cause the well-balanced scale of party ascendancy to preponderate in whichever direction they might be induced to cast themselves. Now, Democracy, a government in which the people are the only sovereigns, had been the very day-dream of these emigrants, as far as they had any aspirations at all of a political nature. They had felt the iron heel of oppression—the result of monarchical and aristocratic institutions—upon their bended necks, and Democracy would be to them but another name for liberty, security, and happiness. Democracy, then, must be "the watchword and the cry"—the bait to catch these foreign voices, and swell the votes of the party into triumphant majorities.—How easy to persuade the unsuspecting emigrant that by becoming a Whig he would only change one form of aristocracy for another. "We are *the* Democrats, and our opponents of course are *not* Democrats, for you see they are opposed to Democracy, and must therefore be aristocrats and enemies to republicanism." We have heard just such reasonings as this, and have known it to be eminently successful. And then, among those who become naturalized citizens, there is a class, and not a small one either, who are utterly ignorant of what the proper ends of government are, and who honestly believe that in coming to a "land of liberty" they are to be permitted to do just what they please. Is it to be wondered at that the name of Democracy—the power of the people—should have great attractions for voters of this stamp?

"Och! tunder and turf!" says Paddy, "the Dimmycrats is the bh'ys for my money! It's thim that knows what thrue liberty manes. I'll be affther givin' my vote for the Dimmycratic President, and if we elect him—the hivens be praised!—we'll have every poor man paid five dollars a day for doin' jist next to nothin' at all. Sure and isn't this the land of pace and plinty, only that the Whigs—bad luck to thim!——kapes uz from havin' our just rights and liberties? And isn't that rascal Fillmore a lockin' up all the goold that comes from California; and when we get a Dimmycratic President won't it all be distributed among the people and make all the poor craters rich? Tear and ages! won't we go in thin, b'hys? The Whigs is all aristhocrats and inimies to the poor man. Hoor-r-r-ay for the Dimmycrat! Hoor-r-r-ay for Gineral Jackson, and Gineral Cass, and Gineral Douglas, and Gineral Buchanan—hoor-r-r-r-ay!"

"Pe sure," says the Dutchman, "I dinks I can't nefer do nothing no besser als vode for de Dimmygrads. Dimmygrads means de beoples, and I goes for de beoples. I am a beople, myself, und my vife he is a beople, und my shildren is beoples. De Vhigs is been keepin' de beoples from vodin' in Old Firchinny, but de Dimmygrads has gone und mate a new law for de beoples all to vode, und day is goin' to vode for de Dimmygrads. Vhigs is all for hafin' gings, und lorts, and gounts, und all dat. *Donner und Blitzen!* hadn't ve enough of all dem drash in Charmany? Der tyfel may dake de Vhigs for all vot I cares. Vhy *potztausand!* don't I know dat Henry Clay vas a dryin' to marry his son to Queen Vigtoria? Suphose he vas been elegted, voulds't ve haf peen in a bretty fix? *Lagel und Shtorm-Vedder!* I goes Chimeral Chackson und de Dimmygrads? Hurrah for Chackson! I vodes for de Dimmygrads for Bresidents, und Gofernors, und Breechers, und Lawyers, und Toctors, und efery ding. De Vhigs *sind nicht besser als Thoren!*"

"*Mille tonnerres!*" shouts the Frenchman, "I am von raypoobleccan, sare; I am von Democrat. *Vive la Republique, une et indivisible! La Belle France* is curse vid de aristocratie. I go for to be let do vot I please, *parbleu!* De vigs vill not let me do vot I please, and derefore I am become von Democrat, sare. Von day I go inside von store, and I see von *charmante fille*—von ver pretty gal—de store keep's daughtare, and joost baycause I vant to kiss her, de big brute store-keep he make application of his foot to behind me, and keek me into de street, *morbleu!*—and de *sacre* big storekeep vas von *Vig*, sare.* I come to l'Amerique to do vot I schoose, and not to be keek behind by von villain store-keep. De Vigs 'ave no ondairstand of de vraie liberty. I vote meeself you Democrat, sare. *Vive les Democrats! A bas les Vigs!*

Such, without caricature, are specimens of what we ourselves have heard, and, without intending the slightest disrespect to our worthy emigrant citizens, we give them as examples of the manner in which they allow themselves to be humbugged by a name.

