EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported—thrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the ...t of all."

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THE TRUEST FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend,—
Of all *we ever had* the chief!
A friend who watching from above,
Whene'er in error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love.
That friend, that secret friend is GOD!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every chance and change of fate,
Whose boundless love doth solace send,
When other friendships come too late!
A friend, that when the world deceives,
And wearily we onward plod.
Still comforts every heart that grieves,
That true, that faithful friend, is GOD!

How blest the years of life might flow,
In one unchanged, unshaken trust;
If man this truth would only know,
And love his Maker and be just!
Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,
But in each need 'His hand doth lend;
That friend that truest friend is GOD!

From N. American and U. S. Gazette.

FIRST VIEW OF MONTEREY.

In the morning, beyond Marin,—no sight of Monterey, until a turn in the road brought the whole immense expanse of the valley into view. Twenty-five miles off, like a white dot in the almost unfathomable distance, or like a bird poised between heaven and earth, was the Bishop's Palace; the town lay beneath it, and hidden from the view; but how beautiful was that immense reach of landscape! The plain extending from us to the mountains, seemed as level as if laid out by a line; and backing it, and apparently with the very trees and stones visible, were the stupendous mountains, springing up from the plain with no "swelling instep" to their feet.

On again—and before we had time to withdraw our eyes from the view we were within the town of Marin. We passed through its solitary streets, nearly deserted, with here and there a lounger at a door looking at our progress, or a wild half-brigand looking Mexican offering his melons or figs. Once more on the ridge outside the town, we halted before descending into the valley, to pick out the various points of scenery to be treasured in the memory forever.

A line of deeper green than is common to the small trees of the valley, and apparently a few miles, but in reality twenty, from us, marked the encamping ground of General Taylor. Off to the right, and seemingly a mist, but for tortuous and evidently an outline of the road, was the dust of a train of wagons, probably extending for two miles. It was difficult to believe that it would be some hours yet before we met them. We could see, far to the left a few delicate white lines, though changed by the extent of atmosphere through which we viewed them to a blush tint; these were ranchos, and a town near the mountains, or out on the plain. The mountain directly in the point of view, with its two peaked tops connected by a gentle curve, is the Saddle Mountain, we have had it in sight for the last fifty miles. It bounds Monterey towards the east. Its base belongs entirely to itself; and it stands out alone from all the rest. Opposite and apparently in contrast with it, is a high jagged spar of the main chain; while behind all, and running in a continuous line is the chief range.

Quietly at the feet of these mountains lies Monterey. The hue of all things in the distance is of a deep blue or purple.—Should a painter attempt the view he would wash over all his canvass with ultra-marine, to represent the air, and approach, in some degree, the exceeding beauty of the atmosphere, and the serene effect produced by it on this great extent of landscape.

As we descended the ridge, we travelled again through the thick chapparel bushes or trees; and all views of the valley were lost; though the mountains still were seen high above the plain beyond us.

On still through the deep dust of the road,—until, as evening approached, we reached the high pecan trees, which we had seen so far off, and under one of the stoutest of which, to a low bush, we hitched our horses. We walked up to an awning stretched upon a frame, and open at all sides, under which was seated a contented looking gentleman, evidently advanced in years reading the newspapers: he had a formidable pile of them lying before him on a box, that served for a table, with a big stone upon them to keep them from dispersion by the pleasant breeze. He rose cordially to greet us, for he knew my compaion, and I was introduced to—General Taylor. He talked and chatted with the artlessness of a child, of the news, the roads, the dust, and our ride, as if he were enjoying the luxury of life and leisure in this cool retreat, with not a care on his mind. His weather-furrowed features were relieved by a pleasant smile, save when he spoke of the sickness among his men; when his seriousness and sincerity convinced me he was a man of broad and genial sympathies with the sufferings, as well as the enjoyments, of his fellow men. He pressed me to stay for tea with a cordiality that was evidently not accustomed to be refused; but I had the dust and clothes of an eight day's march upon me, one nor the other having been much disturbed by the labor of a toilet during that time; and I was anxious to reach Monterey, and enjoy, if possible, the incomparable luxury of a bath; so, leaving my companion, I rode on alone to the city, some five miles further off.

