

New Rail Roads.—The following rail roads clear open country, during the last two or three days, it would seem as if he had been descending into a coal pit, to see persons walking with a little torch or candle at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and trying to find out

1. Lancaster, Middlesex, and Marlborough rail road.

2. Marietta Branch railway, forming a connection with the Cincinatti and Philadelphia railways at the depot near Columbia.

3. Scranton, Beaver, Rail Road, extending from Scranton, in Lancaster county, to the Columbia and Philadelphia rail road.

4. York and Wrightsville Rail Road.—When this road is completed, there will be a continuous line connecting the city of Washington through Baltimore, York, Wrightsville, Columbia, and Lancaster, with the city of Philadelphia.

5. Cumberland Valley Rail Road.—When this road is completed, there will be a continuous railway from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia via Pittsburgh, Carlisle, Harrisburg, Mifflintown and Lancaster.

6. Wilmington and Susquehanna Rail Road.

7. Williamport and Elmira Rail Road, from Williamsport, Lycoming county, to Elmira in New York, 74 miles, to intersect with the New York and Erie rail road.

8. Oxford Rail Road, from the Philadelphia and Columbia rail road, near Coatesville, Pa. Port Deposit on the Susquehanna 314 miles.

9. Little Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road from Pittsville and Danville rail road to the Susquehanna at Catawissa.

10. Lykens's Valley Rail Road, from the Susquehanna, near Mifflintown, 20 miles above Harrisburg, to the anthracite coal region 16 miles east.

11. The Valley rail road from Norristown to intersect with the Philadelphia, Columbia rail road, about 25 miles west of Philadelphia.

12. The Allentown Rail Road, from Allentown, Lehigh county, to Norristown.

13. Philadelphia and Norristown rail road.

14. Philadelphia and Reading Rail Road.

15. West Philadelphia Rail Road.—A branch of the Philadelphia and Columbia rail road, to enter the city near Market street Bridge, 8 or 9 miles in length.

Commercial Herald.

A real Fact.—The stage last week, near Lebanon, approached a *bully* team of four horses belonging to a Mr. C.,—whose team is celebrated for its strength; and its owner pretty independent on that account. As the stage approached the team, the driver hailed the other driver to give the road, and was answered that he would give but half, “like an honest man.”

This irritated the stage driver, and he said “we'll see if you don't, d—n you”—the carriages came immediately in collision and most unfortunately for the poor stage driver, the other literally hauled the stage, passengers and horses for some distance, until they had gripped at the bottom of a pretty steep hill; the *bully* teamster then *leisurely* rested a moment, and told the other driver if he did not immediately *back and un-hitch*! that he would show him the top of the hill pretty shortly.” All this time the passengers in the stage encouraged the *bully* teamster, they all having been prejudiced against their driver for not having driven them faster, and their being but little danger, as it was, upon a level road, and quite slippery from a fall of rain. The stage driver not complying with the other's civil request, was in less than no time pulled backwards, with stage, horses, &c. half way up the hill; by this time the stage driver's *chaise* lay *face down* beyond bearing, and he jumped from his seat and swore he would *kick* his more powerful adversary; but to make a long story short, he was *hauled* himself most confoundedly, and with the assurance of the passengers saying *nothing* about it, actually treated all hands, except myself, who being a temperance man, and not having drunk any of his liquor, deemed it not dishonorable to notice so good a joke,

Cincinnati Whig.

Great Fog in England in 1811.—In the months of May and June, there is ordinarily a great deal of fog in New England, particularly in some of the towns on the sea coast. Newport, in Rhode Island, is remarkable for the frequency and density of its fogs, which it is said to exercise a beneficial influence on the complexion of the fair residents of that beautiful place. But the fogs of America are by no means to be compared to the fogs which are sometimes experienced in the countries bordering on the English channel and the North Sea, particularly Great Britain, as Fanny Kemble can bear witness. A yankee can hardly conceive of the beauty and denseness of a wreath of good old English fog. Some idea, however, may be formed from a perusal of the following extract, from an English paper of June 2, 1811, describing the appearance of the great fog, which has perhaps seldom been surpassed in extent or markess.

Boston Journal.

“London, Jan. 2.—(Sunday.)—The fog still continues. It was more dense and oppressive last night than at any time since its commencement on Monday last. Very few persons ventured out, except on pressing business; and no sound was heard *out of doors* but the voices of the watchmen or the noise of some solitary carriage, cautiously feeling its way thro' the gloom. It extends as far as the Downs, a distance of 70 miles, but how far in other directions, has not yet been ascertained. The wind has in the interval, blown uniformly from the N. E. We understand that there has been nothing like the present fog since the great earthquake at Lisbon, about half a century ago. The fog then lasted eight days.

