

MARSHALL COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

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The Republican

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Office up stairs in the old Plymouth Hotel.

DIRECTORY.

MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT, T. M. D. and H. B. Dickson prop'rs.
CHARLES PALMER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and Hats & Caps.
J. G. OSBORNE Attorney & Counsel for at Law. Office up stairs over Palmer's Store, Plymouth, Ind.
D. J. W. BENNETT'S office at his residence three doors north of Edwards' hotel, on Michigan street.
BROOKE & EVANS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Ready made Clothing; corner Laporte & Mich. streets.
J. BROWNLEE & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Ready made Clothing, Hardware & Cutlery.
D. T. A. LEMON, Practising Physician, and dealer in Drugs & Medicines, Oils, Paints & Groceries, east side Michigan street.
A. VINEDGE, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Groceries and Provisions, east side Michigan street.
W. L. PLATT, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker, Furniture maker in north room of the old Plymouth Hotel.
J. HASELTON, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots & Shoes, and Shoe Findings, west side Michigan street.
JOSEPH POTTER Saddle and Harness manufacturer, corner Laporte and Center streets.
G. S. CLEVELAND Wholesale and retail dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware and Groceries, new building, north side Laporte at Michigan street.
N. H. GLEESBEE & Co. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Crockery &c., in the Brick Store.
ICE CREAM SALOON, M. H. Tibbitts proprietor, up stairs in Rusk's building.
J. WESTERVELT & Co. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Ready made Clothing &c.
P. H. THOMPSON, Wholesale and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Glass & Glassware, and Groceries.
BROWN & BAXTER Manufacturers of Tin Sheet Iron and Copperware, and dealers in Stoves—sign of Tin shop & Store.
C. H. REEVE, Atty. at Law. Collections practically attended to in Northern Indiana. Leads for sale cheap.
M. W. SMITH, Justice of the peace, will attend to business in the Circuit and Com. Pleas courts. Over the Post office.
DR. SAM'L HIGGINBOTHAM, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence on the east side of Michigan street.
JOHN COUGLE, Keeps a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Vegetables and Meats of all kinds. Cor. Gano & Mich. streets.
DR. J. D. GRAY, Eclectic Physician, will attend to calls day or night. Office four doors north of C. H. Reeve's residence.
ELLIOTT & Co. Wagon, Carriage & Plow Manufacturers, at their new stand at the south end of the Bridge, Michigan street.
DR. R. BROWN, Physician and Surgeon, will promptly attend to all calls in his profession. Office at his residence, south Plymouth street.
L. A. JOSEPH, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, South Plymouth.
DR. CHAS. WEST, Eclectic Physician, Office at his residence, east side Michigan street.
L. FALOR, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, corner Center & Washington streets.
EDWARDS' HOTEL, Wm. C. Edwards Proprietor, corner of Michigan and Washington streets.
P. C. TURNER, House Carpenter & Joiner, Shop on Washington street, east of Michigan street.
A. K. BRIGGS, Horse Shoeing and Blacksmithing of all kinds done to order. Shop south east of Edwards' Hotel.
AMERICAN HOUSE, O. P. Cherry & Son proprietors, South Plymouth.
M. S. PETER & CO., Dealers in Family Groceries, provisions, Confectionaries &c. South Plymouth.
W. BRICK & LAMSON, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painters. Shop south end of the Bridge, Plymouth, Ind.

Poetical.

Dissolve the Union!

Dissolve the Union! Who would part
The chain that binds us heart to heart?
Each link was forged by sainted sires
Amid the Revolution's fires;
And cooled—oh, where so rich a flood
In Warren's and in Sumner's blood.

Dissolve the Union! Be like France
When "Terror" reared her bloody lance,
And man became destruction's child,
And woman, in her passion's wild,
Danced in the life-blood of her Queen,
Beside the dreadful guillotine!

Dissolve the Union! Roll away
The spotted flag of glory's day;
Blot out the history of the brave,
And desecrate each Patriot's grave;
And then, above the wreck of years,
Quaff an eternity of tears.

