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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From Chambers' Journal.

A LATE REMARKABLE TRIAL AT GIBRALTAR

At Gibraltar, a month or two ago, there occurred one of those extraordinary cases which shows us how ineffectively the romancist, even when his imagination is strained to the utmost, can portray the extremes of passion of which human nature is susceptible. A communication, bearing date February the 20th, from the rock built fortress which England keeps as a key to the Mediterranean, relates the following particulars:

A respectable merchant named James Baxwell, born in London, had removed in early life to Gibraltar, induced partly by the circumstance of his being of the same religious persuasion to which the people of his adopted country belonged. For many years he occupied a small dwelling near the base of Mount St. Michael, so renounced for its caves and crystalizations. He carried on a successful traffic in all the articles of British manufacture introduced into Spain. He acquired, in truth, a very considerable fortune in this way. All the country knew that he had a large amount of treasure lying by him, not to speak of the capital belonging to him, which was embarked in commerce. His name was one of credit in all the principal houses of exchange in Europe.

James Baxwell had a daughter, an only daughter, aged 17, and of remarkable beauty. Her countenance and figure combined in a most agreeable manner the peculiar charms of the English women with the soft and languishing characteristics of the Spaniard. Young as she was, she had been for some two or three years an object of devoted admiration to all the youths around Gibraltar. At church they devoured her with their eyes; and many a one thought to himself that happy above all men would be he that could win the smiles of Eliza Baxwell. But Eliza bestowed her smiles upon no one. She seemed to those whose involuntary sighs she excited, to carry maidenly modesty almost to freezing coldness. At mass her eyes were ever on her book, regardless of all the glances cast upon her by others.

Such was at least the case till shortly before the events to be narrated. At length however Eliza did see one who awakened in herself some of the emotion she had caused in others. At mass one day, she observed the eyes of a young stranger fixed upon her with an expression of admiration and respect.—To her he seemed a being superior to all the young men she had ever beheld.—From that moment, her calm and self possessed demeanor left her forever—Abroad and at home she was restless and uneasy. But, ere long the stranger found an opportunity of being introduced to her, and mutual avowals of love followed at no great distance of time.

Assured of the affections of Eliza, the young stranger then presented himself to Mr. Baxwell. "I am named William Katt," said he to the merchant; "I am like yourself, an Englishman; I am of respectable family and character; young and wealthy. Give me your daughter, we love one another."

"Never!" said James Baxwell, to whom the position and circumstances of the young man were not unknown: "never! You belong to the dominant religion of England, by which my fathers suffered so much and so long. You are a Lutheran and my daughter is a Catholic. Such an union could not be happy, nor will I give my consent to it. Eliza shall never be yours!"

The daughter, informed of this declaration, threw herself at the feet of her father, and endeavored to move him from his purpose. Her lover did the same.—But the father remained obstinate and a violent scene took place between Eliza and her parent. The blood of the fiery South coursed in the daughter's veins, and she declared she would marry the object of her choice, despite of all opposition. James Baxwell, on the other hand, declared that he would sooner *kill her* with his own hands, than see her carry such a resolution into effect. As to William Katt, who stood by at this scene, he kept silence.—What thoughts were revolving in his mind it would be difficult to say.

Two days afterwards an alarming noise was heard by the neighbors to issue from a cave immediately adjoining the merchant's house, and used by him for some domestic purpose. The noise consisted first of loud cries, which gradually became fainter, and at length died away. The auditors looked at each other with amazement, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of the sounds alluded to. A solution of the mystery was not long in suggesting itself. Eliza had disappeared; she was no longer to be seen about her father's house. After many low murmurs had circulated, the father was interrogated respecting his daughter. He said that she was missing, certainly; but whither she had gone, he knew not.—He had nothing whatever to do, he said with her disappearance.

