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The Easton Journal.

"The Laborer is Worthy of his Hire."

VOL. 8. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1865. NO. 12

Terms of Advertising.

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Poetry.

For the Journal.

The Song of Bacchus.

There's a song that you have heard of
And perchance you may have sung it,
You who now are old and grey head,
In the days when you were younger.
It is sung in towns and cities
Sung in Burghs and country-places
Sung on the hustings, sung at frolics,
Sung at oyster treats and "Lections."
Sung at every way-side grog-shop,
Sung by young men, sung by old men—
Sun by grey-haired tottr'ng old men—
Sun by rowdies and the "Pilgrims" *
In their nightly rounds in Pigtown.
And no doubt you may have sung it
Some of you that "go to meetin,"
Go to sing and pray in class-rooms,
Go to shout and greet the "brethren,"
Go to meet and bless the "sisters"—
In the days when boys wore "beavers,"
When you were youngish, thoughtless, beardless,
When you sowed your wild oats early.
'Tis a song to suit the gaymen
High heel booted fancy gaymen,
When they get on genteel smashups;
Go to Phil's, the village barber—
Go to Phil's to dye their hirsute
And get ready for the bender.
Its a song that's sometimes chanted
By young men at social parties,
When they take their whiskey watered,
Styly take too much of "old rye"
And demean themselves like plug-ugs.
Its a song that tells of Bacchus—
Gentle hearted whole soul Bacchus;
Once the god of wine and fashion
And of spiritual stimulation.
Tells you how he drank and spreed it
When he got upon a bender.
Tells you how he "took his bitters"
When he lived on earth amongst us
With his queen so bright and lovely.
Its a song that "beats the devil"—
Big eyed ten horned monkey devil,
Called by saintly folks the "Old Scratch"—
Say the pious ones of all creeds
And the music of its chorus
Loud and lusty bott'rous chorus
They denounce in withering language
And they pray to "Uncle Abram"
To "abolish" nor or never
All the whiskey, gin and brandy—
All the rum and ale and lager—
All the cider and scheidam-snapps
From the land and send them h—l-wards.
Or else tax them out the question
So the gaymen can't imbibe them.
Thus the righteous christians pray
And invoke of "Uncle Abram"
(Kind old uncle, dear old uncle
Dead and gone to heaven maybe,
Called by some folks "smutty joker"—)
In their fervent evening matins,
In their warmest morning orisons
To abolish quick as thunder
From this land of office-seekers,
Sadly downtrod land of freemen
From this land of Freedom's goddess
(From this land where office-holders
Fill their pockets full of "greenbacks—")
What folks call the spiritual comfort.
But in spite of supplications
To the gracious Holy Father
"Hickly" will be "Hickly" ever.
And the youngmen and the gaymen
And the sporters and the fancymen
Of all nations, climes and countries—
Even sable Coffee and his Dinah—
Will be drinkers, will be spreers
While the world stands as the world is.
And the smart men of all ages
And the great men of all nations
And the weak men who were thoughtless
And the boys who aped their daddies
From the time that Alexander
Cried and wept for other nations
That he might subdue and lick them
Have been known to chant its chorus
Loud and lusty bott'rous chorus,
And then straightway take their "toddy"
From the wine glass, from the goblet,
Each according to his failing.
It's a song that's set to music
Old as all the hills and vallies,
And 'tis sung from Maine and Vermont
To the fair land of the South-down,
Where you hear it by the palm-tree,
By the palm-tree where the mansion
Stands in all its stately grandeur.
Do you know that all who sing it
Will repent some day or other
And then wish themselves in Hades
Or some clime yet even hotter;
Where away from all the good folks
And the righteous pious old folks
And the foolish little young folks
They can revel jolly topers
In that land where preachers tell us
Wicked devils from this country
Often leave and go there from here.

P. T. GUMBUR.

* A few young men who once clubbed together to promote local sport in Pigtown.

