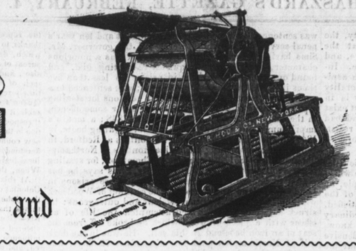
Haszard's  Gazette.

Farmers' Journal and Commercial Advertiser.

"MEASURES, NOT MEN."——"HE MUST SPEAK WHOSE WORD LEAPS FORTH AT ONCE TO ITS EFFECT, WHO CALLS FOR THINGS THAT ARE NOT, AND THEY COME."

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(For Haszard's Gazette.)

HELP HIM ALONG.

All men are but journeyers over Life's highway—
Yet how different our roads, how unequal our style!
Some dash along 'mid the glitter of splendor,
And some reach the goal scarce illumed by a smile;
Yet we are dependent on each other's bounty—
The strong on the weak, and the weak on the strong—
Who would make joyous his own weary journey,
Must smile on his brother and help him along.

Wealth does not always bring happiness with it,
And often 'tis cankered by sorrow and care,
False friends and false pleasures will circle around it
While its owner may live on the verge of despair!
Rich man, look around! thy brother is weary—
He travels in pain through the world's cold throng—
Quick! open thy strongbox and give him a portion—
'Twill both make *you* happy and help *him* along!

If wealth you have not, then give of your kindness,
As by him you pass—for you *may* meet again—
You will reap rich reward in real enjoyment,
For kindness was never yet given in vain!
And even a smile to one who is fearful,
May bring to his mind, like an old household song,
Sweet recollections, which, if not cheerful,
Will make him more happy and help him along.

Kind words to companions, like sunshine to flowers,
Will raise drooping heads and send warmth to cold hearts,
Then why not give freely of this precious treasure,
Which takes not from you and such gladness imparts!
When some mind, strong in Right, doth sternly give battle
To Falsehood and Faction, to Error and Wrong,
And speaks the truth nobly regardless of censure—
Go, cheer him on bravely, friend—help him along!

Yes, we are dependent,—the great chain of Nature
Encircles us all in its far-spreading coils:
And he who would fain make his pathway less rugged
By grasping and hugging the earth's richest spoils,
Soon finds by the weight that 'tis all a delusion,
And sinks 'neath the load of his riches and *ton*,
Then feels e'en the rich have need of assistance
To raise them—to cheer them—to help them along!

ALPHA.

Charlottetown, Jan. 28, 1857.

THE WEDDING.

A BACKWOOD SKETCH.

During a residence in America, no observing person can fail to have remarked, whether he travel in Canada, the United States, or Texas, the vast number of Irish families to be met with. They bear such distinctly-marked peculiarities, that no mistake can occur in attributing to them their native soil. It has been my lot to visit many of the settlements of these wanderers from the green isle; but nowhere did I meet any family which so singularly interested me, as one which a few months back was residing within the limits of the young republic of Texas, consisting of the father, mother, a son and two daughters. Old Rock, or as he is generally called, Captain Rock—a name doubtless assumed—emigrated to America seventeen years ago—his family then consisting of two daughters; for the son was born afterwards in the land of his adoption. For seven years, the sturdy Irishman (originally well informed and well educated, though his early history was never known) contended with the difficulties incident to new settlers, with various success, in different parts of the Union, when he was induced to join the first band of adventurers who, under General Austen, obtained leave from the Mexican government to locate themselves in Texas. The family obtained a grant of land as a matter of course; but old Rock did not fancy settled agricultural pursuits. To have round him a well-stocked farm, cleared and productive fields and herds of cattle, would have required a degree of perseverance and patient personal labor of which he was incapable. He preferred the life of a wandering squatter, upon which he at once entered, and which he has never since deserted. Building a boat, old Rock embarked in it on one of the Texian rivers, with his family, an old gun, and a small stock of ammunition, and, following the windings of the stream, did not stop until he came to an abandoned log-hut, or frame house, where he thought he might find temporary accommodation.

