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Select Poetry.

For the Bedford Gazette.

My Mountain Home.

There is a cherished spot
Far out in the mountains placed,
Where calm and humble cot
With nature's charmes is graced.

High mountains tower around,
With grand majestic form,
And the trees which stud the ground
With boldness face the storm.

Here the haunts of my childhood are
Mid the woods and the cloistered grove
And the prospect stretching far
Which, to view, I was wont to love.

Here flows the little stream
Where the spotted trout I caught:
And many familiar spots are seen
Which never can be forgot.

Here I join with my youthful friends
In solemn prayer and praise,
While the heart of each with the other blends
To celebrate God's grace.

But those who around the hearth
In childhood's hours I met,
Have passed away from the verdant earth
Though their traces linger yet.

Yes, they are laid in the silent tomb
Where memory sheds her tears;
But the Gospel hope dispels the gloom
And drives away all fears.

My home is loved and dear—
With domestic love made sweet—
For sighs here find affection's tear
And contentment a sure retreat.

Oh cherished! cherished spot!
One Mecca of my heart!
Thy scenes can never be forgot,
While inward thought may start. T. R. V.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, on Know Nothingism.

We find in the the *Macon* (Ga.) Telegraph, of the 11th inst., an editorial report of the speeches delivered at a grand mass meeting of Democrats and anti-Know Nothings held in Griffin, Ga., on Thursday, the 6th ult., from which we clip the following extracts from the speech made by the Hon. A. H. Stephens, now a candidate for re-election to Congress from that State. The remarks of Mr. Stephens, will be read with interest. He is every where known as a gallant Whig; and his sentiments—his abhorrence of the Secret Order—are in strict accord with the views of all National Whigs, whether North or South.

Gov. McDonald opened the proceedings, and then introduced to the audience, the Hon. A. H. Stephens, whose appearance was greeted with cheer upon cheer of congratulation and delight.

Mr. Stephens said he wanted the people to hear his words and remember them. He came to speak not to their passions, but to their reason—not to their hearts but to their heads. He had confidence in the people and their capacity to govern themselves. They needed no secret dictators, and he had no fears for the result when he saw them, as then, feeling an interest in public affairs, and determined to examine into them. The question was merely this. Were they willing to live under the Constitution of their fathers, or did they want another? We have formerly differed about *measures*, but now the difference was about a *form of government*. The Know-Nothings propose to substitute their supreme council for the present Government, and their Constitution for the Constitution of the country. Let the people choose. Which would they have—the Constitution of their Fathers, or that of the Know Nothing Council? That was the real question. He had the Know Nothing Constitution in his hand. It was genuine and he knew it. It declared that the Supreme National Council should "decide all matters appertaining to National politics," that it should have power to "tax" and power to "punish" without limitation or restriction. This was more power than was claimed for Congress. Our forefathers guarded our liberties with checks and balances. It made the Senate a check upon the House—the President a check upon the Senate, and the Judiciary a check upon the President. But this party claimed all these powers for its secret National Council alone.—Here was power to decide our national politics—power to tax and to punish—power over the sword and power over the purse—in short, all the great powers of government in the hands of a few men, and men not chosen by the people at that. What then was the use of our Constitution or of the government? This party made another Constitution for us. Would a freeman acknowledge their right to *tax* him? To *punish* him? To decide all political questions for him? What was the question? Did the people want a new government? Were they tired of the Constitution of Jefferson and Washington, and Franklin? They must choose between them. They must say whether they wanted another form of Government. He held in his hand the two Constitutions. The one made by our fathers, the other by the Know-Nothings. Choose ye, this day, which of the two ye will have.

