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BY DAVID OVER.

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AGRICULTURAL.



Experiments and Observations UPON THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

BY JOSEPH S. LOVERING.

(Concluded.) FIFTH EXPERIMENT.

I must now mention that the last experiment was intended to have been on a considerably larger scale than those previous. Each day's work was, however, kept separate and distinct from the others, thus enabling me to determine it at any point.

Having thus proceeded to, and finished the clarification of the 4th parcel, (Nov. 8th.) and the weather continuing very warm, I observed a very sudden and unfavorable change in the working of the juice. Instead of clarifying perfectly and with great facility, as at first, the defecation was difficult, the color many shades darker, the juice gradually fell off in weight from full 10 deg. B. to 9 deg. B., and required 10 feet of granulated black to bring it to the same color as that made six days previously with 5 feet black. I however proceeded (keeping this separate) to the crystallization.

Boiled it to 212 deg. F. when it produced good, hard, sharp crystals; but finding the quantity, by measurement, had decreased very considerably, I took no further note on that head, but gave it white liquor until it was neat, (about the usual quantity) and produced the sugar, (sample No. 5,) being white sugar, directly from the cane, without refining or re-melting.

SIXTH EXPERIMENT.

Since the canes for the 4th and most successful experiment were cut on the 6th inst., the weather has been very changeable. We have had warm Indian summer weather, with heavy rains, and very cold weather, making ice two inches in thickness—thermometer having varied from 16 degs. to 60 degs. To try the effect of these changes, I cut 1-100 part of an acre, which produced 11 1/2-16 gallons of juice only, instead of 19 or 20 gallons, as before. It had, however, regained its former weight of full 10 deg. B., but was much more acid, rank and dark-colored than previously. It clarified without difficulty, but raised a much thicker and denser scum, and, when concentrated, was very dark and molasses-like; it, however, produced good, hard, sharp crystals, but the quantity being much reduced, there was no inducement to pursue it further. This experiment proves, however, that this cane will withstand very great vicissitudes of weather, without the entire destruction of its saccharine properties.

SEVENTH EXPERIMENT.

Took the proceeds of the experiments that were considered failures, viz., all the 3d and the poorest portion of the 2d, viz: 34 lbs. very indifferent sugar—refined it in the open kettle, by the old process, and produced 15 lbs. loaf sugar, which is a very full yield for the quality used.

The foregoing are all actual results produced by myself, with no object in view but the truth, and a desire to contribute whatever useful information I could toward the solution of this interesting and important question. They are, I think, sufficiently flattering in themselves to warrant renewed exertions on the part of our agriculturists of the northern and middle States especially, and perhaps those of the South also, in the pursuit of this promising branch of industry, to the full and profitable development of which it is certainly capable, and which it is destined ultimately to attain—as before mentioned they have been accomplished without the advantages of the powerful sugar mill—the vacuum pan and the many other improved implements and apparatus now in general use in Louisiana and elsewhere) and they are also important and interesting in many respects, not apparent to those unacquainted with the subject; it may not therefore be superfluous to make some further explanatory remarks:

1st. The mill used and the power employed in these experiments were much less efficient than those in general use on sugar plantations, and the waste proportionally greater—the loss from which causes I estimate at not less than 10 per cent.

2d. It is well known to all who are acquainted with sugar and saccharine solutions, that by frequent heatings and coolings, a considerable portion of the crystallizable, is converted into non-crystallizable sugar, and is con-

sequently lost as sugar—in these experiments every parcel was from necessity heated and re-heated from 8 to 12 different times.

3d. It is impossible to produce as good results, whether as regards quantity or quality from small, as from large quantities.

This sugar is quite dry, and will lose comparatively nothing by drainage; the yield would be considerably greater, if it contained the usual quantity of footing that is contained in the hoghead when sold at the plantation—one of which being weighed there and re-weighed in Philadelphia, in the month of July, will be found to have lost by drainage from 100 to 150 lbs., or from 10 to 15 per cent.

Further, it will be observed that my acre produced but 1847 gallons of juice—I have, however, seen published accounts of far greater yield than this—ones for instance in this country, apparently well authenticated, reaching 6,800 gallons per acre, which, according to my actual results, would produce 4499 lbs. of sugar, and 274 gallons molasses—and according to the foregoing probable results, would yield 5389 lbs. sugar, and 274 gallons to the acre. I do not pronounce such yield of juice impossible, but it will certainly be of rare occurrence—a mean between this and my yield would be a large return.

