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A Selected Tale.

From the Waverly Magazine.

THE MINIATURE;
OR THE LAST TREASURE.

BY ANNA LAURA.

Non's dark mantle had overshadowed the earth. It was one of extreme beauty; not a cloud o'erspread the blue ether; all nature was lulled to rest. Luna, in her royal robes, had scarce reached the meridian of her glory; her gay attendants, decked in diamonds, twinkled and sparkled around her throne in ecstasy or joy, while here and there one of a larger and more stentorian appearance slowly wound its way through the void of space, hanging like a silken curtain from the floor of Heaven. The time worn clock had just tolled the hour of midnight, and all the inhabitants of the quiet town of B— had retired to rest save a few moonlight ramblers that might be seen wandering here and there along the pleasant streets, indulging their romantic fancies in fairy dreams of the future; but now to our story.

From one of the windows of a long row of buildings at the lower end of the town might be seen a faint light, as though proceeding from some midnight lamp that had almost expired; into this room we will now introduce you; upon a small table stood the lamp that shed a dim light upon all around, making everything look sad and mournful; beside it lay scattered, in confusion, a number of books.—The glass of the lamp fell upon the open leaves of Virgil, and Homer's dull pages lay as though they had recently been perused by some one, while many of the other classics lay confusedly around.

By the side of this table sat Alonzo Beauford. He was but a youth—his form slender and well proportioned; his eyes, dark as ebony; his hair fell in wavy locks of raven blackness upon his pure and unadorned brow; a forehead of Grecian mould told that he was no common character. Something so noble, so grand, lurked beneath those dark lashes, and a keen observer might there have read a tale of future greatness.

Such was Alonzo; but now a sad and mournful look rested upon his countenance, as he turned from the contemplation of his books to another object that adorned the table; it was the miniature of a young girl, that scarce looked as though she had reached her sixteenth year. Her hair, black as ebony, was carefully looped up in braids; her eyes, dark and expressive, complexion fair, with the tint of the rose upon her cheek; her arms were bare and gracefully moulded; hands small, and fingers tapering; her form slender and graceful; though she was not, what might be called a great beauty, yet there was something in her eye that sent forth a look of more than common intelligence.

Such was the picture of Louise Gooding; she was an only child, and an orphan; her parents had slept in their silent graves many long years. She lived with an uncle; she was brought up under their own roof, and taught to consider their fireside as her home. But still she always felt as though she was not one of their own; and often did she wish she had a home of rest and happiness.

Three years previous to this, Alonzo first beheld this gentle being. She was one of those immortal spirits whom to know is but to love; and Alonzo did love with an almost heaven devotion, but her friends appreciated not his worth, and she was forbidden to associate with him. But now, as he gazes upon this picture, every feature is perfect in his sight; his only object is to woo and win the original, and for this he strives and determines to accomplish what is almost beyond his reach. His motto, *perseverance*. Talents have been his kind creator's gift, and he is resolved to use them to the best advantage in accomplishing his end; his studies have now almost surpassed his years, but still his soul thirsts for knowledge.

But why this sadness upon his brow? this miniature is his last treasure and even this is demanded. This gift, that was once bestowed with the heart's best wish, is now cruelly required of him; she has blamed him for inconstancy; her heart has grown cold to those feelings of pure affection she once cherished; and now she turns upon him the blame, while he has only been fostering this love deep in his bosom, never doubting the fountain that had almost dried within her breast.

By the side of the picture lay a note he had received that evening, stating that she no longer wished to be anything more than a friend; and supposing his love had vanished, wished him to return her miniature. All else had been taken; hope had been denied him. Yes, even all hope; and now she wished to deprive him of this last treasure.

At first he was so overwhelmed with astonishment that he knew not what to do. He almost resolved not to return the picture; and, to turn his thoughts from the sadness before him, he brought his guitar from its resting place, and its gentle tones soon echoed along the streets as the words of that lovely song met the ear of the passer by—

"Lips of love's melody, where are ye born—
Never to smile again, never to mourn."