*This story was actually told by a Frenchman in Philadelphia.

An American Major General at Naples.—The New York *Herald*, in remarking on the annoyances to which travellers are subjected at Naples, says:—

"As an instance of the style in which matters are managed, we may state that an American gentleman at Naples, upon whose passport had been written major general—in recognition of his services on parade days in the militia of the United States—was ordered out of the country *instanter*. While under examination before a military police tribunal, he stated that he intended to leave the next morning, when he was ordered instantly to proceed to the frontier. His reply, through his interpreter, was, that he would not go—but the interpreter took the responsibility of making a civil answer, and stated that he would go with pleasure. Judge of the major general's surprise, when he was marched off forthwith to the frontier, without even taking leave of his friends."

Legerdemain.—One of the most remarkable tricks of Professor Anderson is called "the Inexhaustible Bottle." It completely puzzles and bewilders, even many of those who suppose that they are pretty well acquainted with the movements and contrivances of all modern wizards and magicians. The Professor makes his appearance, and announces that he is about to supply all the ladies and gentlemen within range of his walk, extending from one end of the room to the other, with any kind of liquor they may choose—brandy, gin, whiskey, or rum—and all from a single bottle! He forthwith distributes several dozen glasses, and then he produces the extraordinary bottle. It is of the form of an ordinary champagne, but considerably larger, and apparently capable of holding about three pints. The Professor then passes along a little platform, extending through the middle of the room, and pours out—first, brandy—then gin—then rum—and then whiskey, quite as rapidly as the various liquors are called—sometimes three of rum in succession, and sometimes six of whiskey—just as the company desire. And this is kept up for a considerable time, long enough to exhaust a dozen such bottles—to the astonishment as well as delight of the audience. At the close the bottle is broken, and two pocket-handkerchiefs are taken from within.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A Big Move.—On Sunday last, the hotel and store of Mr. Fuller, at Jencksville, on the Western Railroad, six miles east of Springfield, were moved a mile and a quarter west, to the Indian Orchard depot, with a rapidity and ease which we believe to be wholly unprecedented in the history of engineering. A few weeks since, the depot at Jencksville was moved to its new location, at the junction of the Indian Orchard road, upon platform cars. This took away Mr. Fuller's business, and he determined to follow. The work of removal was undertaken by Messrs. Trask, Blanchard & Parker, on Monday week. The hotel, a wooden building, two stories high, and fifty-two by thirty-two feet in its other dimensions, was raised and prepared for sliding upon the cars. This building contained four stacks of chimneys, which, with all the furniture in the house, were entirely undisturbed. The store, also, a two story wooden building, forty by thirty feet, was prepared in like manner, never disturbing the goods upon the shelves. All being ready, on Sunday morning, an engine with four platform cars was run out from Springfield, and the cars arranged in pairs, two on one track and two on the other. The hotel was slid upon these cars, projecting on either side to a considerable distance, the engine hitched on, and the whole removed to the new location, a mile and a quarter distant, in nine minutes. It was then rolled off upon the site prepared for it, the cars were run back, and the store served in the same way, with equal facility and success. At three o'clock in the afternoon the engine was housed at the Springfield Depot.

We presume that never in the world was such a piece of work effected so cheaply and so quickly, and the operation reflects the highest credit upon those who effected it. The only cause of regret in connection with it, is that it was necessary to do it on Sunday, or not at all.

Springfield, Mass., Republican.

Daniel Webster, we are told received $5000 for his argument of the great India Rubber Case, at Boston last week.

A Curious Fight.—A gentleman of this town having a rattlesnake in a box with tin bars, put a rat in, to see his snakeship give a specimen of swallowing. The snake struck at the rat, and the rat finding himself in close quarters with a deadly enemy, like all cowards, began to show fight, when he could do no better. He attacked his adversary with spirit, and continued to bite him on the head and neck until he gained a complete victory. The snake died of his wounds in a few minutes, and the rat was killed by a dog; but we are not informed what become of the dog that killed the rat that whipped the snake that lay in the box that Charley built.

Anderson (S. C.) Gazette.

From the National Intelligencer.

LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN ADAMS.

THE WORKS OF JOHN ADAMS, *Second President of the United States; with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations: By his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Vols.* ii, iii, iv, and v.