HOGS IN THE ORCHARD.—One neighbor, in Western New York, praising the fruit crop of another, remarked that the land must be in very good order. "The secret is not in the soil," John replied, with a twinkle in his eye, but on it. Do you see those grunters there? My pork brings me fifty cents a pound—eight in flesh and the balance in fruit. I began to pasture my orchard ten years ago with hogs, and since that time I have had no trouble with wormy fruit. Apples as a general thing, don't fall from the tree unless something is the matter with them. The apple worm and curculio laid their eggs in the fruit and the apples drop early. The pigs devour the apples, and by September every unsound apple is gone and I have nothing but fair fruit left. The crop of insects for the next year is destroyed by the pigs. They root the ground under the trees, keep the soil loose, manure the land some, and work over what manure I spread. The apples help the pigs, and the pigs help the apples.

To catch mice; on going to bed put crumbs of cheese into your mouth, and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat—bite.

"Sonny, dear, you have a dirty face." "Can't help it, ma; dad's a Black Republican."

"Sam, are you one of the Southern chivalry?" "No, massa, I's one ob de Southern *shoveiry*; I shovelled dirt at the Dutch Gap Canal."

☞ At the circus women jump clean through hoops. In society they jump into them and stick there.

List of Registered Voters of Talbot Co.

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STONEWALL JACKSON.

His Success as a Leader---How He Looked in Battle.

From a correspondence of the New York *World* we extract the following relative to the great rebel leader, Stonewall Jackson. We think it will be read with interest:

HIS CLOSE CALCULATION.

Jackson's military movements were always based upon close calculation, and he was certainly not wanting in foresight and caution. He seems to have known perfectly well what it was in his power to achieve, and thoroughly what was beyond his strength. He risked much on many occasions, but appears to have been justified in his calculations of the ultimate result.

It will be objected to him by military men that he hazarded too much, at times, and was only extricated by good fortune. There appears to be some justice in this; but the resources of his genius were enormous and doubled his numbers.—Some of his ideas seem absurd, when coolly looked at. When asked what he would have done, if, after the battle of Winchester, the converging column of the enemy had cut him off at Strasburg, he replied, "I would have fallen back upon Maryland for reinforcements." Such a movement must, it would appear, have terminated in his destruction; but it would be difficult to find a man in his old command who would have doubted his ultimate triumph even then.

His genius was for great movements and decisive blows; and his services became more and more valuable as his rank increased. He was better as a Brigadier than as Colonel; better still as Major-General, and as Lieutenant General, was best of all. It is useless to ask what he would have been as Commander-in-Chief, without a superior at Richmond; but the brain which conceived and executed the campaign of the Valley must have been equal to any position.

HIS LINES ALWAYS OPEN TO RETREAT.

He kept open, generally, his line of retreat, and provided for deserters—though it was hard to realize that failure ever entered into his calculations. He had the soldier's eye for position, and choose his ground both for infantry and artillery with the exactness of genius; but if all his arrangements were not made, and his plans required battle, he would fight on any ground. He depended most upon his infantry, but loved artillery from his early association with that brach of the service, never appearing so well pleased as when directing in person the fire of his cannon, amid a shower of shot and shell. When once engaged he seemed to discard all idea of defeat, and to regard the issue as assured. And, what was more important, his men seemed to share his conviction. Even at Kernstown, he believed the Federal forces would have retired in ten minutes if one of his own brigades had not been ordered to fall back. A man less open to the conviction that he was whipped could not be imagined. His indomitable combatativeness, it might have been said, made him set his teeth against fate, and endeavor to place his heel upon destiny itself.

HE NEVER TRUSTED TO LUCK.

It may be said of him with truth, that he deserved victory. No man was more careful in the use of every precaution to insure success. The idea that he blundered on without prudence or system, and achieved his success only by some mysterious good fortune, is a mere fancy. No soldier was ever less indebted to luck; no one ever proceeded in military matters upon profounder logic. He knew his strength and weakness, but the difference between him and others was this, that he made his estimates more correctly. He did not look to numbers only, but to morale, the situation, to the spirits of his troops. With the three hundred of Leonidas he would have attempted greater things; with the fifty thousand survivors of Napoleon's *grande armee*, crushed in morale by Waterloo, he would have attempted nothing. If his men were on fire with ardor, and the enemy, though treble his number, were disorganized by surprise, or for other reasons, he would advance to the assault without fear of defeat.

HOW HE CONDUCTED A MARCH.