Dissolve the Union! Can it be
That they who speak such words are free?
Great God! Did any die to save
Such sordid wreaths from the grave—
When breath to breast, and brand to brand
Our patriot-fathers freed the land?

Dissolve the Union! Ho! Forbear!
The sword of Damocles is there;
Cut but the hair, and ere 't shall know
A darker, deadlier tale of woe,
Than Hist'ry's crimson page has told,
Since Noah's ark in blood e'er rolled.

Dissolve the Union! Speak, ye hills,
Ye everlasting mountains cry:
Shriek out ye streams and mingling rills,
And ocean rears in agony:
Dead heroes leap from glory's sod!
And shield the manor of your God!

(St. Louis Republican.)

A Select Tale.

MY CONFESSION.

I had always been a passionate boy—
They said I was almost a fiend at times.
At others I was mild and loving.
My father could not manage me at home; so
I was sent to school, I was more fluffed,
both at home and at school, than
any one I ever knew or heard of. It
was incessant flogging. It was the best
way they knew of to educate and correct
me. I remember to this day how my father
and my master used to say, "they would
flog the devil out of me." This phrase
was burnt at last into my very being.
I bore it always consciously a
dumb with me. I heard it so often that
a dim kind of notion came into my mind
that I really was possessed by a devil,
and that they were right to try and
scourge it out of me. This was a very
ugly feeling at first. After events
made it more definite.

Time went on in the old way. I was
forever doing wrong, and forever under
punishment—terrible punishment that
left my body wounded, and hardened my
heart into stone. I have bitten my
tongue till it was black and swollen, that
I might not say I repented of what I had
done. Repentance then, was synonymous
with cowardice and shame. At
last it grew into a savage pride of endurance.
I gloried in my sufferings, for I
knew that I came the conqueror out of
them. The masters might flag me till I
fainted; but they could not subdue me.
My constancy was greater than their tortures,
and my firmness superior to their will.
Yes, they were forced to acknowledge it—I
conquered them; the devil would not be
scourged out of me at their bidding; but
remained with me at mine.

When I look back to this time of my
boyhood, I seem to look over a wild
expanse of desert land swept through with
fery storms. Passions of every kind convulsed
my mind; unrest and mental turmoil,
strife and tumult, and suffering never
ceasing; this is the picture of my young
life whenever I turn it from the dark
wall of the past. But it is foolish to
recall this now. Even at my age, chastened
and sobered as I am, it makes my
heart bound with the old passionate throb
again, when I remember the torture and
the fever of my boyhood.

I had a few school friends. The boys
were afraid of me, very naturally; and
shrank from any intimacy with one under
such a potent ban as I. I resented this,
and fought my way savagely against them.
One only, Herbert Ferrars, was kind to me;
he alone loved me, and he alone was
loved in return. Loved, as you may
well believe a boy of warm affection—
such as I was in spite of all my intemperance
of passion, isolated from all and
shunned by all—would love any one such
as Herbert! He was the Royal Boy of
the school; the noblest; the loved of all
—masters and playmates alike; the chief
of all, clever; like a young Apollo among
the herdsmen; supreme in the grace and
vigour of his dawning manhood, I never
knew one so unclashed—so gifted and so
loving, so loving and so just, so gentle
and so strong.

We were friends—fast, firm friends—

The other boys and the ushers, and the
masters too, warned Herbert against me.
They told him continually that I
should do him no good, and might harm
him in many ways. But he was faithful
and suffered no one to come between
us. I had never been angry with Herbert.
A word, or look, joining on the
humor of the moment, would rouse me
into a perfect fiend against any one else;
but Herbert's voice and manner soothed
me under every kind of excitement. In
any paroxysm of rage—the very worst—I
was gentle to him; and I had never
known yet the fit of fury which had never
yielded to his remonstrance. I had
grown almost to look on him as my good
angel against that devil whom the rod
could not scourge out of me.