Of these deserted houses Texas has many, their abundance arising from various causes—death from fever, the terrible civil war, or, oftener still, from men having hastily chosen a location, and built thereon, before it was found out that the spot was undesirable and unproductive. Rock was not nice. If the neighborhood supplied game, he was satisfied. Sometimes an acre of sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and pumpkins, might be put under cultivation; otherwise, the family lived entirely upon venison, wild fowl, fish and oysters, and, it was whispered, pork upon occasion. A reported fondness for this latter article was one of the causes of old Rock's frequent migrations. No sooner did he pitch himself in any neighborhood, than, it was said, pork was at a premium. Pigs certainly disappeared most mysteriously; but though all threw the blame upon Rock, he ever averred the panthers, wolves, and stray hunters, to have been the real culprits. However this might be, after some months' residence in any particular spot, the family usually received a polite notice to quit, and find another dwelling-place. Eighteen several times had the Hibernian patriarch removed his tent at the bidding of his fellows; any neglect of such orders being usually followed by the infliction of that summary justice called Lynch law.

When I became acquainted with the family, early in the autumn of 1842, they were residing on one of the tributaries which pour into Galveston bay—known as Dick's Creek. The son was sixteen, a small-made lad, who entirely supported the family by means of his gun, being one of the most expert hunters I ever met with in the backwoods. Every article not produced by themselves—their clothing being entirely of deerskin—was obtained by bartering venison hams, which they always carefully preserved for this purpose. Rock and his wife were now old; the former, though yet sturdy, moving about only in his boat, and smoking over his fire; the latter doing all the cooking. Mary and Betsy Rock, the daughters, it would be in vain to attempt faithfully to delineate. Fat, brown, and healthy, dressed in petticoats and spensers of deerskin, they were the most original pair it was ever my lot to encounter. They could neither read nor write, but could hunt and fish most excellently well: and two adventurous days they were that I spent in their company. They had never seen an Englishman before since they were grown up, and my pictures of life at home enraptured them. With the younger daughter Mary—the other was engaged to be married to a Yankee—I became a prodigious favorite, and many a hunt in the canoe and in the prairie had we together. But to my story. After leaving them with a faithful promise of paying them another visit, I found myself, six weeks after, again at the door of the once elegant frame-house where I had left them. To my surprise it was half-burnt and desolate. This disappointed me much; for I had brought up several appropriate presents for both my young friends. Pursuing my way, however, up the river, I halted at a farm-house, where I found several persons collected, who quickly informed me that the family had been 'mobbed' off the creek, with threats of being shot if they settled within ten miles of the spot. Where they had gone to no one knew, or seemed to care; and these parties being the very extempore administrators of justice who had warned them off, I soon departed, and gained the house of my friend Captain Tod, where I purposed ruralising during some weeks. From Tod I learned that two fat pigs had lately disappeared; and suspicion most unjustly, as it afterwards turned out, having fallen on the Rocks, the squatter and his family had to seek a new resting-place. On hearing this, I gave up all idea of ever again seeing my fair friends.

Three days passed in the usual occupation of a hunting party, when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, I was left alone in the log-hut to amuse myself over certain lately arrived English papers, while my companions were employed in searchig the country round for some cattle which my friend the captain was desirous of selling. About an hour before sunset, footsteps, which I supposed to be those of one of the returning party of cow-boys, were heard behind the hut, then at its side, and in a minute more the latch was raised, and in walked—Tim Rock. The young hunter, having satisfied himself that I was really there, advanced close to me, and answered my greetings. My first inquiries were after his sisters. 'Why,' said he, 'sister Bet is to be married to-morrow, and sister Mary has sent me to invite you to the wedding.' 'How,' said I, in some surprise, 'did your sister know I was here?' Tim laughed, and replied that, when I stopped with my boat's crew at the farm-house, he was on the opposite bank in the big timber hunting, but dared not communicate with me in consequence of what had occurred. After a few more words of explanation, I shouldered my gun, my packet of presents for the young ladies, and, leaving a line in pencil for my friends, followed Tim through the forest, till we reached the water's-edge, where carefully concealed by overhanging trees and bushes, I found a moderate-sized canoe. It was almost dark when I stepped into the boat, but still I saw that it already contained a human being; so my hand mechanically sought the butt of my pistol. 'You won't shoot me sir,' said the rich full merry voice of Mary Rock to my infinite surprise. Tim laughed heartily at my mistaking her for an Indian, and then, cautioning me to speak low, until all the houses on the river were passed, we placed ourselves in the craft, and commenced our voyage. I, knowing the bayou to a nicety, acted as steersman. Mary sat next with a paddle, and Tim in the bows with another. It seemed, that, determined to have me at their wedding, the brother and sister, with the consent of their friends, had started to fetch me, feeling certain that I would come, after the promises I had made to that effect. It seemed that they had judged rightly, for here was I, in company with two of the rudest settlers in the wilderness, embarked in a frail canoe to go I knew not whither—nor did I much care. This roving spirit it was, indeed, which initiated me into many secrets and mysteries of the woods and prairies which escape the more sober and methodical.