But he laid it aside in despair; its gentle tones only mocked his sorrow, for it carried him back to memory's dim old halls, to the times when those silvery chords were only touched for her, on some night as enchanting as the present, as he sat in the vine clad arbor

of her home, singing "La Serenade" of the olden time.

Again he sought his couch, thinking there to drown his thoughts in the gentle arms of Morpheus; but soon the fairy land of dreams brings her again before his eyes. In fancy that spirit hovers around, and gently leads him back to the days in which his life passed like a dream, it was so happy; but the early dawn aroused him from these visits to fairy land, and he awakes to find it all a dream; and there lay the miniature—the fatal note that had destroyed his happiness, and the unlearned pages stood in silent reproof open before him.

Day after day passed, but still the miniature was retained. But, one morning, as he wakened from his troubled sleep, the resolve came—"I will return it, she demands it; I am too noble to refuse, let the pang be as bitter as it may. The midnight lamp found him penning page after page; in which he told, in words of burning eloquence, his devotion for the picture. His letter was not a long list of sentimental phrases, joined together by love-sick sighs, but it was the pure and innocent devotion of the heart, that had been nurtured and fostered there for years.

Finally, it was sealed, and sent; the miniature was carefully enclosed and sent with it; and now all was gone. "The last treasure of his brightest hopes had departed, but he was determined not to let it stand thus; see her he would, whatever it might cost him; and on the next evening, though dark and rainy, he sought her mansion. She sat alone in the parlor; a ring at the door bell announced a call from some one; he entered; she received him with a smile. After conversing on various topics, she asked her to sing the songs she used to sing long, long ago. She seated herself at the piano, and soon not a sound was heard save the echo of her voice and the gentle tones of the instrument; her whole soul seemed to be in the music, and he sat as though spell bound to the spot. Song after song was sung, piece after piece was played, yet still he waited not; but, while she thus played, a new impulse came over him.

"Shall I thus so easily lose my own Louise—her whom I had so surely won? No—I will try again." Soon she ceased—the charm was broken, and now he told the object of his visit; he told how the sweetest chords of his guitar had been poured out for her, and never should they breathe such strains for another. Words passed, that he cannot relate; but, ere he departed, the picture was again his own; now he was contented; new energies fired his brain.

"I will win her in spite of friends and of fortune. Fame shall be mine, if I am spared life and health to obtain it. Ere another month passes away, I will leave my native home and dwell within the classic halls of a college; there I will finish my education that I have so ardently begun and then try my talent in the world, and gain, if possible, what I desire.—Time and expense shall not be spared for the realization of this point, and I will yet call that jewel within the casket mine own."

Two years have passed. What an era of time in man's existence; but, oh, what a drop in the ocean to his immortal being. Time rolls on, but brings with it many changes. Let us now introduce you to a lovely cottage in the outskirts of one of our eastern cities. It is a beautiful evening in the month of September; the trees were just tinged with the golden hues of Autumn. Around the cottage is a large yard, carpeted with the greenest grass; here and there studded with beds of the richest Autumnal flowers. The Elm, the Linden, the Willow and the Cypress were their graceful boughs in luxuriant beauty around the cottage, while the vine-clad arbutus scattered here and there prove the taste of the inmates. But now let us enter. From an open window might be seen a lady, looking long and anxiously, as though waiting the arrival of some one; she is surrounded by all that wealth or taste could procure. A carpet of almost living flowers greet your entrance. The chairs, covered with crimson velvet, cast a lovely shade upon the richly embroidered curtains of snowy whiteness that adorn the windows. A piano, of thrilling tone, ornaments one side of the room, while a gentle harp lies silently by its side.

But let us turn again to the occupant of this room; with a little observation you might easily trace in those dark expressive eyes the features of Louise Gooding, now Louise Beauford; she scarce looks a year older than when we last saw her miniature upon the table of the young student; but why looks she so anxiously from the window, a smile of joy beaming from her face? It is because she is expecting Alonzo. He is now about returning from his third session in Congress. The cares of his business are now over, and hourly he is expected by the anxious Louise.

