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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april 18 3m

☞ The National Intelligencer and Globe, Washington, The Republican, Annapolis; the Whig, Richmond; the Herald, Norfolk, the Gazette, Easton, will publish the above once a week for three months, and forward their bills to the President of the Board, Dr. Steuart for payment.

CLOCK AND WATCH

MAKING.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his customers and the public generally, that he has just received an additional supply of

MATERIALS

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The public's humble servant,
JAMES BENNY.

May 2 8w

To Country Merchants & others
JACOB BALDERSTON

Manufactures and has always for sale, at his Sieve and Wire Manufactory, No. 60 South Calvert, a few doors from Pratt Street the following articles, viz: Wire Safes of the most approved kinds, Rolling Screens for Merchant and flax seed Mills; Riddles and Seives for coal, corn, ore, barley, rye, oats, flax and clover seeds, wheat, cockle, lime, sand, snuff, starch, and brick dust; plain and fancy Wire work for windows, libraries, &c. Also an assortment of Bird Cages and Rat Traps, all of which are made of the best materials, and will be sold as reasonable as at any manufactory in New-York, Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Baltimore, 4 april

NOTICE.

The Commissioners for Talbot county will set in their office in the Court-house every Tuesday and Saturday for four successive weeks, commencing on Tuesday the 21st instant, to hear appeals. All persons having claims against Talbot county, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof on or before the 14th day of July next, as the levy will be closed on that day. Per order,

THOS. C. NICOLS, Clk.
to the Commissioners for T. C.

april 11, 1855. (W)

THE DEATH OF A TRAITOR.

From the "INFIDEL" a new romance by Dr. Bird just published by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

'Admit Vallafana," said Cortes, in tones that penetrated loudly to the farthest limits of the room, for the cavaliers were stricken into a boding silence at the accents of the alguazil; 'admit my trusty Villafana'. And Villafana entered.

He was evidently flushed with wine, and it was for that reason, doubtless, that he did not seem to observe the presence of his forsworn associate, nor the suspicious act of the two cavaliers, who stole from the group, & took possession of the door by which he had entered. He approached with a reckless and confident, though somewhat stupid air, exclaiming, after divers humble scrapes and salaams.

'I come at your excellency's bidding according to appointment. This was the hour, please your excellency—but 'tis a scurvy night, with much thunder and lightning."

'Ay, truly," said Cortes, with a mild voice, while all the rest stood in the silence of death; but being so observant, Villafana, how comes it you have not remarked that you are here without the Indian Techeechee, whom I commanded you to bring hither at this hour?'

'Senor,' said the alguazil, a little confused, 'that old Ottomi is a sly dog, and, I doubt me, not over honest.'

"I doubt me so, too," said Cortes, in the same encouraging tones; 'yet, honest or false, sly or simple, me thinks thou shouldst not have suffered him to escape.'

"Escape! what, Techeechee escaped!" cried Villafana, with unaffected surprise; 'Ho, no! I did but give the grey infidel a sop of wine, and straightway he hid himself in a corner, to sleep off his drunkenness. And—and—' continued he with instinctive though clumsy cunning,—— 'and I thought it would be unseemly to your excellency, in that condition. I beg your excellency's pardon for making him acquainted with such Christian liquor; but it was out of pity, together with some little hope of converting him to the faith; and besides, I knew not his head was so weak. I will fetch him to your excellency in the morning."

'Why, this is well,' said the captain general, with such insinuating gentleness, as characterizes the snake, when closing softly on his prey; 'and I doubt not thou canst give me as good an account of the ambassadors. It is said to me, that they also have escaped.'

'Good heavens!' cried Villafana, startled not only out of his confidence, but in great measure out of his intoxication, by such an announcement; 'the ambassadors escaped? It cannot be!'

'Pho, they have hurt thee more than I thought—even to the point of destroying thy memory,' rejoined the captain general, with the blandishment of a smile.—'There is blood upon thy shoulder; I doubt not thou wert severely hurt, while attempting to prevent their flight. No one can ever question the courage of Villafana.'

'Yes, senor, yes—no—yes; that is—I mean to say—saints of heaven!' And here the alguazil paused, completely sobered—that is, restored to his senses, but not to his wits; for he perceived himself in a difficulty, and his invention pointed out no means of escape. He rolled his eyes, haggard at once with debauch and alarm, over the cavaliers, and though the lofty figure of Alvarado concealed Gaspar from his view, he beheld enough in the extraordinary sedateness of all present, to fill him with the most racking suspicions. He turned again to Cortes, and commanding his fears as much as he could, went on with an appearance of boldness.