We were walking on the cliffs one day,
Herbert and I, for we lived by the sea-side.
And indeed I think that wild sea made
me fiercer than I should else have been.
The cliffs where we were that day
were high and rugged; in some places
going down sheer and smooth into the
sea; in others jagged and rough; but
always dangerous. Even the sapphire
gathers dreaded them. They were of a
crumbling sandstone, that broke away
under the hands and feet; for we had
often climbed the practicable parts, and
knew that great masses would crumble
and break under our grasp, like mere
gravel heaps. Herbert and I stood for a
short time close to the edge of the highest
cliff, Haglin's Crag it was called;
looking down at the sea, which was at
high tide, and foaming wildly about the
rocks. The wind was very strong, though
the sky was almost cloudless; it roared
round the cliffs, and lashed the waves into
a surging foam, that beat furiously
against the base, and brought down showers
of earth and sand with each blow as
it struck. The sight of all this life and
fury of nature, fevered my blood and
excited my imagination to the highest. A
strange desire seized me. I wanted to
clamber down the base of the cliffs—to
the very base—and dip myself in the
white waves foaming round them. It
was a wild fancy, but I could not
conquer it, though I tried to do so; and
I felt equal to the accomplishment.

"Herbert, I am going down the cliff,"
I said, throwing my cap on the ground.
"Nonsense, Paul!" said Herbert,
laughing. He did not believe me; and
thought I was only in jest.

When, however, he saw that I was serious,
and that I did positively intend to
attempt this danger, he opposed me in
his old manner of gentleness and love;
the manner which had hitherto subdued
me like a magic spell. He told me that
it was my certain death I was rushing
into, and he asked me affectionately to
desist.

I was annoyed at his opposition. For
the first time his voice had no power
over me; for the first time his entreaties
fell dead on my ears. Scarcely hearing
Herbert, scarcely seeing him, I leaped
over the cliffs; the waves singing to me
as with a human voice, when I was suddenly
pulled back, Herbert saying to me
angrily.

"Paul, are you mad? Do you think I
will stand by and see you kill yourself?"
He tore me from the cliff. It was a
strain like physical anguish when I could
no longer see the waters. I turned
against him savagely, and tried to shake
off his hand. But he threw his arms
round me, and held me firmly, and the
feeling of constraint, of imprisonment,
overcame my love. I could not bear
personal restraint even from him. His
young slight arms seemed like leaden
chains about me; he changed to the
hideousness of a jailer; his opposing love
to the insolence of a tyrant. I called
hoarsely to him to let me free; but he
still clung round me. Again I called—
again he withstood me; and then I struggled
with him. My teeth were set fast—
my hands clenched; the strength of a
strong man was in me. I seized him by
the waist as I would lift a young child,
and hurled him from me. God help me!
I did not see in what direction.

It was as if a shadow had fallen
between me and the sun, so that I could
see nothing in its natural light. There
was no light and there was no color.
The sun was as bright overhead as before—
the grass lay at my feet as gleaming as
before; the waves dug up their sparkling
showers; the wind tossed the branches
full of leaves, like boughs of glittering
gems, as it had tossed them ten minutes
ago; but I saw them all indistinctly now,
through the veil, the mist of this darkness.
The shadow was upon me that has
never left me since. Day and night it
has followed me; day and night it
clings to my heart. A voice sounded un-

ceasingly within me. "Murder and a lost
soul, forever and ever!"
I turned from the cliff resolutely, and
went toward home. Not a limb failed
me, not a moment's weakness was on me.
I went home with the intention of
denouncing myself as the murderer of my
friend—and I was calm because I felt that
his death would then be avenged. I hoped
for the most part degradation possible
to humanity. My only desire was
to avenge the murder of my friend on
myself, his murderer; and I walked along
quickly that I might overtake the slow
hours, and gain the moment of expiation.
I went straight to the master's room.
He spoke to me harshly, and ordered me
out of his sight—as he did whenever I
came before him—I told him authorita-
tively to listen to me; I had something
to say to him; and my manner, I suppose,
struck him; for he turned round to me
again, and told me to speak. What had
I to say?
I began by stating briefly that Herbert
had fallen down Haglin's Crag; and then
I was about to add that it was I who had
flung him down, though unintentionally—
when—whether it was mere faintness,
to this day I know not—I fell senseless
to the earth. And for weeks I remained
senseless with brain fever, from it, it
was believed, the terrible shock my system
had undergone at seeing my dearest friend
perish so miserably before my eyes—
This belief helped much to soften men's
hearts—and to give me a place in their
sympathy, never given me before.