Another subject worthy of notice, is the nature of the season. My impression is, that owing to the lateness and coldness of the spring, and the continued wet weather, the last has been quite an unfavorable season for the ripening and development of the sugar in the juice, to which cause I think a deficiency in the yield of at least 10 per cent. may be attributed, which would further increase the quantity to 1,612 lbs. of sugar, and 81 8-10 gallons molasses, a yield very nearly corresponding with that of the best conducted plantations of Louisiana, as will be seen by the following figures, which I have collated from a minute statement furnished to me by the enterprising proprietor of one of the most complete and successful sugar plantations in Louisiana (it being furnished with vacuum pans, and all the most approved machinery of latter times, and conducted under his own personal supervision,) of the actual product of one of his plantations of 266 acres, for eight consecutive years. These figures will also furnish useful data for the estimation of the cost of production here, viz:

Aggregate yield of juice from 266 acres for 8 consecutive years, 4,757,700 gals.
Aggregate yield of sugar, 3,626,425 lbs.
molasses, 217,585 gals.

These details have been extended to a much greater extent than was at first intended, but perhaps not beyond a useful limit for those interested. To the working farmer they may appear formidable and prolix, but he may, nevertheless, gain some grains of useful knowledge from them to repay for their perusal.—The conclusions to be drawn from them will be seen by the following

SYNOPSIS.

1st. That it is obvious that there is a culminating point in the development of the sugar in the cane, which is the best time for sugar making. This point or season I consider to be, when most if not all the seeds are ripe, and after several frosts, say when the temperature falls to 25 deg. or 30 degs. F.

2d. That frost, or even hard freezing, does not injure the juice nor the sugar, but that warm Indian summer weather, after the frost and hard freezing, does injure them very materially, and reduces both quantity and quality.

3d. That if the cane is cut and housed, or shocked in the field when in its most favorable condition, it will probably keep unchanged for a long time.

4th. That when the juice is obtained the process should proceed continuously and without delay.

5th. That the clarification should be as perfect as possible by the time the density reaches 15 degs. Beaume, the syrup having the appearance of good brandy.

6th. That although eggs were used in these small experiments, on account of their convenience, bullock's blood, if to be had, is equally good, and the milk of lime alone will answer the purpose; in the latter case, however, more constant and prolonged skimming will be required to produce a perfect clarification, which is highly important.

7th. That the concentration, or boiling down after clarification, should be as rapid as possible without scorching—shallow evaporators being the best.

With these conditions secured, it is about as easy to make good sugar from the Chinese cane as to make a pot of good mush, and much easier than to make a kettle of good apple-butter.

Sharp—The chap who suggests that there is reason to believe that one of the descendants of Aaron, the High Priest, was a native of Ohio. See Ezra, VII, 4, which reads, "The son of Zerahiah, the son of Uzzi, the son of Bukki."

THE PERILS OF THE BORDER.

While reading recently an account of the frightful massacre of several white families by the Black-foot Indians, we were reminded of a thrilling event which occurred in the "Wild West," a short time subsequent to the Revolution, in which a highly accomplished young lady, the daughter of a distinguished officer of the American Army, played an important part. The story being of a most thrilling nature, and exhibiting in a striking manner the "Perils of the Border," we have concluded to give an extract from it, as originally published, as follows:

The angle on the right bank of the Great Kanawha, formed by its junction with the Ohio is called Point Pleasant, and is a place of historical note. Here, on the 10th of October, 1774, during what is known as Lord Dunmore's War, was fought one of the fiercest and most desperate battles that ever took place between the Virginians and their forest foes.

After the battle in question, in which the Indians were defeated with great loss, a fort was here erected by the victors, which became a post of great importance throughout the sanguinary scenes of strife which almost immediately followed, and which in this section of the country were continued for many years after that establishment of peace which acknowledged the United Colonies of America a free and independent nation.

At the landing of the fort, on the day our story opens, was fastened a flat-boat of the kind used by the early navigators of the Western rivers.