Forward I went with a fresh application of the spur; but not a house or a traveller, nor even the distant smoke of the city was visible; nothing but the mountains that were ahead with their green sides, now marked into deep ravines, or dotted with immense expanses of shadows, as the declining sun came athwart their flanks. I could see beyond me to the very point where their steep ascents commenced; yet no hamlet was visible on their slopes, nor any house in the intervening distance; yet that a town of 15,000 inhabitants was a short way ahead of me was quite certain, but how it escaped being on the side of the mountain was the mystery.

On again—and matters were becoming desperate. It was late in the evening. I could speak no word of Spanish, save *quando*, *lecke*, *vamos*, and a few other such necessaries of no use whatever in this emergency. I had forgotten to enquire where my friend lived, and was becoming more and more convinced there could be no town ahead of me, from the solitude around, when a descent in the road led me among the fig trees by the sides of the mud houses of the suburbs. A few steps further, and I saw the rude scraping cannon shot traced upon them—then across a ditch, nearly filled up with a parapet near by;—then over a fine stone bridge, with the statue of some guardian saint in the middle, and I was within the town of

S. S. H.

BREAD FROM WOOD.

Some twenty or more years ago, Braconnot, a French chemist, discovered that sawdust, by a process not at all costly, could be converted into gum and sugar,—not the best of their kinds, perhaps, but both of them alimentary substances, of well known importance as articles of food; and, about the same time, Autenrieth, a German savant, taking the hint, perhaps, from Dr. Franklin's experiment of the sawdust pie, made the still more important discovery that the same substance could, by even a cheaper and simpler process, (consisting essentially of washing, baking and grinding,) be converted into *bread*,—or into a kind of flour or meal, from which very good and nutritous porridge could be made, and bread "sufficiently good to be eaten." The discovery was hailed, at the time, by philosophers, as one of incalculable benefit to mankind; and Herschel, in his "Preliminary Discourse," boldly characterized it as one "which rendered famine next to *impossible*."

This assurance, in the nature of a prediction, founded upon what was alleged to be an ascertained fact, rises upon the memory with the more force at the close of an actual famine which has so lately desolated Ireland; and one cannot help asking how the protection of the German discovery came to fail, or to be neglected,—or perhaps entirely forgotten,—amid all the horrors of a scarcity in which many persons died from starvation. If eatable and nutritous bread was made from woody fibre in 1826, it could have been also made in 1846; and where wood was wanting to supply the raw material, it could have been furnished in abundance from the turf bogs of Ireland—for the woody fibre of turf is chemically indentical with that of wood, and can, doubtless, be as readily converted into gum, or sugar or bread.

We revive this subject for the purpose of soliciting to it again the attention of scientific men, who are now better than ever before prepared to perfect, and apply to the wants of life, any really valuable discovery. Autenrieth's fact is either a true or a false one; and bread *can*, or *cannot*, be made from wood. If false, the chimera should be exploded; if true, the fact ought to be absolutely ascertained and authenticated, and the discovery rendered applicable to useful purposes. All things that are possible, are possible to science; and the forest and the bog,—the straw on which the corn has failed to appear, and the lay consumed by animals,—nay even the gorse and heather, the thistle and the brier, and thousand coarse shrubs and weeds rejected by man and beast, may be found to contain within themselves secret magazines of food, laid up in store by Providence to feed the teeming multitudes of the coming ages, in periods of dearth, and to be opened only when that intellect which was given us to unlock the secrets of nature, has been devoted to their careful exploration.

The reports of the sugar crop, both of Louisiana and Texas, continue promising.

AGRICULTURAL.

COL. CAPRON ON THE RENOVATION OF WORN-OUT LAND.

To the Editor of the American Farmer.

Laurel Factory, March 29th, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—I have frequent letters from different parts of this State and Virginia, asking my experience as to the effects of different manures—particularly Guano—and of my success in renovating these worn-out lands, the *modus operandi*, &c.

Now my farming operations being quite a secondary consideration in my general business, I cannot spare the time from my other occupations to answer in detail these various communications, and therefore have concluded to reply to them generally through your very valuable paper, and hope it may reach through this channel every one of my correspondents. For to this paper, and other agricultural publications, together with a natural fondness for the pursuit, I am indebted for whatever success I have met with.