To a person who came up to London, from a

author of *Gurn's* domestic medicine, and late physician of Tennessee, and former physician of the Virginia Hospital.

June 10th, 1835.

COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Editor:

Sir, in your paper of last week, I discovered an article signed “a Clodhopper,” enquiring whether the Clerk of this county, has ever refunded said county \$30, an allowance made to him for extra services; and stating that I had received \$100, for one year's extra services, &c.

In reply to said enquiry, I can say, that I never have, nor never will, refund to the county of Switzerland, \$30 alluded to, for one of the best of reasons, and that is, because I never applied for, had or received, of said county, an allowance of more than \$70, for extra services, rendered in any one year, since I have had the office, and if ever there was a larger amount of allowance for such services published in the annual expenditures of the county, of any one year, there was an account of some preceding year included in it. Such a case did happen in the last allowance for such services; Mr. Whitehead, some time after his term of office had expired, and notwithstanding the services rendered by him, were not in the year the allowance was made, had an account for such services of \$30, allotted him, and it was published with similar allowances of that year in which he was paid, and of course would swell that item of expenditure to more than was allowed me, for such services for any one year.

Therefore in justice to the honorable board of commissioners, who would revolt at the idea of granting such an allowance in the face of the law, as well as to myself; I do aver that any charge either against the Commissioners for allowing, or against the Clerk for receiving—any more than \$70, for extra services in any one year, is utterly false and unfounded; but if Mr. “Clodhopper,” whose character I know too well, will take off his *spurs*—wipe them clean, and then determine to make truth his guide—lay aside the weight and the sin that “both most easily beget him,” purge and purify his malignant heart, and divest himself of all his diabolical prejudices and of his disposition to persecute his fellow beings without cause, he will then be enabled to read, write and speak the truth, either on his corporeal oath, or in the common affairs of life. Then he will be in a prepared state to look at the statement of the receipts and expenditures of last year, and perceive, that the board of commissioners allowed me only \$70, for extra services that year.

Now sir, as Mr. “Clodhopper” says, his only object is to ascertain whether the Clerk of this county, has ever refunded the \$30, which by the by, is as foreign from the truth as many of his other statements regarding me, I feel in duty bound to my fellow citizens, not to him, to give full and ample satisfaction, but should I fail in doing so at this time I shall hold myself in readiness, at some future period to render him *quodcumque sufficit*—so much so that he will return to his neighbor and enquire how long this small estate that he settled was in probate before he settled it, whether the fees in such cases does not increase as time advances by repeated services, of dockets, continuances, filings, &c. &c.

But to be plain with “Clodhopper.” He thinks that (like himself) I am fond of applying for higher wages, but he is very much mistaken, although he would have been highly gratified if I had; in hopes that I might share his own fate, and by striking for higher wages, get stricken out of office, and be compelled to retire to private life, and doomed to *clodhopper* it, the balance of my days, how mortifying the reflection, that notwithstanding his mighty intellect, his discerning mind, his superior talents, and his perfect fitness to occupy a station at Washington, never since has he either been called by appointments, or by the voice of the freemen of his country, to occupy any station of either profit or trust. It is likely however, that a man possessing all the above qualifications and acquirements, would look down with contempt upon an office in the county of Switzerland. In fact he puts me very much in mind of a paragraph, I saw in a newspaper the other day, which will be quite applicable to him, it was headed People of Importance, and reads as follows, viz: “No body likes to be no body, but every body is pleased to think himself somebody, and every body is somebody, but the worst of the matter is, that when any body thinks himself to be somebody, he is to much inclined to think every body else nobody.” And it is said by some of our best informed citizens, that such important men are generally the most grossly ignorant. I am now done with Mr. “Clodhopper” for the present; after informing him that the length of my answer to his enquiry: is not intended as an answer to his enquiry alone, for that was but an easy task; no it has been elicited by his repeated attacks on many occasions not only my official, but my private character, without foundation or cause.

EDWARD PATTON.

Vevay, July 15, 1835.

SERIOUS CHARGE.

The author of “Foreign Conspiracy against the United States,” (a work recently published by Leavitt, Lord, & Co.) distinctly charges that a society, denominated the Leopold foundation, has been formed at Vienna, for the purpose of subverting the liberties of the United States of America. The society, the author declares, ostensibly a religious object, but to relate, retain his enemies. —*Can. M. J. A.*

has been for nearly four years at work in the United States without attracting, out of the religious world, much attention to its operations. The great patron of this infernal scheme, is no less a personage than the emperor of Austria—and prince Metternich, whose name is abhorred by every lover of liberty throughout the world, has taken it under his watchful care. The pope of Rome has given it his apostolical benediction; and his royal highness, Ferdinand V., has been most graciously pleased to accept the office of protector of the society.—Their funds are said to be enormous, and upwards of seven million have been given to them recently by the emperor of Austria. Is not this calculated to excite suspicion in the United States? If despotism has devised a scheme for operating against free principles in this country, it is high time for the American people to look about them.—*Sun.*

Extraordinary Run.—The steamer Paul Jones, from port to port, was only two days and eleven hours, in her return passage from St. Louis to Louisville, passing eleven boats, making it in less time by three hours than it has ever heretofore been done in.