In a previous notice (Literary World, 214) we commented upon some of the formative influences in the composition of the character of John Aams. He was a democrat by birth. A strong salient spirit of reform was a law of his mental life. His diary, now published, shows how this spirit was tempered by constant self-examination, by the conservative influences about him, and, above all, by the well-defined limits of his legal training. John Adams may have been a stout rebel in the eyes of his contemporaries, but he was also a constitutional one. The part he bore in the defence of Capt. Preston, on trial for the Boston massacre, gave him an eminent position; separating in the most distinguished manner the patriot from the demagogue. "It appeared to me," says he, in a retrospect of this transaction, "that the greatest service which could be rendered to the people of the town was to lay before them the law as it stood, that they might be fully apprized of the dangers of various kinds which must arise from intemperate heats and irregular commotions. Although the clamor was very loud among some sorts of people, it has been a great consolation to me through life that I acted in this business with steady impartiality, and conducted it to so happy an issue."

Before embarking on the full tide of the Revolution; we are tempted to linger over some of the early anecdotes of Adams's personal character and the times, preserved in the Diary.

An essay in miniature on a misunderstood topic occurs in an entry of the Diary, which is worth quoting for its present good sense, as for its illustration of the mental habit of the writer:

DISSIMULATION.

"The first maxim of worldly wisdom, constant dissimulation, may be good or evil, as it is interpreted; if it means only a constant concealment from others of such of our sentiments, actions, desires, and resolutions as others have not a right to know, it is not only lawful, but commendable; because, when these are once divulged, our enemies may avail themselves of the knowledge of them to our damage, danger, and confusion. So that some things which ought to be communicated to some of our friends, that they may improve them to our profit, or honor, or pleasure, should be concealed from our enemies and from indiscreet friends, lest they should be turned to our loss, disgrace, or mortification. I am under no moral or other obligation to publish to the world how much my expenses or my incomes amount to yearly. There are times when, and persons to whom, I am not obliged to tell what are my principles and opinions in politics or religion. There are persons whom in my heart I despise; others I abhor. Yet I am not obliged to inform the one of my contempt, nor the other of my detestation. This kind of dissimulation, which is no more than concealment, secresy, and reserve, or, in other words, prudence and discretion, is a necessary branch of wisdom, and so far from being immoral and unlawful, it is a duty and a virtue. Yet even this must be understood with certain limitations; for there are times when the cause of religion, of government, of liberty, the interest of the present age and of posterity, make it a necessary duty for a man to make known his sentiments and intentions boldly and publicly; so that it is difficult to establish any certain rule to determine what things a man may and what he may not lawfully conceal, and when. But it is no doubt clear that there are many things which may lawfully be concealed from many persons at certain times, and, on the other hand, there are things which, at certain times, it becomes mean and selfish, base and wicked, to conceal from some persons."

The student, in the mean time, was ripening into the man of the world and accomplished lawyer, and the lawyer into the statesman.

In 1764 John Adams was married, an event which he subsequently chronicled in his autobiographic sketch, with an allusion to earlier flames:

HIS MARRIAGE.

"Here it may be proper to recollect something which makes an article of great importance in the life of every man. I was of an amorous disposition, and very early, from ten or eleven years of age, was very fond of the society of females. I had favorites among the young women, and spent many of my evenings in their company; and this disposition, although controlled for seven years after my entrance into college, returned and engaged me too much till I was married.

"I shall draw no characters, nor give any enumeration of my youthful flames. It would be considered as no compliment to the dead or the living. This I will say, they were all modest and virtuous girls, and always maintained their character through life. No virgin or matron ever had cause to blush at the sight of me, or regret their acquaintance with me. No father, brother, son, or friend ever had cause of grief or resentment for any inter course between me and any daughter, sister, mother, or any other relation of the female sex. These reflections, to me consolatory beyond all expression, I am able to make with truth and sincerity; and I presume I am indebted for this blessing to my education. This has been rendered the more precious to me, as I have seen enough of the effects of a different practice.

"I passed the summer of 1764 in attending courts and pursuing my studies, with some amusement on my little farm, to which I was frequently making additions, until the fall, when on the 25th of October, I was married to Miss Smith, second daughter of the Rev. Wm. Smith, Minister of Weymouth, grand-daughter of the Hon. John Quincy, of Braintree—a connexion which has been the source of all my felicity, although a sense of duty, which forced me away from her and my children for so many years, produced all the griefs of my heart, and all that I esteem real affections in life."

