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 or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

NEGROES WANTED.

We wish to purchase at all times any number of NEGROES, of both sexes, either slaves for life or for a term of years, of good titles, and sound and healthy. Our residence is nearly opposite the Brick Tavern, where we have fitted up a place for the safe keeping of negroes, and where every attention will be paid to render them comfortable, at twenty-five cents each per day, and will pay a fair cash price for any negro that may escape.—We have the money and will at all times pay in cash the very highest prices for every description of negroes with good titles. Persons having negroes to dispose of, and who want the very highest prices the Southern markets will justify, will please give us a call We will also go to the country and take up negroes free of charge to their owners, if we buy them. All communications will be promptly attended to, if addressed to

JOHN N. DENNING & Co.
Centreville, Q. A. County, Md.

Jan 22

Dry Goods,

GROCERIES

China, Glass and Queensware, Hardware, &c.

all purchased at prices which will enable him to sell on the most reasonable terms for cash, or in exchange for country produce, he respectfully invites his friends and the public to give him a call.

WM. H HOPKINS.

Nov 19—1m

NEW CABINET MAKING

AT THE OLD STAND.

The subscriber having purchased of Mr. James S. Shannahan all his Stock of Materials and entire interest in the Cabinet Making, begs leave most respectfully to inform the former customers and the public generally, that he intends to carry on the above business in all its various branches opposite the store of Mr. Charles Robinson, where he intends making and keeping constantly on hand a general assortment of

CABINET WORK.

which he will sell at prices to suit the present hard times. Country produce taken in exchange for work at market prices.

He is also fully prepared to discharge his duty as an Undertaker. Orders for all kinds of COFFINS to the subscriber (or Mr J. S Shannahan who is employed by me) will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. He has a first rate

HEARSE

which will be furnished on all occasions for conveying coffins to any part of the peninsula. A liberal deduction made at all times for early payments.

The public's obedient servant,
ANDREW B. PRITCHETT.

Nov. 12th, 1842—tf

Notice.

Having sold the Schooner "Lucretia," and purchased the new Schooner



Ellen S. Brown

a vessel carrying about 3,000 bushels of grain Built in frames of the best cedar and locust—copper fastened and coppered, and in every respect a first rate vessel. And having rented the granary lately occupied by Capt. Jacob Wright, intends running her as a grain, freight and Passenger Boat, to and from Baltimore. Her cabin is neatly fitted up and will accommodate 10 passengers comfortably.

The granary will be attended to by Wm. Jenkinson—with him or Cheezum & Emory. at Easton, all orders for me may be left

I have employed Capt. John Marshall, in whom confidence can be placed.

When requisite the vessel will be run at least once a week and oftener if necessary.

I intend to attend to the business personally and shall use my best endeavors to render satisfaction to all those who may entrust me with their business.

JOHN BARTLETT.

7th mo. 2d—6m—(8)

Dissolution.

The Co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Cheezum & Emory is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

And the subscribers have sold out their entire stock of goods to William H Hopkins.

All persons indebted to the late firm are requested to make immediate payment of their several accounts to John W. Cheezum, who is fully authorized to settle the business of the late firm.

JOHN W. CHEEZUM,
C. N. EMORY.

November 1st, 1842—nov 5,—(S8w)

N. B. In my absence Mr. C. N. Emory will attend to the settlement of any business for me, either of the late firm, or any accounts due me. J. W. CHEEZUM.

TO RENT,

For the ensuing year, the dwelling attached to the Store of the subscribers. Apply to

E. M. DAWSON & BROTHER.

Nov 5

Correspondence of the N. Y. American.

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES—BUFFALO HUNT.

FORT TOWSON, Choctaw Nation, October 23d, 1842.

