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I. B. MASSER, TORNEY AT LAW SUNBURY, PA.

reserved to in the Counties of Norof conbin-Reservences in Philadelphia:

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May 3, 1856 .- tf

DILWORTH BRANSON & CO. Hardware Merchants, Having removed from No. 59 to No. 73 Market Street, Philadelphia,

Are prepared, with greatly increased facilities, in fill orders for HARDWARE of every variety in best terms, from a full assortment, including dutiron I shovels, Picks, &c. Country merchants and others will find it to

hear interest to cal! and examine our stock bechasing elsewhere. April 12, 1856 .-- 1y

U.S. OF A. "flod and our Native Land."

SUPHANNA CAMP, No. 29, of the O. of the U.S. A. holds its stated sessions every to har evening in their New Hall, opposite E. V. Beights store, Sunbury, Pa. Inititation and ega ta. \$2,00.

M. L. SHINDEL, W. C. 1.kvi Skasnolitz, R. S. Sarabury, January 10, 1857.—oct 20 '55

O. OF U. A. M. M. meets every Trannar evening in the time tend itall, opposite E. Y. Bright's store, thanks attent, Sunbury, Pa. Members of the order ste respectfully requested to attend.

M. L. SHINDEL, C.

S. . Hennucks, R. S. and oury, Jan. 5, 1857 .- oct 20, '55.

VALINGTON CAMP, No. 19 1. S. of A 2.7 milds its stated meetings every Thursday evening, in the American Hall, Market Street. WM. H. MUSSELMAN, P.

A. A. SHISSLER, R. S. Survey, July 5, 1856.—tf.

ப் அதே இறைமுக், A. J. CONRAD, HOLLOWING RUN.

ESPECIFILLY informs the public that he has replenished his Store with an exceleat assortment of New Goods just received ir in l'hiladelphia, which he will sell on terms as casmable as any other establishment. His LATTING CASSIMERES & SATTINETT, Ainter Wears for men and boys, all styles and

Ladies Dress Goods

Consisting of Black Silks, Merinos, Alpacas, Ded attes, Calicoes, Ginghams, Muslins, Trim-Alexa tresh supply of GROCERIES of all

HARDWRE and QUEENSWARE,

thetar vare, Brooms, &c. Also a large assortment of Boots and Shoes, suitable for Men Wo men and Children. Hats and Caps, Silk Hats, cut all goods usually kept in a Country Store. the above named stock of goods will be said profively at low prices for cash, or in ex-.haige for country produce, at the highest 11 dlowing Run, Nov. 29, 1856.—1v

How Fr

Select Poetry.

A STERLING CLD FOEM

Who shall judge a man from manuers? Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May be clothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings— Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar Ever welling out of stone; There are purple buds and golden, Hidden, croshed and overgrown; God, who counts by souls, not dresses, Loves and prospers you and me, While he values thrones, the highest, But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows, Oft forgets his fellows then; Masters—rulers—lords, remember That your meanest hands are men;— Men by labor, men by feeling, Men by thought, and men by fame. Claiming equal rights to sunshine

There are foam embroidered oceans. There are little weed coad rolls. There are feeble, inch-high saplings, There are cedars on the h les; God, who counts by souls, not stations, Loves and prospers you and me; For to him all vain distinctions

In a man's ennobling name.

Are as pebbles in the sea. Toiling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth or fame; Titled laziness is pensioned, Fed and fatted on the same; By the sweat of others' foreheads,

Living only to rejoice. While the poor man's outraged freedom Vainly lifteth up its voice. Truth and justice are eternal, Born with low liness and light;

Secret wrongs shall never prosper While there is a sunny right : God, whose world heard voice is singing Boundless love to you and me, Sinks oppression with its titles, As the publics in the sea.

One by One. BY CHARLES DICKENS

One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fail; Some are coming, some are going. Do not strive to grasp them ail.

One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strengths to each; Let no future dreams ciute theo, Learn thou first what these can teach,

Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching heaven; but one by one Take them, lest the chain be broken, Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A Select Story.