'Alas, noble senor, if the ambassadors be escaped, I am a lost man—for I trusted too much to the vigilance of others, and I should not have done so. Alas, senor,' he continued with more energy as his mind began to work more clearly, 'I have committed a great offence in this negligence; but I vow to heaven, it was owing to my fears of Juan Lerma, who made many efforts to escape, and had strong friends to help him. Your excellency may see the necessity I was under, to give all my thoughts to him; for, some one having furnished him with a dagger, he foully attacked me, not on my guard, giving me this wound, and had it not been for the sudden rushing in of the guard, I should certainly have been killed.'

Thus spoke the alguazil, with returning craft, mingling together fiction and fact with an address which astonished even himself.

'Yes, senor,' he continued, satisfied with the strength of his argument, and now elated with a prospect of providing against the effects of his imprudent disclosures in the prison, 'yes, senor, and the young man, besides thus wounding me swore he would have me hanged for a conspiracy; stating roundly, as the guards will witness. (I am certain that Esteban, the Left Handed, heard him.) that being a notorious grumbler, any such fiction would be believed of me. As if this would make me a conspirator! whereas, your excellency knows according to the proverb, barking dogs are no biters.' And the audacious ruffian, relapsing into security, attested his innocence by a gentle laugh and the sweetest of his smiles.

'Again I say, thou speakest well,' said Cortes, carelessly descending from the platform, on which he had mounted at the approach of Villafana. Thy arguments have even satisfied me of the folly of certain charges, brought against the by this mad fellow, here, at thy elbow.

As he spoke, Alvarado, taking his instructions rather from a consentaneous feeling of propriety than from any hint of Don Herdan's, moved aside, and Villafana's eyes fell upon the figure of Gasper.

'Think of it, good fellow,' said Cortes laying his hand upon Villafan's shoulder, as if to support himself a little; 'the things he said of thee are innumerable, and excessively preposperous. He averred, for instance, that thou wert peevishly offended, because *I* had not invited thy presence to the festivities of the morning banquet, and wert resolved to come, whether I would or not, and that with a letter from my father in one hand, and a dagger in the other. Eh! is not this outrageous? He said besides—but, o' my life, thou hast bled too much from this wound! Juan Lerman strikes deep, when the fit is on him. *I* hope thou art not faint man?'

To these benevolent expressions, the alguazil replied by turning upon the general a countenance so bloodless, and an eye filled with such ecstacy of despair, (for if the poinards of all had been at his throat, he could not have been more perfectly apprised of his coming fate,) that Cortes must have been struck with some feeling of commiseration, had not his nature been somewhat akin to that of a cat, which delights less to kill than to sport with the agonies of a dying victim. As it was; he continued to torment the abandoned wretch, by adding pleasantly.

'And what thinkest thou of this, too, my Villafana? Two hundred and forty conspirators, to rush in when the blow was struck! doubtless to carve their dinners from the ribs of my cavaliers! Ah, Villafana, Villafana! thou shouldst have a care of thy friends. Our enemies are harmless, but our friends are always dangerous. What dost thou say to all this, Villafana? Knave! hadst thou twenty daggers in thy jerkin, thou wert still but an unfanged reptile!'

While he spoke in this jestful mood, he was sensible that Villafana, (doubtless with an instinctive motion, of which he was himself unconscious, being apparently turned to stone,) was stealing his hand up towards his bosom, as if to grasp a weapon. The moment the member had reached the opening of his garment, Cortes caught him by the throat, and giving utterance to his last words with a voice of thunder, and employing a strength irresistible by such a man as Villafana, he hurled him to the floor, at the same instant placing his foot on his throat. Then stooping down, and thrusting his hand into the traitor's bosom, he plucked out, at a single grasp a poinard, a letter, and the fatal list of conspirators. He pushed the first aside, read the superscription of the second with a laugh, and casting his eye upon the third devoured its contents with an avidity that left him unconscious of the murmurs of the fierce cavaliers, and the groans of the wretched alguazil, strangling under his foot.

'What, senor! will you rob the gallows of its prey?' cried Alvarado pointing his sword at the prostrate traitor, as indeed did all the rest, (having drawn them at the moment when Cortes seized him by the throat.) "His crime is manifest to all; what need of trial? Every man his steel through the dog!"

"Hold!" cried the captain general; "this were a death for a hidalgo. Up, cur! up and meet thy fate! Up!" And he spurned the wretch with his foot.