When I recovered, that dark shadow
still clung silently to me; and whenever
I attempted to speak the truth—and the
secret always hung clogging on my
tongue—the same scene was gone through
as before; I was struck down by an
invisible hand; and reduced perforce to
silence. I knew then that I was shut out
from expiation—as I had shut myself out
from reparation in my terrible deed.—
Day and night, day and night, always
haunted with a fierce thought of sin, and
striving helplessly to express it.

I had come now to that time in my
life when I must choose a profession. I
resolved to become a physician from the
feeling of making such reparation to
humanity as I was able, for the life I had
destroyed. I thought if I could save life,
if I could alleviate suffering, and bring
blessing instead of affliction, that I might
somewhat atone for my guilt. If not to
the individual, yet to humanity at large,
No one ever clung to a profession with
more ardor than I undertook the study
of medicine; for it seemed to me my only
way of salvation, if indeed that were yet
possible—a salvation to be worked out
not only by chastisement and control of
my passions, but by active good among
my fellow-men.

I shall never forget the first patient I
attended. It was a painful case, where
there was much suffering, and to the
relatives—to that poor mother above all—
bitter anguish. The child had been given
over by the doctors, and I was called
in as the last untied, from despair, not
from hope—I ordered a new remedy—
one that few would have the courage to
prescribe. The effect was almost mirac-
ulous, and, as the little one breathed
freer,—and that sweet soft sleep of healing
crept over her, the thick darkness
hanging round me lightened perceptibly.
Had I solved the mystery of my future?
By work and charity should I come out
into the light again; and could deeds of
reparation, dispel that darkness which a
mere objectless punishment—a mere
mental repentance—could not touch?

This experience gave me renewed
courage. I devoted myself more ardently
to my profession, chiefly among the poor,
and without remuneration. Had I ever
accepted money, I believe that all my
power would have gone. And as I saved
more and more lives, and lightened more
and more the heavy burden of human suffering,
the dreadful shadow grew fainter.

I was called suddenly to a dying lady.
No name was given me, neither was her
station in life nor her condition told me.
I hurried off without caring to ask questions:
careful only to heal. When I
reached the house, I was taken into a
room where she lay in a fainting fit on
the bed. Ever before I ascertained her
malady—with that almost sacred sight
of a practiced physician—her wonderful
beauty struck me. Not merely because
it was beauty, but because it was a face
strangely familiar to me, though never
strangely speaking of a former love: al-
though in all my practice, I had never
loved man or woman individually.

I roused the lady from her faintness—
but not without much trouble. It was
more like death than swooning, and yielded
to my treatment stubbornly. I remem-
bered with her for many hours—bu-

when I left her she was better. I was
obliged to leave her, to attend a poor
work-house child. I had not been gone long—carrying
with me that fair face lying in its death-
like trance, with all its golden hair scattered
wide over the pillow, and the blue
lids weighing down the eyes, as one, carries
the remembrance of a sweet song
lately sung—carrying it, too, as a talisman
against that dead shadow which
somehow haug closer on me to night—the
darkness, too, deepening into its original
blackness, and the chill lying heavily
on my heart again—when a messenger
hurried after me, telling me the lady was
dying, and I was to go back immediately.
I wanted no second bidding. In a moment,
as it seemed to me, I was in her
room again. It was dark.