MARY MOORE

A PLEASANT LOVE STORY

CHAPTER I.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore

All my life I loved her.
Our mothers we e old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is a boy, in a the lightered frock and moroccoshoes, rocking a cradle them all. in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself-Harry Church; that blue-eyed buby

was Mary Moore.
Later still, I see myself at the little schoolhouse, drawing my little chaise up to the door that Mary might ride home. Many a heating have I gamed on such occasions, for other hoys besides me like ber, and sle, I tear, was something of a flat, even in penalores. How choicest blessing, many a joy remained for elegantly she came tripping nown the steps when I called her name! how sweetly her. There were four other inmates of the room. bige eyes looked up at me! how garly rang out her merry laugh! That farly Logh! No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her tips! I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward. blushing youth-1 followed it through the heated most of manhood-and now, when the frosts of age are silvering any bar, and many children climb my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong and that, even in gray bairs, I am following

its music still, When I was lifteen the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years! This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life asself to me,

But hearts are tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awk-ward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender strading, with a very good opin ion of myself, both in general and particular, If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments-never thinking that she might dazzle and bewild rime still more. I was a coxcomb.

An advantageous proposals was made to e at this time, and accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and I prepared to go to the Indies. In my harried visit home of two days I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school at some dis-tance, and was not expected home till the their Own following May. I attered one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and

ben called myself 'a man again."
year." I thought, as the vehicle sway from our door-in a year, or at the very most, I will return; and 'ty as she used to be, why

y marry her." ed the future of a young

at as for loven : sterest in me. I merely because borious in-

"They loved me as I was," I murmured to one in the room. But nothing was said-nyself, "and they shall find out for themselves even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this shether I am better worth loving than for-time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the

I packed up many a token, from that land I romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart; it was a ring of cough, virgin gold, with my name and here ongraved inside—that was all, and yet the eight of the little toy strangely thrilled me as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand tout was to wear it. But to me—how much meantiful face-low words of welcome-a future home, and a sweet smiling face-a group I merry children to climb my knee-all these elights were hidden within that little ring H Kulu!

CHAPTER II.

Tall, bearded and san bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows and the hum of coucersation a cheerful laughter showed me that ster Lizzie would came to the door, and ast I might greet my family when no strange ye was looking currously on.

Dut no-a servant answered my summons.

They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one when he asked for adnottance. A batter thought like this was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parter, and saw the half-supressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made

nyself known or asked after the family. And viole I stood silent, a strange apparition erew up before me. From behind the ser-ant peered out a small golden head—a tiny, delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish lace, with blue eyes, was lifted up to mineso like to those of one who had brightened by boyhood, that I started back with a sud-den feeling of pain. "What is your name, my little one?" I isked, while the wondering servant held the

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes (I had seen that very attitude in another

in my boyhood, many and many a time,) and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice : "Mary Moore."
"And what else?" I asked quickly.
"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child.
My heart sank down like lead. Here was

n end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried, in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me This was his child-his child and Mary's! I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow.

And, holy g my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and smazed, and put up her pretty lip as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parler door and called my sister out, to see who it could be that conductest himself so strangely
I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice

saying:
"Did you wish to see my father, sir ?"
I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well I looked at her for a moment, and then, stilling the tumelt of my heart by a mighty

gort I opened my arms and said ; "Lizzie, don't you know me?" "Harry! Ob, my brother Harry!" she ried, and threw herself upon my breast She wept as if her heart would break I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before

There was a rush and cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang towards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears! Oh, strange and passing sweet is such erting to the way-worn wanderer! And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while L'zzie still ching beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's

who had risen on my sudden entraffce. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already een, and who now stood beside Fran Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lezzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, bull hidden by the

heavy window curtains that fell to the floor, When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand. Welcome home, my boy!" he said with You have changed so that I should never have known you; but no matter for that-

"How can you say he is changed?" said y mother, gently. "To be sure, he looks my mother, gently. "To be sure, he looks older, and grover, and more like a man, than when he went away-but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still."
"Ay, mother," I answered, sadly; "I am

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt ike a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had me in my ir fancy. But I kept down the fled. I trust I may be believed when I say that self concert has left me also.