In every point of view, as we have said, he deserved success. No General ever made a greater use of mystery. He saw from the first that he commanded men of education, thought, speculation—the most inquisitive of private soldiers.—Without due precaution taken they were certain to know what it was inexpedient for the private soldier to know; his desigus would be penetrated and be noised abroad. Hence his inscrutable mystery. He would not permit his men to enquire the names of the towns through which they passed, and on the march against Gen. McClellan, at Richmond, issued a general order directing the troops to reply, "I don't know," to every question.

Meeting a man straggling toward a cherry tree, he said, "Where are you going?" "I don't know," was the reply. "To what regiment do you belong?" "I don't know." Jackson laughed quietly and passed on. He said that if his coat knew what he designed, he would take it off and burn it. He would encamp for the night at cross-roads, and the quidnuncs were in despair at their inability to determine to what point of the compass he would march on or abandon the valley; he publicly directed careful maps to be made of the region, as though intending a campaign therein. When one of his staff engaged a dinner a few miles ahead of his advancing column, he admonished him of his error. How did he know that the column would pass that point?

HE CHOSE HIS OWN TIME FOR ACTION.

He had the faculty of waiting for his adversary. No man was ever more determined not to be forced to fight before he was ready. His retreats appeared panic stricken, but were, in reality, the deliberate movements of a master of the art of war. He was never more dangerous than when flying. From dreams of success, and visions of complete victory, his opponent was likely to be rudely awakened. In May, 1862, Gen. Banks, then at Harrisonburg, telegraphed that the rebel Jackson had been driven from the Valley, and was in rapid retreat toward Richmond. The commentary was, Jackson's swift and unexpected march upon Milroy at McDowell, his complete defeat of that officer, and his rapid advance upon Gen. Banks, at Harrisonburg, before which the Federal commander was forced, in turn, to retreat in confusion.

"OLD STONEWALL" ON THE FIELD.

There were few who failed him at such moments. The sight of Jackson upon these occasions seemed to turn the heads of the troops. They forgot all else and grew reckless, they go too far. Cedar Run furnished an instance of this. The left wing, formed of Jackson's veterans, was broken, and in ten minutes the battle would have been lost. There were no reserves to put in, and Jackson rallied the troops in person. The result was such as we have described. A single shout of "Stonewall Jackson! Stonewall Jackson!" ran along the line, and it was reformed in a moment; in front of them they saw a sword shining through the smoke of action, and recognized the old faded cap and piercing eyes of their chief. The result was a new assault, and one of the most important of Jackson's victories.

His tenacity and strength of will seemed to have no limit. Nothing appeared to affect that supreme resolution. Such a man is the master of fate, and with his iron hand, directs events. Napoleon trusted to his star, and Jackson, it is said believed in "his destiny," a word which he construed, apparently, to mean success against his enemies, however he encountered them.

HIS HABIT IN CAMP AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

He was a man of great kindness, of an extraordinary sweetness of temper, tender-hearted, easily moved to pity and all pure emotions. He was simple and unostentatious in his manners and habits. He cared not what he ate, and would sleep in a fence-corner as willingly as in bed. His old coat was covered with dust, collected from the battle-fields of many regions, as he slept upon the earth, in rude bivouac, after the hard fought day. All this endeared him to his soldiers, at whose camp-fire he would stop to talk in friendly fashion of the officers of Napoleon, and whose rations he frequently shared. The sight of his faded coat and cadet cap was the sign to cheer, and "Old Jack" was personally adored, as in his military capacity he was regarded by his men as the greatest of leaders.

His manner was stiff, and his voice curt, but his smile was one of extraordinary sweetness. A lady declared it "angelic." It was certainly the most friendly imaginable, and charmed all who conversed with him. Even his peculiarities became sources of popularity, and endeared him to his troops. It was said of Suwarrow that his men mimiced him, gave him nicknames, and adored him. It was the same with Jackson. His men laughed at his dingy old uniform, his cap tilting foward on his nose, his awkward strides, his abstracted air, and christening him "Old Jack," made him the first and greatest of favorites. There was one peculiarty of the individual which they regarded with something like superstition.

We refer to the singular position he had of raising his hand aloft, and then suddenly letting his arm fall at his side. On many occasions he made this strange gesture as his veterans moved slowly before him advancing to the charge. At such moments his face would be raised to heaven, his eyes closed, and his lips would move evidently in prayer. The same gesture was observed at Chancellorsville, while gazing at the body of one of his old command. He was plainly praying, with hand uplifted, for the welfare of the dead man's soul.