The lady was dying now, paralyzed
from her feet upward. I saw the death
ring mount higher and higher—that faint,
bluish ring with which death marries
some of his brides. I bent every energy,
every thought to the combat. I ordered
remedies so strange to the ordinary rules
of medicine, that it was with difficulty
the chemist would prepare them. She
opened her eyes full upon me, and the
whole room was filled with the cry of
"Murderer!" They thought the lady had
perished feverishly in her death-trance.
I alone knew from whence that cry had
come.

But I would not yield, and never quailed,
nor feared for the result. I knew the
power I had to battle with, and I knew
too the powers I wielded. They saved
her. The blood circulated again through
her veins, the faintness gradually dispersed,
the smitten side flung off its paralysis,
and the blue ring faded wholly from
her limbs.

The lady recovered under my care.—
And care, such as mothers lavish on their
children, I poured like life-blood on her.
I knew that her pulses beat at my bidding.
I knew that I had given her back her
life, which else had been forfeited, and
that I was her preserver. I almost worshipped
her. It was the worship of my
whole being—the tide into which the
pent up sentiment of my long years of
unloving philanthropy poured like a
boundless flood. It was my life that I
gave her—my destiny that I saw in her,
my deliverer from the curse of sin, as I
had been hers from the power of death.
I asked no more than to be near her, to
see her, to hear her voice, to breathe the
same air with her, to guard and protect
her. I never asked myself whether I
loved as other men or no; I never dreamed
of her loving me again. I did not
even know her name nor her condition,
she was simply the Lady to me,—the
one and only woman of my world. I
never cared to analyze more than this.—
My love was part of my innermost being,
and I could as soon have imagined the
earth without its sun as my life without
the lady. Was this love such as other
men feel? I know not. I only know
there were no hopes such as other men
have. I did not question my heart of
the future: I only knew of love—I did
not ask for happiness.

One day I went to see her as usual.—
She was well now; but I still kept up my
old habit of visiting her for her health.
I sat by her for a long time this day,
wondering, as I so often wondered, who
it was that she resembled, and where I
had met her before, and how; for I was
certain that I had seen her some time in
the past. She was lying back in an easy-
chair—how well I remember it all—en-
veloped in a cloud of white drapery.—
A soft-table was drawn along the side of
her chair, with one drawer partly open.
Without any intention of looking, I saw
that it was filled with letters, in two different
handwritings, and that two miniature
cases were lying among them. An
open letter, in which lay a tress of sun-
bright hair, was on her knee. It was
written in a hand that made me start and
quiver. I knew the writing, though at
the moment I could not recognize the
writer.

Strongly agitated, I took the letter in
my hand. The hair fell across my fingers.
The darkness gathered close and
heavy, and there burst from me the self-
accusing cry of "Murderer!"

"No, not murdered," said the lady, sorrowfully. "He was killed by accident.
This letter is from him—my dear twin-
brother Herbert—written the very day of
his death. But what can outweigh the
blessedness of death, while we are innocent
of sin!"

As she spoke, for some strange fancy
she drew the gauzy drapery round her
head. It fell about her soft and white
face. I knew now where I had seen be-
fore, lying as now with her face turned
upward to the sky, looking as now, so

full of purity and love, calling me then
to innocence as now to recontamination.—
Her angel in her likeness had once spoken
to me through the waves, as Herbert's
spirit now spoke to me in her.

"This is his portrait," she continued,
opening one of the cases.

The darkness gathered closer and closer.
But I fought it off bravely, and kneeling
humbly, for the first time I was able to
make my confession: I told her all.—
My love for Herbert, but my fierce fury
of temper; my sin, but also how unfortun-
ately; my atonement. And then, in the
depth of my agony, I turned to implore
her forgiveness.

"I do," she said weeping. "It was a
grievous crime—grievous, deadly—but
you have expiated it. You have repented
indured by self-subjugation, and by un-
wearied labors of mercy and good among
your fellow-men. I do forgive you my
friend, as Herbert's spirit would forgive
you. And," in a gayer tone, "my be-
loved husband, who will return to me to-
day, will bless you too for preserving his
wife, as I bless you for preserving me to
him."