Let I may be believed when I say hip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full, handsome form.

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better,"
Oh. yes-thank you for that compliment." he answered, with a hearty laugh, "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

"His wife !-could I hear that name and keep silence still? "And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kis-

ing her crimson cheek. "I tell you, Harry, here is not such another in the world. Don't you think she looks very much as her mother "Very much?" I faltered.

"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start viciently, "I have forgotat seen for tour years. I ten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days - ch, Harry?" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, dine. Perhaps.
dent she might the ceremony. Come—here she is, and I for once want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the opera-

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, towards me! A gleam of light and bope, almost too dazzling to hear, came over me, t too dazzling to hear, came over me, cried out before I thought:

t Mary!"

betrayed to becret to every

said a young lady to her partner, while dancing a polka, a few evenings since. "What would you take me for?" "For better or worse," he replied. i I cried out before I thought:

oung wife, and harried to the sileut figure

looking out from the window.
"Mary—Mary Moore," I said, in a low.
eager voice, "have you no welcome to give to the wanderer ?" She turned and laid her hand in mine, and

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and murmured hurriedly:

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words—and yet how blest they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown! For there was the happy home group, and the dear home fireside, and there sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night were falling before the ardent gaze of mine; and the sweet face I had so longed and praved and the sweet face I had so longed and prayed to see was there before me! I never knew the meaning of happiness till that moment

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning gray. I am growing to be an old man, and can look back to a lorg be an old man, and can look back to a lorg and happy, and I hope, a well-spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright shines also upon my white

An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am es young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight forrow upon it, is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grow old, nor change. The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Nor even hen-for love still loves above.

The Irishman and the Princess.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal writing from the Sandwich Islands, under date of January 28, mentions the following incident:

"Some few nights since, his most gracious majesty. Ling Kamehameha IV., of the Sandwich Islands, was pleased to let it be known that he would hold an evening reception at the royal palace. Accordingly a large number of the lords and ladies of the kingiom, and private ladies and gentlemen who vere familiar at court, were in attendance. Among those who figured largely in receiving the guests of the crown was the Princess Royal Victoria, sister to the King and Preier of the kingdom; also Prince Lott Kamehameha (brother to the King and the Princess Royal) commander-in-chief of the army of the kingdom and heir-apparent to the throne. Those two distinguished per-sonages were the principal actors in this grand entertainment. "Among the invited guests and privileged

characters that surrounded the throne, was one M. C. Monserrat, an Irishman of aucioneer distinction in these islands, and mililary aid to Prince Lott, the commander incief, a gentleman, of course, of gallant and noble bearing, fine person and lofty preten-sions. Well, after the evening had somewhat advanced, her highness, the Princess Victoria, excused herself to her gay companions, and retired to her own apartment. Shortly altewards, our gullant ouction-er also took leave of the royal presence of the King and Queen. The circumstance seemed a little singular, and Prince Lott, the brother of the awakened his suspicions, took with him the King's Lord Chamberlin, (a man named Neilson, of New York memory,) and the two repaired to the door of the bedchamber of the 'rincess Royal, and finding their suspicions till further excited, burst the door open, and here were the guilty pair (the Princess and Monsetrat) are enough. "The crash of the door brought the King

and his royal consort to the scene. The King proposed the instant death of Monserrat by shooting. The son of the Emerald Isle unfolded his bosom, and, admitting his guilt, told them to execute their threat .-Thereupon a parley ensued, the Princess defending her paramour warmly, and threaten-ed the royal pair, as well as her distinguished prother, with her power as Premier of the Kungdom, if they injured one hair of his head Finally a duel was talked of and at last banshment from the kingdom agreed opon by all parties; whereupon our gallant M. C. Monerrat took his departure on board the Fanny

Major for San Francisco.
"I saw the Princess to-day in her carriage before one of our fashionable dry goods stores with one of her female companions by her side, as unconcerned as if nothing had happen-This startling intelligence first became known on Saturday, the 24th of January, and the next day after the departure of our gal-tant for San Francisco. The day following was Sunday, and, at the meeting of the conregations of the different churches of these Evangenzed Islands, the nods, winks and smiles among the fair ones can be better conreived than described. The old matrons drew deep and heavy sighs.