He said that a good deal had been said, about a phrase of his, in reference to the "dry rot" and the Democratic party. When that party had Free Soilers in its folds, he did think they had the "dry rot," but they had met at Milledgeville and cut off the "dry rot" part of it, and refused to acknowledge such men as the Van Bureans and Preston King, Banks, of Massachusetts, was the leader of the "dry rot Democrats" who voted against the Kansas Bill. As soon as that bill passed, Banks and forty-three dry rot Democrats went and pitched into the pool of know nothingism. The seven Southern Whigs who opposed that bill, went and pitched into the same pool with Banks. Such Whigs as they were, he never had been, and so help him God, he never would be. For his part, he would rather act with those who had cut off the dry rot part, than with those who had it. Every man who fought by his side for the Kansas bill—he meant from the North—called himself a Democrat: every one of them. He was none of your glass-eyed shy horses to shy at a shadow. He went, not for *name*, but for *substance*. He was not frightened at a *name*, and he would strike hands with any man from the North or South, no matter what he called himself, when he stood up and battled for the rights of the South. There was one man who had stood by his side for two days and nights, when he was fighting for Kansas. A man who has been very much abused, but whose in his opinion stood head and shoulders above any man in the New York delegation. He meant *Mike Walsh*, a man who had graduated, as he had himself, not in Colleges, but at the forge and carpenter's bench—a man who spoke with an Irish lisp and an Irish accent, a true man and a true Irishman, but who had as true an American heart, and as true a Southern heart as ever animated mortal frame. It made no difference to him, because Mike Walsh called himself a Democrat. He was a true man, and, before this Southern audience, he called for three cheers for honest Mike Walsh. (Here three cheers went up from about 4000 throats, which were worthy of Tammy itself, and which, we hope, some friendly wind bore to the ears of Mike himself.)

After dinner several further addresses were delivered, and the crowd again calling upon Mr. Stephens, he made a short, pith, and eloquent speech, which raised the assemblage to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. We copy the concluding portion of it, and beg our Whig friends who love the Constitution, to read it and act upon it. It shows how the Whigs of Georgia feel, and how all true lovers of their country will act.

Mr. Stephens, speaking of the enemies of the Constitution, said:—

"He was willing to be exhausted in the cause—he was willing, if need be, to die in the harness against the enemies of the Constitution. He would fight till he fell, and falling he would fight, and on the ground he would cry out against this seven headed Know-Nothing Monster which attacked the liberties of the people. He had heard his friend (Mr. Ward) describe the shifts to which these men were driven.—They were tinkerers, tinkerers, tinkerers!—First, the ten articles—then the Philadelphia Platform—then the Macom Platform—then the Savannah Platform—then this Warrenton Platform—tinkerers tinkerers all the time. Let the people watch them well. They were now like the animals we see sometimes on the road. They drew in their heads, and then drew in their claws, but one thing they never can draw in, and that is their tails. Let the people not be deceived—let them jump on the monster, and mash it to pieces, head, claws, tail and all, He understood that he had been reported to say in his morning's speech, that he never had been a Whig. (He here explained what he did say—being in substance as we have reported above.) He thought some of his Democratic friends there present rather considered him a Whig several years ago. They had disputed on the stump—not in a barn or garret—but openly on the measures of the day. The Know-Nothings had denounced the Whig party.—They said it was corrupt and tyrannical, and to escape its tyranny, they went and took an oath. They went into a party where they had the right to put a new plank into their platform, *until the National Council overrulled it*. That was a glorious night, and a glorious escape of tyranny! Those men had scuttled the gallant old Whig ship—they had bored holes in her bottom and sunk her, when he thought she was fit to take another voyage. And now they were crying out "Whig, Whig, Whig," just as Dives cried from the fiery pit to Lazarus in the bosom of Abraham. He wanted to be understood. He went for *substance*. He went for the *South*. He went for the *Constitution*. He cared nothing for *names*. Let the people think of this K. N. Constitution. Let them remember it—powers to decide national politics—powers to tax the people—powers to punish, yes to *punish* the freemen of these United States. Fight against this monster—fight for the Constitution of your country. Don't stop with beating it. Cut its head clean off in October next, so that it will trouble you no more. He had confidence in the people, and he knew they would do it. Go out, from now till the day of the election, *spread yourselves*, for the Constitution. To the old and young man, the rich and the poor man, he would say, *spread yourselves*. He would even appeal to his countrywoman to come into the contest. Let mothers tell their sons—the wives tell their husbands—the damsels tell their sweet hearts to go into the battle, and *spread themselves*.—Spread themselves, I say, for liberty of conscience and for the Constitution of the country.

