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BY DAVID OVER.

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Select Poetry.

LATTER DAY WARNINGS.
When legislators keep the law—
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries—Whortles, rasp and straw
Grow bigger downwards through the box—
When he that solteth house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right—
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window has the broadest light—
When preachers sell all they think
And party leaders all they mean—
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee bean—
When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take—
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for consciences' sake—
When one that hath a horse for sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every call
That holds the iron on the hoof—
When Cuba's weeds have quiet forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And claret bottles harbor rot,
Such dimples as would hold your fist.
When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before—
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls thro' the Hoosac tunnel's bore.
Till then let Gunning blaze away,
And Miller's sails blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!

STRAY THOUGHTS

BY W. SEAMAN SEABER.
You and I, funny creatures—we are not
Here to-day, to-morrow—where?
Ever changing this our lot,
Joy or sorrow, ease or care—
Thus we journey on through life,
Meeting, parting, friends and foes,
Mingling in the daily strife,
Sharing in his bliss and woes—
Going, coming,
Till we die,
Ever roaming,
You and I.
You and I, funny creatures—soon to me
The heart's last thro' will come and go,
And your own will cease to be,
A source of life where pleasures flow;
Then, smiles that given now, will form
The bits o'er the boundless sea,
Where friends will gather through the storm,
Reflecting there of these and me—
Whilst all alone
These forms will lie,
That once were known
As you and I.

ON KISSING.

If kissing were not lawful,
The lawyers would not use it;
And if it were not pious,
The clergy would not choose it;
And if it were not a dainty thing,
The ladies would not crave it;
And if it were not plentiful,
The poor girls could not have it.

WHY MAHOMEDANS ABHOR PORK.—In Europe, during many centuries, the only animal food in general use was pork—beef, veal, mutton being comparatively unknown. It was, therefore, with no small astonishment that the crusaders on returning from the East said they had been among people, who, like the Jews, thought pork unclean and refused to eat it. But the feelings of lively wonder which this intelligence excited were destroyed as soon as the cause of the fact was explained. The subject was taken up by Matthew Paris, the most eminent historian during the thirteenth century, and one of the most eminent writers of the Middle Ages. This celebrated writer informs us that the Mahomedans refuse to eat pork on account of a singular circumstance which happened to their prophet. It appears Mohammed having on one occasion, gorged himself with food and drink till he was in a state of insensibility fell asleep on a dunghill, and in this disgraceful condition was seen by a litter of pigs. The pigs attacked the fallen prophet, and suffocated him to death; for which reason his followers abominate pigs and refuse to partake of their flesh. This striking fact explains one great peculiarity of the Mahomedans; and another fact equally striking explains how it was that their sect came into existence. For it was well known that Mohammed was originally a Cardinal and only became heretic because he failed in his design of being elected Pope. *Buckley's History of Civilization in England.*

AGRICULTURAL.

THE SORGHUM IN NEW JERSEY.—Sir, With this I send a sample of Sirup of Sorgho or Chinese Sugar Cane, as one of the results of some interesting experiments made by Mr. Roswell Plummer, an intelligent farmer, living near New Brunswick, N. J. Mr. P. planted one acre with sorgho seed about the middle of May—the soil being of medium quality and condition, composed of the debris of red shale; and notwithstanding the unfavorable season, the crop came up, grew, and matured tolerably well. Having constructed a cheap and useful mill for crushing the canes, (which was exhibited at the State Fair at New Brunswick, and noticed in your columns) he commenced cutting the cane on the 27th of September, when 100 canes were cut and run through the mill, producing 13 gallons of sap, and from this five quarts of good molasses were made. Oct. 6, a load of cane was cut, which, when stripped of its leaves and tops, weighed 515 lbs., and when run through the mill produced 244 gallons of the sap. On six square rods of ground, he cut 2,120 lbs. of cane, which, when stripped of leaves and tops, produced 96 gallons of sap; and on 40 square rods of ground he cut 14,370 lbs. of cane. Oct. 12, he selected and cut his ripest cane, and produced 1 gallon of the very finest quality of molasses from 6 gallons of sap. On the 16th of September, he again cut his ripest cane and boiled the sap from it and produced a beautiful white sugar; he has also distilled a very fine quality of spirits from the sap, yielding one gallon of spirit from six of the sap. He further states that the cane produces the best results at the time when the tops are about one-half turned, and in boiling immediately after pressing from the cane, if the pans are rightly set, it is almost impossible to scorch or burn the sap. Some of the sirup when carefully made, has been almost colorless, and that without any substance whatever being used to clarify it. When reduced to about one quarter its bulk by boiling, or strained it while hot through a new flannel bag; this gives it great purity.