A previous entry in the Diary, five years before this date, shows upon what accidents this important event of human life may hang:

ACCIDENTALLY NOT MARRIED.

"Accidents, as we call them, govern a great part of the world, especially marriages. S—— and E—— broke in upon H—— and me, and interrupted a conversation that would have terminated in a courtship, which would have terminated in a marriage, which marriage might have depressed me to absolute poverty and obscurity to the end of my life; but that accident separated us, and gave room for ——'s addresses, which have delivered me from very dangerous shackles, and left me at liberty, if I will but mind my studies, of making a character and a fortune."

INDIAN WIT.

"Took a pipe in the beginning of the evening with Mr. Cranch, and then supped with Dr. Warren.

"The Indian preacher cried, good God! that ever Adam and Eve should eat that apple, when they knew in their own souls it would make good cider.

"*Sunday.* Heard Mr. Cutter, of Ipswich Hamlet; dined at Dr. Putnam's with Col. Putnam and lady, and two young gentlemen, nephews of the Doctor, and Col. ——, and Mrs. Scollay. Col. Putnam told a story of an Indian upon Connecticut River, who called at a tavern, in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. 'How is this, landlord,' says he, 'last fall you asked but two coppers for a glass of rum, now you ask three.' 'Oh!' says the landlord, 'it costs me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hogshead of rum over winter as a horse.' 'Aye!' says the Indian, 'I can't see through that; he won't eat so much hay—*maybe he drink as much water.*' This was *sheer wit, pure satire*, and *true humor*. Humor, wit, and satire, in one very short repartee."

The growing strength of rebellion may be followed in these Diaries. Several entries of the year of the Stamp Act, 1765, are characteristic:

GROWING DISAFFECTION.

"Went to Weymouth with my wife; dined at Father Smith's; heard much of the uneasiness among the people of Hingham, at a sermon preached by Mr. Gay, on the day of Thanksgiving, from a text in James: 'Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and carsing.' In which he said that the ancient weapons of the church were prayers and tears, not clubs; and inculcated submission to authority in pretty strong expressions. His people say that Mr. Gay would do very well for a distributer, and they believed he had the stamps in his house, and even threatened, &c. This uneasiness, it seems, was inflamed by a sermon preached there the Sunday after, by Mr. Smith, which they admired very much, and talk of printing, as the best sermon they ever heard him preach. This sermon of Mr. Smith's was from, 'Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' The tenor of it was to recommend honor, reward, and obedience to good rulers, and a spirited opposition to bad ones, interspersed with a good deal of animated declamation upon liberty and the times."

With one more significant record we leave this interesting Diary for the present:

"*December* 17, 1773. Last night three cargoes of Bohea tea were emptied into the sea. This morning a man-of-war sails.—This is the most magnificent movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity in this last effort of the patriots that I greatly admire. The people should never rise without doing something to be remembered, something notable and striking. The destruction of the tea is so bold, so daring, so firm, intrepid, and inflexible, and it must have so important consequences, and so lasting, that I cannot but consider it as an epocha in history.

How to Lay Up Money for a Rainy Day.—A number of years ago, Charles and Clara S—— were married in the city of New York. Charles was wealthy and in good business—very comfortable circumstances for a young man, which tended, of course, to develope his naturally liberal disposition. Feeling thus happy and independent of the world's frowns, he proposed to his youthful bride, one day during the honey moon, to give her five thousand dollars for every "scion of his house" which should be engrafted upon the family tree—an arrangement, as may be supposed, to which the lovely Clara made not the slightest objection. Time passed on—Charles faithfully performing his agreement, and making no inquiries as to the disposition of her money by his better half, until they had been married some ten years; fortune, which had smiled with constancy, suddenly turned her back and left him high and dry among the breakers of Wall street. When the crisis had arrived, he went home with a heavy heart, to announce the sad news to his wife, that he was an irretrievably ruined man—that his property had all gone to satisfy his creditors, and nothing was left. "Not exactly so bad as that, my dear," said Clara. "Wait a minute, and see what I have been doing." Thus saying, she ran up stairs and soon returned with a deed in her own name, of one-half of an elegant block of houses in the neighborhood, worth thirty thousand dollars. "You see I have been industrious," continued she, "and have laid up something for a rainy day. If you had been as smart as your brother, we might have had the whole block by this time!"—*Kennebec Journal.*