The alguazil rose up, his face black with blood, which, not perfectly dispersing even at release from strangulation, remained in leopard like blotches over his visage, ghastfully contrasted with the ashy hues that gathered between them.—As he arose, his arms were seized by two or three cavaliers; and Sandoval, as quick in action as he was sluggish in speech, snatching the rich sword sash of samite from his own shoulders, instantly secured them behind his back.

"For the love of heaven, senors!' cried Villafana, finding speech at last, 'what do you mean? what do you design? You will not kill an innocent man? Will you judge me at the charge of a liar? Gasper is my sworn foe. I will make all clear. Senor, I have been drinking, and my mind is confused: take me not at this diadvantage. Oh, for heavens's sake, what do you mean! The list? what, the list? 'Tis for a merry making—a rejoicing for my birth day. I will explain all to your excellencies. I am an innocent man. Gasper is a forsworn caitiff—a caitiff, senores, a caitiff! I claim trial by the civil judges.'

'Gag him,' cried one.

'Strike him on the mouth,' said another. And Villafana gasping for breath, uttered, for a moment inarticulate murmurs.

'De Olid, Marin, De Ircio,' cried Cortes, rapidly, and with inexpressible decision, 'ye are judges of life and death; Sandoval and Alvarado, by right of office, ye can sit in judgment; Quinones, Guzman, and the rest, I make, in the king's name, special associates of the others. Why, here is a court not martial but civil; and the dog shall have judgment to his content! He stands charged of treason. Guilty, senores? or not guilty?'

'Guilty!' cried all with one voice: and De Olid added, 'Let us take him into the garden, and hang him to the cedar-tree.'

'To the window,' said Cortes, pointing with his sword to the stout cords, hanging so invitingly from the serpent's head; and in an instant the victim was dragged upon the platform.

Up to this moment, his fears had been uttered rather in vehement complaints than in outcries; but now when he perceived that he was condemned by a mockery of trial, doomed without the respite of a minute's space to pray, the rope dangled before his eyes, and already in the hands of a cavalier, who was bending it into a noose, he uttered a piercing scream, and endeavored to throw himself on his knees.

'Mercy!' he cried, 'mercy! mercy! I will confess—I can save all your lives—mercy! mercy!'

Of all the sights of horror and disgust, villany, transformed at the death-hour, into its natural character and original of cowardice, is among the most appalling. Villafana was as brave as a ruffian could be; but when imagination is linked in the same spirit with vice, courage expires almost at the same moment with hope. With a weapon in his hand, and that at liberty, Villafana, perhaps would have manifested all the valour in which despair perceives the only hope, and died like a man. As it was, bound and grasped in the arms of strong men, entirely helpless and equally without hope, his death staring him in the face, he gave himself up at once to unmanly fears, and wept, screamed and prayed, until the guards at watch in the vestbluc sank upon their knees & counted over their beads, to divert their senses from cries so agonizing and horrible.

As he strove to protrate himself before his inexorable judges, he was pulled up by the cavaliers, and among others by Don Francisco de Guzman, whose countenance he recognized.

'Save me, Guzman! save me!' he cried; 'for thou wert one of the party—save me!'

'Peace, wolf—'

'Mercy! mercy! noble senor!' he continued turning to Cortes: 'I am but one of many. Guzman is false as I: I charge him with treason: he has abused your excellency's ear!—Listen, senores and spare now my life: give me a day—give me but to-night to pray and confess, and you shall have all. There are cavaliers among us. Mercy, for the love of heaven! Camarga, the Dominican—Don Palmerino de Castro—Muertazo of Toledo, Carabo of Seville—Artiaga, Santa-Ross, Bravo, Aljarab, and an hundred more—'

'Peace, lying villain!' cried the captain general. 'What ho, the rope! quick, the rope!'

'A moment to repent! a moment to repent!' shrieked the victim, struggling so violently to bring his hands before them, as if to clasp them in prayer, that the silken band crackled behind him, & his hands turned black with congested blood; 'a moment to repent! for I am a sinner.—What! would you condemn my soul, too? Saints hear me! angels plead for me! A priest, for the love of heaven! I killed Artiage of Cadiz: I scuttled the ship Alonso, drowned the nuns, & stole the church plate. Call Magdalena. Where's Magdelena? You are murdering me! Mercy! mercy! I killed Hilario, too—I poinarded him in the old wounds, inflicted by Joan Lerma—I have much to repent—A priest, for the love of heaven! A priest, oh, a priest.'