You know my whereabouts in this desert of old fields, gullies and poverty grass and are well acquainted (as who is not, who has ever travelled from the city of Baltimore to the seat of Government) with the total barrenness of the land, generally. I therefore, need say but little on the general character of the land to start with; and will begin by giving the reasons for my first attempting, what appeared at that time a Herculean task, the renovation of these barren old fields.

Having been reared amidst the green fields and lowing herds in one of the most fertile regions in the State of New York, I could not look upon the barren face of this country, without its producing a feeling of melancholy. I came to the conclusion it would never do for me, to plant myself down here with the expectation of making it a permanent residence, with such a prospect always before me; I therefore resolved either to change the general aspect, of the country, in this respect, or leave it. The former appearing the most feasible, I made the effort, and I have the satisfaction to say, that as far as the vision extends from my residence, I have succeeded.

This country with all its faults, has redeeming qualities. Favored with heaven's greatest blessings, universal health and a never-failing supply of the purest spring water—with a soil possessing naturally the elements of fertility; a beautiful rolling surface covered with clumps of trees, which for richness and a variety of foliage, and beauty of proportions,—for landscape or lawn purposes, cannot be surpassed in the world,—it is not indebted to heaven for its forbidden appearance but to that reckless system of cultivation too generally to be found in most of the Southern States.

There are two ways, Mr. Editor, of renovating these old fields, one I see recommended frequently in your very valuable work—that is, to sow broad-cast over the land some five bushels of ashes with a bushel of plaster per acre, to be followed by ploughing in of green crops, &c. Now this may suit with some latitudes, but it wont do here, where a good north west wind after a frost in November will sweep into the fence corners every particle of vegetation from the face of these old fields The labor alone, which would be required in the ploughing and reploughing, &c on this method, would, if hired out by the day to work upon some public work, purchase ashes enough to do in one year what would require five years to accomplish in this slow method.

Another plan is to go at it *Taylor fashion*, and do the thing right up! As an example of this latter plan, I will give you the result of an experiment made last year upon one of these "old fields," and I take this merely because it is now fresh before me, having just finished threshing out the crop grown upon this field, and not because it shows any more favorable results than twenty other experiments of which I have memoranda.

I purchased last year, an addition to my farm, of 365 acres of land; on this tract there was one lot which lay in upon the lands, I had already improved in such manner as to injure the appearance of the whole, In the Spring of 1846 I resolved to make an attack upon this old field, and to satisfy myself still further of the cost of such improvement, I had it surveyed and platted by a regular surveyor, and found the contents to be 27 acres—out of which there was taken for a house, lot and road, one acre, leaving 26 acres to be cultivated This field was tenanted out in the year 1845 to a very worthy man, who cultivated it in corn, and I have his word for the product, (and I am sure no person who saw the crop growing will ever think of questioning the amount) was 25 bushels of nubbins, or less than 5 bushels of corn per acre. This, by the way, is about the character of many crops grown in this neighborhood,

In March, 1846, as soon as the grounds would do to haul over, I brought out the right arm of my resources, my flying artillery, in the way of mule teams, loaded to the muzzle from my manure heap, and made a regular discharge upon my greatest enemy, the washed and gullied side hills These I peppered thick and strong. I then put in the ploughs, and flushed the whole field up deeply, following in the stiff clay parts with the subsoil plough. I then brought out my other forces, in the shape of leached ashes, (which cost delivered on the ground $10 per hundred bushels) and spread over the whole, *manured parts and all*, at the rate of 100 bushels per acre, pulverising the ground and mixing well with the harrow. Sowed 2 1-4 bushels oats per acre, harrowed again—sowed one peck of clean fresh clover seed per acre and followed with roller. This was all done in the right way, and *just at the right time*. After the oats were well up, I put the finishing stroke to the whole battle, by bringing up my *crops de reserve*. in the shape of *guano*. The first moist day, all spots that appeared to have been missed in the spreading of ashes, or appeared weak, I dressed over with about 200 pounds guano mixed with 1 bushel plaster per acre, to the amount of about two acres in spots, and spread over the whole field plaster at the rate of one bushel per acre. You will say perhaps, this is going it rather strong, and requires more capital than can generally be commanded by the most of our farmers. There are very few, however who have not some half dozen or more worthless colts eating their heads off every year, to say nothing about the hogs and horned cattle, which might be disposed of in some way to raise $100, which would improve permanently 10 acres of land with leached ashes—or they might borrow $100 for 12 months, with almost a certainty of returning it from the increased product on the first crop, as you shall see by the following result of the above experiment.