This explanation was not satisfactory. The whisper went abroad that James Baxwell had assassinated his daughter to prevent her marriage with William Katt, and ultimately, this conjecture was so forcibly pressed on the attention of the public authorities, that they were compelled to arrest James Baxwell and inquire into the matter. The dwelling of the merchant was examined, but nothing criminating was found. "The cave, the cave is the place!" cried some one of the crowd. The magistrate then descended into it, and there, on lifting some loose stones, they found a portion of Eliza's dress sprinkled all over with blood. They also discovered a small quantity of hair, clotted with gore, and that hair was recognized by many as having been taken from the head of Eliza. Baxwell protested his innocence, but the proof was too strong against him, and he was regularly brought to trial.—The result was, his conviction for the murder of his daughter, and his condemnation to death.

On receiving the sentence, the unhappy merchant trembled to excess, and afterwards seemed utterly overpowered by the dreadful nature of his situation.—He continued in a state of almost total insensibility during the interval between his trial and the day appointed for his execution. On the morning of the latter day, the jailor came to announce to him, for the final time that the moment of his fate was at hand. The merchant was seized again with a fearful trembling & cried what he had reiterated to all who saw him in his confinement:

"Before my Maker, I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death!"

They led him out to the scaffold—There he found, among others, William Katt, who, it should have been said, was the most important witness against him at his trial, having repeated to the court the threat of assassination which had been uttered by James Baxwell in his presence against Eliza. No sooner did the doomed merchant behold Katt, than he exclaimed at the very foot of the scaffold, "My friend, in one minute I shall be in eternity. I wish to die in peace with all men. Give me your hand—I pardon you freely for the injury your evidence has done to me."—Baxwell said this with some composure, but the effect of his words upon Katt was very striking. He became pale as death, and could not conceal his agitation.

Baxwell mounted the steps of the gallows slowly, and gave himself up to the hands of the executioner to undergo death by the rope. According to the ancient custom of Gibraltar, the executioner commenced his last duties by crying in a loud voice, "Justice is doing! Justice is done!" He then placed the black bonnet on the head of the condemned merchant, and pulled down in front so as to cover the eyes. *He* had just done this, when he was stopped in his proceedings by a loud cry from the side of the scaffold—"It is I who am guilty—I alone!"

This cry came from Wm. Katt. The magistrates in attendance instantly called him forward, and demanded an explanation. The young man avowed that he had carried off Eliza, with her consent to be his wife, and that she was now residing not far off in concealment. But to her he did not communicate other measures which he had taken, chiefly to revenge himself for the scorn of her father. He had contrived to cut off a portion of her hair while she slept. He had clotted it in the blood of a lamb, and had also sprinkled, in the same way, a part of Eliza's dress, which he had purloined. These articles he had placed in the cave, and there, also, had he emitted, personally, those cries which had borne so heavily against the merchant. The generous pardon which the merchant had bestowed on him at the scaffold, had awakened (the young man said) instantaneous remorse in his breast, and compelled him to avow the truth.

This confession was partly made at the scaffold and partly afterwards. As soon as Katt had spoken out decisively, the executioner had turned to James Baxwell to take from him the insignia of death. The black bonnet was drawn by the executioner from off his eyes and head. It was found that he was a corpse! No exertion had the slightest effect in awakening in him a spark of life. The physicians said all they could on such a subject, declaring that he died from the effects of strong imagination.

William Katt was conducted to prison amid the clamors of the populace, there to await judgment for his misdeeds.

Eliza, the unhappy daughter of an unhappy father, retired to a convent for life, immediately on learning all that had passed.

LETTER FROM PARDON JONES.

UP THE COAST, June 12, 1842.

My Dear Pic—I've broke out in a new place—or rather, I'm returnin to first principles, and it keeps me bizzy 'nuff, I can tell you. When I fust come out in the Picayune for Congress I put up for the 'fust vacant deestrick.' Wall, Mister Dawson and Mister Butler, they begged so hard for me to haul off and give 'em a chance for this heat, that I took pity on 'em, and give the place up for them to fight for. But now there's a a goin to be *tu* vacant deestricks in the State afore long, and Christopher Quilp & I is a goin to run to fill 'em. Mr. Quilp come up 'spressly to see me 'bout it 'tother day, and we fixed the hull matter. He wanted to 'gree to go'n 'lectioneer in his deestrick for him, and let him come and du the same for me; but that I wouldn't du, for I've hed my speeches and every thing fixed for that same bizzness this year or tu.