My Dear —— My intentions were to sit down and give you a full detail of our recent great Buffalo hunt, but finding that any thing like a complete account of it would be too lengthy for a letter, I have concluded to content myself with giving you what to me will seem a meagre account of it indeed Suffice it to say, that on the 15th of last month, at as beautiful a sunrise as was ever seen in September, a party of us, numbering 6 officers and 10 United States dragoons, set out from this post, well mounted, and all armed and equipt "as the law directs," for the great hunt. We had received the news that Buffalo were to be found in large herds within thirty-five miles of this post, having been driven down to the settlements by the western Indians Our expedition was therefore, got up without ceremony, and we were "*leaved*" and rationed for 7 days. Our eatables, as well as our musical instruments, such as tin-pans, kettles, coffee-pots, &c. were all tied to pack saddles and mounted upon a couple of mules.

This, however, was much to the fright of our horses, as their ears plainly betokened, and more particularly so when either from the biting of the hungry flies or the spurs of merciless riders, the sullen and stubborn little animals so agitated themselves as to scatter their loads by the way side. After "lengthening out," we crossed the Red River into Texas, where we invited a party to accompany us. They soon accepted of our invitation, put up their wallets of pork and meal, run their bullets and fell into the line. We were now about 30 strong, & a more motley group or one presenting a greater variety of shade and character, you never saw. There was one among us more celebrated than all the rest, and more striking in appearance. He was about 50 years of age, and had spent his entire life upon the western frontiers, a great portion of which he had devoted to hunting.

He was what might be called a perfect 'specimen," or beau ideal of his profession; and to see him in his brown hunting frock, with a cap (such as was never seen before) mounted upon his tall and commanding figure, his keen eyes fixed, like two telescopes, scanning the immense sea of prairie before him, his long rifle thrown across his shoulder, was to have been reminded of David Crockett in all his fancied glory. This man we selected for our chief, and he soon led us into the "extensive prairies of the far-off West." I will not stop here to describe to you my impressions on beholding this magnificent spectacle, but will barely say that we travelled for days upon these prairies, where the vision, extending in unlimited distance, seemed lost in beauties which no pen can describe, or pencil portray. Highland scenery, or the fairy climes of an Italian sky, cannot be compared with them.

On the fourth day out, we reached the water of the Sabine river, about 100 miles from this Post. It was evident that we were now upon the Buffalo grounds for the entire prairie seemed to be trodden and cut into a thousand trails, and presented the appearance of having been literally covered with cattle. "We shall soon see buffalo, my boys," said our old guide, as he went squinting along a little in advance of his companions—'so keep a sharp look out.' All eyes were now intent on looking around, as if eager to see which one among us should be so fortunate as to make the first discovery. On rising a gentle elevation, we commanded a distant view of a portion of prairie which had been recently burned over by our chief to decoy the game.—Its appearance was strikingly beautiful, being covered with the green grass which had just sprung up, and wearing the mild aspect of spring. The shout of '*Buffalo! buffalo!!*' now passed along our line; and sure enough, on looking, I saw in the distance dark spots, as it were, almost verging upon the horizon, 'These,' said our guide. 'are buffalo feeding.'

We now galloped briskly towards the objects of our pursuit, and on approaching there being but few in number, it was decided that a small party should dismount and give them a volley. And so it was done, for soon the report of rifles was heard, when tumbling and rumbling away went the main herd, leaving, however, four of their number behind dead upon the field. All hands now galloped up to see the expiring animals, which with their long shaggy manes, deep chests, and infuriated eyes, presented a scene quite as tragical in its appearance as I was ever called to witness after a battle with the Florida Indians.—The struggling buffalo is truly a savage looking foe, and we had great difficulty in getting our horses near them.

Elated with our success, and with appetites never better, we now encamped, jerked our meat, and feasted most bountifully on marrow-bones and delicate pieces. What a dish for an Epicure is the marrow of the shanks, when taken hot from the bone, after roasting. You may add if you please a slice of the hump, broiled, or the tender loin. During the night a stray buffalo came into camp, and nearly produced a "stamped" among our horses. We gave him some lead to carry off, and he unceremoniously bade us good night. The next day we sent out a small party to reconnoitre, and they came in having killed three, and fallen in with a herd of at least 500, which they reported to have crossed the Sabine.