Thus raved the villain, stanied with a thousand crimes, if aught had been wanting to steel the hearts of his executioners, enough was divulged in the unavailng abandonment with which he accused himself of misdeeds, so many and so atrocious. While his neck was yet free from the rope, he struggled violently, but without any attempt to do a mischief to his unrelenting murderers; his resistance was indeed like that of a cur, under the chastisement of a cruel and brutal master, which howls and contends, and yet fears to employ its fang against the tyrant. But when he found, at last, that the cavaliers were actually putting the hasty halter about his neck, his struggles were not greater to escape than to inflict injury. He shook and tossed his head in distraction, and Don Francisco de Guzman endeavouring to seize him by the beard, he caught the hand of the cavalier betwixt his teeth, and held it with the gripe of a tiger.

'Hell confound thee, wolf!' cried Guzman, groaning with pain, and striking him over the face with the hilt of his sword, but in vain. 'Help me, cavaliers, or he will have my hand off!—Villain, unlock thy teeth—"

'Stand aside. This will unloose thee,' said one thrusting his rapier into the thigh of the vindictive wretch; who no sooner felt the cold steel penetrate his flesh, than he opened his mouth to utter a yell. 'Whip him up *now*. So much for traitors!'

It was the last scream of the assassin. his lips uttered one more cry to heaven; the name of Magdalena was cut short, as the noose closed upon his throat, and ended in a hoarse, rattling, gulphing whine, that did not itself prevail beyond the space of a second. As he shot up to the top of the window, an intense glare of lightning flashed through the alabaster, and his figure traced upon that lustrous and ghasty medium, was seen dangling and writhing in the death-agony.—The next moment, the huge curtain was drawn over the dreadful spectacle: but those who paused a moment, to look back, could behold the convulsions of the dying miscreant giving motion, and sometimes protrusion, to the dark folds of the drapery. When all was silent in the darkness of the night, the watchmen in the vestibule could yet hear the pattering of blood drops falling from his mangled limb, upon the sonorous wood of the platform.

But there were other scenes now occuring, which, for a time; drove from their thoughts the memory of Villafana.

FROM AFRICA.

[The writer of the following letter is a member of the Society of Friends, and went out to Africa, last fall, under the auspices of the united Colonization Societies, of New York and Philadelphia, principally to establish a manual labor school at Bassa Cove, and instruct natives and colonists in the mechanic arts. He was also requested and authorized to assume the general superintendence of the settlement of Bassa Cove. He is the person on whose behalf public application was made, last October, in this paper and elswhere, for such donations of hardware, tools, books, and other articles, as the liberal and benevolent might be disposed to make, which application was so nobly responded to by the merchants & other residents of this city. The letter, it will be seen, is without date, but it was written immediately before the sailing of the Ninus, and is the latest intelligence that has been received from Liberia.

The friends of this great and good enterprize will be pleased to learn that one of the colonists, formerly *a barber* in Virginia, arrived at this port a few days since from Liberia, with a cargo of camwood, his own property, which has already been sold and has produced between five and six thousand dollars. We know of many other instances in which colored men, who, while in this country where not worth a shilling, have already realized a comfortable independence in Africa. It cannot be that with such facts before them, the free colored population of the United States will long prefer the indigence, and wretchedness, which must forever be their portion here, while such a field of successful enterprise is open to them in Africa.)

Correspondence of the Com. Advertiser.

PORT CRESSON, Grand Bassa, Africa.

Esteemed Friend—

I steal a moment from my many cares to drop thee a line agreeable to thy request. The land which we now occupy, was negociated for but a few days before our arrival: which made it very inconvenient for us. Our prospects are very good in many respects. I cannot but believe, that we have as healthy a location as can be found on the coast, and cannot be surpassed for trade in camwood, ivory, and palm oil. We are placed near the conjunction of three large rivers, but independent of these there can be a large business done. I have a store house enclosing 59 by 20 two stories high, part of which I contemplate occupying as a dwelling, so that my wife or myself can always have immediate charge of what is going on, and save the expense of a clerk. It is my full determination to avoid the great expenses that the old Society is incident to. Six or seven thousand dollars for officers, clerks, doctor, &c. is what I hope will be far from this place. I employ a man to assist me for 75 cents, and I think I shall need no other, he is extensively acquainted with trade, but has no learning. He told me yesterday that if I would let him make it known that we were ready for trade, that he would fill every barrel and hogshead we have with palm oil before the season was out, but our slender means makes it necessary that we should be quiet.