The record of that night's journey would in itself be a curious chapter in western economy; but more important matters forbid. Suffice it to remark, that, after sixteen miles' journey down a river by moon-light, and as many more across the rough and sea-like bay of Galveston, enlivened by merry jocund talk all the way, we arrived about dawn at the new settlement of the Rock family. It was a large deserted barn or warehouse near Clare Creek. The family were already up and stirring, and engaged in active preparation for the important ceremony; and to my surprise, the supply of eatables and drinkables was both varied and great—all, however, being presents from the bridegroom, one Luke, a wealthy landowner for Texas, in possession of much cleared ground, and many hundred head of cattle. It may be matter of surprise that a man well to do in the world should have chosen a bride so every way rude and uneducated; but in Texas women are scarce, and then the lover might have looked far before he could have found a more cheerful and good-natured companion, more willing to learn, more likely to be loving, faithful, and true, than Betsy Rock. The blushing bride received me in a cotton gown, shoes and stockings, and other articles of civilized clothing previously unknown to her, and in which she felt sufficiently awkward. But Luke had sent them, and Betsy wished to appear somebody on her wedding day. My presents were all, therefore, except a bead-necklace, employed in decorating Mary, who, secreting herself behind a screen with her sister, almost convulsed me with laughter by appearing a few minutes after in a man's red hunting-shirt, a cotton petticoat, white stockings and mocassins, the body of a silk dress sent her by a Galveston lady, and a cap and bonnet. Never was London or Parisian belle prouder than was this little rosy-cheeked light-hearted Texian beauty.

About eight o'clock the visitors began to arrive. First came a boatful of men and women from Galveston, bringing with them a negro fiddler, without whom little could have been done. Then came Dr. Worcester and his lady from St. Leon in a canoe; after them Colonel Brown from Anahuac in his *dug-out;* and, about nine, the bridegroom and four male and an equal number of female companions on horseback, the ladies riding either before or behind the gentlemen on pillions. Ere ten, there were thirty odd persons assembled, when a most substantial breakfast was sat down to, chiefly consisting of game, though pork, beef, coffee, and, rarer still, bread, proved that Luke had had a hand in it. This meal being over, the boat in which the party from Galveston had come up, and which was an open craft for sailing or pulling, was put in requisition to convey the bride and bridegroom to the nearest magistrate, there to plight their troth. The distance to be run was six miles with a fair wind going, but dead against us on our return. The party consisted of Luke, who was a young man of powerful frame, but rather unpleasant features; the bride and bride's-maid (Mary Rock officiating in this capacity), papa of course, myself as captain, and eight men to pull us back. The breeze was fresh, the craft a smart sailer, the canvass was rap full, and all therefore being in our favour, we reached West Point, the residence of Mr. Parr, the magistrate, in less than an hour. We found our Texian Solon about to start in chase of a herd of deer, just reported by his son as visible, and being therefore in a hurry, the necessary formalities were gone through, the fee paid, and the usual document in the possession of the husband in ten minutes. The eye of the old squatter was moistened as he gave his child away; some natural tears *she* shed, but dried them soon; and presently everybody was as merry as ever.