The next morning, after loading the mules with dried meat, we took the trail, and after following it about twenty miles, came up to the enemy, in the distance looking like the main body of quite a large army.

Being now in the woods, all hands dismounted, and crawled upon them, when at a signal from our chief, we opened the fire upon their broadsides, at the distance of only about 80 yards. The rumbling of the herd, as they got under way, and the report of our different fire arms on all sides, rendered the occasion one of exquisite and unlimited excitement. Upon examining the ground we found that we had killed four, besides a number went off wounded. One of our dragoons also gave chase to a calf, which he came up to and killed.

Being now about dinner time, we encamped, and set about eating marrow bones, &c. Venison, turkies, &c. were not worth eating, being quite too common. Having now killed enough and over stayed our time, we concluded to return, and the next morning commenced our retreat. We now had occasion to try another way of killing buffalo, and one which I like much better—this was upon horseback, in the chase, and coming across a small herd on the prairie, we put spurs to our horses, and set off at a jump. I will not attempt to describe to you one of the most exciting amusements that can be imagined. Indeed all fear is forgotten.

After a mile or two of good running, pell-mell, we came upon them. Spang, bang went our guns, and (after several times hitting) down they tumbled, with the blood gushing from their mouths perfectly enraged. We would ride in the rear, (under press of the spur and then in passing fire. Our enemy frequently turned upon us, with great fury, and then we were off in an instant.—I mean we retreated. The next day we came across another fine buffalo, in a good prairie. We made chase, and he shared the same fate after a run of about two miles. The Texans who accompanied us would not run their horses.—One of them only dared to make the attempt, and he was thrown, and tumbled headlong into the grass. None of our party were thrown

One large black buffalo came to his death under particular circumstances at my hands, but I have not time to give you the details. Most of them weighed 1,000 to 1 300 lbs. We saw plenty of wild horses, deer, turkies, &c. We returned safe and sound, in fine health, good spirits, and highly delighted with our hunt, after having been absent 12 days—the farthest point of our excursion having extended nearly to the Trinity River. Quite a stretch, from St Augustine to Trinity River, yet I have ridden the whole distance upon horseback—I have written in much haste—please excuse it. The Indians in this region are all quiet. It is now getting cloudy, or smokey here, and the wild geese commence their return from the East. Send them with messages to me frequently.—So, adieu, adieu. M.

THE VISION OF CHARLES THE 12TH—BY H. R. ADDISON.

Of all the singular apparitions or visions that have ever been set down, the vision of Charles XII. is, perhaps, one of the most curious, and decidedly the best authenticated relation of the kind on record, depending not upon the testimony of an individual, who from nervous excitement, or other mental morbidness, might have fancied the whole scene, and afterwards transcribed his waking dream in the glowing terms of a fanciful imagination, but upon the concurrent authority of one of the most learned and grave characters of Sweden, supported in many of his assertions by the concierge of the palace. The original document is still in existence, and open to the inspection of every traveller who desires to see it. The whole is clearly and concisely written, and signed by the King, his physician (Dr. Baumgardten,) and the state porter. A note is attached in his Majesty's own hand writing, stating his thorough conviction that so strange a vision must have been vouchsafed to him as a prophetic warning, and also his desire that the said document should be preserved among the State archieves, in order to see whether the prediction would ever be accomplished. This note bears date some short time before Charles was killed (as well as I recollect about 1716.) The complete fulfilment of the vision came to pass in 1792, above seventy six years after its appearance. As I unfortunately did not take an exact copy of the MS. when on the spot, I can only relate it as nearly as I can remember, changing however the style of the narrative from the first to the third person.