Upon the deck of this boat, at the moment we present the scene to the reader, stood five individuals, alike engaged in watching a group of persons, mostly females, who were slowly approaching the landing. Of these five, one was a stout, sick negro, in partial liver; and evidently a house or body-servant; three were boatmen and berbers, as indicated by their rough, bronzed visages and coarse attire; but the fifth was a young man, some two-and-twenty years of age, of a fine commanding person, and a clear, open, intelligent countenance; and in the lofty carriage of his head—in the gleam of his large, bright, hazel eyes—there was something that bespoke a mind of superior gifts; but as we shall have occasion in the course of our narrative to fully set forth who and what Eugene Fairfax was, we will leave him for the present, and turn to the approaching group, whom he seemed to be regarding with lively interest.

Of this group, composed of a middle-aged man and four females, with a black female servant following some five or six paces in the rear there was one whom the most casual eye would have singled out and rested upon with pleasure. The lady in question, was apparently about twenty years of age, of a slender and graceful figure, and of that peculiar cast of features, which, besides being beautiful in every lineament, rarely fails to effect the beholder with something like a charm.

Her traveling costume—a fine brown habit, high in the neck, buttoned closely over the bosom and coming down to her small pretty feet, without trailing on the ground—was both neat and becoming; and with her riding-cap and its waving ostrich plume, set gaily above her flowing curls, her appearance contrasted forcibly with the rough, unpolished looks of those of her sex beside her, with their lousy bed-gowns, scarlet flannel petticoats, and bleached linen caps.

"Oh, Blanche," said one of the more venerable of her female companions, pursuing a conversation which had been maintained since quitting the open fort behind them, "I cannot bear to let you go; for it just seems to me as if something were going to happen to you, and when I feel that way, something generally does happen."

"Well aunt," returned Blanche, with a light laugh, "I do not doubt in the least that something will happen—for I expect one of these days to reach my dear father and blessed mother, and give them such an embrace as is due from a dutiful daughter to her parents—and that will be something that has not happened for two long years at least."

"But I don't mean that," Blanche, returned the other, somewhat petulantly; "and you just laugh like a gay and thoughtless girl, when you ought to be serious. Because you have come safe thus far, through a partially settled country, you think, perhaps, your own pretty face will ward off danger in the more perilous wilderness—but I warn you that a fearful journey is before you! Scarcely a boat descends the Ohio, that does not encounter more or less peril from the savages, that prey upon either shore; and some of them that go down freighted with human life, are heard of no more, and none ever return to tell the tale."

"But why repeat this to me, dear aunt," returned Blanche, with a more serious air, "when you know it is my destiny, either good or bad, to attempt the voyage? My parents have sent me to join them in their new home, and it is my duty to go to them, be the peril what it may."

"You never did know what it was to fear?"—pursued the good woman, rather proudly. "No," she repeated, turning to the others, "Blanche Bertrand never did know what it was to fear, I believe!"

"Just like her father!" joined in the husband of the woman, the brother of Blanche's mother, the commander of the station, and the middle-aged gentleman mentioned as one of the party; "a true daughter of a true soldier. Her father, Colonel Philip Bertrand, God bless him for a true heart! never did seem to know what it was to fear—and Blanche is just like him!"

By this time the parties had reached the boat, and the young man already described—Eugene Fairfax, the secretary of Blanche's father—at-

once stepped forward, and, in a polite and deferential manner, offered his hand to the different females, to assist them on board. The hand of Blanche was the last to touch his—and then, but slightly, as she sprang quickly and lightly to the deck—but a close observer might have detected the slight flush which mantled his noble, expressive features, as his eye for a single instant met hers. She might herself have seen it—perhaps she did—but there was no corresponding glow on her own bright, pretty face, as she inquired, in the calm, dignified tone of one having the right to put the question, and who might also have been aware of the inequality of position between herself and him she addressed:

"Eugene, is everything prepared for our departure? It will not do for our boat to spring a leak again, as it did coming down the Kanawha—for it will not be safe for us I am told, to touch either shore between the different forts and trading-posts on our route, this side of our destination,—the falls of the Ohio."

"No, indeed!" rejoined her aunt, quickly; "it will be as much as your lives are worth to venture a foot from the main current of the Ohio—for we've reached us only the other day, that many boats had been attacked this spring, and several lost, with all on board."

"No one feels more concerned about the safe passage of Miss Bertrand than myself," replied Eugene, in a deferential tone; "and since our arrival here, I have left nothing undone that I thought might possibly add to her security and comfort."