No sooner were the formalities concluded, than we returned to the boat, and to our great delight found that, close hauled, we could almost make the desired spot. The wind had shifted a point, and ere ten minutes, we were again clean full, the tide with us, and the boat walking the waters at a noble rate. All looked upon this as a good omen, and were proportionably merrier; none more so than my own particular friend Mary, who, in her finery, was an object of much good-humored joking from the men who surrounded her. About one o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Charles Luke were presented by old Rock to the assembled company at the barn; and, after an embrace from her mother, the bride led the way, accompanied by her lord and master, to the dinner table. The woods, prairies, and waters, as well as the Galveston market, had all liberally contributed their share of provender. Wild turkeys, ducks, geese, haunches of venison, were displayed, besides roast-beef, pork, red-fish, Irish and sweet potatoes, pumpkin and apple pie, and an abundant supply of whisky, brandy, and Hollands, without which a *fete* in Texas is nothing thought of. An hour was consumed in eating and drinking, when Sambo was summoned to take his share in the day's proceedings. Tables, such as they were, were cleared away, the floor swept, partners chosen, and, despite the remonstrance of one of the faculty present, Dr. Worcester, against dancing so shortly after a heavy meal, all present, the dissentient included, began to foot it most nimbly. Never was there seen such dancing since the world began, never such laughing, such screaming, such fiddling. Every one took off shoes and stockings. I was compelled to do so, to save the toes of my especial partner, Mary; and to the rapid music of the old negro, reels and country dances were rattled off at a most surprising rate. All talked, and joked, and laughed, such couples as were tired retreating to seek refreshment; but the dancing never ceasing, except at rare intervals, when Sambo gave in from sheer fatigue and thirst. Such was the state of things until about nine o'clock, when a sudden diminution in our number was noticed by all present. Mary had before let me into the secret; and the bride and bridegroom were missed, as well as the four couples who had accompanied Luke. Rushing into the open air, we descried the husband and wife on their fine black horse galloping beneath the pale moon across the prairie, escorted by their friends. A loud shout was given them, and those who remained, returned to the house to renew the dancing, which was kept up until a late hour. It was four days after my departure ere I regained my companions at Todville.

Such was the wedding of one of those hardy pioneers of civilization, whose descendants may yet be members of a great and powerful nation. I saw Luke and his wife, as well as Mary, on many subsequent occasions; but I never learned that the American backwoodsman repented his union with the wild Irish Diana, who had hunted deer on Murtany island with the English stranger, could paddle a canoe with more ease than she could use a needle, and shoot a buck with more facility than she could write her name. Luke, however, is teaching her more useful accomplishments; and Betsy, ere her children—one of whom I have already seen—are of an age to require instruction, will doubtless be able to render it. I hope, however, my picture will send over no one to wed Mary; for, though I have for the meantime returned to civilization, I cannot yet resign a certain faint notion, that there might be worse lives than that of a Texian settler with such an associate.

(*From the New York Tribune.*)

THE SLAVE TRADE IN NEW-YORK.

It seems to be now a matter of certainty that New York has been, for a number of years, the centre of the trade in slaves between the coast of Africa and Cuba, and one or two mercantile establishments here its sinews and strength. The recent slave trials abundantly prove that Mr. Crawford, the British Consul at Havanna, was correct in reporting on the 11th of October, 1854, that "almost all the slave expeditions for some time past have been fitted out in the United States, chiefly at New York, where there must be some establishment—ship or outfitting, capenter's or builder's yard—especially undertaking such business for the slavers." The number of slavers dispatched from this port within the last three years, though not easy to state with precision, cannot fall short of twenty-five or thirty.

From the records of the United States Courts it appears that no vessel was seized, and but five persons arrested for violations of the laws against the slave trade, between the years 1845 and 1854. Two of these parties forfeited their recognizances, one turned State's evidence, and no steps were finally taken against the other two; one of whom, Capt. Theodore Canot, in whose case a *nol. pros.* was entered, has since amused himelf with writing a book, entitled "Twenty Years on board an African Slaver." It is certain that the trade was a brisk one long before 1854, the year in which Mr. John M'Keon became United States District Attorney; but only then did the authorities begin to open their eyes and work with a will for the extirpation of the gang of pirates who infested the city. The success which has attended these efforts is shown by the pregnant facts that, though three slavers have been seized and forty-six men held to answer under the various statutes, two convictions only have taken place; and the merchant who is all but known to be at the bottom of the whole business is still at large, there not being sufficient proof to warrant his arrest, and continues to send at least one vessel a month to the coast of Africa. Why this is, where the blame should be laid, and what new steps must be taken to insure the punishment of these pirates and put an end to their business, a brief history of the slave cases will tend to show.