I have just finished threshing out and cleaning up 1217 bushels of first rate oats grown upon this field of 26 1-2 acres—an average of 45 1-2 bushels per acre, and no Chester county land every presented a finer coat of grass. This year it will be cut for hay, and I would not thank any man to insure me two tons per acre. Now for the the figures:

DEBIT.	
2600 bushels ashes,	$260,00
50 wagon loads manure on gullied places,	50.00
400 pounds guano,	8.00
58 1-4 bushels seed oats—40,	23 40
6 1-2 bushels clover seed,	32.50
Ploughing, seeding, harvesting, &c.,	100.00
	$473.90

CREDIT.	
[illegible] bushels oats—12 cts., worth [illegible] market 48,	$486.80
Pasture last fall for my milch cow,	00.00
Straw in abundance—an offset for threshing, &c.	

Mr. Editor, what is this land worth now (the improvements of which cost nothing,) more than it was when it would produce but 5 bushels poor corn per acre? Why, if there was nothing to go to the credit side of the account but the improvement alone, it would in my estimation be cheap—dirt cheap. This field, with judicious cultivation, is now permanently improved, as I can show by many years experience in the same kind of treatment.

I am frequently asked, "how do you bring up those old worn out lands so quickly?" The answer is found in the above example.

I have tried guano, and almost every kind of manure, in almost every way, and have always found them to pay well, *when I put enough on*—stable manure, leached ashes and guano—pretty much in value as I have them.

Will the improvement of these worn out lands pay? is a question I am frequently asked. I have every reason to believe they will. I commenced the improvement of the place I now live on the year 1839. At that time I had not pasture sufficient for one poor cow, and have followed it ever since, giving it just as much of my individual attention as could be spared without injury to my other more legitimate business, and in fact just as much as was necessary to relieve the mind from the harrassments of a more perplexing occupation. The result is, that instead of not having one spear of green grass to refresh the eye, or tickle the palate of the poor old cow, or one single *oasis* in this desert of old fields, to resort to in the hot summer months, I have now hundreds of acres of the improved grasses, and have cut during the past year hay enough to keep, and keep well, 70 head of horned cattle, 35 head of mules and horses, besides sundry sheep, hogs, &c, &c., the mules and horses being stabled during the year. Night before the last, when my house was shook to the very foundation by the raging elements without, I sat by a cheerful fire and listended to the pelings of the pitiless storm of snow and rain against the windows—it was a cheerful reflection, that out of all my stock there was not one even to the suckling calf and pet lamb, but was sheltered from its fury, in warm and comfortable stables, and were ruminating upon beds of clean straw.

I sat down upon the spur of the moment to write you a short letter, partly to answer sundry communications on the subject of farming, which I really could not devote the time to reply to in detail, and partly from a sense of duty, that every man owes to the community in which he lives, to give the result of his experience, and let the community separate the wheat from the chaff by their own good judgment.

I am fearful the perusal of this will be found tedious. Should it be otherwise, having cleared away the brush, and started the plough, I may, at some leisure moment, give you some further pickings from my memoranda of experience, perhaps a description of [illegible] straw machine for separating [illegible] of Devons and Durhams for [illegible] a fair specimen of the [illegible] country. [illegible] Mill [illegible]

Let all new beginners in farming, follow *axioms* in [illegible] land well; plough deeper and grind-stone *time*; pulverise the soil [illegible] ploughing, harrowing, [illegible] rolling, [illegible] plenty of manure, no matter what it be,—everything in that shape you can scrape up, buy, borrow or beg; don't spare the seed, and be prodigal in grass seeds; be careful and ascertain, by observation, the *proper time and proper manner* of putting them on the ground, (for one is as important as the other,) and old Zack himself is not more sure of success.