Soon's Quilp went off I went'n fixed up for a 'lectioneering tower 'mong my future constituyents. A good many on 'em got the notion sence I begin to write letters to you, that I was gittin proud, and no sooner did I git the Curnel up to the Bay State then they set me down for a ra'al airistocrat, and my enemies has bin very bizzy 'spreading the story all over the country.

'Wall,' says I to Jerushy, 'now then let's put the lie to this slander to once. I'm a goin to show myself to the people, and I'll show 'em that Curnel Pardon Jones aint noth but a man arter all. Bring me my old tow and finen breeches, pepper and salt jacket, chip hat, and cowhide boots and checkered neck-handkerchieff. Now for a bandanner handkerchieff, and tie it up full of sugar plums and other nick-nacks for the babies.'

Wall I kissed Jerushy, and off I started, horseback, 'lectioneerin. I didn't call on nobody till I got down putty near the old disputed territory, where I wan't much known. I left my hoss to a grog shop, and thought I'd walk out and see an old cock that lives there, a kind of a 'leadin carrackter' 'mong the *sovereins*. Wall, I went into his yard and walked up to the door, and axed if the 'gendleman of the house was to hum.'

'*Wee*,' says madam; says she, lookin at me hard—"wee; ker vooly voo der luce?"*

'O, says I, smilin, I thought I'd jest call round and eat dinner with you—that's all.'

'Noes avoon *deenay*. Passay par lar porte darnear, a lar domesteek voos on donnerer.'†

Jest then the old gentleman come to the door scratchin his back and holdin a paper in his hand—'What for you come here?' says he.

'Why,' says I, bowin, 'my name is Curnel Jones and I'm canvassin the people, and I thought I'd jest call in and take a bite with you, and talk matters over in a free and easy sort of a way.'

'Ha, ha! *wee*, you *dam* 'free and easy' to come here and tell me your name Coronel Jones, and get a dinner out of me! No, *baitel* you Coronel Jones—he is one *gentlemen*—*you* is one dam *peggar*—allay—go fast out of my yard.'

By grahus!—if I warn't mad! Wall, I went back to the grog shop and ordered suthin to eat, but the feller would'nt bring nothin on the table till I showed him some money to pay for it! A little while afterwards I met our old friend and told him all about it. He laffed at me a good while, and told me that I "was tuk—d shabby for sich a bizziness. You'd ought to dress,' says he, 'sost to not 'tract no 'tention—sost to be genteel and rich and shabby at the same time.'

'I take,' says I, and I started for hum.—The next day I rigged out in a different fashion altogether. I borrered a gold watch and chain and put on fine boots, yaller for want of blackin—an old Panama hat, black with mildew; an old black coat not *very* old, and breeches made out of cottonade. I stuck the gold watch keerless like into my under jacket pocket, and let the chain hang round most *enny* way. I kerried the sugar plums along in my saddlebags and started off. The fust day's ride was putty fine. Most every boddy agreed to vote for me when the deestrick was laid off, if they did'nt see nobody up that they liked better, and I was in putty high sperrets when it cum night. Well, I put up with a fust rate, good natured old feller that I met at a billiard room, and when we got to his house 'twas jest at dusk. We went in and I was introduced to his wife, a fine, fat woman, that looked as if she got fat on laffin, her face was so full of fun.—Arter a while, arter we'd talked 'about my little gal and 'bout the garden, and so on, in come three or four children, laffin and skippin along as merry as crickets. There warn't no candle lit, but I see't they was fine lookin little fellers, and I started for the saddle-bags the fust thing. 'Come here,' says I, 'you little rogues—come along here and tell me what your names is.'—The oldest came up to me, and says he, '*my* name's Peter Smith, Sir.'

'And what's *your* name?' says I to the next.

'Bob Smith, sir.'