Great care should be observed in seeing that the pans or kettles are thoroughly cleaned, and that all the coloring matter which may attach itself to the sides of the pans shall be removed, so as not to stain the sugar or molasses. G. W. A.—N. Y. Tribune.

A QUESTION ABOUT MUCK.—Nathan D. Coffin, of Hancock Co., Ind., says he has plenty of straw, as well as muck on his farm, and inquires if it would not be better to use the straw as an absorbent for manure, and haul the muck directly to the field instead of taking it to the yard and then out, thus making double cartage. If straw be very abundant for the yard, and the soil be a warm one, not greatly needing the immediate benefit of manure, the proposed plan would answer. But muck and all peaty substances are usually in a kind of pitehy or asphaltic condition, so that they resist the action of the air, and do not decay and yield up their elements readily without being first subjected to the action of alkalis, (lime or ashes,) or to the heating of the compost heap. Putting them into the yard where they will be mixed with the animal manures serve a double purpose; first, the heating of the manure decomposes the muck, swamp mud, leaves, &c., and fits them for plant food; while, second, the substances act as absorbents to retain a portion of the gasses and escaping elements of the more readily decaying animal manures.—They are similar to straw in their composition and effects upon growing plants.

When muck or peat is entirely unneeded in the yard, owing to a superabundance of straw, it may be dug out and piled up with a bushel of slaked lime to half a cord or more, thoroughly mixing it in. Left in this way a few weeks or months, it will become fitted for direct application and benefit to cultivated fields. In cold, wet, or clay land, muck will often lie for years undecomposed. In warm, light soils it is more rapidly reduced, and therefore sooner available to plants, though not immediately so, except in the most favorable conditions of warmth, air and moisture. Everything considered, it is generally better to cart it first to the yards and compost it with manure.—*American Agriculturist.*

SAVE THE SOOT.—This, though generally thrown into the street, and wasted, is one of the best manures. It is extensively used in England, and when only 15 or 20 bushels are applied to the acre; it induces the most luxuriant crops of wheat and other grain. It contains, in small compass, almost all the ingredients of the coal or wood used for fuel. It also contains several salts

of ammonia, magnesia, lime and muriatic acid. Its components are the natural food or stimulants of plants, and it can be used to great advantage as a concentrated fertilizer, to stimulate germinating seeds in the drill. It is not only sown broadcast with the grain, but it is applied to the root crops with the best results. Potatoes and carrots, especially, are benefited by it. Six quarts of soot to a hoghead of water make an excellent liquid manure for the garden. It can be applied with safety to all garden crops, and will pay well for saving. In putting the stoves, furnaces and fire-places in order for winter, bear it in mind that soot is valuable, and will be wanted for Spring use. One, two, three or more barrels can be saved easily in most families, especially where wood is burned.

HOW TO MAKE LARD CANDLES.—Messrs. Editors:—Having been the recipient of many favors through the columns of your invaluable publications, I propose as far as in me lies, to cancel the obligations already incurred, and as the first instalment I shall offer a recipe for making hard, durable and clear burning candles of lard.—The manufacture of lard candles is carried on to a considerable extent in some of the Western States, particularly Wisconsin, and being monopolized by the few has proved very lucrative. The following is the receipt in toto.

To every 8 lbs. of lard, add one ounce nitric acid; and the manner of making is as follows: Having carefully weighed your lard, place it over a slow fire, or at least merely melt it; then add the acid, and would the same as tallow, and you have a clear, beautiful candle.

In order to make them resemble bona fide tallow candles, you have only to add a small proportion of pure beeswax. J. A. ROBINSON.—Country Gentleman.