Noble Conduct.—The fidelity of the negroes is spoken of as not the least noticable feature in the history of the yellow fever at Norfolk. It is difficult, nearly impossible, to seperate servants and mistresses. Forbidden to enter the sick chamber, the blacks will creep into concealed places, hide beneath the beds, crouch in corners, employ every artifice, to remain in attendance upon the mistress. Left to themselves, the negroes are abject, refuse to take remedies, and die rapidly. Their last wish often is that they may be buried near their mistresses.

Party and Sectarian Strife.

Dr. Bryant, of Philadelphia, one of the noble volunteers now at Norfolk, in a letter to the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, after referring to the scenes of sorrow and distress caused by the epidemic, adds:

"Party strife is rampant through the land, and while politicians are fulminating their anathemas abroad, here, in the city of pestilence, Catholics and Protestants, men of the North and men of the South; peacefully and harmoniously unite in all the offices of brotherly love and self-sacrificing kindness. How all party spirit and bigotry pale before this sublime picture, and hide their diminished heads! Before partisan strife has taken its phrensied hold upon our community, and severed the ties which bind us as a people, let us learn these important lessons from the present afflictive dispensation of Providence—namely, that we all mutually love our common country; that, whatever religion we may profess, we should make it the chief aim of our being to exercise towards each other that charity which, in the Divine Scriptures, is said to be a greater virtue than faith and hope."

We respond to the noble sentiments of Dr. Bryant, with all our heart, and urge them upon that proscriptive party, which seeks to disfranchise a fellow-citizen, because of his birth place, or the *forms* of his religion. What a galling rebuke has been administered to the fanaticism of the Secret Order, by the self-sacrificing charity of the Sisterhood of the Catholic Church, amid the pestilence of Norfolk.—To them, death has had no terrors, when it stood in the way of their duty. Bound to Christianity by *chords* which reached to Heaven, no persecution could sever them—no attempted ignominy weaken their strength.—Prompted by the workings of that gentle spirit, which is ever ready to succor those in distress, they flew to the assistance of suffering mortals; and with woman's fortitude grappled with the monster disease, indifferent as to their own fate, so that humanity could be vindicated. Will the Secret Order now dare to say, after such an exhibition of devoted Christian Charity on the part of the Sisters of Charity and Priesthood of the Catholic Church, that they are to be proscribed as unworthy of the Christian name?—In the heroic labor of love, encompassed with pestilence, have both Protestants and Catholics attested the *divinity* of their religion, and the voice of fanaticism, however potent for mischief in times of political excitement, fails of its purpose in the light of truth and revelation. God gave the holy religion of *Christianity*, and men clothed it with *forms*; but its *essence* glows with the same brightness, and its *charity* [illegible] delivered it to mankind. An order of benevolence so disinterested and exalted, as the Sisters of Charity, could no more have preceded revelation, than light could have preceded the sun.—*Pennsylvanian.*

WONDERFUL JUGGLING.

We extract the following from an article in the Crayon, descriptive of travels in British India. The scene of occurrence is laid in Madras:

"But the most wonderful performance that we saw this morning was a feat of pure juggling, of which I have never been able to find any solution. One of the old men came forward upon the gravelled and hard trodded avenue leading with him a woman. He made the woman kneel down tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded her eyes. Then bringing a great bagnet made open with meshes of rope, he put it over the woman and laced up the mouth, fastening with knotted intertwining cords in such a way that it seemed an impossibility for her to extricate herself from it. The man then took a closely-woven wicker basket that narrowed at the top, lifted the woman in the net from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without some exertion that he could crowd her through the narrow mouth. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket in which, from its small size, was necessarily a cramped position, he put the cover upon it, and threw over it a wide strip of cotten cloth hiding it completely. In a moment placing his hand under the cloth he drew out the net quite united and disentangled. He took a long straight sharp sword, muttered some words to himself, while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead, then pulled off and threw the covering, and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket prepared as in some degree we were for this and knowing that it was only a deception it was yet impossible to see it without a cold creeping horror.—The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes driving the sword through and through the basket, while the other jugglers look on apparently as much interested as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective.—Stopping after he had riddled the basket, he again scatterred dust upon its top, lifted its lid, took up the basket from the ground, showed it to us empty and threw it away. At the same moment we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees, at a distance of at least 50 or 60 feet.

Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat the old man and woman were quite removed from the rest of their party. The basket stood by itself on the hard earth, and so much beneath the verandah on which we were sitting that we could see all around it. By what trick our watchful eyes were closed, or by what means the woman invisibly escaped, was an entire mystery, and remains unsolved. The feat is not a very uncommon one, but no one who had seen it, ever gave me a clue to the manner in which it was performed.

Short Dresses.—For washing days, milking in dewy nights and mornings, churning, making cheese, scalding pans and crocks, and many other kinds of sloppy work, a loose sack and pants, and a calico skirt, fastened at the waist, make a cool and suitable dress for farmers' wives and daughters. The skirt should extend half way between the knee and ankle. No other skirt is necessary.

It is a false, prudish modesty, that makes women who have such work to do, wade about in the slow and dirty water with their draggled dresses and skirts mopping up every nasty puddle and flapping around them like wet, soiled banners about their staffs. For the sake of their own health and cleanliness, we do wish they would think in a common sense manner about this shocking impropriety.—Ohio Farmer.

Execution of a Boy.

Alexandria, La., August 27.—The execution of the boy Frank, for the murder of Rev. J. S. Wyems, took place on Friday last, the 24th inst.

It is strange to say that the majority of the citizens of Alexandria, and, in fact, the inhabitants all round, were anxious to see him executed; and on the fatal day when it came to pass, there was not a dozen people there! Some drove forty miles to witness this painful drama, but he was erected and buried by the time they came to Alexandria. On the day before he was called to face death, some gentlemen visited him, and propounded questions to him; but his answers were, 'and could be no other than childish. He was I believe only ten years old. The gentlemen told him the Sheriff was to hang him on the next morning—and asked him what he thought of it, and whether he had made his peace with God, and why he did not pray?—His answer was—"I have been hung many a time!" He was playing at the time in the jail, never once thinking death was soon to claim him as his victim. To show you how a child's mind ranges when about to die, I will mention that, when upon the scaffold, he begged to be permitted to pray—which was granted—and then he commenced to cry! Oh! what a horrible sight it was!

Yes, and what a shameful sight it was for the people of Louisiana, that hanging of a boy ten years old! If the people in that region burn a few more negroes and hang a few more children they will be the envy of every Camanche Indian who inhabits the State of Texas.

Reply of Camden and Amboy Company.

The Executive Committee of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company have published in the Trenton *American*, September 15th, a report on the late Burlington casualty. The main points are that the regulation relative to trains waiting a certain time and then advancing, was a salutary one, enabling the conductor to expedite his train without danger of collision [illegible] is impossible to devise means to protect trains from sudden and unforeseen accidents—that "in all particulars the law of the State and the regulations of the Company were fully complied with by these agents and employees having charge of the trains on the 29th August," and in a word that "the proper lookout on the part of the brakesman, conductor and engineer, was observed; the speed was usual and lawful; the warning whistle was sounded, and all due diligence, vigilence and precaution were studiously and scrupulously practised."

The company make out a strong case in their behalf, as connected with the late dreadful catastrophe: and we cannot see how it can be well got over, whatever may be their responsibilities for the safe conveyance of their passengers. The accident, altogether, was one of those extraordinary events that is wholly unforseen and unavoidable.

Had we room at our command, at this writing, we should make a larger reference to a defence that seems to be well sustained by the evidence adduced at the Coroner's inquest. So far as this or any other company is concerned, an accident, similar in character, if not in results, might every day occur, if there were people foolhardy enough to run their vehicles into the very jaws of death. No precaution, compatible with the proper conveyance of passengers on a railroad, could guard against such perfect recklessness on the part of individuals who, in the very face of danger, will dash upon railroad tracks at the rate of ten miles an hour. All the engineers, conductors, and brakesmen in the world could not guard a train against it, simply because it is an impossibility. The moment we have no more Dr. Hennikens, from that moment similar accidents cannot occur. Let all sides be heard, for, "Fair play is a jewel."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

IS IT SO?