Beautiful Extract.—Do trees talk?—Have they no leafy lungs? Do thay not at sunrise, when the winds blow, and the birds are carolling their songs, play a sweet music? Who has ever heard the soft whisper of the green leaves in spring time on a sunny morning who did not feel as though rainbow-gleams were running thro' his heart? And then when the peach-blossoms hang like rubies from the stem of the parent tree; when the morning glory, like a nun before the shrine of God, unfolds her beautiful face, and the moss-roses open their crimson lips, sparkling with the nectar that falls from heaven, who does not bless his Maker?

The Hagerstown Herald says: George A. Bender, deputy marshal, has furnished us with the number of barrels of flour manufactured in Washington county, in the year 1850 as follows: 205,368, which at $4 50 per barrel, amounted to $924,-156. The yield of the county this year will far exceed this amount, but the average price will fall below $4 50 per barrel; yet what the farmer loses in price he will probably gain in quantity.

PASSING THROUGH AN ICEBERG.

Extract from a Journal kept by a Seaman who served in the Arctic Expedition of 1850-51.

SUNDAY, June 30, 1850.—Moored to an iceberg; weather calm; sky cloudless, and "beautifully blue," surrounded by a vast number of stupendous bergs, glittering and glistening beneath the refulgent rays of a mid-day sun.

A great portion of the crew had gone on shore to gather the eggs of the wild sea-birds that frequent the lonely icebound precipices of Baffin's Bay, while those on board had retired to rest, wearied with the harassing toils of the preceding day.

To me, walking the deck and alone, all nature seemed hushed in universal repose. While thus contemplating the stillness of the monotonous scene around me, I observed in the offing a large iceberg, completely perforated, exhibiting in the distance an arch, or tunnel, apparently so uniform in its conformation that I was induced to call two of the seamen to look at it, at the same time telling them that I had never read or heard of any of our arctic voyagers passing through one of those arches so frequently seen through large bergs, and there would be a novelty in doing so, and if they chose to accompany me I would get permission to take the dingy (a small boat,) and endeavor to accomplish the unprecedented feat. They readily agreed, and away we went.

On nearing the arch, and ascertaining that there was a sufficiency of water for the boat to pass through, we rowed slowly and silently under, when there burst upon our view one of the most magnificent specimens of nature's handiwork ever exhibited to mortal eyes; the sublimity and grandeur of which no language can describe—no imagination conceive.

Fancy an immense arch of 80 feet span, 50 feet high, and upward of 100 in breadth,—as correct in its conformation as if it had been constructed by the most scientific artist—formed of solid ice of a beautiful emerald green, its whole expanse of surface smoother than the most polished alabaster, and you may form some slight conception of the architectural beauties of this icy temple, the wonderful workmanship of time and the elements.

When we had got about halfway through the mighty structure, on looking upward I observed that the berg was rent the whole breadth of the arch, and in a perpendicular direction of its summit, showing two vertical sections of irregular surfaces, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," here and there illumined by an arctic sun which darted its golden rays between, presenting to the eye a picture of ethereal grandeur which no poet can describe, no painter portray. I was so enraptured with the sight that for a moment I fancied the "blue vault of heaven" had opened, and that I actually gazed on the celestial splendor of a world beyond this. But, alas! in an instant the scene changed, and I awoke as it were from a delightful dream to experience all the horrors of a terrible reality. I observed the fracture rapidly close, then again slowly open. This stupendous mass of ice, millions of tons in weight, was afloat, consequently in motion, and apparently about to lose its equilibrium, capsize, or burst into fragments. Our position was truly awful; my feelings at the moment may be conceived, but cannot be described. I looked downwards and around me; the sight was equally appalling; the very sea seemed agitated. I at last shut my eyes from a scene so terrible, the men at the oars as if by instinct "gave way," and our little craft swiftly glided from beneath the gigantic mass.

We then rowed round the berg, keeping at a respectful distance from it, in order to judge of its magnitude. I suppose it to be about a mile in circumference, and its highest pinnacle 250 feet.