From the Baltimore Sun.

New Men and New Ideas.

It is a common impression that when the convulsions to which society is subject present new and complicated political issues, that new men must be looked for to solve them. Having new questions it is supposed that we must not walk in the trammels of old ideas, but that fresh, vigorous, virgin thought is essential to strike out from the darkness the lights which are to direct the footsteps of the nation. When a ship is in a furious storm upon an unknown sea, the most experienced navigator is admitted to be the best captain. When a patient is brought to the verge of dissolution by some new and malignant type of disease, the physician of the largest practice and highest reputation commands the confidence of the sick man's family. Why is it that when new questions, great perils to the body politic, spring from the convulsions of a revolution, men should incline to rely upon political empericism for safety? The idea is among the most dangerous of fallacies. In such a season the spirit of conservatism is most needed. There are always too many inflated with new ideas, anxious for rash experiments, eager to gain for themselves in the science of politics the fame of inventors and discoverers, who decry the tameness of prudence and the caution of experience. The reins of government seem to these easy to manage, as the guidance of the chariot of the sun appeared easy to the presumptuous Phaeton. The story of his rash career is a fitting type of the swift destruction such experiments would bring upon themselves and upon the State. But the science of politics is not a field for invention and discovery; it is not a science in which new principles are to be discovered, but one in which the eternal principles of truth and justice are to be applied to restrain and control the passions of men, its great problem is to give to every man the greatest amount of liberty consistent with the liberty of others.—The wisdom of ages, the experience of mankind under like circumstances are the best guides in determining how the chords of the public heart will vibrate under new conditions of interest, of impulse or of passion; for society, after all, has a great passionate heart, which beats like the hearts of its individual members. For the possession of this wisdom and experience, then, we must look not to new men but to men who have had some acquaintance with public affairs; to men who are acquainted with old ideas; to men whose thoughts dwell in the knowledge of the past, whose ripe experience is the tree upon which we must expect to find, if anywhere, the blossoms and, afterwards, fruit of public prosperity and progress.

There is, however, a vast difference between such men and the men who are wedded to old prejudices, men who have become hackneyed in certain partisan creeds, men who have learned nothing and forgotten nothing, or men who have made a low trade of party politics. All of this latter class ought to be discarded, whether in times of new and stirring events or in seasons of social and political calm, for their utter worthlessness. New men cannot be worse, and the probability is they will be better than these. But the difference is immense, too apparent for an intelligent people not to recognize, between men of this class and those who by their past eminence have won the deserved esteem of their fellow-citizens. It is of such we speak: it is in behalf of such, as the representatives of the true conservatism of society, that we prefer a claim upon public confidence in seasons of great political peril, in times when new and grave questions of practical statesmanship arise for public action. It is in behalf of these and as against the new men whom the commotions of society have thrown before the public gaze that the faith of the people should be invoked. It is to the voice and counsels of such conservatism that we must listen, to the teachings and leadership of such men we must turn for safety in the hour of peril. The American people are in a condition now when they require to be reminded of these plain truths. Fundamental truths and the lessons of a safe experience are now loudly assailed. The cry of political and social progress is furious. Constitutional safeguards are attacked in a fanatical demand for extended political liberty. We are asked to throw down all the barriers of political equality which the past has left us, and to trust blind guides in a dangerous, unexplored future. True wisdom requires that the American people turn a deaf ear to such demands, and that they adhere to men and maxims they have proved worthy of confidence heretofore, to guide, and to adapt them to the changed circumstances in which they are placed.

The Next Congress.

From the Chicago Republican.

We lay before our readers, in another page of this paper, a complete list of the Houses of Congress. This list comprises all the States not involved in the rebellion, and appended to it we have given the names of the persons who have been chosen to either House from States which were lately in the Confederacy and are now preparing to ask for re-admission into the Congress of the Union.

