

LARGE EXPERIMENTS WITH THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

Messrs. L. Tucker & Son.—In your sheet under date of 15th Oct., I see several reports of trials with the sugar cane. Allow me to trouble you with another. Having planted several acres of the Sorghum I procured from Hedges & Free of Cincinnati, a cane mill with three rollers 32 inches long by 11 inches diameter. Pans and other arrangements, which a novice might deem sufficient, were added, and we waited for the maturing of the cane.

Sept. 14th, we made our first trial. Cut and ground one acre by measurement. The per cent. of juice expressed from the cane by the mill was a trifle over fifty by weight. A load of cane, as it averaged when cut, gave one gallon of juice to eleven canes, and one gallon of fair syrup to eleven of juice. The cane was but early in blossom. The yield per acre was precisely 100 gallons.

This trial consumed two days. We then went into the field and spent one week in stripping cane.

Sept. 23rd, resumed grinding. Found that our cane increased very rapidly in its richness. The average yield of syrup to juice, was now one to eight, and per acre 135 gallons of thick syrup, and improved in taste over the former. This trial consumed four and a-half days, and three acres of cane.

Oct. 7th, we resumed our experiments. The seed was nearly and quite ripe. The improvement in the quality of juice surprised us all. One gallon of syrup, thick and smooth like honey, to six and one half of juice was now the result. The yield was one hundred sixty-two gallons per acre with two acres manufactured.

R. J. WILCOX

Sheffield, Bureau Co., Ill., Oct., 1857.

MUSIC OF SHOP AND FARM LABOUR.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

The banging of the hammer,
The whirling of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning lathe.
The whirring of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
The fan's continuous boom,
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl—
These sounds of honest industry,
I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type.
The earnest talk of men,
The toiling of the giant press,
The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yard stick,
The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needle
(When no bright cheek it pales,)
The humming of the cooking stove.
The surging of the broom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the scholars,
The teacher's kindly call—
These sounds of active industry
I love—I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft repeated shout,
Spurring his stock along;
The bustle of the market man
As he hies him to the town;
The halloo from the tree-top,
As the ripened fruit comes down;
The busy sound of threshers,
That clean the ripened grain;
The husker's joke and catch of glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain;
The kind voice of the herdsman,
The shepherds gentle call—
These sounds of pleasant industry
I love—I love them all.

Oh, there's a good in labour,
If we labour but aright,
That gives vigor to the day-time,
And sweeter sleep at night;
A good that bringeth pleasure,
Even to the toiling hours;
For duty cheers the spirit,
As dew revives the flowers.
Then say not that Jehovah
Gave labour as a doom;
No!—'tis the richest mercy
From the cradle to the tomb.
Then let us still be doing,
Whate'er we find to do,
With a cheerful—hopeful spirit,
And free hand, strong and true.