I have already refused 2000 dollars worth of camwood because we cannot buy rice and get those things with it that we may yet stand in need of, when our goods will fetch them at once. This camwood I could have got from the little town of Edina and its traders. I was much relieved by two or three vessels accommodating them these last two weeks. We don't want gunpowder nor cutlasses to trade with, nor rum, for it has spread far and wide—'The new Governor'—(as they call me)—'let no rum live where he live.' Cloths, beads, brass kettles, pots, tobacco, soap, iron and crockery will be all that I want to carry on a heavy trade, and very profitable.—I could say many things that would be entertaining to thee and the public, but my time fails me. My wife and myself have both been sick, some say very ill—but am very thankful to say that we are up, and doing, and our prospect for health is, in my opinion, as good as it ever was, and I don't think I would exaggerate if I were to say better. As I cannot write to my friends in the Refuge,* I will beg thee to let them know that I have not forgotten them. I would write to a number of my friends in New York, but they would excuse me readily, could they see many little cares. I will conclude, & beg thee to excuse me for not transcribing my letter, and say Farewell.

EDW'D Y. HANKINSON.

*The writer was formerly an Assistant of Mr. Hart, in the House of Refuge.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Perhaps the happiest moments of life are those that close the week. It is a wise decree of Providence that makes toil the necessary precedent of rest, and privation the parent of pleasure. There are few who do not experience through the week toil and privation, and few who have not felt the grateful sense of confidence and comfort that creep over the soul at its close. The burthen is thrown, not merely from the frame, but from the heart. The spirit frees itself from its encumbering cares, as the wearied horse shakes off its harness, and expatiates with grateful lassitude, in the luxury of conscious security and comfort. Saturday night winds up "the ravell'd sleeve of care." The strife and bustle of the world are suspended. The poor man draws his breath freely for a while, nor fears the harsh voice or stony frown of his creditor. The merchant throws himself upon the sofa without thinking of the notes "due and coming due." The tradesman terminates his labors with a light spirit, for the sense of present ease is accompanied with the thoughts of a happy morrow, and the laborer sings as he turns his bronzed face homeward.

Saturday night has its own peculiar enjoyments, enjoyments which are most felt by those to whom toil and discomfort make joy a stranger. Look in at the fireside of the poor man on Saturday night, and you will see his brow relaxed, and his eye lit up with an unwonted smile. He gambols with his children, and lays down his head upon his pillow, without shuddering at the prospect of the morrow's toil. To the poor, Saturday night is an era of delight, a moment of sunshine in a world of gloom, a period of freedom in a term of servitude, a season of rest and comfort in a life of wretchedness and toil.

Life too has its Saturday night. How sweet is the reflection that when the toils of existence, like those of the week, are terminated, when the sufferings which are woven with the tissue of life are at an end, and hope and fear cease to tantalize and torture the soul—that we will enjoy the rest and slumber of the peaceful "Saturday night."

The grave is that resting place, and death the slumber, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Nor is that Saturday night without its Sabbath. To those who have performed "the duties of the week," the sun of that Sabbath will shine without setting. Who, that has felt the chill which congeals the hopes and affections of life, the dull, benumbing and withering influence of the world, can refrain from watching with longing eyes, the receding day, and looking with weary anxiety for the Saturday night of life? Sweet, as slumber to the sobbing babe, is rest to the heavy laden, and soft as down of the cygnet, the pillow upon which his aching head is laid, and where

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

To such, and every walk of life is crowded with such,

"Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it is not worth our taking;
Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief and lay their burthens down."

Philadelphia Gazette.

From the Northampton (Mass.) Courier.

A COCOONERY:

Mr. Samuel White Marsh is erecting an edifice of two hundred feet in length, east of his house on Fort Hill, as a Silk house and Cocoonery. The plan of it is original and promises the best results. The worms while feeding, are now laid out upon the boards & benches, by those who rear them covered with mulberry leaves, and when for health and cleanliness they are required to be moved, it all must be done separately.

Mr. Whitemarsh's building is intersected by alleys and on each side tears of sliding frames or drawers rise from the floor upwards. These frames are covered with lattice work of twine. The top one is laid over with leaves upon which the worms feed. The second frame about an inch and a half below, is covered with strong paper or coarse cotton. All the stems of the leaves or offal from the worm fall from the lattice work above upon this draw, and when the usual time for cleaning them comes, instead of lifing each separately it is only requisite to remove the lower draw, and the cleansing is accomplished.

The leaf of the Chinese Mulberry, which Mr. W. will use, is so tender that the worm will devour it all. Sometimes they will fall from the lattice work, upon the paper draw below. In that case, when a new supply of leaves is laid on above, the worms at once ascend, as the distance is not too great between them, to prevent their reaching above. This is a great and important change introduced into the method of feeding

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