In the Senate one seat is vacant, that of Mr. Harlin, now Secetary of the Interior, and this is not likely to be filled until the meeting of the Legislature of Iowa, which takes place on the second Monday in January. Twenty-five seats are now represented in the Senate by thirty-eight Unionists and eleven Democrats. Senators have also been chosen by Virginia, Louisana, Tennessee and Arkansas, all Unionists at the time of their election; but to what party they would attach themselves we have no means of knowing. Nor can we tell whether these eight applicants are likely to be received into the Senate. Six of them sought in vain to be admitted into the last Congress. These were Messrs. Underwood and Segar from Virginia; Messrs. Cutler and Smith from Louisiana, and Messrs. Baxter and Snow from Arkansas. No vote was taken in the Senate upon the application of the members elect from either of these States; but it was thought that a majority were in favor of admitting the applicants from Louisana. The question upon the gentlemen from Virginia was discussed a good deal, though not in connection with any direct motion for their admission. On the one hand, it was held that Congress was concluded by its previous recognition of the State Government of Virginia, by which they were sent; while, on the other hand, it was alleged that the Legislature which elected them was a body too small in numbers, and chosen by a district too limited to be allowed to elect Senators and perform the other functions of a Legislature. What will be the temper and the judgement of the Senate on this subject at its next meeting, it is out of our power to predict.

In the House Representatives there are three vacances in the delegations of loyal States, one caused by the appointment of Mr. Gooch, of Massachusetts, to the office of surveyer of the port of Boston, one by the appointment of Mr. Webster, of Maryland, as collector of Baltimore, and one by the fact that the result of the election in Nevada has not been heard of, but all these vacances will soon be filled by loyal men of a so-called radical complexion, most probably. According to the party division that existed during the war, the House now stands one hundred and forty Unionists to forty-one Democrats; but on the great question of admitting the representatives of the Southern States, or keeping them, or most of them, for a longer period in probation, it is not probable that the same proportions will be preserved.

From the present indications all the Rebel States, except, perhaps, Texas, will have gone through the forms of reconstructing their Constitutions and electing members of both Houses of Congress before the second Monday of December, when the session opens. Should all the States now without representation, whose Senators are yet to be elected, as it is to be expected they will do, and should they all be admitted, the Senate will then contain forty-seven Unionists and twenty-seven Democrats; and the House of Representatives would contain one hundred and fifty Unionists to ninety-two Democrats. Colorado is also preparing for admission, and her representatives will no doubt be found at the doors of both Houses soon after the session begins. To judge by returns of the popular vote upon the Constitution formed for that State, her Senators and Representatives are pretty sure to be opposed to negro suffrage, wheresoever or howsoever it may be proposed.

In point of talent, the new Congress will not differ greatly from the last. In the Senate, Mr. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, is succeeded by Mr. Norton, and Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, by Mr. Cragin. Mr. Hale's wit, and his readiness in debate, will be missed, but Mr. Cragin will not be found wanting in any of the qualities which make a useful Senator. Of the new claimants for admission Messrs. Underwood and Segar, of Virginia, desire to take, one of them, the place just vacated by Mr. James S. Carlile, a violent pro-slavery man, whom the inconsistence of his war conduct threw upon the loyal side in the rebellion. It is not yet determined which of these gentleman will succeed Mr. Carlile and which will fill the vacancy caused by the transfer of Mr. Willey to West Virginia: but either of them would be a great improvement upon such a predecessor as Carlile. Of the Senators elect from Louisana, Tennessee and Arkansas, none enjoy what may be called a national fame. Mr. Patterson, of Tennessee, is a son in-law of President Johnson; Mr. Fowler, from that State, has a reputation for ability and force of character.

Among the newly elected members of the House of Represenatives the more distinguished are Gen. Marston, of New Hampshire; Mr. Raymond and Mr. Roscoe Conkling, of New York; John A. Bingham and Columbus Delano, of Ohio; J. D. Defrees, of Indiana; B. C. Cook and S. M. Cullom, of Illinois; General Paine, of Wisconsin, and John Bidwell, of California. Mr. Raymond, Mr. Conkling and Mr. Bingham are gentlemen of eminent ability and extensive parliamentry experience, though Mr. Raymond has not before been a member of Congress.

For the Speakership Mr. Colfax seems to be generally regarded as about the same as already elected. Apparently, he is to have no competitor among the Union members, and the Democrats will nominate an opposing candidate only as a matter of formality.