It was a dark and gloomy night. The clock had struck ten. The ill-lighted room cast an additional gloom on the figure of Charles the Twelfth as he sat in front of a huge fire in his favorite saloon in the palace of Stockholm. Immediately in front of him, over the fire place, was suspended the picture of his Queen, with whom, to tell the truth he had just been disputing, and now sat in silent discontent, mentally comparing the charming form which hung before him with the now less beautiful figure of her Majesty, only breaking his sullen silence by occasionally muttering some curse on her altered temper.

When the King was in these moods he was always closely attended by his physician Baumgardten. The re-action in a mind so buoyant as that of Charles being proportionately dangerous, it was often feared he might commit suicide; so the doctor always remained near him, seeking for a convenient opportunity to draw his mind back to livelier themes, to arouse him from the dreadful mental prostration to which he was subject.

On the evening in question Baumgardten had sat patiently for an hour, alternately watching his Majesty and the storm which was raging outside. But neither the view of the sullen monarch, nor the opposite wing of the palace, which formed the grand hall, where the state trials and similar events took place, could afford much amusement to the tired son of Esculapius, who finding his patience begin to wear out, suddenly started up, and began pacing the room up and down, in the manner that mariners pace the quarter deck of a vessel at sea, occasionally stopping at the window to look out on the black and gloomy pile of buildings I have mentioned.

Suddenly he started back. 'Great heavens, sire!'

'Silence!' growled the King.

The doctor took two more turns across the chamber. At length he could contain himself no longer.

'What is this extraordinary appearance? Please your majesty some strange event is taking place in the hall of justice.'

'Hold your tongue, sir, or I'll command you to quit the room!' replied the monarch, who felt much annoyed at these interruptions to his reverie, and which he believed arouse from a desire to arouse him from his meditation.

The doctor paused, but after a while curiosity got the upper hand of his better judgment and walking up to the King he touched him on the shoulder and pointed to the window.

Charles looked up, and as he did so beheld to his great amazement the windows of the opposite wing brilliantly illuminated. In an instant all his gloom, his apathy vanished. He rushed to look out. The lights streamed through the small panes, illuminating all the intermediate court yard. The shadows of persons moving to and fro were clearly discernable. The King looked inquisitively at the doctor. At first he suspected it to be a trick to entrap him from his indulgence in moodiness. He read, however, the fear too legibly of the physician to persevere in the notion.

The King and his doctor exchanged glances of strange and portentous meaning. Charles, however first recovered, and affecting to feel no awe, turned to Baumgardten.

'Who has dared to cause the grand hall to be lighted up?' he exclaimed; and who are they who without my permission, have entered it.

The trembling physician pleaded his utter ignorance.

Go instantly and call the state porter hither!

'Bumgardten obeyed and returned with the terrified menial, to whom, however, he had not communicated the reason for his being sent for, but who, nevertheless was sadly alarmed at being summoned before his royal master at this unusual hour.

'Where is the key of the eastern wing?' demanded the King, in a voice of unsuppressed anger.

'Here sire,' replied the servitor, instantly producing it.

Charles started with surprise, but quickly recovering himself, asked, 'To whom have you afforded the use of this key?'

'To none your Majesty. It has never left my side.'

'Who, then, have you given admission to:'

'To no one, sire. The doors of the eastern wing have not been opened for at least ten days.'

'Could any one enter without your knowledge by a second key or entrance?'

'Impossible, sire. There are three locks to open before admission could be gained. The seatry would allow none to pass in without my accompanying them. No human being could possibly get in'

'Look there then, and tell me the meaning of those lights?' rapidly demanded the King, who suddenly withdrew the curtain he had purposely let fall before the entrance of the concierge.

The poor man started for a moment and gasping for breath, totally heedless of the presence of his Majesty, fell back into a chair which stood near him.

'Arise, arise; I see you have had no hand in the strange affair,' added the king, in a milder tone, 'get a lantern, instantly, and accompany us to the building. We will pass round through the centre of the palace. Breathe not however a sylable to any one; but be quick.'