"The Princess is a young woman, about ighteen or nineteen years of age, of middling stature, handsome form and somewhat graceful in her manners, but no beauty. She is quite dark, with thick lips and dark heavy eyes and eyebrows, and resembles a dark mulatto. She is the daughter of the present Governor of this Island, Oahn, by his first wife, who was the reigning Queen of this kingdom during the minority of Kamehameha She is the richest person in the kingdom. It was probably her wealth and her power, as premier of the kingdom, that enabled her to hold at bay her two royal brothers when they had determined on the destruction of her paramour, for she told them in the midst of the scene, standing in her dishabille, with a firmness worthy of a better cause, that if they taid violent hands upon Monserrat she would shake the throne to its centre, and dash the royal diam from the brow of her noble brother. To banishment she consented. The Princess is all-powerful among the natives. Her father, the Governor, and her two brothers, the King and Prince, are the finest looking natives on the Islands. They all, as well as the Princess, have an English education, and speak the language well."

J. Perkins, of Euclid, Ohio, says :- On the day of sowing, put the peas into a tub, or barrel; pour on hot (not boiling) water, officient to immerse them; let them remain about two minutes, or until the bugs are dead; then turn them into a basket, or something that will separate them from the water quickly, and they can be sown without applying anything to dry them.—This has been my practice when I have sown peas for a field crop. The degree of heat required can be ascertained by trying a few, before applying the water to the whole.

"So you would not take me to be twenty?"

From the American Messages Queen Semiramis and Babylon.

Nearly four thousand years ago lived a celebrated queen named Semiramis. Her husband, king Ninus, at his death, left his kingdom and treasures in ber possession, and she assolved that her name should be remem-bered in future ages. For this purpose she built the beautiful city of Babylon. Satuated in a broad rich plain on both sides of the river Euphrates, very near the centre of her vast dominions, the proud queen soon made her favorite abode the wonder of the world. Two millions of men were employed for many years in beautifying it. The city was laid out years in beautifying it. The city was laid out in the form of a square, fifteen miles long on each side, and the whole was surrounded by a wall eighty-seven feet thick, and three hundred and fifty feet high. This wall was of brick, cemented together by bitumen, a kind of slime found in the soil of that country. Ontside the wall was a broad deep ditch, filled with water, which helped defend the town. On each side were transported. town. On each side were twenty five gates of solid brass, open through the day, but closed at night. A beautiful bridge joined the streets that were divided by the river. Costly pulsees and elegant temples were found on every side. The inhabitants did not believe in the true God, but worshipped idols; the most famous of these idols was called Baul, and the temple in which he stood was filled with golden vessels, worth one bundred millions of dollars-more money

than one person could count in a lifetime.

After the death of Semiramis, one of the ings of Babylen married a princess of Media Her own bome had been among high mountains, and the low flat country whither her husband fied brought her, was very dis-agreeable to her. She pined to see the hills of her father's land, and every day grew more and more unhappy. At length her husband caused a great many banging gardens to be constructed, that she might fancy herself once more in her old home. Arches four or five hundred feet high, were built of solid stone; over these were spread thick sheets of lead to prevent the moisture from oozing through; then earth was laid on them so deep that the largest trees might take root and grow. These gardens cost immense sums of money, and many years of labor, and yet, when finished, they were far less beautiful than the common hill of our own country. Man's most perfect work cannot equal the simplest creation of God.

When we think of Babylon with its high walls, its straight broad streets, the beautiful river winding through it, each bank shaded by the drooping willows, its glitterieg palaces and dazzling temples, its high gardens with their fruits and flowers, we do not wonder

that it has been so famous.