Thus ended an excursion, the bare recollection of which at this moment awakens in me a shudder; nevertheless, I would not have lost the opportunity of beholding a scene so awfully sublime so tragically grand, for any money, but I would not again run such a risk for the world.

We passed through the berg about two p. m., and at ten o'clock the same night it burst, agitating the sea for miles around.

I may also observe that the two men who were with me in the boat did not observe that the berg was rent until I told them, after we were out of danger we having agreed, previously to entering the arch, not to speak a word to each other, lest echo itself should disturb the fragile mass.

N. B.—Arctic voyagers differ as to what portion of an iceberg is under water. Some say one-fifth; some one-seventh; some more. I refer the readers to the works of Ross and Parry as the best authorities.

The Great Russian Railway.—The great Railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, recently opened, is in nearly a straight line, and 400 miles in length. The track is double, of 5 feet guage, and some of the bridges are elevated above the water from 125 to 175 feet. The bridges are of wood, on Howe's principle, and were built by Mr. R. O. Williams, of Connecticut.—Major Whistler, of the Boston and Albany railroad, went to Russia in 1843, and was engineer of the work until his death. Then Maj. Brown, of the New York and Erie road, became engineer in chief, and finished the Russian road. The entire cost is stated at $25,000,000.

The locomotives have also the stamp of American genius. They were built by Harrison, Winans and Eastwick, from drawings by Maj. Whistler, and are outside cylinder reverse engines, and are intended for burning wood. They are 162 in number, of which 42 are for passengers and 120 for freight. The passenger cars are built upon the American plan, and are 56 feet long and 9½ broad. The two Imperial carriages are very magnificent, being 84 feet long by 10 broad, and 7½ ft. high, and supported on 16 wheels on the Bogie principle. These carriages have spacious apartments, furnished for the Emperor and Empress separately, in the most improved and luxurious manner. They are fitted up with beds, and a kitchen car is attached, with larder, wine cellar, ice-house, &c.

The road is to be run in fifteen hours. It used to take the diligence seventy-five hours, and wagons eleven days with freight. Boats by rivers and canals between the two cities make the trip in from fifty-five to sixty days, and frozen up half the time at that. Nicholas has caught a great deal of the "progressive spirit of the age," and a railway from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, 796 miles long, is now strongly talked of.

Cleveland Herald.

JEWISH CUSTOMS—AN INTERESTING CASE.

The Philadelphia Ledger describes an interesting case at law which was commenced on Tuesday before Judge King, in the Court of Common Pleas in that city. It is a feigned issue, joined between P. S. Rowland, the plaintiff, and Harris Coleman and Isabella his wife, defendants, to determine the question whether a former husband of Isabella, who was the plaintiff's brother, was indebted to the plaintiff at the time of his death in 1840. The plaintiff was the executor of the will of his brother, Mrs. Coleman's first husband, and claimed a balance of two or three thousand dollars, remaining in his hands after paying the debts of the deceased, as part of certain advances made by him to the deceased, amounting in all to about $10,-000.

But the money matters (says the Ledger) are not the most interesting features in this case. The widow, and the Jewish law, still partly in force here, form the most attractive points to the general reader. After the accounts of the deceased brother had been settled by the plaintiff, the widow refused to allow him to appropriate the balance to the payment of his claim for advances, and several lawsuits were the consequence. But she, some time afterwards, became desirous of changing her widow's weeds for a bridal garland, and the consent of her deceased husband's brother, the plaintiff, became necessary to the consummation of her wishes. Under the old Jewish dispensation, a widow, who had no children by her first husband, was bound and had a right to demand the hand of her late husband's brothers in marriage, commencing with the oldest, and going through the whole collateral line not previously engaged or disposed. If the brothers refuse the widow the marriage, she has the privilege of taking off a shoe from the refusing gentleman's foot, and, what is very indelicate in a lady, to be sure, of spitting in his face, and declaring, in the language of the law, "there is a man who refuses to build up his brother's house." A difficulty now presented itself. The brother would neither marry the widow himself, nor consent to a marriage with any one else, unless she would admit his claim to the balance in question. The widow, of course, was anxious to bestow her hand upon Mr. Coleman, and, after disputes and interviews, admitted the plaintiff's claim to obtain his assent thereto.—After her marriage, however, she took legal advice on the subject, and the present suit was the consequence. She denies the validity of a release, extorted from her under the circumstances above narrated, and, with her husband, claims the balance remaining in the hands of the plaintiff, as executor of the will of her late husband.