The first person tried was Capt. James Smith of the Julia Moulton, which was purchased in Boston, fitted out in New-York, and finally burnt at Cuba, after landing there some four-fifths of her cargo of slaves, the residue having died on board. Captain Smith was tried in November, 1854, under the act of 1820, as master of the Julia Moulton, and convicted of the capital offence of having received and conveyed negroes on board his vessel with intent to make them slaves. The case, however, finally turned upon the point of the captain's citizenship. In the case of a foreign vessel, which the Julia Moulton was proven to be, the act only applies to those of her crew who are citizens of the United States. Capt. Smith was a German by birth. But the Government introduced his Custom-House oath that he was an American citizen, which was held sufficient for the purposes of the prosecution, until disproved. A new trial was, however, subsequently granted, on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence of citizenship to warrant a conviction. The Government then consented to a plea of guilty of a minor offense, and the captain was fined and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, which he is now serving out in Kings County Jail.

Another case growing out of this successful voyage was tried last May. Wm. C. Valentine, of the firm of Babbage & Valentine, shipchandlers, was indicted for fitting out the Julia Moulton for the slave-trade. It was scarcely denied that he furnished the vessel with most of her stores, and there was testimony going to prove the guilty intent. The case turned, in a good measure, upon the construction to be put on the statute under which he was indicted. The sections in point are as follows:

"No citizen, or other person, shall, for himself or others, either as master, factor or owner, build, fit, equip, load or otherwise prepare any vessel, in any place within the United States, for the purpose of procuring any negro, mulatto, or person of colour, from any foreign country to be transported to any place whatsoever, to be held, sold or otherwise disposed of as a slave, or to be held to service, or labour; and such vessel, so built, fitted out, equipped, laden or otherwise prepared for such purposes, her tackle, apparel, furniture and lading, shall be forfeited, one moiety to the United States, and the other to the use of the prosecutor; and such vessel may be seized, prosecuted and condemned in any Court of the United States having competent jurisdiction.

"Every person so building, fitting out, equipping, loading or otherwise preparing or sending away, or causing any such act to be done, with intent to employ such vessel in such trade, or who shall in any wise be aiding or abetting therein, shall, on conviction, forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars, nor less than one thousand dollars, one moiety to the United States and the other to the prosecutor, and shall be imprisoned for a term not exceding 7 nor less than 3 years."

The Court held, Judges Nelson and Betts concurring, that no person was liable to the penalty of the last section quoted, "unless he acted in preparing or fitting the guilty vessel out, or aiding in doing so in the capacity of master, owner or factor, with intent to employ her in the slave trade under his own power or control." Under this construction of the statute, coupled with the fact that the principal witness against the prisoner was one Wills, the first mate of the vessel, and therefore, as a participator in the criminal voyage, obnoxious to great suspicion, the Jury found little difficulty in rendering a verdict of acquittal.

The ruling made by the Court in this case took away all the practical effeciency of those provisions of the law which bear upon the parties most in fault, as was abundantly proved in Lasala's case, which seems to have wholly turned on this point. Rodolph E. Lasala was indicted for fitting out the Horatio, which sailed from this port in the year 1854, landed a cargo of slaves in Cuba, and after being half-scuttled by her crew, was taken possession of by the wreckers off the Florida coast, and repaired at Key West, between which port and New-York she has since plied. It was shown on the part of the Government that this vessel was prepared for sea under Lasala's general superintendance, and that the title stood in his name, shortly before she sailed. The defense, besides attempting to show that Lasala, although he provisioned and loaded the Horatio, might have been and was ignorant of her destination, claimed that he acted throughout as cashier, commission-merchant and interpreter for one Ejea, a Spanaird; and that Vasquez, another Spaniard, was the actual owner, when the brig left for the Coast of Africa. After two hours' deliberation, the Jury inquired whether the defendant would come under the law, if he was aware, at the time of fitting her out, that the vessel was to be engaged in the slave-trade. The Court answered in accordance with the construction of the statute stated above. and the Jury at once acquitted the prisoner.