The next said his name was "Bill Smith,' and the fourth said *his* name was 'Tommy Smith.' Wall, I got 'em up on my knees and kissed 'em over and over again, and gin 'em a lot of sugar candy, and old Miss Smith was so tickled that she laffed all the time.—Mister Smith looked on, but didn,t say much.—'Why,' says I, 'Miss Smith, I wouldn't take a good deal for them four boys if I had 'em—they're so beautiful and sprightly.'

'No,' says she, laffin, 'I set a good deal by 'em but we *spile* em tu much.'

'O no,' says I, 'they're ra'al well behaved children; and, by grashus!' says I, pretendin to be started by a sudden idea, 'what a *strickin* resemblance 'tween them boys and their father!' and I looked at Mister Smith; 'I never *did* see nothin equal tu it,' save I—'your eyes, mouth, forrard—a *parfect picter* on you, sir.' says I, tappin the oldest boy on the pate, I thought Miss Smith would a died laffin' at that; her arms fell down by her side and her head fell back, and she shook the hull house, laffin.

'*Du* you think so, Curnal Jones?' says she, and she looked toards Mister Smith, and I thought she'd a gone off in a fit.

'Yes,' says I, 'I du, ra'ally now.'

'Ha, ha, haw—w—w!' says Mister Smith, kinder haff laffin, 'you'rd tu hard on me, Curnel, with your jokes.'

"I aint a jokin at all,' says I, 'they're hansum children, and they *du* look wonderfully like you.'

Jest then a gal brought in a light, and I'll be darn'd if the little brats didn't turn out to be *mulladas* every one on 'em, and their heads was curly as the blackest niggers!!! Mister and Miss Smith never had no children, and they sort o'petted them little nigers for playthings! I never felt so streaked in my life as I did when I see how thing stood. If I hadn't a *kissed* the little nasty things, I could a got over it; but I kissed on'em showed that *I* was in airnest, though I was sort soapin on'em, (as I thought, all the time) and how to get out of the scrape I didn't know. Miss Smith laffed so hard when she see how confused I looked, that she most suffercated. A little while afterwards there was a hull fammerly of relatious arriv from the city, and turned the matter off, but the next mornin I could see'l Mister Smith didn't like the remains, he'll vote for me when the 'lection comes on. I 'spect Miss Smith will keep the old feller under with that joke a good while.

Your friend in haste,

PARADON JONES,

Curnal Bay State Mclishy.

*Yes—what do you want of him?

†We have dined; walk round to the back door and the servant will give you some.

THAT VERITABLE GHOST STORY.

The Concord (N. H.) Statesman, of Friday, publishes a most singular deposition, taken before a justice of the peace at Crafton, in that State. Hazen Whitcher and David M. Norris depose, that on the night of June 19, they were watching at the death bed of their neighbor, Samual Mann, of North Benton, in a small room, the situation of which is thus described'

The bed was on the north side, the fire place on the south side, the door way to the kitchen on the east and a door leading into a bed room on the west end of the room, and a set of drawers on the east side of the room near the foot of the bed, and a window by the foot on the north side. The window was raised from four to six inches. The door into the kitchen was open, and Mr. George W. Mann slept there, in the southeast corner of it. The door into the bed room was shut and Mrs. Peter Howe and Mrs. Mann slept there.

The man with whom they were watching had been in a dying state for several days, but appeared to have perfect possession of his senses. After the house was still on Sunday night, the deposition goes on to say:—

Mr. Whitcher was standing by the foot of the bed, close to the open window, and Mr. Norris was sitting south of the bed, some four or five paces from the head on the west side of the room. The candle was standing on the mantel, over the fireplace, when we both distinctly heard a groan. We are both positive it could not come from the sick man, nor the bed whereon he was, nor from another room. It was a deep, lengthened groan, and startled us both.

Mr. Whitcher stepped to the fireplace to get the light to see what the noise came from, or what caused it. As he took the light and turned around toward the bed, we both saw the room lighted up all at once, with an unearthly crimson colored light. It almost extinguished the light of the candle, so that its light was very feeble, apparently almost out—and immediately we both saw a strange looking man standing between us and the bed, looking apparently at Mr. Mann—his dress we cannot describe, his whole face we did not see. His clothes were dark, but we cannot give the fashion or make, nor say whether he had on boats, shoes or hat, or not.