HOW THE MEMBERS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION WERE PAID.—It appears that the Treasury of the State is innocent of coin or Treasury notes, and has to borrow from the Bank of the State in order to "raise the wind" for the present emergency, and that members and employees of the Convention will receive for their services a due bill of the State of South Carolina, which they can present to the cashiers of the body, who will pay them in greenbacks and reserve the bills for the bank as claims against the State when she recovers from her impecuniosity. The whole expense of the Convention will amount to about fourteen thousand dollars.

Great Earthquake in California.

The Entire Population of San Francisco Panic Stricken---Many Buildings Damaged.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 8.—At a quarter before 1 o'clock to-day the severest earthquake ever felt here frightened almost our entire population out of their houses into the streets. During half a minute there were two tremendous shocks, which caused the buildings to rock to and fro in a manner altogether alarming.

The services were over in most of the churches. A large congregation in the Unitarian Church were being dismissed when the shock commenced. The ladies shrieked and all rushed for the doors faster than they could be accommodated with an exit. Similar scenes took place at St. Mary's Cathedral and at some other churches and Sunday schools.

The rush of people was so great from the Roman Catholic Church on Vallego street; that the large doors to the main entrance were carried away, and several persons injured by being trampled upon. The walls of many buildings were cracked in many places, and it surprises every one that large and stately edifices like the Cosmopolitan Hotel and other buildings of that class were not generally more seriously injured.

More or less plastering fell from perhaps half the ceilings in the city; cornices and face walls fell from many buildings, and the entire front of a four-story brick building, just erected on Third street, fell outward, covering about half of that wide street with fragments. One of the chimneys of Lick House fell, and crushed through the roof of the dining-room upon the tables and dishes, much to the astonishment of the boarders, who were taking lunch. Three of the servants were injured.

Two Chinamen were badly injured by the falling of a fire-wall on Jackson street. The City Hall bell commenced ringing on account of the vibration of the tower, and the interior walls of the building were much broken up. Fissures two or three inches wide were opened in the ground in the lower part of the city where there is made ground, and some of this ground was elevated many inches above its former level.

Brief accounts from Sacramento, Stockton and San Jose represent the shock as the severest ever felt in those cities. It was not felt at Marysville nor Placerville, but the town of Santa Cruz was shocked with great severity, and some brick buildings suffered much damage, two or three being destroyed.

Long Island Farmers.

The New York *Journal of Commerce*, in an article headed the "New York Ferries," makes the following reference to Long Island farmers and farming, which may prove interesting to many of our readers, as it exhibits what may be gathered from a few acres under a high state of cultivation:

"Travel at the river crossings grows steadily, but is most apparent at the Fulton Ferry, where enormous quantities of garden truck are passed over from the rich farms on Long Island, for the supply of the local markets. Few persons imagine what scenes take place about day-break in the morning, when the farmers mostly drive in their teams laden with fruit, herbs and all sorts of root crops. The crash and conflict for precedence in crossing has made it necessary to put in the service four boats after 4 o'clock, P. M., the police being particularly interested to have this step taken. Of grocers' wagons alone, there are about 200, many of them obliged 'to go to market' even from the rural sections, in order to obtain stuff grown in their own neighborhood. The tendency is toward building up a kind of farm aristocracy, chiefly among the descendants of the old Dutch settlers. Not a few of these plain looking farmers are 'solid' men, according to the use of the word in Wall street. Their lands are a sandy loam and when well manured are like a hot-bed, yielding an exuberant growth. Perhaps the most favored spot, on account of soil and proximity to the mild atmosphere from the sea, is the neighborhood of Bay Ridge. Not being pestered with unseasonable frosts, the owner of a few acres is often able to supply the market very early in the spring, and the consequence is a golden harvest. A Bay Ridge farmer last spring sold potatoes at $3,50 per bushel. Another, named Bennett, sent to market 50,000 cucumbers per day. Another is known to have realized $800 for a single crop of cauliflower. We are informed that an income of $8,000 to $10,000 per annum from a farm of thirty acres is by no means extraordinary. This result, to some almost incredible, comes partly from a skillful rotation of crops, with high manuring; in proof of which one farmer is named who paid last year $2,800 for fertilizers. Manure is put in after both the first and second crops, and then rye being sown, affords good pasturage, besides holding the land from washing in winter, after which the young blades are plowed under."

So much for Long Island farming, and the