The case will probably occupy several days. Messrs. W. L. Hirst, W. B. Reed, and St. George T. Campbell appear as counsel for the plaintiff, and Messrs. J. McIntyre, David Paul Brown, and George M. Dallas for the defendants.

Two Ghosts to one Hamlet.—Strange things occasionally occur in a theatrical life. Some few years ago at a benefit given to a Fire Company in Philadelphia, a new aspirant for histronic honors appeared on the boards of the Walnut street Theatre. The play was "Hamlet." Just before the curtain rose, the gentleman engaged to play the "*Ghost*," struck for "wages," and the Manager was forced to supply his place as best he could.

In due time the play went on, and the Ghost in blue armor appeared, saying in his usual lugubrious tone—

"Hamlet, *I am thy Father's Ghost!*"

When, even as the Prince of Denmark was contemplating the image of his father's ghost, a voice was heard from another wing—

"Don't you believe him, Hamlet; I am your father's ghost—this fellow underbid me."

And with the word, another "*Ghost*," in blue armor, of course, stepped on the stage.

The embarrassment of Hamlet was extreme. *Two* ghosts of *one* father, both dressed in blue armor, speaking at once, and each claiming to be the Ghost Simon Pure, as thus—

"Hamlet, I am thy father's ghost," began No. 1.

"No, Hamlet, I'm your father's ghost," cried No. 2.

"Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth," continued No. 1.

"No, Hamlet," said Ghost No. 2. insinuatingly—"It's me that's doomed to walk the earth—not him. You see he plays for five dollars a week, and I would not do it under six. I'm your father's ghost, Hamlet."

At this juncture, while Hamlet stood looking from one to the other, in most unprincely confusion, No. 1 again rallied—

"I could a tale unfold," he said.

"All fudge, Hamlet; it's me that could the tale unfold," cried Ghost No. 2.—"This fellow ain't got no tail to unfold. I'm your father's ghost my boy."

At this crisis the curtain fell, leaving Hamlet to settle the matter with the two Ghosts, behind the scene, while the audience were shedding tears, but not of sorrow.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Not in the Bills.—On a certain occasion, at a certain dramatic temple, a farce was in the course of representation, and had just reached a scene where a lover enters, seeking almost distracted, his lady-love, who had just concealed herself a moment before (in full view of the audience) in the garden, behind some canvass representations of bushes.

"Where, O Heavens! where has my lovely Julia fled?" exclaimed the actor in despairing accents, looking around every where but in the right place.

A specimen of the genus Yankee in the pit, who had hitherto been all attention, now exhibited symptoms of impatience, and as the actor repeated his importunate inquiry, he was answered by our excellent Yankee with—

"Right behind yer, you darned fool!—in the tater patch."

The effect of this can be better imagined than described—the applause was tremendous.

A lady, seventy-five years of age, was subpœnaed last week before the Superior Court in New Haven. In the course of her testimony she stated that she was born in North Haven, (six miles distant,) *and had never visited the city until upon this occasion.* It is suggested that North Haven is situated in the valley of contentment.

MORTALITY AMONG CLERGYMEN.

The Presbyterian of this morning mentions that since the 1st of May, a period of six months, sixteen clergymen belonging to the Presbyterian Church have died, viz:

Names.	*Presbyteries.*	*Age.*
Ezekiel B. Currie,	Orange,	[illegible]
John Mark Fulton,	Upper Missouri,	[illegible]
James Hopkins,	Chillicothe,	[illegible]
John Barr,		[illegible]
James Y. McGinnis,	Huntingdon,	[illegible]
Jonathan S. Ely,	Elizabethtown,	[illegible]
Jonathan Cross,	Donegal,	[illegible]
William M. Hall,	Huntingdon,	[illegible]
John Kennedy,	Kaskaskia,	[illegible]
Jer. Chamberlain, D. D.,	Mississippi,	[illegible]
Wm. A. McDowell, D. D.,	Philadelphia,	[illegible]
Samuel Ralston, D. D.,	Ohio,	[illegible]
Robert T. Breese,	Peoria,	[illegible]
Hugh Shaw,	Tennessee,	[illegible]
Arch. Alexander, D. D.,	New Brunswick,	[illegible]
Hamilton Scott,	Brazos,	[illegible]

Preaching in the Streets.—At the recent meeting of the South Classis of New York, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That in view of the increase of crime and the negligence of public worship by multitudes in our city, a committee of this classis be appointed to confer with such of the clergy as may be advisable, in order to make arrangement for preaching the gospel in the streets and other places of public resort.