We were both transfixed—both stood there side by side, as Norris had risen up—Whitcher still holding the candle in his hand and no fire in the fireplace, at least none that gave any light; and as the strange man stood before us, his back toward us, and his face toward Mr. Mann Mr. Mann appeared much excited and agitated; he rolled about on the bed, and threw his arms about and opened his eyes wide open, and appeared frightened and to gaze upon the apparition, then he tried to cover up his head.

The sick man, it is stated, then declared that he had forty years previously assisted his employer in murdering a man and making away with the body.—He mentioned the name of Edwards, but in what connection the deponent cannot say. The affidavit then goes on:

He called no other name, and we may be mistaken in this name, but think we are not. He then sank down, after turning over once or twice, and, throwing his arms about, groaned and died We know we were frightened, and could not speak or did not, nor did the stranger; and as soon as Mann had finished confessing, and was dying away, he (the stranger) was gone. How he got in or out, we know not; one door was open, but we did not see him come in or go out, nor can we believe that he did.

The editor of the Statesman, in connection with the affidavit, tells the following story:

About forty or forty-five years since, (we tell the story as told to us by individuals in the vicinity,) a man by the name of Hodgdon was working in Landaff, N. H., as a joiner. The last season he was there, he finished off a house for Jonathan Noyes, and made his home with Mr. Noyes during the time. He lent Noyes some two or three hundred dollars in money, so that when the house was finished Noyes was indebted to him about four hundred dollars, for labor and money. When Noyes' house was completed, he went to work upon a house for Mr. John Cross, in the vicinity, his clothes and part of his tools still remaining at Noyes' house.

He left Cross' house one evening to go up to Mr Noyes—and was never seen after that time. Some little excitement existed there (as the old people say) at the time, respecting his mysterious disappearance, but as he was a stranger, in a measure, it was said he had absconded, and Noyes soon after pretended, to have received a letter from somewhere in New York, requesting him (Noyes) to sell his (Hodgdon's) tools, and other things, and out where the proceeds of the sale went to New York or any where is not known. The excitement, however, soon died away, and nothing more said or thought about it, until the death bed confession, which we publish below, brought the hidden mystery to light.

Noyes did a few days since, and on his death bed intimated that he had something to disclose before he could die in peace, but Mann went a day or two before his death and spent a whole day with him, and after that nothing more was said about divulging any thing, and he expired apparently in the greatest mental agony and under horrible remorse of conscience, frequently exclaiming. "O God! forgive me that one sin" The Edwards to whom it is supposed he (Mann) referred, and who many now suppose was accessary to the murder, is now living, and has been partially deranged, at times ever since, as well as Mann.

From the New Bedford Mercury.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Capt. Borden of the whale ship Sally Ann, who arrived at this port on Saturday last from St. Helena has furnished us with a list, carefully compiled by a friend at that place, of the slave vessels and number of slaves captured by H. B. M vessels of war on the west coast of Africa, and taken to the island of St. Helena for adjudication, and condemned at that place during the period fom July 3, 1840, to May 6, 1842. It cannot but excite surprise and indignation among our readers in learning of the great extent to which this nefarious practice is still carried on. The list before us that includes thirty-two vessels having on board at the time of their capture no less than FIVE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE SLAVES. Of these, 1736 have died, 1332 have been conveyed to the Cape of Good Hope, 512 to Demarara, 120 to Jamaica, 201 to Trinidad, 198 have apprenticed at St. Helena, and 1010 remain to be sent, in accordance with their own choice, to the British Colonies. Of the thirty-four slavers, 28 were captured under Portugese colors, 2 Brazilian, 1 Montevideo, and 3 English. Among the latter, is the brig Cypher, formerly of Salem Mass.