"That is true, in my personal knowledge," joined in the uncle of Blanche; "and I thank you, Mr. Fairfax, in behalf of my fair kinswoman. There will, perhaps," he pursued, "be no great danger, so long as you keep in the current; but your yacht must not be neglected for a single moment, either night or day; and do not, I most solemnly charge and warn you, under any circumstances, or on any pretence whatsoever, suffer yourselves to be decoyed to either shore!"

"I hope we understand our duty better, Colonel," said one of the men, respectfully. "I doubt it not," replied the commander of the Point; "I believe you all faithful and true men; or you would not have been selected by the agent of Colonel Bertrand, for taking down more precious freight than you ever carried before; but still the wisest and the best of us must sometimes be giving up to the most earnest appeals of humanity. I do not understand what I mean? While men, apparently in the greatest distress, will hail your boat, represent themselves as having just escaped from the Indians, and beg of you, for the love of God, in the most pious tones, to come to their relief; but turn a deaf ear to them—to each and all of them—even should you know the pleaders to be of your own kin: for in such a case your own brother might deceive you—not willfully and voluntarily, perhaps—but because of being goaded on by the savages, themselves concealed. Yes, such things have been known as one friend being thus used to lure another to his destruction; and so be cautious, vigilant, brave and true, and may the good God keep you all from harm!"

As he finished speaking, Blanche proceeded to take an affectionate leave of all, receiving many a tender message for her parents from those who held them in love and veneration; and the boat swung out, and began to float down with the current, now fairly entered upon the most dangerous portion of a long and perilous journey.

The father of Blanche, Colonel Philip Bertrand was a native of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees, who fled from their native land after the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685. He had been an officer of some note during the Revolution—a warm political and personal friend of the author of the Declaration of Independence—and a gentleman who had always stood high in the esteem of his associates and contemporaries.

Though at one time a man of wealth, Colonel Bertrand had lost much, and suffered much, through British invasion; and when, shortly after the close of the war, he had met with a few more serious reverses, he had been fain to accept of a post of land, near the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, tendered him by Virginia, which then had jurisdiction over the entire territory now constituting the State of Kentucky.

The grant had decided the Colonel upon seeking his new possessions and building up a new home in the then Far West, and as his wife had insisted upon accompanying him on his first tour, he had assented to her desire, on condition that Blanche should be left among her friends, till such time as a place could be prepared which might in some degree be considered a fit abode for one so carefully and tenderly reared.

Blanche would gladly have gone with her parents, but on this point her father had been inexorable—declaring that she would have to remain at the East till he should see proper to send for her, and as he was a man of positive character, and a rigid disciplinarian, the matter had been settled without argument.

When Colonel Bertrand removed to the West, Eugene Fairfax, as we have seen, accompanied him; and coming of age shortly after, he had accepted the liberal offer of his noble benefactor, to remain with him in the capacity of private secretary and confidential agent.—On taking possession of his grant, the Colonel had almost immediately erected a fort, and afforded such inducements to settlers as to speedily collect around him quite a little community—of which, as a matter of course, he became the head and chief, and to supply the wants of his own family and others, and increase his gains in a legitimate way, he had opened a store, and filled it with goods from the Eastern marts, which goods were transported by land over the mountains to the Kanawha, and thence by water to the Falls of the Ohio, whence their removal to Fort Bertrand became an easy matter. To purchase and ship these goods, and deliver a package of letters to friends in the East, Bu-

gene had been thrice dispatched—his third commission also extending to the escorting of the beautiful heiress, with her servants, to her new home. This last commission had been so far executed at the time chosen for the opening of our story, as to bring the different parties to the mouth of the great Kanawha, whence the reader has seen them slowly floating off upon the still, glassy bosom of "the belle of rivers."