The trial of Manuel Echeverria, indicted for fitting out the Mary Jane Peck, which was seized under suspicious circumstances by a British man-of-war off the African coast, lasted from the 10th to the 16th of last January, and resulted in his acquittal. The evidence bore on all the questions presented with almost equal directness, so that no one can be regarded as the turning point of the case.

A successful voyage, after the fashion of that of the Julia Moulton, made by the brig Altiva (or Osward,) which sailed from this port in 1855, led to the indictment of Beda Cunha Reis, of the firm of Figmiero, Ries & Co., for fitting out; and Lewis Brown the the negro cook, for voluntarily serving on board that vessel. One trouble in these cases grew out of the apparent unwillingness of the jury to credit the story of Andrew Wilson, the complainant and principal witness for the Government, but who had served on board the Mary E. Smith—seized at Brazil, with slaves on board—and after spending some weeks at a barracoon on the the Coast of Africa, had returned in the Altiva, to Cuba, and thence by another vessel to New-York. There was, moreover, but slight evidence connecting Reis with this particular voyage, and little or none under the statute, as construed by the Court. Brown, who had been found on other slavers besides the Altiva, owed his acquittal to a reasonable doubt on the testimony as to whether the vessel was foreign, and he a foreigner by residence; since, if these circumstances concurred, he was amenable to the act of 1800, under which he was indicted. There was evidence, also, tending to show that he was not aware of the object of the voyage till it was too late; and Wilson's story, that this negro owned a couple of the slaves himself, not improbably struck the jury as wholly incredible, in the face of contradictory statements by other witnesses.

Pending these trials, the schooner Falmouth and brig Braman were seized—the former at midnight as she was making her way down the harbor, without a pilot and with no clearance or other legal papers. No claimants appearing, she was condemned shortly after her seizure, and the proceeds of her sale divided between the Government and the Deputy Marshals who were her captors. The only parties arrested were those found on board, They consisted of José Lopez and Joachim Antoni, who claimed to be passengers, and an officerless crew of ten. All were held to answer in a civil suit under the act of 1794. Lopez and Antoni paid the statuory penalty of $2,000 each, for which, if really passengers, they were not liable, and left the city—being doubtless afraid that some one of the crew might take it into his head to disclose their real connection with the vessel. The case against the crew reached a trial, but the verdict was in their favor. There was little or no evidence of a guilty intent on the part of any of them, except Caspar Maurico Da Cunha, who was exempted from the operation of the act by the ruling of the Court, that it, as well as that of 1818, applied only to persons who acted in the capacity of master, owner or factor.

The brig Braman was seized on the 8th of last June, but the libel against her has not yet been heard. A commission has issued to take testimony at the island of St. Thomas, so that months are likely to elapse before a decision. Josefa Pedro Da Cunha and Placido de Castro have been tried on a charge of fitting out the Braman, and both acquitted. Against De Castro, whose trial took place a few weeks ago, the evidence was quite slight, under the construcion of the statute adopted by the Court. But a pretty good case was made out against Da Cunha, as supercargo. The testimony of Capt. Delano, of the Braman, was almost directly to the point, but the Jury preferred, it would appear, to believe that given by De Castro and others, who told a different story. The proof was, however, so strong against Henrico Da Costa, as to lead to hopes of his conviction, which were strengthened by the evident desire of his counsel to postpone the trial; but he gave the Deputy Marshal who had him in charge, the slip. The crew of the Braman were arrested on seperate indictments, framed under the act of 1800, for voluntarily serving on board, and were all tried together last July. These cases turned partly on the question of guilty intent, and partly on that of residence. All were acquitted except Wm. Pent, the second mate, who was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for two years and to pay a fine of $50. Within a fortnight afterwards he broke jail.

