

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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THE ROBIN'S REQUIEM TO DEPARTING DAY.

BY MYRRHA MAY.
List! hear ye not the mellow strains
Tremblingly rise from you spry,
It is the Robin's requiem
To the calm departing day.
In the lovely, early spring time,
When mild, soft winds are sighing;
When the sun sinks in beads of gold,
And day's so sweetly dying;
Ere the still twilight deepens,
And the darkness beauty mars,
And the dew comes down as death-damps,
From the silent weeping stars;
We hear him sweetly caroling
His praises forth at even,
To the great giver of all good,
Who dwells high up in Heaven.
Then why, oh, Man, art thou so mute;
Say, why withhold thy praise?
Who made thee mortal, what thou art,
Who gives thee length of days?
Walnut Grove, June 25th.

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.
'Twas a night of January, 17.— We had been to a fine quilting frolic about two miles from our settlement of four or five log houses. 'Twas rather late, about twelve o'clock, I should say, when the party broke up. There was no moon, and a dull grey shadow of haze hung around the horizon, while overhead a few pale and sickly looking stars gave us their dull light as they shone through a dingy curtain. There were six of us in company—Harry Mason and four as pretty girls as ever grew up this side of the Green Mountains. There were my two sisters, and Henry's sisters, and his sweet-heart, the daughter of our next door neighbor. She was a downright handsome girl—that Caroline Allen. I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart—so gentle and sweet spoken, and so intelligent, besides, that everybody loved her. She had an eye as blue as the hill violet, and her lips were like a red rose leaf in June. No wonder, then, that Harry Mason loved her—boy though he was; for we had neither of us seen her seven-teenth summer.
Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising its dark full shadow against the sky with an outline rendered indistinct by the darkness. The snow was deep; deeper a great deal than it ever falls of late years; but the surface was frozen strong enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the bright pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far before a long howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment, and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that clung to my own, as a sudden cry broke from the lips of all, "the wolves! the wolves!"
Did you ever see a wild wolf?—not one of your caged, broken-down, show animals, which are exhibited for a sixpence a sight, and children half price; but a fierce, half starved ranger of the wintry forest, howling and hurrying over the snow, actually mad with hunger. There is none of God's creatures which has such a frightful, fiendish look, as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.
Another and another howl; and then we could hear distinctly the quick patter of feet behind us. We turned right about and looked in the direction of the sound. "The wolves are after us," said Mason, pointing to a line of dark bodies. And so in fact they were, a whole troop of them, howling like so many Indians in a pew-wow. We had no weapons of any kind, and we knew enough of the vile creatures who followed us to know that it would be useless to contend with them. There was not a moment to lose; the savage beasts were close upon us. The attempt to fight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape, and we instantly seized upon it.
'To the tree; let us climb this tree!' I cried, springing forward toward a long-boughed and gnarled oak, which I saw at a glance might be easily climbed.
Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree, and aided in placing the girls in a place of comparative safety among the boughs. I was the last on the ground, and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamation among us, then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold, and we soon began to shiver and shake, like so many sailors on the top-mast of an Iceland whaler. But there were no murmurs, no complaining among us, for we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great, glowing eyes, staring up into the tree where we were seated. And then their yells; they were loud, and fierce, and hideous.
I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time, when I heard a limb of a tree cracking as if breaking down beneath the weight of some of us, and a moment afterwards a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went down through the naked branches, with a dull heavy sound upon the stiff snow.
'O, God! I am gone!'
It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again. There was a horrid dizziness and confusion in my brain, and I spoke not; and I stirred not, for the whole, at