We read of it in the Bible as the "lady of kingdoms," "tender and delicate," "the golden city," "the son of the morning," and in all other ancient history it is speken of in terms of praise. Where is it now? If we were to travel in that distant land where this great city once stood, we should find almost nothing left on the spot to tell us that it has ever

Its inhabitants for many years were rich and prosperous; God blessed them in their undertakings that they would not see his hand in their prosperity, nor believe in his name. Then he visited the land in his wrath, and destroyed the strong and glorious city Cyrus, king of Persia, came with a great Princess Victoria, seeing something that hundred years before Christ came into the world. Provisions sufficient to last for 20 years were stored within it, and the walls were so high and strong that the inhabitants only hoghed at his folly, and spent their time in feasting and pleasure. But Cyrus was not discouraged; he ordered large numbers of workmen to prepare a channel into which they might turn the waters of the Euphrates. and when, after months of toil this great labor was finished, he led his soldiers by night into the city through the dry hed of the river, and surprised and killed the king in

the midst of his revelry.

If we read the Bible carefully, we shall find that all this was foretold more than two hundred years before Cyros was born. In the thirteenth chapter of Isaiah, we are told that God spoke to the prophet, saying, "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall be there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."

These words were written nearly three housand years ago, and they have all been fulfilled: Bubylon is indeed a place of wild beasts and poisonous serpents: no shepherd dares to rest there, no human being finds his

home there.

Alexander the Great determined to rebuild the city and reside there, but he died before his workmen had accomplished much of their difficult task, and no one has since undertaker

it. The curse of God rests on the spot. As God's word in relation to Babylon has een thus proved true by the events of history, so we know that in every other respect it is equally sore. He that said unto that wicked city, "Evil shall come upon thee," has declared to each of us, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him," Ought we not to learn a lesson of wisdom from this subject, and ere it is too late, flee by a living faith to Christ our Saviour and Redeemer?

Good Doctring. Have you enemies? Go straight in and mand them not If they block up your path, walk around them, regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is, made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand it it. A sterling character—one who thinks for him-self and speaks what he thinks, is always to to have enemies. They are as necesse and him as fresh air; they keep ber, who was active. A celebrated ato remark, "They surrounded by enemies do not blow, they are sparks, which pales a last they will go out that?" feeling

I loved her to her finger tips-I loved her very foot-print traces.

Her features were rapturous charm, Her smile mede all within me flutter, A rounded beauty was her arm, Her little band was fat as butter.

No wonder that I loved her so, But she was false as she was pretty, And took a big one from the city.

Twas one of love's extremest phases-I aggravated him to fight, But ob, he laruped me like blazes!

Farmer's Department.

The Massachusetts Ploughman of the 7th ult., has a sensible article on the Chinese su-

gar cane, which we cheerfully transfer to our columns : Frequent inquiries are made of us in regard

from China is really worth trying.

It is doubted by many whether we shall find it profitagle to make our own sugar from this plant—though if the prices of sugar and molasses should continue us high as at the

It is certain that Chinese cane will grow

than ten feet high, grown in Dorchester in 1855-and we had a couple of rows planted

are very sweet; and that they yield as rich a sup as the sugar cane of the West Indies -It is also ascertained that hogs are quite fond of the stalks when cut green-and being very sweet, there seems to be no doubt of their power to fatten these animals.

we can say but little, as we have but little information. It requires considerable skill to make sugar, though any one can make molas. can be given to the invalid, and at the same

cornstalks were used to make molusses for thanksgiving pies; but this practice was discontinued as soon as the war was over It is believed that this Chinese cane will stalks of our common corn. Still it should

quarters can easily try it this spring, and apple fritter, neither will taste of the other proving that the high degree of the heat in trial when seeds can be had at a very little As however, a practical encouragement to

in Connecticut:
At the regular meeting of the American Institute Farmers' Club Mr. Hyde presented sample of molasses made from this sugar