The number of vessels successfully engaged in the traffic in slaves must be, of course, far greater than the number of captures. The unfortunate Africans who thus fall into the hands of these inhuman monsters, are found crowded together in a most deplorable condition.—Such as have the good fortune to be recaptured are landed at St. Helena, where they are placed in depots provided for their reception by the British Government, and humanely provided for; or in case of disease existing among them, those infected are placed on board of a roomy vessel lying at anchor at the leeward of the principal anchorage, and placed under proper medical treatment. Those who may choose to go to service as laborers on the island, are permitted to do so for a term of from three to seven years, under the approbation of the Collector of the customs, with all the rights and immunities of British subjects. Our correspondent says:

"These captures are made, and the negroes declared free, in virtue of a late order in Counsel of Her Britannic Majesty. But it must be very questionable whether the present mode of disposing of these people is a strictly just one. No doubt Great Britain means well. Would it not be a more consistent plan to restore these poor wretches to their own native homes, to burn the vessels they are found in then to put on shore in Africa those piratical villians who would thus entrap and enslave them? Hence would the liberated African IN NAME be liberated IN REALITY—a just restribution would fall on the heads of his enemies, who would now in turn be in the negroe's power, and Great Britain would be saved the enormous expence of thus maintaining them.

"At present the captains, officers and crews, are permitted to go at large, and until they can find ships to take them from St. Helena, are allowed by Government 84 cents each per diem. Instead of this, would it not accord more with strict justice to award corporeal punishment and seven years confinement with hard labor at the public works, to these monsters of iniquity? If this was done, it is presumed it would have a salutary effect in preventing such diabolical and fiendish proceedings being repeated. One of these brutal captains has been taken three times in different vessels.

TO PRESERVE BOOKS.—A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mould and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch tree, never moulders; and merchants suffer large bales of this leather to remain in the London docks, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp. The manner of preserving books with perfumed oil was known to the ancients.—The Romans used oil of the ceder to preserve valuable MSS. Hence the expression ing any work worthy of being anointed with cedar oil, or in other words worthy of being preserved and remembered.

Greenfield Gazette.

A good natured tailor "somewhere to the North," surprised his neighbors one morning by an unexpected packing up of his goods and chattels preparatory to a removal of his family.—What are you off for says a friend—"And has not good Parson Brown left town and carried off the thermometer with him, replied he, and sure I'll not live where the weather can get as hot or as cold as it pleases."

PIRATICAL OUTRAGE.—The N. Y. Tribune of the 21st says:

"The Arthereophora, Parker, arrived here yesterday with pine wood, from Virginia. The schooner hails from New Jersey, is owned there, and is bound to Hoboken. While at York River, she experienced no trouble from the execution of the 'Nigger Law,' as it is called in Virginia, which subjects every vessel from New York to a search, and to pay fees of ten and sometimes eleven dollars. She left York River, and was forced by stress of weather into Watchpng, Accomac County, for a harbor. Here she was boarded by sixteen men, under the command of Thomas T. Croper, armed with guns, pikes, pistols and Bowie-knives. Among them was a large negro armed with a pike. They came on board the vessel, and although it was stated she was not owned in New York, but in New Jersey, and was bound to New Jersey, yet they proceeded to search her and demanded their fees. Will not Gov. Pennington look to this?—The same party boarded the schooner Arrival of Flushing, and kept her papers.

The New york Commercial Advertiser says that a weapon of the most destructive character has lately been invented by an American resident in England, and the model sent to this country to be submitted to the U. S. Government for their purchase or approval. The principles of its destructibility have not been divulged nor will they probably be if our government purchases the exclusive right. It is represented to be an "infernal machine" of the first water, not only scattering destruction where it strikes, but cutting and slashing as it proceeds, with two edged teeth and cutters. The model is in the hands of an intelligent engineer of New York, who will shortly proceed to Washington on the subject.

At Cincinnati, on the 21st instant, Flour had fallen to $3 per barrel, and sales were dull at that. Wheat continued to sell at 50 cents per bushel. The river was falling fast, but the navigation continued uninterrupted for small boats to Pittsburg.

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