that time, was like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remember that there were smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath! It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive! The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad with the taste of blood!
When I came fully to myself—when the horrible dream went off—and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sister, which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself, I should have jumped down among the raving animals. But when a second thought came over me, I knew that any attempt at rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason, he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and weak constitution and frame, were unable to stand the dreadful trial, and he stood close by my side, with his hand firmly clenched, and his teeth set closely, gazing down on the dark wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around was the thick cold night—and below the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim.
The morning broke at last, and our frightful enemies fled at the first advances of daylight, like so many cowardly murderers. We waited until the sun had risen, before we ventured to crawl from our hiding places. We were chilled through; every limb was numb and cold with terror, and poor Mason was delirious and raved wildly about the things he had witnessed. There were bloody stains about the tree, and a few long black hairs were trampled in the snow.
We had gone but a little distance when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance; and my brothers have often times told me that at first we seemed like so many crazed and brain-sickened creatures. They assisted us to reach home; but Harry Mason never recovered from the dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies and his friends, and murmuring to himself about that dreadful night. He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard before age had whitened a single hair upon his head.
For my part, I confess I never recovered from the terrors of the melancholy circumstances which I have endeavored to describe. The thought of it has haunted me like a shadow, and even now the scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I jump up with something of the same feeling of terror which I experienced when, more than half a century since, I passed a night among the wolves.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Hobart Seymour, in his interesting book, entitled "Evenings with the Jesuits," a work distinguished for its fairness, and which groups together some impressive incidents and many important facts, shows the aggressive policy of the Romish Hierarchy, and its corrupting tendencies.
He states that the yearly average for murders in all Italy—in that land where the Church of Rome is supreme, and without a rival—is one thousand nine hundred and sixty eight, so that every year there are left murdered in cold blood more men, women and children than often fall in the most blood stained battle fields. And this in the land of convents, and nunneries, and confessionals—in the land where, of all else on the wide surface of God's creation, we might expect the full and happy development of all the restraints which the Church of Rome imposes upon crime—in the land where priests, and monks, and nuns exceed one hundred and twenty thousand.
Wm. Whitesides states that at Assisi there are twelve convents; at Foligno twelve for monks and eight for nuns; at Spoleto, twenty two; at Terni, five; at Marni, seven for monks, and five for nuns. It appears, too, that at Perugia there are thirty-four for monks and fifty for nuns. And yet it is in this very district that the murders amount to one hundred and thirteen to the million of the population! while in Naples and Sicily, there are, or rather were, a few years ago, sixteen thousand four hundred and fifty monks, and thirteen thousand nuns, the largest number in any country in the world, and there is also the largest proportion of crime to be found in any one country on the whole surface of God's creation! The following are the results in all the several Roman Catholic countries, as contrasted with Protestant England:
Roman Catholic Ireland, 19 to the million; Belgium 18, France 31, Austria 36, Bavaria 68, Sardinia 20, Lombardy 45, Tuscany 56, the Papal States 118, Sicily 90, and Naples 174 to the million, whilst in Protestant England there are but four murders to the million of population!
These facts and figures are instructive. They show, derived as they are from official sources, that convents and nunneries, and all such institutions of Romanism have failed in these countries where they have been tried under the circumstances most favorable for their development; have failed wretchedly and signally. And the argument, that we ought to introduce into this country the institutions of Romanism, even in a modified form, as more efficient in repressing crime than the principles and motives of Protestant Christianity, is not only answered, but annihilated.

SUT LOVINGOOD'S SHIRT.

BY A TENNESSEAN.

The first one I met was "Sut," (after crossing the Hiwassee,) "weaving along" in his usual rambling, uncertain gait. His appearance at once satisfied me that something was wrong. He had been sick, whipped in a free fight, or was just out-growing one of his big drunks.— But upon this point I was soon enlightened.
"Why, Sut, what's wrong now?"
"Heaps wrong; durn my skin ef I hain't most dead. Lite off on that ar hoss, George, an' take a horn, while I take two, (shaking that everlasting flask of his at me,) an' plant yer self on that ar log, an' I'll tell yer ef I ken, but it's most beyont tellin'." I reckon I'm the darndest fool out en Utaw, 'cept my dog, for he acted hoss, an' I haint dun that yet—allers in sun trap that cudent keek a sheep. I'll durn myself sun day, see ef I don't, jest to stop a family disperition to mak d-d fools on themselves."

"How is it, Sut, have you been beat playing cards, or drinking, which is it?"
"Nara one; that can't be did in these parts; but seein' it's you, George, I'll tell you; but I swar I'm 'shamed—sick—sorry, and—and—mad, I am."