GROTEN CENTRE Conn., Feb. 6, 1857. friend Mr. Hyde, a sample of molassas made from Chinese sugar cane grown by me this season; and submit the following as the re-

ter of an ounce of the seed during the spring ol last year. About the middle of May I mer of nill in a space of about nine inches, the hills being two feet apart. It was on a side hill, southern exposure, light silicious soil; season dry and hot; space employed about eight feet by sixteen feet square. The plants were out of the ground in giteen days, and attained in the growth of three months a pretty . Not a taste. The crowners set on him, uniform height of about thirteen feet, while and he never said a word against it, and if, the stalks were about one inch in diameter

seeds were not entirely ripe, I (fearing frost) cut two thirds of the lot, removed the seeds and crushed in an ald cider mill with its upand crushed in an ald cider mill with its up-right corrugated wooden rollers; and from this imperies; process I obtained five gallons over sery were, and unknown." of juce, which I evaporated to one gallon, in an iron pot. The molasses I found equipar-the first quality of New Orleans, a fine flaged with sugar granules. 1: Na bue fla-tor and cooks white. . cane stood about 20 The remainder which time it had expe-

days langer to frust, but with no vis.ble inrienced de seed had become fully ripe. I parand proceeded as before, obtained the same proportional quantity of isolasses, but of bettur quality, which may have been owing to more careful manipulation. This trial gives a result of about three hun

Half of my seed has been distributed among y friends, and now having taith in the expeent I shall take more care. I planted to

Mrom the barn yard.

Potson.-If poison should be i- ntly, take two tablespeonfuls Justard, mixed in warm water .-

Poetry.

MY EARLY LOVE.

It was an ardent, boyish love, That faded out as life grew older, My heart flew to her like a dove, And lighted on her beauteous shoulder

Or sipped the honey of her line, Or in her eyes found heavenly graces,

And soon she sacked ber little benu, I caught him out one gloomy night-

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

to the value of this new article offered here for cultivation. And though we jotend to be cautious in the recommendation of new things, we are bound to say that this cane

present time, we much incline to the opinion hat we can make our molasses much cheaper than to buy the same at any of the grocery

here in Massachusetts to the height of ten feet in ground not very rich, and that it will mature its seed in case it has been planted in due senson. We have had stalks sent to our office more

in our own field in Framingham, which had many stalks ten feet high, though the ground was not rich. It was planted rather late in May, and we did not saye many seeds which we thought mature enough for planting-but we have seen good seed produced where the planting was earlier.
It is certain that the stalks of this plant

In regard to sugar making from this cane

the revolution, when sugar and molasses could not be otherwise procured, the common

afford four times as much sweetening as the he borne in mind that this cane is a new plant, and none have much experience in its value for sugar or fattening. Farmers in all

the Agriculturalist for trying this product, we add the following, showing that the Chinese sugar cane has been successfully grown

cate, and the following account of it, by Mr. Dear Sir :- I forward herewith, by my

sult of my experience in the matter.

I received from Washington about a quar-

at the base.

About the 15th of September, when the

do d gallons per acre of first quality mulasses I saved seed to plant fully an acre this year.

1 1 shall this year try some seeds in the ng bed and transplant. I shall plant in a not less than three feet apart, running ed south, and shall keep the plants at mehes apart, thinning out if neces i transplanting such as I take up. -the first seed saved sprout as well as it. I may add that I manured, slightly

ar air, very respectfully yours, Esq. GILES HALET.

rate as an instantaineous emetic.

(From the Bultimore Weekly Sun]

Planting Corn. Ground for corn should be plowed deep enough to turn up the fresh soil and give the corn a good chance to root. Corn is a vege-table that has very long roots, and to yield well, the ground in which it is planted must be loose and mellow, for if not its roots cannot extend so as to absorb substance for growth, and consequently there will be a poor crop. If the soil is poor it should be well manured with lime, guano, or some other good fertilizer, for of all vegetables corn re-quires the best soil. The rows should be run both ways, as near north and south and east and west as possible. Those running east and west should be about three and a half feet spart; those running north and south about four feet. This will let the sun in better than if they were of one width,

thinned down to three stalks-the proper It is best to plant in the latter part of April.—Corn planted early will come up better than if planted late, for if planted early it will be up before the ground becomes baked by the dashing rains and hot sun, which is generally the case in the month of May. It is very seldom that corn rots in the ground on account of cold weather - We often see corn coming up where stock has been fed when it has laid in the ground nearly or all winter, which proves that it is not on account of the cold, but on account of the ground baking that the corn so frequently lails to come up.
High Hill, Ohio.