In five minutes more the trio were en route and soon arrived at the door which the King desired his trembling servitor to open. He did so; the brilliant light streamed upon the group. The affrighted porter instantly fled while Charles followed by Baumgardten, boldly stepped into the room, though his blood ran cold as he perceived it filled with a large assemblage of knights and nobles, superbly arrayed; whose faces, though he saw, neither he nor Baumgardten could distinctly catch.—They were all seated, as if a state-trial was going on. The ligh officers sat in gloomy silence, as one or two inferior officers moved noiselessly about. Presently the word 'Guilty' seemed to breath through the room. A short, a solemn pause and a door behind a temporary scaffold opened, and three men appeared, men apparently of rank, bound and prepared for execution.

They were followed by the headsman and others bearing the block, &c.. Not a word was uttered,—not a movement shook the assembled judges. The principal criminal laid down his head on the block, and the next instant it rolled from the scaffold, and actually struck the foot of Charles the Twelfth.

At this juncture every light disappeared. The King called loudly for assistance to secure the persons who had thus assembled, and committed violence beneath the royal roof. Before he had time to do so twice, the frightened porter rushed in attended by several officers of the household, & servants bearing torches. Not a vestage of the vision remained. Every thing was in its proper place The very dust, which had been allowed to accumulate, rested on the furniture, every door was well fastened—scaffold, block, criminal and judges, all were gone.

One only token remained to bear out the actual scene which had taken place: a large drop of blood had stained the stocking of the King, exactly on the spot against which the traitor's head had rolled.

The next day the record was drawn up from which this sketch is taken.

In 1792 Ackerstrom and his two principal accomplices justly suffered death for the murder of their sovereign Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden.

LARGE YIELD OF CORN—MR. SHRIVER'S MODE OF CULTIVATION.

Farm Content near Westminster Nov. 9th

To the Editor of the American Farmer.

Sir, as you was kind enough to request me to give you my system of farming Corn, I take up my pen to do so, though not without considerable hesitation, as I am yet but a young farmer, and can not take the credit of originating altogether, the plan which I follow; but have taken the ideas generally from your valuable journal. I have an entire copy of the "American Farmer' from its first publication, and refer to it on every occasion, and always find sufficient information on any subject connected with agriculture. I consider it, in itself, a first rate Farmer's Library.

I cannot give you my system better than by detailing the manner in which I cultivated my last crop of corn. But before I proceed further, let me give you a correct statement of the result of actual measurement, as I was very particular in having the field surveyed, and the corn accurately measured. When I wrote you my last letter, I merely gave you the result of the measurement of one acre and guessed at the average. The field proved to be smaller than I had estimated it containing but 15½ acres, and produced 265 barrels, averaging eighty-five bushels per acre.

Now to the mode of cultivation I have adopted for several years with the most satisfactory results. I ploughed the field which is a light gravelly limestone soil, being a tough blue grass and clover sward, about the first of last November to the depth of 9 inches; harrowed it the 6th of April, lengthwise the furrow the ground being at that time remarkably light and mellow. Manured it with fresh barn-yard manure, at the rate of 15 five-horse wagon loads, per acre. I spread and plough in my manure immediately after the wagon. The manure was turned under but about two inches deep. I like to keep it as near the surface as possible, so that it is out of the reach of absorption from the rays of the sun. Harrowed the ground lightly with the ploughing, and laid off the rows 5 feet distant, running the rows north and south. I had boys to drop, and I directed them to drop it a good step, (about 26 inches,) and from 5 to 7 grains in a hill. This may seem close; but if you take into consideration the width of the rows the distance between four hills will be something upwards of ten square feet, I am convinced that if corn has a free circulation of air one way it can be planted almost as thick as it can stand the other. I did not harrow the field in question, which I always had done, heretofore, as soon as the corn is up, and plaster. The season being so wet at the time, I did not like to work it; when the ground was sufficiently dry the plants were too high for a large harrow to pass over them, and having but a poor opinion of the one-horse harrow, I treated my crop as follows:

1st. Cultivated it June 1st and 2d, merely setting up what corn was covered, going three times in each row.