"You know I boards with Bill Carr, at his cabin on the mountain, an' pays fur sich es I gets when I hev money, an' when I hevent eny, why he takes one-third ove it outen me in cussin'; an' she, that's his wife Betts, takes out fo'her two thirds with the battlin' stick, and the intrust with her tung, an' she intrusts more'n the principa!—hearp more. She's the cussedest 'oman I ever seed eny how fur jaw, and pride. She can send a blister onto a bull's face rite on the furl in two minits.. She pattens arter ev'ry tushin she hears tell on, from bussils to briches. Oh! she's one of 'em, and sometimes she's two or three. Well, ye see, I'd got sum home made cotton truck to make a new shirt outen, and coaxed Betts tu make it, and about the time it wur dun, here comes Lawyer Johnson along an' axed for breakfuss—I wish it had pizened him, durn his hied, an' I wonder it didn't, for she cooks awful mixens when she tries. I'm pizen prof, myself, (holding up his flask and peeping through it,) an' I'd been dead long ago."

"Well, while he wur a eatin', she spied out that his shirt was stiff an' mity slick; so she never rested till she worm'd it outen him that a preparation uv flour did it, an' she got a few perticlers about the percedidus tu, outen him by 'oman's art—I don't know how she did it, perhaps he does. Arter he left, she sot in an' billed a big pot uv paste, high on tu a peck uv it, an' souzen in my shirt an' let it soak a while; then she tuck it an' ironed it out that ar 'dry, an' sot it up on its aidge ain the cabin in the sun. That it stood as stiff as a dry hoss hied, an' it rattled like a sheet uv iron, it did. It wur pasted together all over. When I cum tu dinner, nuthin' wud do but I must put it on. Well, Betts an' me got the thing open arter sum hard work, she pullin' at one uv the tails an' me at tuther, an' I got into it. Durn the everlastin' new fangled shirt, I say. I felt like I'd crawled inter an' old bee gum fill'd full uv pis-ants; but it wur like Lawyer Johnson's, an' I stud it like a man, an' went tu work tu build Betts a ash-hopper. I worked powerful hard an' swet like a hoss, an' when the shirt got wet it quit his hurtin'. Arter I got dun, I tuck about four fingers uv red head, an' crawled up into the cabin loft tu take a snuff."

"Well, when I waked up I tho't I was ded, or had the cholery, for all the jints I cud move were my ankles, wrists and knees—cudn't even move my head an' skasely wink my eyes—the cussed shirt wur pasted fast onto me all over, from the pint uv the tails tu the pint uv the broad-ax collar over my ears. It sot me as close as a poor cow dur her hied in March. I squirm'd an' strain'd till I got it sorter broke at the shoulders and elbows, an' then I dun the durndest fool thing ever did in these mountains. I shuffled my britches off an' tore loss from my hied about two inches uv the tail all round in much pain and tribulation. Oh! but it did hurt. Then I tuck up a plank outen the loft and hung my legs down thru the hole and nailed the aidge uv the front tail to the aidge uv the floor before, an' the hind tail I nailed to the plank what I set on. I onbuttoned the collar and ristbands, raised my hands way up abuv my head, shut up my eyes, said grace, an' I jump't thru to the groun' fur."

Here Sut ruminated sadly.
"George, I'm a durnder fool than ever dad was, Hess, Hornets and all. I'll durn'd myself sun day, see ef I don't."
"Well, go on, Sut, did this shirt come off?"
"I—t—h—i—n—k—i—t—d—i—d. I hearn a noise sorter like tarin' a shingle roof off a house, all at onst, an' felt like my bones wur all that reached the floor. I staggered in my feet an' tuck a looko up at the shirt. The nails had all hilt thar holt, an' thar it wur hangin' arms down, inside out, an' as stiff as ever. It look'd like a map uv Mexico jist arter one uv the wurst battles—a patch of my hied about the size uv a dollar an' a half bill here; a bunch of my har about the size uv a bird's nest thar; then sun more skin; then sun paste; then a little more har; then a heap uv skin; then more har; then skin; an' so on all over that durn'd new fangled, everlastin', infernal cuss of a shirt. It wur a pectur to look at—an' so wur I. The hied, har, an' paste wur about e-

kally divided atween me an' it. Wonder what Betts, durn her, tho't when she cum home an' foun' me missin'. 'Speck she thinks I crawled into the thicket an' died uv my wounds.— It must uv skared her good, fur I tell you it looked like the skin uv sum wild beast torn off alive, or a bag what had kerried a load uv fresh beef frum a shootin' match.