The question may be asked, what I do with so many mules horses and horned cattle? They all produce something. The mules are employed in hauling wood, &c. to a population of about 2000 souls here and hereabouts, and in hauling for the factories and shops, and work on the farm. The horses, with the exception of a few for private use, belong to persons connected with the works, and supplied from my loft. The horned cattle supply, in part, the cities of Baltimore and Washington with pure fresh milk, sent both ways from my dairy, daily, via Rail Road.

HORACE CAPRON.

DEPTH OF JACOB'S WELL.

THE Rev. Dr. Wilson, of England,—who has recently travelled through the Holy Land and published the results of his travels under the title of "The Land of the Bible visited and described,"—presents the following relation of his visit to Jacob's Well:

At Shechem, Dr. Wilson found a remnant of the Samaritan's Still, and had some interesting conversation with one of their priests. In the immediate neighborhood is Jacob's Well, where our Lord encountered the woman of Samaria, and with simplest images instructed her in the sublime mysteries of spiritual truth. The well is situated amid the ruins of a church which once surrounded it. The mouth was covered with two large stones. Rolling away these, the travellers, with their attendants, swung themselves down to a kind of platform, where they kindled a light, and commenced preparations for ascertaining *the depth of Jacob's well*. "It was now time to [illegible] our minds for the solemn addition to our natural [illegible] said we "a friend of ours, an English traveller, and minister, (the Rev Andrew Bonar, of Collace,) dropped the five books of Moses and the other inspired records into this well, about three years ago, and if you will descend and bring them up we shall give you a handsome *bakshish*." "Bakshish?" said the Arabs, kindling at the sound; "if there is to be a bakshish in the case, we must have it, for we are the lords of the land." "Well, down you go," said we, throwing the rope over their shoulders, "and you shall have the bakshish."—"Nay, verily," said they, "you mean to hang us; let Jacob do what he pleases."—Jacob was ready at our command; and, when he had tied the rope round his body below his shoulders, he received our parting instructions. We asked him to call out to us the moment that he might arrive at the surface of the water, and told him that we should so hold the rope as to prevent him from sinking, if there was any considerable depth of the element. We told him also to pull out one of the candles with which he had stored his breast, and to ignite it when he might get below. As he looked into the fearful pit on the brink of which he stood, terror took hold of him; and he betook himself to prayer in the Hebrew tongue. We, of course, gave him no interruption in his solemn exercise as, in the circumstances of the case, we could not but admire the spirit of devotion which he evinced. On a signal given we let him go. The Arabs held with us the rope, and we took care that he should descend as gently as possible.

When our material was nearly exhausted, he called out "I have reached the bottom; and it is at present scarcely covered with water." Forthwith he kindled his light; and, that he might have every advantage, we threw him down a quantity of dry sticks, with which he made a blaze, which distinctly showed us the whole of the well, from top to bottom.

We saw the end of the rope at its lower part; and we put a knot upon it at the margin above, that we might have the exact measurement when Jacob might come up. After searching for about five minutes for the Bible among the stones and mud at the bottom, our friend joyfully cried out—

"It is found! it is found!" We were not slow, it may be supposed, in giving him our congratulations. The prize he carefully put into his breast; and then he declared his readiness, with our aid, to make the ascent. * * * * *

We found it no easy matter to get him pulled up, as we had to keep the rope from the edge of the well lest it should snap asunder. When he came into our hands, he was unable to speak, and we laid him down on the margin of the well, that he might collect his breath. "Where is the bakshish?" were the first words he uttered, on regaining his faculty of speech. It was immediately forthcoming to the extent of about a sovereign, and to his fullest satisfaction. A similar sum we divided among our Arab assistants. The book, from having been so long steeped in the water and mud below, was, with the exception of the boards, reduced to a mass of pulp. In our effort to recover it, we had ascertained the depths of the well, which is exactly seventy-five feet. Its diameter is about nine feet. It is entirely hewn out of the solid rock, and is a work of great antiquity.—"The well is deep," was the description given of it by the woman of Samaria to our Lord. It still, as now noticed, has the same character, although to an extent it is perhaps filled with the stone which are thrown into it, to sound it by travellers and pilgrims.