The day, which was an auspicious one, passed without anything occurring worthy of note, until near four o'clock, when, as Blanche was standing on the fore part of the deck gazing at the lovely scene which surrounded her, she saw a seemingly flying body suddenly leave a limb of a gigantic tree, whose mighty branches extended far over the river, and near which the boat was then swayed by the action of the current; and alight with a crash upon the deck of the boat, not more than eight feet from her.—One glance sufficed to show her what the object was, and to freeze the blood in her veins. The glowing eyes of a huge panther met her gaze. The suddenness of the shock which this discovery gave her was overpowering. With a deafening shriek she fell upon her knees and clasped her hands before her breast. The panther crouched for his deadly leap, but ere he sprang, the hunting knife of Eugene Fairfax (who, with the steersman, was the only person on deck besides Blanche) was buried to the hilt in his side, inflicting a severe but not fatal wound. The infuriated beast at once turned upon Eugene, and a deadly struggle ensued.—But it was a short one. The polished blade of the knife played back and forth like lightning flashes, and at every plunge it was buried to the hilt in the panther's body, who soon fell to the deck, dragging the daughterless Eugene with him. On seeing her protector fall, Blanche uttered another shriek and rushed to his aid; but assistance from stouter arms was at hand. The boatmen gathered round, and the savage monster was literally hacked in pieces with their knives and hatchets, and Eugene, covered with blood, was dragged from under his carcass. Supposing him to be dead or mortally wounded Blanche threw her arms around his neck and gave way to a passionate burst of grief. But he was not dead—he was not even hurt, with the exception of a few slight scratches. The blood with which he was covered was the panther's, not his own. But Blanche's embrace was his—a precious treasure—an index of his color his whole future life, as will be seen in the progress of our story.

Slowly and silently, save the occasional creak, dip, and splash of the steersman's oar, the boat of our voyagers was borne along upon the bosom of the current, on the third night of the voyage. The hour was waxing late, and Eugene, the only one astir except the watch, was suddenly startled, by a rough hand being placed upon his shoulder, accompanied by the words, "in the gruff voice of the boatman:

"I say, Cap'n, here's trouble!"

"What is it, Dick?" inquired Eugene, starting to his feet.

"Don't you see that's a heavy fog rising, that'll soon river us up so thick that we won't be able to tell a white man from a nigger?" replied the boatman—Dick Winter by name—a tall, bony, muscular, athletic specimen of his class.

"Good heaven! so there is!" exclaimed Eugene, looking off upon the already misty waters. "I must have gathered very suddenly, for all was clear a minute ago. What is to be done now? This is something I was not prepared for, on such a night as this."

"It looks troublous, Cap'n, I'll allow," returned Dick; "but we're in for't, that's sartin, and I s'pose we'll have to make the best of it."

"But what is to be done?—what do you advise?" asked Eugene, in a quick, excited tone, that indicated some degree of alarm.

"Why, if you war'n't so skeered about the young lady, and it war'n't so dead agin the orders from headquarters, my plan would be a clear and easy one—I'd just run over to the Kanawha shore, and tie up."

"No, no," said Eugene, positively; "that will never do, Dick—that will never do! I would not think of such a thing for a moment! We must keep in the current, by all means!"

"If you can," rejoined the boatman; "but when it gets so dark as we can't tell one thing from 't'other, it'll be powerful hard to do; and if we don't run agin a bar or bunk afore morning, in spite of the best of us, it'll be the luckiest go that ever I had a hand in. See, Cap'n—it's thickening up fast; we can't see either bank at all, nor the water neither; the stars is gettin' dim, and it looks as if that war a cloud all round us."

"I see! I see!" returned Eugene, excitedly. "Merciful Heaven! I hope no accident will befall us here—and yet my heart almost misgives me!—for this, I believe, is the most dangerous part of our journey—the vicinity where most of our boats have been captured by the savages."

Saying this, Eugene hastened below, where he found the other boatmen sleeping so soundly as to require considerable effort, on his part, to wake them. At last, getting them fairly roused, he informed them, almost in a whisper, for he did not care to disturb the others, that a heavy fog had suddenly arisen, and he wished their presence on deck, immediately.

"A fog, Cap'n?" exclaimed one, in a tone which indicated that he comprehended the peril with the word.

"Hush!" returned Eugene; "there is no necessity for waking the others, and having a scene. Up! and follow me without a word!"

He glided back to the deck, and was almost immediately joined by the boatman, to whom he briefly made known his hopes and fears.

They thought, like their companion, that the boat would be safest if made fast to an overhanging limb of the Kentucky shore; but frankly admitted that this could not now be

done without difficulty and danger, and that there was a possibility of keeping the current.

"Then make that possibility a certainty, and it shall be the best night's work you ever performed!" rejoined Eugene in a quick, excited tone.

"We'll do the best we can, Cap'n," was the response; "but no man can be sartin of the current of this here crooked stream in a foggy night."