"Now, George, ef ever I ketch that Lawyer Johnston out I'll shoot him, an' ef ever an' 'oman talks about flat'nin' a shirt fur me agin', durn my everlastin' pictur ef I don't flatten her. It's a rit-ribution sartin, the biggest kind uv a preacher's regular rit-ribution. Du you mind my drivin' uv dad thro' that ho'net's nest, an' then racin' uv him inter the creek?"
"Yes."
"Well, this is what cum uv it. I'll durn myself sun uv these days, see ef I don't, ef I don't die trum that awful shirt. Take a horn, an' don't you ever try a sticky shirt as long as you live."

For the Raftsmen's Journal.

THOUGHT.—By Ella H.

The old adage, "as quick as thought," reverberates through the lapse of ages, and strikes my mind as a very appropriate one. Thought travels even faster than the vivid lightning. Now we are thinking of present pleasure, friends or prospects, and anon reminiscing the buried past—living over the happy hours of childhood, when every face seemed as smiling, and every heart as true as flowers are beautiful; roaming the flowery dales or clambering the rugged hills, gathering curiosities from Nature's ample cabinet and admiring Nature's exquisite charms; again enjoying the society of friends who were dear as happiness, but who have been snatched from our embrace by hidden fortune or time's resistless tide; the next moment our wandering imaginations are scanning the hidden future, building castles in the air which are too apt to be shaken down by the withering winds of adversity, and but add another pang to stern reality to think that hopes so bright were so illusive. Now we are thinking of our own sunny land, and anon roaming in some lonely glen or crowded city of lands far across the ocean wave. Now we are thinking of the pleasures, sorrows, and changes of Earth, and anon the mind descends to the "gulf of dark despair," or soars on pinions of light to the happy land far, far away, to that great day when every secret thought will be disclosed to an assembled world. Would we direct our thoughts, as it is in a measure our privilege, to the subject of Mathematics, the Natural Sciences, or the more easy and pleasant one of Human Nature, the salutary effect would doubtless be great. It was thought, aided by inventive genius and an ardent desire to benefit their own and succeeding generations, that made Linnaeus, Voltaire, Euclid, Newton, Milton, Cowper, Washington and Webster what they were. There are still many wonders and secret charms on the hill of science, which will require genius, application, thought, to discover. It is by thought we perform the every-day duties of life; in thought we spend our most useful and happy hours; in the language of a philosopher, our greatest treasures are our thoughts; by thought we obtain an education, without which life is a dream, happiness a phantom.
Fleming, Centre Co., Pa.

ANOTHER.—The Clarion Banner, one of the papers relied on by the Sanderson and Brady clique to support the Lancaster nominations, has run up the Wilnot ticket and turns a cold shoulder upon the "side-door" operations.— The editor expresses his strong attachment to the American party, but adds:
"But we are sure it can never win either respect or victory so long as it is controlled by a few log-rollers, whose only object is to spread difficulty in the way of success. For our part we would sacrifice much—but cannot surrender principle—we dare not ignore right—we must not seek the elevation of men to office merely because they call themselves Americans, who lacking the proper qualification must bring disgrace to our cause and earn the withering contempt of the world."

PORK.—"A fat hog is the very quintessence of serofula and carbonic acid gas; and he who eats it, must not expect thereby to build up a sound physical organism. While it contributes heat, there is not a twentieth part of it nitrogen, the base of muscle."
This is sound practical truth. Fat pork was never designed for human food; it is material for breath, and nothing more; see Liebig and other organic chemists and physiologists; it makes no red meat or muscle; the prize fighter is not allowed to eat it; all that is not consumed by the lungs, remains to clog the body with fat.

EXTENSIVE HAUL OF COUNTERFEIT NOTES.—A man named Driggs has been arrested at St. Louis with \$5,495 in counterfeit bank bills in his possession. Among them were \$100 notes on the Farmers' Bank of Maryland 5a on two Virginia banks—the Bank of Commerce and the Northwestern Bank. He had also in his possession four plates for the manufacture of bogus notes.

PEARLS AT HARRISBURG.—The editor of one of the Harrisburg, Pa., papers has found a number of pearls in muscels picked up in Paxton creek, at that place. It is now pretty well settled that pearls may be found in these shells in many sections of Pennsylvania.