The bark Panchita was seized in October last. Antoine Silva, one of the parties found on board, has been sent to Baltimore, where he is indicted for the capital offense of having served on board of the slave schonner C. F. A Cole; the captain, named B. R. Naylor, was discharged by the Commissioner before whom he was examined, and left town before his indictment was ready. The recent trial of A. C. F. Mequita and Messrs. Wenberg and Weeks resulted in their acquittal, although it was as good as proved that the former was supercargo and the latter owners and fitters out of the Panchita. But a guilty intent was not made out. All the direct proof came from the first and second mates of the vessel, who were the original informers, and was little better than hearsay; and the indirect evidence deduced from the cargo, the papers found on board, &c., was far from strong. Though it is morally certain that the Panchita was destined for the slave-trade if a good chance presented itself, the legal case against her was a weak one, as Judge Betts clearly showed in his opinion discussing the libel against her.

But though only one of the three vessels captured has been condemned, and only two of forty-six persons held to answer convicted, the zealous and persevering efforts of the U. S. District-Attorney and Deputy Marshals have not been quite thrown away. A number of the most active participants in the abominable traffic in slaves have been driven out of the city, among whom may be named, Manuel Fraga, owner of the Braman; Lopez and Antoni, the Falmouth passangers; Salvador De Castro, Da Cunha, Da Costa, Boutilbo, and several of the slave captains, besides non-residents, such as Ejea and Vasquez, who came here for the purpose of buying vessels, or of preparing them to be slavers; the Portuguese Consul has been suspended from his functions until his skirts shall have been cleared of all complicity in the business; and, as our Havana correspondant wrote a few days ago, this branch of trade is seriously interfered with by the action of the U. S. officials in New-York, and the price of slaves in Cuba has been rising in consequence of the more limited supply from abroad. If nothing more had been done than to bring the matter to light, dislose the names of the parties implicated, and the course which they pursue, and reveal the real state of our law touching the slave-trade, the persons to whom we owe all these things might well consider their exertions amply repaid, and the public be thankful therefor. If nothing further had been done than to show that the United States is in earnest about this thing, and to enable her Consul at Havana to look the British Consul openly in the face—which he was almost ashamed to do two or three years ago—a good deal would have been accomplished.

But the above review of the slave trials shows that steps must be taken in other quarters in order effectually to prevent any vessel from sailing out of this harbor under the black flag. In the first place the law needs amendment. The guilt of a person who knowingly sells a pound of rice or a shook to a vessel which is going out on a slave voyage, is the same in kind, though perhaps not in degree, with that of the barracoon owner who sells or the master who stows, the raw article between his decks. But for what he and those like him do, the slave-trade would be a thing of the past in fact, as it is in theory and by the statute books of all civilised nations. But as the law now stands, and will doubtless be construed by the Supreme Court, if the question ever reaches that tribunal—Judges Nelson and Betts thought the point too clear to warrant a division of opinion between them, in which case alone an appeal lies to Washington in criminal causes—as the law now stands, a man who entirely prepares a vessel for sea and owns her himself up to the moment in which she weighs anchor for Africa, may clear himself from all liability in the premises by a sale at that instant. For he has not fitted her out with intent to employ her *himself* in the slave trade. He means that she shall be so employed; he has lent his energies for months past, perhaps, to that end, and has been at the pains of freighting her with all things necessary for a successful cruise, of appointing a master who is familiar with the coast, and selecting a crew who are heart and hand in the adventure. He has taken every means of guarding the vessel from detection, and at length, after practically sharing in the proceeds of the voyage, guarded himself by a transfer of title. But he is not directly interested; he has no control over the vessel, and so goes scot free. The law must be amended so as to cover the case of every person who, in any way whatsoever, voluntarily aids in building, loading, equipping, or fitting out a vessel which is to be employed in the slave trade.

Among other provisions to be incorporated into the law of the slave-trade, should be one designed to bring all persons who sail from our ports on a slaving voyage within its operation. Others of the crew of the Braman beside William Pent would doubtless have been convicted had residence within the United States been proven upon them. And if Capt. Smith had been shown not to be a foreigner, he would have suffered death instead of a paltry three years' imprisonment. Every party who uses our soil for an unlawful purpose should be considered as within the full scope of our criminal statutes, especially if his native country has also prohibited the offense which he commits.