CURING BEEF AND PORK.—The following mode of curing beef and pork, we have perhaps given before, but it will bear republication:

To one gallon of water,
Take 1 1/2 lbs. salt,
1 lb. brown sugar,
1 oz. saltpetre,
1 oz. potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let there be boiled together until all the dirt from the salt and sugar (which will not be a little) rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw the pickle into a large tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say from four to six weeks, according to the size of the pieces, and the kind of meat. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and it should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre.—*Germania Telegraph.*

HORSE TALK.—The New York Spirit of the Times give the following characteristics of a good horse:

1. His eyes even when seen in the stable, are perfectly clear and transparent, and the pupils or apples of the eyes are alike in color and size.
2. On being nipped in the gullet, he will utter a sound like that from a bellows; if on the contrary, he should give vent to a dry, husky, short cough, beware of him—his wind is unsound.
3. His legs are smooth and clean; if you find bunchees or puff, or difference in size, though he may not be lame, disease lurks there.
4. If broad and full between the eyes, he is susceptible of being trained to almost anything.
5. If some white or parti-colored, he is doctile and gentle.

BREAD.—It is said that one of the most wholesome kinds of bread that can be used is made thus without salt, saleratus, yeast, or rising of any sort.

Take bolted or unbolted flour or meal, thoroughly moisten the whole with pure soft water, scalding hot, that is about one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, make it very firm, not sticky, then roll and cut into strips, or any other form, not over a quarter of an inch thick, and half an inch broad.—Bake quickly in a hot oven until the dough has acquired a soft fine brown color, or until the water has nearly all evaporated.

Hydrophathists say that a sweeter bread than this was never tasted. It certainly is pure bread, cannot sour, will keep almost indefinitely; and if made of unbolted flour must be the most healthful and nutritious bread that can be prepared. But people would not use it, because they have not been accustomed to it—just as Hans would never use an iron tire to his cart wheel, because he had never seen one used. Besides, most persons have unconquerable prejudice against

using or doing anything that has unmix'd food in it.—*Dr. Hall.*

ALUM TO HARDEN CANDLES.—Asa M. Holt says—in the autumn of 1856 I killed a fat cow, and my housekeeper tried the tallow, then she made a parcel of mould candles from the tallow without using alum. Afterwards she made some of the same kind of tallow into candles by dipping.—But before she dipped the candles, she dissolved alum in water, and mixed it with the tallow of which she made the candles.—mould candles and the dipped candles were kept together, and in the hot weather in the last summer, while the dipped candles with which alum was used, were sufficiently hard and firm, and burned well, the mould candles which were made without alum, were so soft that they could not bear their own weight, but fell down in the candlesticks, and could not be used all the weather because cooler.

THE POTATO ROT.—Ireneon N. J., papers say that potato rot reveals extensively in the southern part of that State. In Cumberland, Sevier, and Gloucester counties, many of the farmers will not receive more than one-third of an ordinary crop from fields that a few weeks ago gave every evidence of extraordinary yield. On the other hand, we hear that in Pennsylvania, where the rot was supposed to have committed great ravages, it has been discovered not to be near as bad as supposed.

A HINT FOR FARMERS.—It looks as though there might be something in this: A farmer of Courtland county, New York named Atila Burlingame—says that wheat can be prevented from spoiling in bins, in damp weather, if one dry stick is put in it for every five bushels of grain, and evenly distributed throughout the bin. We believe this. The brick everybody knows or ought to know, is a great absorber of moisture.

An Over-true Tale of Damning Villainy and Terrible Retribution—Fact Transpiring upon the Coasts of Fiction.

A tale so horrible, involving consequences so terrible, was told to us yesterday that for humanity's sake, we would gladly deem it fictitious, or but the frightful vision of a disordered brain, were it not that the information reaches us through a source which makes us believe it strictly veritable, and, as such, within the proper province of record in our local columns.

It appears that at a certain boarding house in this city, a few months ago, was a female boarder—a young and beautiful woman—a milliner or mantuamaker by occupation. The proprietors of the establishment in which she was engaged became involved and closed doors, throwing her out of employment. Being destitute of money and friends, and virtuous withal, she found it impossible to pay her board bill, and was consequently obliged to run in debt, to her landlady.