BURR AND BLENNERHASSET.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

"Let us put the case between Burr and Blennerhasset. Let us compare the two men, and settle this question of precedence between them. It may save a good deal of troublesome ceremony hereafter.
"Who Aaron Burr is, we have seen, in part, already. I will add that, beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the mainspring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Perceiving the continent from New York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks and descriptions. To youthful ardour he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank and titles and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses he presents the object adapted to his taste. His recruiting officers are appointed. Men are engaged throughout the continent. Civil life is, indeed, quiet upon its surface, but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which, with the slightest touch of his match, produce an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and in the autumn of 1806, he goes forth, for the last time, to apply this match. On this occasion he meets with Blennerhasset.

"Who is Blennerhasset? A native of Ireland; a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far as an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhasset's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our Western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquility and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquility, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers.— The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhasset, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retreat and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly; we find her shivering at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrens, that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread before him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr then not shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and having already ruined Blennerhasset in fortune, character and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

"Upon the whole, sir, reason declares Aaron Burr the principal in this crime, and confirms herein the sentence of the law; and the gentleman, in saying that his offence is of a derivative and accessorial nature, begs the question, and draws his conclusions from what, instead of being conceded, is denied. It is clear from what has been said, that Burr did not derive his guilt from the men on the island, but imparted his own guilt to them; that he is not an accessory, but a principal; and therefore, that there is nothing in the objection which demands a record of their conviction, before we shall go on with our proof against him."

AGRICULTURAL.

CULTIVATION OF BUCKWHEAT.—From what we have observed we think few farm crops have paid better than Buckwheat, during a few years past. There have, of course, been exceptions, in limited localities, but all that has been raised, has met with ready sales at good prices. We have seldom been able to purchase a good article of Buckwheat flour at less price than Wheat flour. Indeed, so high has the former been at times that Wheat flour of second grade has been extensively mixed with it. It is decidedly in favor of Buckwheat that it can be used in a make-shift, to fill in where from a late Spring or other causes it has been impossible to sow Spring Wheat, Oats, or other earlier crops. It may be sown in this latitude for raising grain as late as the middle of July, but we advise earlier sowing, say by the first of the month if not before, where it can be done as well at that time. For plowing under as a fertilizer, it can be sown from early Spring to the close of August.

Buckwheat (*Polygonum fagopyrum*) is sometimes called *Beechueat* from the close resemblance of its kernel to the common beech-nut. Its use for hot cakes, familiarly known as "flap-jacks" or slapjacks is too well known to require description. The recently improved hulling mills for removing the black shell, has tended to greatly extend its use. It is also good for stock, pigs, poultry, &c. In Europe and also in some places in this country, it is very extensively raised as food for bees. It is grown for fodder, and if cured in a green state, and stowed away in small stacks of two or three tons each, or in a dry lot, or on an open scaffold, and then steamed before feeding during the winter, or cut fine in a straw cutter, slightly moistened with water, and mixed with meal, it makes tolerably nutritious food for cattle and horses. Finally, it is also grown as a fertilizer, to be plowed deep under the soil when in blossom. Though not equal to clover for this purpose, still it enriches the land rapidly, and has the advantage of growing when and where clover will scarcely show its more delicate heads.

Soil and Preparation.—The best soil, undoubtedly, for Buckwheat, is a good, dry, light sandy loam; but it may be made to grow well in any soil if properly prepared. Fresh manure should only be applied to this crop when a growth of straw alone is wanted. When its grain is desired, dissolved bones is the best manure; next comes a mixture half and half of guano and bone-dust. We have seen fine large crops raised on the poor sandy soils of Long-Island and New-Jersey, by an application of ten to fifteen bushels of bone-dust per acre. Plow deep, sow the seed broadcast, then the manure, then harrow well, and finish by rolling smooth.

Quantity of Seed per Acre.—If sown for a fertilizer or for fodder, put in one and a half to two bushels per acre; if for the grain, three-quarters to one and a half bushels per acre, is usually sufficient. Sow broadcast, or in drills as most convenient.

Time of Cutting.—If for grain, cut as soon as the berry is well filled with milk, and before it gets very hard. Loss frequently ensues by letting it stand too long, for it is a grain that shells easily as the straw is turned in the field. When wanted for fodder, cut just as it is going out of bloom, and cure the same as clover hay.

When plowed in for a fertilizer, do this in full bloom, and cover as deep and well as possible.

COL. FARMONT is engaged in putting the last touches upon the new and complete edition of his works, shortly to be published. It is said that he is to receive \$10,000 as an advance from the publishers upon the prospective sales of the volumes.