The darkness fell from me as she kissed
my hand. Yet it still shades my life; but
as a warning, not as a curse—a mournful
past, not a destroying present. Charity
and active good among our fellow-men
can destroy the power of sin within us;
and repentance in deeds—not in tears,
but in the life-long efforts of a resolute
man—can lighten the blackness of a
crime, and remove the curse of punish-
ment from us. Work and love: by these
may we win our pardon, and by these
stand out again in the light.

Agricultural.

Chinese Sugar Cane—Something for Farmers to Look at.

We clip the following from the Louis-
ville Journal of Friday:

"The Chinese sugar cane seed, distributed
by the Patent Office last spring,
promises to be a complete success at the
North. A package of seed was planted
in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, latitude
40 1 2 degrees north, and has arrived at
maturity. The maximum height of the
stalk was ten feet, and the product in
grain much greater than any cereal under
cultivation. The stalk is perfectly green
after the seed has reached maturity, and
the saccharine principle is then fully de-
veloped. The juice, which is most abun-
dant, is very saccharine, quite as much
so as the variety of cane cultivated at
the South. Whether the juice contains
the same amount of crystallizable sugar
remains to be tested. Should it be found
equal to ordinary cane in that respect,
a new era in the agriculture of the North
will be inaugurated, and an immense
breadth of land be devoted to its culture
as soon as the necessary seed can be ob-
tained, which will require another year
at least. The seed having been distribu-
ted late in the spring, which was cold
and backward, there is good reason to
believe that much planted did not reach
maturity. Should the plant fail, so far
as the manufacture of sugar is concerned,
yet its value as a forage crop cannot be
over estimated: the North. Cattle,
horses and hogs eat the entire stalk with
avidity, and no doubt would fatten rap-
idly on it. The seed, which is small, has
a thin black hull which can be taken off,
leaving a fine white flour as the residue.
We have no means at present of estimat-
ing the value of this flour as an article
of food, but no doubt its merits will be
fully investigated. The culture required
for the plant is similar to that adopted
for Indian corn when planted in rows,
and the seed should be put into the
ground about the same time. As it is a
quick and strong growing plant, it should
be well manured."

The high price of sugar, says the Indi-
ana Journal, which promises to go higher
and never to fall, and the apparently
chronic failure of the cane crop in the
South, makes a resort to some substitute
absolutely necessary, if we are not to see
sugar become as it was thirty years ago,
a luxury that poor families could only in-
dulge in once a week. Our superb maple
forests for a long time supplied the bet-
ter portion of the sugar consumed in the
country, and no inconsiderable part of the
town consumption, but the cheaper
southern article gradually drove it out
of use, and the sugar trees were cut down
for fire wood, or to make room for the
plough. It was a sad blunder we now
find, but men can't see ten years ahead.
The result may teach the lucky posses-
ors of good "sugar camps," the value of
keeping them. We can't look to the sug-
ar-tree to supply the failure of the cane
saw. But it seems that we are not to be
left without sugar material in spite of
the destruction of trees and cane. The
"sorghum saccharatum" or "Chinese sug-
ar cane," has lately been introduced in-
to this country, and the few experiments
made upon it with a view to its utility
as a sugar producer, have been astonish-
ingly successful. What it is and how it
is to be cultivated, our readers may

learn from the above extract, and some
further information appended below. It
has been successfully raised in this coun-
ty by Mr. Wm. F. Long. He has tried
its sugar-furnishing properties, and finds
it equal to any representation made of it.
We saw a small bottle of the molasses,
and we can attest from the best of evi-
dence—a good long taste—that it is very
much better flavored than ordinary Or-
leans molasses, resembling the "clarified"
or "golden syrup," and even more
resembling a first rate article of "homo
made." The stalk will grow anywhere,
apparently where corn will grow, and
though it yields a larger amount of juice
to the stalk in the South, it is rich enough
here to furnish sugar at very much below
the present rates, or indeed any ordinary
price, if the experiments already made
may be deemed a test of its value.