To this the hostess made no very decided objection at first, but as weeks wore away she became more urgent for her pay, and finally hinted, to her shame be it said, that there was a way in which young and handsome women like her boarder, could obtain not only money enough for the necessities of life, but a sufficiency to secure its luxuries. The hint,—unmistakably pointing, as it did, to the sacrifice of her honor—un- speakably horrified the young lady, innocent and pure minded as she was, and she retired weeping to her chamber. But the hag fiend was insatiate for her pay, and was not to be thwarted of her purpose by the mere effusion of tears, though they welled from the heart of a sinless girl, who she well knew could ill spare them, as they were all too soon to be requisite to quench the fires of hell about to be kindled in her breast, which till then, had never known aught less pure or holy than a mental flame.

The hag—twere sacrilege to call her by a name less opprobrious—persisted in her attempts to undermine the virtue of the distressed and friendless girl. Alternately she importuned her for money, and then set before her, in half women, half Satanic delirium, the advantage she might derive, the luxuries obtain, by bringing her personal charms to bear upon the other sex, surrendering merely to her awe while till fortune frowned less darkly, and then urging that after simply enjoying the interest, she could retire on the principal; or in other words, entreating her to "stoop to conquer."

While she urged in vain, and might, probably until Doomsday, if she had not enlisted the services of those whose arguments and entreaties were of other than a verbal nature. Men were introduced to her—men whose object, whose sole object, was to seduce her. Their efforts for days, nights and weeks, were fruitless, but they were finally successful. She fell, as thousands of her sex have fallen before her, a victim to pecuniary and profligate prostration.

Thenceforth, all was changed with the fallen girl. Calico gave place to lawn, and lawn to silk. Her fineness increased and the circumference of her skirts expanded. She threw in purse and person, but grew sick at soul.

And her hostess—did remorse seize her on seeing the consummation of her diabolical purpose? Not so; she received her money now at the close of each week; and a handsome sum it was too—not the beggarly pittance the poor milliner girl was wont to pay for her board. Not then did remorse seize her; but—

A most terrible retribution was in store for her. Justice, though blind, still lives, and occasionally even yet gives fearful and indubitable evidence of vitality. A gentleman one day called at the house to see the landlady. He proved to be a mutual acquaintance of her's and her husband, from whom she had been divorced for fifteen years and had not since seen.

He was invited into the parlor. The girl—once pure, now fallen—was there. He was presented. A glance of recognition passed between them. He recognized in her the daughter of the woman of the house—the very hag who had planned and accomplished her ruin! A scene, which beggars description, immediately ensued. Even could it be depicted it should not be. At his close the daughter left the house immediately, and since then has pursued a most abandoned life, in spite of all efforts to reclaim her.

"Too late!" she cries, "too late!" and down her throat the liquor is poured almost incessantly, making it altogether probable that she will not survive the year.

She, it appears, was surrendered to the father at the time of his divorce from her mother, and was for years supported by him in a distant Eastern city, where he resided under an assumed name until he died, and then his daughter drifted westward until she stranded here.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Necromancer in Algiers.

Every one who has seen or heard speak of the great Robert Houdin. Besides being the prince of conjurers, he is an able mathematician and mechanic, and his electric clock, made for the Hotel de Ville of his native town of Blois, obtained a medal at the Paris Exhibition. It is not generally known that he was sent to Algeria by the French Government on a mission connected with the black art—probably the first time that a conjurer has been called upon to exercise his profession in government employ. Some details of his expedition have just been published. Its object was to destroy the influence exercised among the Arab tribes by the marabouts—an influence often mischievously applied. By a few clumsy tricks and impostures these marabouts passed them selves off as sorcerers; no one, it was justly thought, was better able to outstrip their skill and discredit their science than the man of inexhaustible bottles.

One of the great pretensions of the marabout was to invulnerability. At the moment that a loaded musket fired at him, and the trigger pulled, he pronounced a few cabalistic words, and the weapon did not go off. Houdin detected the trick, and showed that the touchhole was plugged. The Arab wizard was furious, and abused his French rival.—"You may revenge yourself," quietly replied Houdin, "take a pistol, load it yourself; here are bullets, put one in the barrel but before doing so mark it with your knife."