grains dropped in each hill, so that if some fail to grow there may be yet enough left, and those hills in which they all grow can be

How to Plant the Chinese Schar Cane SEZD.—We continue to receive frequent in-quires on this subject not with standing all that has been printed in our columns, furnishing desired information. But, we repeat briefly, that, perhaps the best mode to adopt, is simply that which is pursued with Indian corn, though the land does not require to be so highly manured, and the cane delights in a light soil. Some persons recommended dropping the seeds a foot spart in the row, which we think may turn out the best. The rows to be the usual width apart as for Indian corn from three to four feet. The cane will mix with broom corn and Guinea corn, if placed within one hundred feet of each other, and become worthless.

BRASS AS A FIELD CROP .- A Writer (W. L. B. Brandon, Vt .) in the Genesee Farmer; in reply to an inquiry made in that paper as to the profitableness of beans as a field crop, says that he planted 14 acres of land with the Marrow fat bean, and worked it, including interest of land, for \$28; and that he raised 30 bushels of beans which he sold at \$1.96 per bushel, or \$58,80, and had 1; tons bean straw, worth \$9, making \$67.80, or a profit of \$39.80. He says bean straw or haulm is worth for fodder for cattle and sheep, as much as the best hav.

FRIED Fish.-the great art in frying fish is, to have it free from grease, and in that state of the most delicate description of food that time the most time the most nourishing. sudden immersion in the fat solidities the albamen in the flesh of the fish, and readers it easy of digestion; the coating of bread crambs prevents the penetrating into the flesh and renders the fat penetrating the fish, and when eaten by the invalid, the skin should be removed, and only the white flesh should be partaken of

The great point is to have plenty of fut in the pan, for it is not wasted. If it is kept at a proper degree of heat, in the same pan a tish may be fried, and at the same time an the fat prevents the flavor of the object immersed in it escaping .- Fish should be repeatedly turned in frying.

Humorous.

An I aren Vernicz .- In an I rish story in one of the London magazines, a mundered schoolmaster is said to have been found dead in the road with his head full of fractions. "I'm thinking it's shoe-aside," said Larry.

"The horse's shoe was it ?" "No, alanna," sail Larry, "sloe-aside is Latin for cutting your il roat." "But he didn't cut lis throat," said the "Sure it's all one," said Larry, "whether

he died with a rashir on his throat, or a ham-

mer on his head. It's shoe-aside all the "Rut there was no hammer found." "No-but he might have bid the hammer after he did it, to throw off the disgrace

the shoe-aside "But wasn't there any life in him when he "Not a taste. The crowners sot on him

"And didn't they find anything at all ?"

he was alive, he would.

"Nothing but the vardick."
"And was it that that kill him?" "No. my dear, 'twas the crack on the head

"Colonel W. is a fine looking man, isn't he?' said an old friend of ours the other day. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for

"You! why you are as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that - I endorsed his note; and I was taken for him by the sheriff."

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT LLACE."-Jan: 30 - This day, my great, great, grand father, Charles the First, was be-mobbed !-And well he deserved it; he was a jesuitical. sypocritical rascal as ever wore a crown.-He died with plack, because he was in his right place, on a scaffold! not the right place as a king, but as a man. God rest his roul, but he was a bad king, a bad soldier and a b. d

man .- Sir Charles Numer's Memoirs-Brown says "he has seen a rope walk"-Jones says, "I have seen a rope walk"—
Jones says, "I have seen better than that—I
have seen a rail fence," "All that snothing,"
says Smith, "I have seen a hat bax." And
we have seen "a cut fish." Wonderful age. Well, it is.

How do you know there were railroads in the time of Solomon? Because it is stated that when the Queen of Sheba visited him, she came with a great train.

KERP TO THE RIGHT. A correspondent of New York paper wants to know which side of a lady a gentleman should take when he walks out with her. We should say keep on the right s. I of a lady.