The following detail of the experiments
of a Georgia farmer will throw some light
on its sugar properties:

On the 15th of this month, finding the
seed fully ripe, I had the fodder pulled
and the seed heads cut.

The yield of fodder per acre is 1,100
to 1,300 lbs., and yield of seed 25 bushels,
of 36 lbs. to the bushel. At the
first trial of the mill, 70 average canes
gave 20 quarts of juice. Subsequently,
606 average canes, passed once through
the rollers, gave 35 gallons and 1 qt.;
passed a second time through, 2 gallons.
The 40 gallons and 1 qt. gave 8 gallons
of thick syrup.

I carefully measured an eighth of an
acre, having the best canes and the best
stand, and another eighth having the
poorest canes and the poorest stand. The
result is given below: the canes passed once
through the roller.

BEST EIGHTH OF AN ACRE:	
Yield of juice from 3,315 canes	253 galls.
Yield of syrup from 233 galls- of juice	584 "
Rate per acre of syrup	468 "

POOREST EIGHTH OF AN ACRE:	
Yield of juice from 2,550 canes	179 galls
Yield of syrup from 179 galls- of juice	434 "
Rate per acre of syrup	346 "
Weight of 30 selected canes	491 lbs.
" " " " " "	254 "
" " " " " "	33 "
Loss in crushing	" "
Weight of crushed cane dried in sun 91	" "

Obtaining such unlooked for success
with the Chinese sugar cane, I concluded
to try our common corn. From a "new
ground," planted 2 by 3, one stalk to a
hill, a week beyond the roasting ear
stage, I selected 30 stalks:

Weight of 30 stalks	357 lbs.
Weight of juice	154 lbs.
Weight of crushed stalks	193 lbs.
Loss in crushing	170 "
Yield of syrup	14 pts.

The syrup was of a peculiar disagree-
able taste, entirely unfit for table use.

The following tests were made at the
mill by Dr. Robt. Battery of Rome (Ga.)
a graduate of the Philadelphia College of
Pharmacy:

Specific gravity of juice	1,056
" " " " " "	1,355
" " " " " "	1,321
Thermometer applied to syrup	77 deg.
" " " " " "	192 deg.
Saccharometer applied to juice	25 deg.

The juice should be placed in the boilers
immediately on being pressed out, and
then boiled slowly until the green scum
ceases to rise; then stir in a teaspoonful
of air slacked lime to five gallons of
juice; continue skimming and boiling until
the syrup thickens and hangs down in
flakes on the rim of the dipper. I have
made the clearest syrup by simply boiling
and skimming, without lime or other
clarifiers, but the lime is requisite to
neutralize a portion of the acid in the
juice. The true proportion must be
determined by well-conducted experi-
ments.

The cost of making the syrup in upper
Georgia, in my opinion, will not exceed
ten to fifteen cents per gallon. This I
shall be able to test another season by
planting and working up fifty acres of
the cane.

DREADFUL STATE OF POLITICS.—We
take the following extract from one of
our city papers:

"Still less respect have I for those
Republican politicians who are found de-
scending from their pulpits, dragging their
sacerdotal garments through the
cess-pools of political strife, besmearing
like the character they have heretofore
professed, and dishonoring the cause they
pretend to defend."

We have never dared to defend those
ministers who have left the pulpit to
preach politics. But if politics is so
mean, dirty, and sinful as is represented
above, we may be compelled to change
our sentiments on the subject, and may
urge ministers and Christians to pluck
it out, as they would into a herd of
prophets, to moralize, if not convert the
whole mass.—Buffalo Christian Adv.

It not infrequently occurs, when chil-
dren are asked if they will subscribe for a
newspaper, or if they already take it, that
they reply, "No, but neighbor B. takes it,
and I have the reading of it every week."
Such often say, "they consider it the
best paper they know of." They are
benefited every week by the tales, im-
plications, and expenditures of those
who receive nothing from their in-
turn. Reader, if you feel reproved, just
send in your name and take the paper
yourself.

Dr. Dick says that a bridal ceremony
is apt to put a care on a man for the
remainder of his days.