The Arab did as he was told. "You are quite certain, now," said Houdin, "that the pistol is loaded and will go off. Tell me, do you feel no remorse in killing me thus, notwithstanding that I authorize you?" "You are my enemy," coolly replied the Arab; "I will kill you!" Without replying, Houdin stuck an apple on the point of a knife, and calmly gave the word to fire. The pistol was discharged, the apple flew far away, and there appeared in its place, stuck on the point of the knife, the bullet the marabout had marked. The spectators remained mute from stupefaction; the marabout bowed before his superior: "Allah is great!" he said "I am vanquished." Instead of the bottle from which, in Europe, Robert Houdin pours an endless stream of every description of wine and liquor, he called for every bowl, which he kept continually full of boiling coffee, but few of the Arabs would taste it, for they made sure that it came direct from the devil's own coffee pot. He then told them that it was in his power to deprive them of all strength, and to restore it to them at will, and he produced a small box, so light that a child could lift it with its finger; but it suddenly became so heavy that the strongest man present could not raise it, and the Arabs, who prize physical strength above everything, looked with terror at the great magician who, they doubted not, could annihilate them by the mere exertion of his will.

They expressed this belief; Houdin con-

firmed them in it, and promised that, on a day appointed, he would convert one of them into smoke. The day came; the throng was prodigious; a fanatical marabout had agreed to give himself up to the sorcerer. They made him stand upon a table and covered him with a transparent gauze; then Houdin and another person lifted the table by the two ends, and the Arab disappeared in a cloud of smoke. The terror of the spectators was indescribable; they rushed out of the place, and ran a long distance before some of the boldest thought of returning to look after the marabout.

They found him near the place where he had been evaporated; but he could tell them nothing, and was like a drunken man ignorant of what had happened to him.—Thenceforth Houdin was venerated, and the marabout despised; the object of the French government was completely attained. The fashion of "testimonials" having, it appears, infected even the Arabs, a number of chiefs presented the French conjurer with a piece of Arab writing, wonderfully decorated, hyperbolic and eulogistic, and to which they were so attentive as to append a French translation. Besides this memorial of his Algerine trip, Houdin has a rosary which he one day borrowed from an Arab to per-gate a trick with, and which the owner, persuaded that Houdin in person was before him, refused to receive back.—*Times' Paris Correspondent.*

COINED MONEY AND PAPER MONEY.

The discussions now going on in a thousand prints, respecting the mutual advantages and disadvantages of coined money and paper money, suggest to us that a hasty sketch of the origin of both species of currency may be interesting to many readers of the Ledger.

In the earlier ages of the world, exchanges were made by bartering one article for another, as a sheep for a coat, a cow for a sword, and a herd of cattle for a bit of land. As society advanced, however, the disadvantages of this method of trading began to be seriously felt, and some other system was sought to be devised. The precious metals, on account both of their value and compactness, were adopted among most communities as a solution to the problem, though other communities employed shells, the American Indians for example, and still others other substitutes. At first the silver was used in bars. But the difficulty of assaying it, for each separate transaction, gradually led to the stamping of it, and then to the cutting off pieces of certain determined weights. These things were finally done by public authority; and hence the origin of gold, silver and other coins.

The first piece of stamped money of this description was doubtless minted before the historic period. It is said by Pliny, nevertheless, that the Romans had no coined money before the time of Servius Tullius. But, long prior to that period, the Phenicians and other commercial nations used stamped coins. It is plain, from more than one passage in the Bible, that money of this kind was familiar to the Hebrews, at a very early epoch in their annals. Iron was employed by the Spartans in coinage; copper by the Romans; gold and silver by richer and more commercial nations. Generally the early coins of all nations were exceedingly rude. But we must except those of the Greeks, who exhibited in their coinage, as in all things else, their natural aptitude for the beautiful. We are indebted to the classic world for the term money, coins having, according to tradition, been first struck at the temple of Juno Minerva. The word pecuniary is from the Latin *pecunia*, a stock-flock and herds being equivalent to money originally. *Cash* is from the French *caisse*, or coffer in which money was kept. The derivation of *dollar* is less authentically established. *Cent* is from the Latin. *Shilling* is Saxon. Thus all nations and ages have contributed to furnish the every-day terms of commerce.