"The adventure which I have now noticed being over, we emerged from the well; and, sitting down at is mouth, we could not but think of the scenes and events of other days. We were near to the very "parcel of ground that Jacob gave Joseph." Jacob's Well was here! Here Jesus, the Saviour, sat, wearied with his journey, suffering from the infirmities of that lowly human nature he had assumed, when he came from Heaven to accomplish the work of our redemption, which his Father had given him to do. Here he spake with inimitable simplicity and majesty, as never man spake, setting himself forth as the Source and Giver of the copious and satisfying waters of Eternal Life."

SKEETER NETS.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Reveille says, the other evening we were strolling lazily along through the market, and hearing a stout raw-boned countryman, sitting on a barrel near his wagon, grumbling to himself, as he scratched his tanned visage, we came to a stand and made ready for a talk.

"Musquitoes troublesome? inquired we."

"Some," answered our friend on the barrel "That thar tavern,"—pointing to one opposite—"where I put up las nite, kontains a few, and they do nibble pretty tree, sartain."

"You ought to made the landlord give you a net, my friend," was our next, whereupon the "sovereign rose from his barrel and was delivered of the following philippic against that useful article of bed-room furniture:—

"Ef you mean skeeter nets, stranger, they ain't wuth shucks. I got tuck in with them things once, but it can't be done agin, no way. I had heered of skeeters afore I come here, and was agoin' through town, behind my wagon, cusin' the [illegible] of it, when I seed [illegible] things above a badge at [illegible] for sale," I *splurges into* the shop and bought a pair on 'em.

"Well, stranger, I got in the darndest place for them bugs you ever seed or tho't of. I jest settled thar for spite and speculashun, "fur," ses I, "they can't hurt me, no how—I'm loaded, primed and full cocked, jest reddy to go off, and look out, skeeters, for I'm arter you fast.

"Well, jest to cut the matter short, the tryin' time come at last. I thought it was too squar to hold 'em (for the cend was jest as big as the mouth,) but the maker outer know; so I spreds my net, and baited her with a stump of a candle, and lays down in as near the state Adam did in the garden, afore he got tuck in, as enny specimen uf human natur' could.

"They didn't trouble me at first, but by am by they come at me strong. "Bite, ses I, and sing over it like an ingin; bite, and be darned; I'll have you afore long—I'll clare you clean out uf this secshun, like Saint Patrick did the snakes of France!"—But they come at mee too fast; I swar stranger, thar warn't a spot on my boddy bigger than a pin head, whar one of them hadn't sot himself to work—so I had to go to fiting'; and we had it hard for some time, but the skeeters got a leetle the best uf me that nite. The wust was to cum yet; for I got up in the mornin' swelled so that I'd grow'd most too big fur my britches; and thinkin' how I'd make the children ring off the necks of them in the net and when I cum to look, thar warn't but one in it, and he got away! So my old 'oman just cut the darned thing up, and made Sunday frocks out uf 'em.

"They may do down here stranger, whar the skeeters are tamer, but they won't do up in our diggins—ourn are too nois'; and I wouldn't sleep in a room whar one of them things was sot, no how!"

HARVESTS WITHOUT PREVIOUS SOWING.—In the Schnellpost, we find an account of a method of compelling the wheat plant to become perennial like grass and to perfect its grains annually without annual sowing of seed, which has been successfully praticed at Constance, in Germany. It was discovered by a steward of an estate named Kern. His method after ploughing and manuring the land and sowing it with summer or winter wheat, is to mow it in spring before the ear makes its appearance. This process is repeated several times in the season, and the product is used as hay. The plant is then allowed to grow and be cut in the ordinary manner. The next year it ripens earlier and bears more abundantly than when treated in the ordinary manner. It is manured in the autumn like grass in the meadow and in spring cleared from weeds. In this manner from one field four successive harvests have been gathered.—*New York Post.*

Some of the London letters state that Lord Ashburton sold £500,000 of the funds to strengthen the Batings.

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