The committee appointed are the Rev. Dr. Matthews, the Rev. Dr. Ferris, and Rev. Mr. Thompson, with the Elders Wm. B. Crosby and James Young, Esqrs.

The following article, which we copy from the New York Times, looks to us "very like a whale," but we give it for what it is worth, leaving the reader to form his opinion upon the matter:

Sir John Franklin.—The London Morning Chronicle publishes the following interesting statement, vouching for its accuracy, and saying that the Admiralty has ordered an inquiry.

GLOUCESTER, Friday.

An extraordinary circumstance has just happened here, which I hasten to communicate. It is almost incredible, but the fact that the authority is undoubted, and the Admiralty have been induced to order an official inquiry, which is now being proceeded with.

These are the facts: Last Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Russell, a lady living at Wootton, near this city, observed something fall in the garden, while at dinner. On going out the gardener, he found it to be a small balloon, in the car of which was a card, bearing the following inscription:

Erebus, 112 W. Long.
71 deg. N. Lat.
September 3, 1851.
Blocked in.

The matter was first looked upon as a hoax, but subsequent events led to a communication being made with the Admiralty, who sent for the balloon and car, and immediately on their receipt sent down Capt. Beechy, R. N., to Gloucester, with another officer, to make inquiries. These inquiries are now being prosecuted. Captain Beechy having been twice at Wootton, examining all parties resident there. It turns out that it is a real Government balloon of exactly a similar kind to those sent up with the Erebus, when she sailed from England.

Potato Digger.—Among the implements of farm labor exhibited at the Manchester Fair was a wagon with machinery attached for gathering potatoes, the recent invention of a New Hampshire farmer. The wagon is placed at one end of the potato field, with oxen or horses attached, and as it passes down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, *and lands them in the wagon.*

A late Paris letter says that the rat catchers of the city of Paris have just held a meeting at the Hotel de Ville; their deliberations were presided over by the Inspector of Highways, who also exercises jurisdiction over the gutters and sewers. The object of the meeting was to take measures for the coming rat campaign. A million and a half of these vermin are supposed at this moment to be undermining Paris. It was decided that arsenic should be the poison used in their extermination. Last year 1,143,300 rats were killed, and their tails deposited at the Hotel de Ville in proof of the fact.

Corruption of Words.—Take, for example, the word kerchief. There is no doubt that this word is derived from the French couvre-chief, and obviously means the covering for the head. Brevity converted couvre-chief into ker-chief. This was well enough for colloquial purposes and no great harm done. By degrees, however, having occasion to enlarge the application of the word for our convenience, we flung etymology to the winds, and coined the word handkerchief, which broke up in constituent parts, means literally a head cover for the hand. The force of absurdity would seem incapable of going beyond this. But worse remains behind. Having reconciled our consciences to handkerchiefs, there was no difficulty in finding kerchief in like manner for all possible purposes; accordingly we have manufactured a pocket, and a neck handkerchief, or head cover for the hand to be tied round the neck, and put in the pocket.

A writer in a Southern paper, giving an account of the Boston jubilee, of which he declares himself an eye-witness, describes the night's lodging thus:—"Twenty in a room, and three in a bed; besides thousands in baby-jumpers hooped to the limbs of trees on the common."

A willow tree was blown down on Sunday morning last, in Franklin Place, Boston, during the storm, which was brought when young from St. Helena, during Napoleon's exile. It has been purchased by James Miller & Co., Broomfield street, Boston, and is to be used for the manufacture of artificial legs. Legs from Napoleon's willow tree will be all the rage, we expect.

The Savannah Republican speaks of the date grown in Glynn county, Georgia, by Mr. Couper. The tree bore fruit this year for the first time, and is supposed to be about twenty-five or thirty years old. The palm tree which bears the date does not usually bear fruit under the age of thirty years, and it is said that they bear seventy years before they begin to decline. It is a tall and stately tree, and is held in great veneration in the East, not only for its beauty but especially for its utility.

Blank Warrants for sale here.