The claimant of a vessel arrested on suspicion of being a slaver should be required to prefer his claim in open court in person. Nothing could show the utility of such a provision better than the case of the Braman. Manuel Fraga was signing a claim as her owner before one of the deputy clerks in town, while a Deputy Marshal was seeking to execute a warrant issued against him as such. As soon as his claim was fairly filed, he left town for good; and he now purposes to pocket the proceeds of the sale of his vessel is case she is not condemned, and at the same time to avoid the penalty which might attach to his claim if true. Had an appearance in open court been requisite, we apprehend that no one would have heard of him or his connection with the Braman. It has also been suggested that the collector should be empowered to require bonds in the case of every suspected vessel in double her value, conditioned that if she does not safely return within a certain specified time, a satisfactory account of her whereabouts shall be rendered; but we are unable to see how such a course could prevent a transfer of the vessel on the coast of Africa.

But the difficulty will not all disappear with the passage of these necessary statuory provisions. Obstacles inherent in the nature of the business will still remain in the path of justice. The case of the Panchita fully proves that the cargo of a slaver differs so little from that of vessels engaged in the lawful trade—in which at least fifty vessels according to the statement of a witness on one of these trials, are dispatched yearly from New-York to Africa—as to make it difficult legally to distinguish the one from the other. It is made up of the same articles in essentially similiar proportions. And what, indeed, hinders a slaver from killing two birds with one stone, by taking out articles which she may trade off for negroes, either directly or through the agency of the factories which drive a brisk trade between the natives and chance vessels, in the immediate vicinity of the slave barracoon? Her wisest course is to go prepared to take a cargo of slaves on board in case a good chance presents itself; but in default of the dishonest dollar turn an honest penny.

But if the indirect evidence from which to presume a guilty intent is in future likely to be very weak, the direct can be little stronger. No prudent merchant, no sly Portuguese, will be likely to make a clean breast of his design; and the only witnesses, at the best, who are knowing to the facts, are suspicious characters, such as participants in the traffic, accomplices, informers—men whom a jury is very slow to believe. The most direct and positive evidenece on the part of persons of this class against several of the parties lately tried seems to have been regarded as worthless by the juries who heard it, or at least as more than counterbalanced by testimony bearing on the general good character of the accused. The case of the Panchta, in short, proves that it will be all but impossible in future to convict a vessel seized at the port of departure of being a slaver. She must be caught in the overt act to render the proof plenary against her and her crew. Her owners and fitters out can then be convicted, if known and arrested in season.

From what we have said it appears that the true course to be taken is this: Let Congress make a thorough revision of the law, and incorporate into it whatever provisions are needed to insure the punishment of all parties concerned, and the final suppression of the traffic. Let the Coast of Africa be lined with crusiers, numerous, swift, watchful, and well acquainted with the haunts of slavers. Let the officials here continue to be on the alert, mark all suspicious vessels and persons connected in any way with them, and transmit a list of the names of both to the Consuls and Secretary of the Navy, whose duty it shall be to supply the varions commanders in the fleet off the coast with a copy. Then the latter will know whom to watch, and the officials at home whom to arrest when a capture is made. All parties should, of course, receive sufficient compensation, which none of them do now, to insure and reward their exertion.

Is it too much to hope that Congress will take up this matter in earnest? Cannot a body which has just passed, by more than a two-thirds vote, a resolution couched in such strong terms as that of Mr. Etherige, give it practical efficiency by the needed legislation? If nothing is done within the next two or three weeks, we look to the Legislature to take care of this State, and sweep pirates and piracy from New-York City. But we hope that they will move in the matter, whether Congress shall act or not.

Duty of Old Age.—A material part of the duty of the aged consists in studying to be useful to the race who succeeds them. Here opens to them an extensive field, in which they may so employ themselves, as considerably to advance the happiness of mankind. To them it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their long experience; to instruct them in the proper conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers of life; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour; and both by precept and example to form them to piety and virtue. Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.—*Dr Blair.*

The man who 'kept his word' gave serious offence to a lexicographer, who wanted it for a new dictionary.