Somebody—we don't know who, and it makes no difference—thus warns young men to look out for the women—

"Young man! keep your eyes open when you are after the women! Is the pretty dress or form attractive? Or a pretty face even?—Flounces, boy, are no consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant. The neat form will be pitched into calico. Another and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles sweet and eats candy. Keep your eye open, boy, when you are after the women. If the little dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the house. If she apologises for washing dishes, you may need a girl to fan her. If she blushes when found at the wash tub, with her sleeves rolled up, be sure, sir, that she is snobbish, little breeding and little sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but woman slaughter on the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find one whose mind is right, then pitch in. Don't be hanging around like a sheep thief, as though you were ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough, and ask for the article like a man. All of which, Meph. declares to be like perpetual motion or a cure for sea sickness, beautiful in theory but not worth a *continental*——in practice. Courtship according to Meph is a great leveller: it takes in heroes, poets, sages and swells, and turns them all out on a common platform of *fools!*

A Touching Story.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in an address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Assylum and Free school, of that city, related the following anecdote.

"A poor little boy in a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with a blessing. Those kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round: Providence led him on, and he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest council to commit her cause to him, and that council proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulous of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house *"that orphan boy stands before you!"*

Marrying Cousins.

The N. Y. Day Book has the following paragraph in regard to a very interesting question:

A mong other profound subjects discussed by the association for the advancement of science, at Providence, Rhode Island, was the question whether a man may marry his cousin.—Some fearful examples in the deformity of posterity were cited to prove that such near relations should not intermarry. Instances of blindness, clubfeet, &c., were mentioned. The Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches both forbid such marriages: but in the face of scientific and ecclesiastical authority we ask what will the objectors to the marriage of cousins do with those cases where children the result of such marriages are more than usually beautiful and intelligent? We explain the matter in this way: Children sometimes inherit their mental and physical organization from their mothers, and sometimes from their fathers. If two cousins, who both inherit their constitutions from the same side, unite in matrimony, the consequences will be most disastrous; but if cousins, marry who are entirely dissimilar, one having inherited a consitution from the father and other from the mother, no such result will follow. It is the uniting of similar organizations, no matter whether first or second cousins, that causes the injury to offspring, and not the simple fact of legal relationship.

How to be Happy.

I will give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than any one would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to Heaven.

The first is "try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people: but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My second rule is. "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule.—We deserve but little, we require but little, and "better is little, with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith." Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways, for the one strove to raise up his means to his desires while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things."

Look up with hopeful eyes,
Though all things seem forlorn:
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn.

The skipping lamb, the singing lark and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God in his goodness has spread it abroad on the earth in the air and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage, one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was were a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.

The Eastern Hermit and his Tame Foxes on a Journey.

Johnny Comstock, the Eastern hermit, paid a visit to our city last week, and attracted considerable attention arrayed in his fantastic habiliments. Those who never saw him before supposed he might have been the King of the Shetland Islands, instead of a humble recluse. Mr. Comstock has resided in a cave near York, Me., some fifteen years; about five years since he removed his abode to Manchester woods, where he now resides. He is strictly temperate and scrupulous honest. He never solicited, nor has he ever obtained alms from the charitably disposed. He never rode in the cars or other mode of public conveyance, prefers to walk, and even in the most unfrequented roads.

Provided with a small tin cup, in which he steeps his tea, and his pockets stuffed with a little tea, coffee, sugar and crackers, he occasionally issues forth, to ascertain the progress is being made in the world, and when fatigued by walking and fasting, will sit down by the roadside, make a fire and prepare his frugal repast. He never disclosed his retreat; his only companions are two tame foxes, which he brought up from sucklings, and who will follow him, and seem to be as much attached to their master as trained dogs. During the winter he subsists solely upon game, and does not consider his manner of living at all precarious.