Paper money is of comparatively modern birth. It first appeared in the shape of bills of exchange and promissory notes. Commercial transactions in England are still carried on, to a great extent, with these mediums. Bank notes, in the United States, have, however, almost monopolized the term. Banks themselves are the invention of a quite recent period. The word bank comes from *banca*, the Italian for bench, because dealers in money first sat on benches, in the market-places of Italian towns, in the middle ages. The Bank of Venice, the parent of all other banks, was first established A. D. 1171. The Bank of Amsterdam followed, A. D. 1609; that of Hamburg, A. D. 1619; and that of England, A. D. 1694. The earlier of these banks, however, were not banks of issue, but of deposit and discount only. In the United States, banks of issue—that is, banks which put forth paper money—prevail to a greater

extent than anywhere else in the world. The French coins are, on the whole, the most beautiful of those of any modern nation. There are few things, indeed, in which there is more room for improvement; for, neither in design nor in execution, are modern coins, in general, meritorious.—*Phila. Ledger.*

SEDUCTION AND REVENGE.

The tragedy committed in Philadelphia on Wednesday week at the St. Lawrence Hotel, has created an immense excitement in that city. Mr. Richard Carter, the deceased came to this country about twenty-five years since with a brother, and settled at Tamaqua, in Schuylkill county.

The brothers were miners, and being very industrious and saving they got together considerable means and went into business upon their own account. They became extensively engaged in mining, stock-raising and in the manufacture of iron. In this business they associated themselves with a man without capital, named John McCauley, a resident of Berwick. Their fortunes were subsequently burned, and McCauley was a ruined man. The brothers Carter continued prosperous, and Richard was made President of the Anthracite Bank at Tamaqua. He was at the time of his death forty-seven years of age. He was a religious man, so far as professions go, prominent in works of charity, and his reputation only suffered from one cause, to wit, his fondness for women outside of his own family, and his amours, were numerous and scandalous. About two years since he was tried at Orwigburg for the seduction of a young lady but his means enabled him to get out of the scrape.

Some few years since, the wife of Mr. McCauley, his former partner, died leaving an interesting and beautiful daughter named Elizabeth, who was then about twenty years of age. Mr. Carter took much interest in this young lady, and at his request her father consented that this old patron should take the charge of her education upon himself.—Mr. Carter sent his ward to the Wesleyan Female Academy, at Wilmington, Delaware. He was in the habit of sending her word to meet him in Philadelphia. She would obey the summons and repair to the Girard House where they would remain together, publicly as uncle and niece but privately as man and wife, from Saturday until Monday, when Miss McCauley would return to Professor Loomis's establishment at Wilmington, and her protector would go back to his wife at Tamaqua without her suspecting the errand her faithless husband had been upon. Upon one occasion Mr. Carter and Miss McCauley travelled together to Niagara, and at another time they spent some days together at Saratoga.

A young man named Thomas Washington Smith, from Cecil county, Maryland, was at one time clerk in the store of Mr. Carter, at Tamaqua. Mr. Smith afterwards became a travelling agent for various periodicals, and was in the habit of visiting his sister, who was a teacher at the Wesleyan Academy at Wilmington. Upon one of these visits he became acquainted with Miss McCauley, and was enamored of her.

About a year ago he married her in opposition to the wishes of Mr. Carter, and four months later she gave birth to a child, which was the result of her intimacy with her guardian.

Upon making this discovery Smith parted from his wife, and has since been making arrangements to commence an action for divorce. The fatal result of the meeting at the St. Lawrence Hotel, seems to have been premeditated.

Mr. Smith will be tried at the next court, when we hope the verdict will be, "Served right!"

A GUBERNATORIAL RACE.—One of the Albany State street hardware stores boasts of two clerks who are sons of ex-Governors. One is the son of ex-Governor Seward, of New York, and the other of ex-Governor Gibbs, a down-east Governor. On Tuesday Seward bet Gibbs five dollars that he did not dare to start out bare-headed and in his shirt sleeves, and carry a scuttle of coal around the block in eight minutes. Gibbs took up the bet and propitiated. Seward followed after, and by starting a cry of "stop thief!" undertook to get Gibbs dragged to the Station House, and thus win the bet by stratagem. It was no go, however, Gibbs put on steam, rolled up his trousers, and won the race by a neck.

BAYARD TAYLOR states that the fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics, by the Gulf Stream. Think of Arctic fishers burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the Mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco! *A Little Lay—Our dear!*