2d. June 7th and 8th, cultivated it as before, thinning it down to four stalks, and if a hill had less, left enough stalks around it to make up the deficiency.—Gave it a thorough hoeing, that is chopped away the old hill and gave it fresh ground; cutting up every spear of grass.

3d. Ploughed it with shovel ploughs June 13th, 14th, 15th, going four times in each row, throwing the ground well up to the corn. Having given it a good hoeing before, it was quite clean, and might have done without it this time.—However, I made my hands follow the ploughs and level off around and between the hills.

4th, and last time, I used a large iron fork with three prongs, about 14 inches long, attached to a shovel plough. I prefer this implement to the cultivator for the last working as it cultivates the ground deeper, and can be run nearer the corn without injury.

The last working I consider of the most importance; by leaving the surface level and well pulverized, you insure to the roots every advantage in searching out for nourishment. Nothing, in my opinion, is so much calculated to check the growth of corn as leaving deep furrows in the rows. We all know that the roots of corn extend for many feet around the hill, and also that their depth in the soil is regulated by the season. Knowing this to be the fact, how can it be otherwise when a root comes in contact with a deep furrow, than that it has to turn down into the cold uncultivated ground, and, as a natural consequence, the stalk becomes sickly and decrepit. I have often been surprised that intelligent farmers should continue to have their fields gutted, by having so many ditches running through them, extracting the substance from the soil, when a moment's reflection would have convinced them of the absurdity of the system.

One great advantage of the mode which I have adopted, is, that the manure is applied in the spring, while it is yet warm, and contains all the gases & salt; a great part of which it loses by remaining in the yard subject to the absorption of the atmosphere, not to mention the great loss sustained by the heavy spring and summer showers. Whether manure loses as much by being applied in the spring to corn, as it does by remaining in the yard till fall, is, in my opinion, a very doubtful point. I believe it is a general opinion that corn does not require the same kind, or at least does not extract that portion of the manure which is more particularly adapted to wheat; hence I have concluded, that taking a crop of corn does not impair its capabilities for producing a crop of wheat; but, the contrary, prepares it for wheat by having it fully incorporated with the soil.

I find that I have consumed my sheet, and have not said all yet I intended, but will, if you think this sample of my farming worthy of notice, give you my system of rotation of crops. In conclusion, I believe that the greatest art in farming, is making manure; it is the farmer's bank, in which he must deposit liberally, or his drafts will be limited and his creditors troublesome.

Yours, truly, AUG SHRIVER

We shall be thankful to our correspondent for his system of rotation, and while we return him our acknowledgments, for this communication, beg leave to assure him, that the communications of practical farmers are doubly acceptable when they give results and the method pursued to produce them, as in the present instance. Theory, when founded in true philosophy, is beautiful—but theory supported by practice and crowned by brilliant results is transcendantly so—Editor.

A LARGE THROAT.—The Morning Star published at Cincinnati, relates the following anecdote of a young gentleman of the South who had expended a large fortune—money, lands, negroes—every thing, in a course of intemperance and profligacy.

He has just paid a last year's grog bill of $800; one day he was walking in the street very leisurely, when seeing a physician on the opposite side, he called out to him, saying he wanted him to come over.

'Doctor, said he, 'I wish you'd just take a look down my throat.'

'I don't discover any thing, sir,' said the doctor, after looking very carefully.

'You don't!' said he, 'why that's strange; will you be kind enough, sir, to give another look?'

'Really, sir,' said the doctor, after a second look; 'I don't see any thing.'

'No! why doctor, there is a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes gone down there.

And it was a fact, too, he had really swallowed the land, negroes and all.—This young man acquired the habit of drinking at college, from a fellow student from Mississippi, who it was said had actually, out of one hundred and twenty companions, made a majority of them drunkards by his example. They at first used to smuggel wine into their rooms, and afterwards they drank openly at the hotel. All this from the influence of the young man.

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