Money is no object to him; he can always drive a barter trade in roots, herbs, seeds, game, &c., and says he would not change his manner of living and situation with any man in the universe.—*Newburyport Herald, Sept. 2.*

Two Laws for the Ladies.

1. Before you bow to a lady in the street permit her to deciede whether you may do so or not, by at least a look of recognition.

2. When your companion bows to a lady, you should do the same. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company, always bow to him in return.

"Nothing is so ill understood in America as those conventional laws of society, so well understood and practised in Europe. Ladies complain that gentlemen pass them by in the streets unnoticed, when, in fact, the fault arises from their own breach of politeness. It is their duty to do the amiably first, for its a privilege which ladies enjoy of choosing their own associates or acquaintances. No gentleman likes to risk the being cut in the streets by a lady through a premature salute. Too many ladies, it would seem 'don't know their trade' of politeness.—Meeting ladies in the streets whom one has occasionally met in company, they seldom bow unless he bows first, and when a gentleman never departs from the rule of good-breeding, except occasionally by way of experiment, his acquaintances do not multiply, but he stands probably charged with rudeness. The rule is plain. A lady must be civil to a gentleman in whose company she is causually brought; but a gentleman is not upon this to presume upon acqaintanceship the first time he afterwards meets her in the street. If it be her will, she gives some token of recognition, when the gentleman may bow: otherwise, he must pass on, and consider himself a stranger. No lady need hesitate to bow to a gentleman, for he will promptly and politely answer even if he has forgotton his fair saluto. None but a brute can do otherwise—should he pass on rudely, his character is declared, and there is a cheap riddance. Politeness, or good-breeding, is like law—"the reason of things.

Just one shade Greener.—A lady of this city—when young, a great *belle*—shopping one day, called for some green silk, a piece was produced—that would not do; another, another, and yet another, was brought forth by the salesman, but of no avail; none there among the ample pile that suited the fastidious lady's taste.

"A deep, very deep and dark green is what I wish," said the fair customer.

The shelves were then again ransacked by the attentive attendant—deeper and still deeper glowed the green, until it emerged into a dark sea tint, but none had been displayed suiting the lady's fancy. At length, fairly out of patience with his customer, the irritated salesman exclaimed.

"Madam, I do declare, and verily believe, that you do not know what shade of green you want yourself."

"I do, sir, right well," returned the fair, fastidious, and witty one; "select a pattern just one shade *greener* than yourself, and I'll take it at once."

☞How often are we disappointed in our hopes of having sweet hams during the summer? After carefully curing and smoking, and then sowing them up in bags, and whitewashing them, we find that either the fly has commenced a family in our hams, or that the choice parts round the bone are tained, and the whole spoiled.

Now, this can be easily avoided by packing them in pulverized charcoal. No matter how hot the weather, nor how thick the flies, hams will keep sweet.

Beware of Counterfeits.—We were shown a day or two since three counterfeit notes, of the denomination of two dollars, on the Farmers' Bank of Delaware, at Wilmington.—The plates are so exceedingly well executed, and exactly like the genuine, that it would take a keen eye to detect the fraud. But those who take the trouble to examine may guard against loss by observing the name of the teller. It is "C. C. Torbert" on the counterfeit, whereas the genuine bears the signature of our friend W. W. Torbert, who resigned the situation of teller in the bank some time since. The signature of D. C. Wilson is also distinguishable from that of the counterfeit. These fraudulent notes are dated March 1, 1851, while we are informed the Bank issued no $2 notes in March of 1851. The counterfeits we saw were detected by R. R. Robinson & Co., in a large package of notes he had received from Philadelphia. It will be well for all to examine the $2 notes on this Bank for several months to come, as we doubt not there are many of them in circulation at a distance, and some of them will gradually find their way to this city, to be redeemed before the fraud is detected.—R. D. Hicks, Esq., Cashier of the Farmers' Bank says in a published card they were presented at the counter on Saturday morning.—*Wilmington Journal.*

Presence of Mind.—A gentleman residing at Watkins, Schuyler county, N. Y., being suddenly chased by a mad dog, and not being near any house, ran into a pool of water in the road. The dog refused to pursue him there and the gentleman escaped.