A long silence followed—the voyagers slowly drifting down through a misty darkness impenetrable to the eye—when, suddenly, our young commander, who was standing near the bow, felt the extended branch of an overhanging limb silently brush his face. He started, with an exclamation of alarm, and at the same moment the boatman on the right called out:

"Quick! here, boys! we're agin the shore, as sure as death!"

Then followed a scene of hurried and anxious confusion, the voices of the three boatmen mingling together in loud, quick, excited tones.

"Push off the bow!" cried one.

"Quick! altogether, now! over with her!" shouted another.

"The devil's in it! she's running aground here on a muddy bottom!" almost yelled a third.

Meantime the laden boat was brushing along against projecting bushes and overhanging limbs, and every moment getting more and more entangled; while the long poles and sweeps of the boatmen, as they attempted to push her off, were often plunged, without touching bottom, into what appeared to be a soft, clayey mud, from which they were only extricated by such an outlay of strength as tended still more to draw the clumsy craft upon the bank they wished to avoid. At length, scarcely more than a minute from the first alarm, there was a kind of settling together, as it were, and the boat became fast and immovable.

The fact was announced by Dick Winter, in his characteristic manner—who added, with an oath, that it was just what he expected. For a moment or two a dead silence followed, as if each comprehended that the matter was one to be viewed in a very serious light.

"I'll get over the bow, and try to get the lay of the land with my feet," said Tom Harris; and forthwith he set about the not very pleasant undertaking.

Announced by a voice that seldom failed to excite a peculiar emotion in his breast, and now sent a strange thrill through every nerve; and hastening below, he found Blanche, fully dressed, with a light in her hand, standing just outside of her cabin, in the regular passage which led lengthwise through the center of the boat.

"I have heard something, Eugene," she said "enough to know that we have met with an accident, but not sufficient to fully comprehend its nature."

"Unfortunately, about two hours ago," replied Eugene, "we suddenly become involved in a dense fog, and in spite of our every precaution and care, we have run aground—it may be against the Ohio shore—it may be against an island—it is so dark we can't tell. But be not alarmed, Miss Blanche," he hurriedly added; "I trust we shall soon be afloat again; though in any event, the darkness is sufficient to conceal us from the savages, even were they in the vicinity."

"I know little of Indians," returned Blanche, "but I have always understood that they are somewhat remarkable for their coyness of hearing; and it such is the case, there would be no necessity of their being very near to be made acquainted with our locality; judging from the loud voices I heard a few minutes ago."

"I fear we've been rather imprudent," said Eugene, in a deprecating tone; "but in the excitement—"

His words were suddenly cut short by several loud voices of alarm from without, followed by a quick and heavy tramping across the deck; and the next moment Seth Harper and Dick Winter burst into the passage, the former exclaiming:

"We've run plain into a red nigger's nest, Cap'n, and Tom Harris is already tumbled, and scalped!"

And even as he spoke, as if in confirmation of his dreadful intelligence, there arose a series of wild, piercing, demoniacal yells, followed by a dead and ominous silence.

So far we have followed the lovely heroine and her friend in this adventure; but the foregoing is all that we can publish in our columns. The balance of the narrative can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which can be obtained at all the periodical stores where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the "Ledger," dated May 22nd, and in it you will get the continuation of the narrative from where it leaves off here. If there are no book-stores or news-offices convenient to where you reside, the publisher of the Ledger will send you a copy by mail, if you will send him five cents in a letter. Address, Robert Bonner, Office, 41 Ann street, New York. This story is entitled, "Perils of the Border," and grows more and more interesting as it goes on.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.—A monster nugget of gold has been found at Kingover, 130 miles from Melbourne, by four years old Californians, miners, named Robert and James Ambrose, and Samuel and Charles Napier. It is 3 feet 4 inches in length, by 10 inches in width at its widest point, and 8 inches thick at one end and 4 inches thick at the other. Its weight 146 lbs. or 1743 oz. 13 dwts, and its value is about \$31,800, American currency. The nugget was found in sand 15 feet below the surface. It is perfectly free from extraneous matter. The owners are two pairs of brothers, one pair English and the other Boston boys. They have been four years in the diggings, and had quite a pile before striking the last piece. They have the nugget on exhibition, and intend to exhibit it in London and in the States.