THE KING SNAKE.

There is a large species of speckled snake called by common usage in the southern states, the King Snake, perhaps because he is the most formidable enemy of the fatal rat snake. It seems to be the chief object of his existence, to seek, pursue and destroy the latter, whose retreats and haunts are discovered by the emission of a peculiar smell resembling that of a cucumber vine. The King snake, to almost all other animals, is the most gentle and harmless of creatures; you may strike him, he shows no resentment, he bites not, he turns not, nor does he exhibit any terror or sluggishness. Brown by the smell of a cucumber he frequently enters gardens, but his appearance excites no alarm in any human being, that knows he is the King Snake; on the contrary, women and children will approach him with impunity; he is only the enemy of the *venomous* rat snake whose strength and venom avail nothing against the activity and mode of attack of the King snake who is always victor in every combat.

Yet the rat snake is a terrible reptile. There is a peculiarity truly appalling in the sound of his rattles, being unlike the noise of any other creature; and when you hear it even the first time, the true instinct of nature impresses on your quailing heart, that danger and death are near.

Never shall I forget one horrid event of my life! I was fishing in a southern lake one summer day when an unusual disposition to sleep affected me. I struck the end of my fishing rod in the bank of the lake, and sought a beautiful place of shade to enjoy repose. I laid myself on the grass between two trees scarcely six feet apart from each other, my head resting against one, and my feet against the other. I slept. When I awoke, I turned on one side and perceived at some distance from me, two brilliant lampreys, and instantly a tremendous, mingled sensation of an indeinable nature came upon my faculties. Something of an instinctive dictate, or impulse caused me to avert my eyes, but then there was such an abounding, wishful delight in gazing into eyes, that instantly and maddingly gazed into mine, that even the tremulous pulsation of my fixed eye-gaze, relaxed my frame, and I remained so fascinated that I could see nothing but the most beautiful colors. In short I was totally lost, so completely bewildered with commanding emotions, that I was absolutely powerless, and I could not withdraw my gaze, nor even move. Suddenly the rattling eyeballs glared with sparks of fire—there was a movement—I started from a dreamy state. I saw a huge rat snake—its gaze was disturbed, and when I heard the hateful rattle sound, the full danger of my situation aroused me, and through all my frame, I felt the extremity of terror; and just as I was on the point of obeying a phrenetic impulse to rise and fly, God of Heaven! I felt the deadly reptile as I thought coiling around my neck; I saw part of his body—I felt the silvery skin upon my neck, and the shiver of horror went through every joint and member of my frame. Such a feeling of agony! my eye-balls filled with scorching fire—first red—next yellowish green. Oh there are moments of existence which involve the sensations of veins, and when the detail of a thousand feelings scarcely occupy the brief space of a leisure thought. Nature could endure no more, and I lost all sense.

At length I had the painful tingling sensation of returning life through my veins, and when in full consciousness I arose from the earth, I saw near me tranquilly and quietly a living King Snake, and farther off the lifeless length of a tremendous Rattle Snake. I sat upon a log and reflected, and I am now satisfied that the King Snake had crept over my neck to my rescue there being a large log on one side, and the lake on the other, so that his nearest route to his enemy was over my body. But although my life was providentially preserved, yet the effect of that scene are the exhaustion of a great portion of my excitability, and the introduction of great pains and premature debility, in all my powers of mind and body.—*Incidences of the South.*

Accident.—On Sunday week last, Elijah, son of Mr. L. Curtis of this town, whilst in the act of climbing after “Service berries,” fell about 30 feet and landed amongst a cluster of rocks, breaking his skull from one extremity to the other, so much so that part of his brain was forced out. He still survives and singularly well.

Those who can endure conundrums are commended to the following:

Original Conundrums.—Why is the letter *e* like a tailor? If ye give it up? Because it makes *clothes* into *clothes*.

Why is a *Locomotive Engine* like the leading of a vessel? If ye give it up? Because it makes a *car*.

How to evade the law.—A London baker ad-

vertises that every person, purchasing a four-penny loaf from him, shall be entitled to a glass of gin for nothing. This is a trick to avoid the excise law, which requires all sellers of spirituous liquors to have a license. This generous baker presents his customers with the essence of death to pay them for buying

the staff of life.