At last the long looked for coach arrives, and she is soon in the arms of her husband. In the course of the evening the guitar is brought forward. Yes, that instrument that has passed through so many scenes, is now kept as a precious relic of the past, and she in her turn sings the songs of long past.

In one corner of the room stands a table of exquisite carving, on which lay the relics of the past, a book from one friend, a gift from another, but the miniature, or the last treasure, is now the most precious object that adorns it.

A southern paper says:—A dentist in Washington has taken out a patent for generating gas from simple wood. This is no idle fiction.—We examined the works, and saw the light burning in juxtaposition with that created from the Scotch coal, and it was equal to it both in purity and brilliancy. The inventor has entered into a contract with a company in Wilmington, N. C., to light up that town with his material. Pine wood, with which that country abounds, is preferred to any other, and the gas generated from it costs comparatively nothing. It is estimated that every house in Norfolk, and all the public lamps, can be lighted for a sum not exceeding a dollar per night.—This is almost as cheap as moonshine. The apparatus for generating this gas is extremely simple, and we expect in a very few years to find it in universal use—accessible alike to the poor as well as the rich.

Miscellaneous.

From the Lady's Book.
Husband and Wife.

It is an act of injustice towards women, and one which often brings its own punishment upon talented men, when they select, as their companions for life, the ignorant or the imbecile of the other sex, believing that, because they are so, they must be more capable of loving. If to be incapable of anything else, implies the necessity, it must be granted that they are so. But of what value is that love which exists as a mere impulse of nature, compared with that which with an equal force of impulse, combines the highest attributes of an enlightened mind, and brings them all, with their rich produce, like flowers from a delicious garden, a welcome and appropriate offering at the shrine, wherever the heart is laid?

Still I must repeat that it is not the superiority of talent, but the early and the best use of such as we possess, which gives this and beauty to affection, by directing it to its appropriate end. For, as in other duties of woman's life, without knowledge she cannot, if she would act, properly; so in the expression and bestowment of her love, without an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, without having exercised her faculties of observation and reflection, and without having obtained by early discipline some mastery over her own feelings, she will ever be liable to rush blindly upon those fatal errors by which the love of married life so often has been wrecked.

Now, it is impossible for any woman of right feelings to hide from her conscience that, if she chooses to marry, she places herself under a moral obligation to make her husband's home as pleasant to him as possibly she can. Instead, therefore, of behaving as if it was the great business of married life to complain in her peculiar duty as a wife, and one for which, by her natural constitution, she is especially fitted, to make all her domestic concerns appear before her husband to the very best advantage. She has time for her troubles and turmoils, if such things must necessarily be, a fact which I am a little disposed to question, when her husband is absent, or when she is engaged exclusively in her own department; and if she would make his home what it ought to be to him—"an ever sunny place"—she will studiously shield him, as with the wings of love, from the possibility of feeling that his domestic annoyances give weight and poignancy to those more trying perplexities which most men, engaged either in business or in public affairs, find more than sufficient for their peace of mind.

A CURIOUS CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—An Irishman named Patrick Grace was arrested in Worcester on Saturday charged with the assault upon George W. Bentley, the cash clerk of the Worcester and Nashua railroad. The examination developed a curious chain of circumstantial evidence, of which the following narration is given in the Worcester Transcript:

"Grace took the Nashua cars at the station in this city, intending to proceed to Boston by way of Groton Junction. While on the road, his singular conduct attracted the attention of Mr. Brooks the conductor, who, at a favorable moment after the arrival of the train at the Junction, asked him where he was going. Grace, who was apparently under the effects of liquor, replied that he had struck a man in Worcester the night before, and was hastening to Boston to escape the consequences. Mr. Brooks immediately and reasonably suspecting him as the person guilty of the assault upon Mr. Bentley, engaged him in further conversation, in the course of which he (Mr. Brooks) asked him what had become of the hat he usually wore, and to his astonishment Grace replied that he had lost it in the scuffle! Mr. B. then asked him what kind of hat it was?—Grace replied that it was a Kossuth hat! Mr. B. then asked him to describe the man whom he had struck, and Grace proceeded to do so, giving an exact description of Mr. Bentley, even to the color of his whiskers! Mr. Brooks, as it was his duty to do, caused Grace to be returned to this city, where the evidence against him seemed to derive full confirmation in the fact that the Kossuth hat in possession of the police was found to fit him exactly, and he also answered fully the description which Mr. Bentley was able to give of his assailant, from what he could see in the darkness of the night. This testimony would inevitably have convicted Grace; but it was fortunate for him that the real assailant of Mr. Bentley was discovered through the agency of the lost hat, on Saturday morning. Grace was of course discharged on this complaint."

HOW TO OBTAIN HIGH HEALTH.—Walker in his "Original," lays down the following rules for attaining high health. They are worth remembering:

"First, study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially just before and after meals, and the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper—endeavor to look at the bright side of things—keep down as much as possible, the unruly passions—discard envy, hatred and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but only think what it is right to do in sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes or serious arguments, or unpleasant topics. 'Unquiet meals,' says Shakespeare, 'make ill digestions;' and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion. I advise wives not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances about children or servants nor to ask for money, nor produce unpaid bills, nor propound unreasonable questions; and I advise husbands to keep the cares and vexations of the world to themselves, to be communicative of whatever is comfortable, and cheerful, and amusing."

The London Poor.

The following extract, from a leading article in the London Morning Herald presents a gloomy picture of the condition of the laboring poor in the capital of "Merrie England." God help the poor.

What an exposition of human folly in view of the sad facts contained in the subjoined, do the grand preparations in honor of Mrs Stowe present to the world. Where in any Southern State in the United States, can be found an "Uncle Tom" in such destitution, and misery as the white subjects of Queen Victoria, and the fellow-creatures and neighbors of the Duchess of Sutherland, mentioned in the following sickening details. No more degrading exhibition of fallen humanity, in our opinion, has been made in this enlightened and christianized age than that afforded by the aristocratic furor now existing in England in relation to a lying representation of the institution of labor with us, and the preparatory proceedings of welcome to the author of the libellous fiction.

But there is no fiction in the subjoined; it is penned by those who know and daily witness the scenes they depict, and neither "Uncle Tom's Cabin" nor "key" can unfold such degradation, misery, and want: "Not very far from the spot where we write within no very great distance of the residence of many of our aristocracy, lies one of those dark and gloomy 'courts' which all over London are thronged by the poor. It is not, we believe, worse than hundreds of others, but it has been explored, and the humanity of those who have visited its dismal chambers, we are indebted for a description of the dwellings and the daily life of myriads of our swarming population.

The "court" of which we write, Charlotte-buildings, off Gray's-in-lane, contains fifteen houses, and these 15 houses give, each containing 8 rooms, shelter, upon the lowest estimate, 1000 persons. The description of one of these houses is the description of all. Will our readers bear with us while we take them through its apartments as they are described by an eye-witness. We begin with the two rooms upon the ground floor.

In the front room "there are no bedsteads, chairs, or tables, a few ragged cloths are drying before a little fire in the grate, above the mantel are a looking glass, about three inches high, and some torn prints of the crucifixion, &c; in the cupboards, without doors, are pieces of broken crockery; a kind of bed in one corner, with children asleep; the floor rotten in many parts, the walls and ceiling sadly cracked. The rent is 2s. 8d. per week, which is called for every Monday, and must be paid on Wednesday."

We are not told who are the inmates of this chamber, but the room immediately behind it "presents a sad scene of distress—the man, his wife, and some children, earn a living by chopping firewood; the man had been ill and not able to rise for two days; he was lying on a quantity of wood-shavings, and was covered with an old black and ragged blanket; his skin did not appear as if it had been washed for weeks; he was very ill, and evidently in a state of fever; his wife was almost equally dirty.—"We have no wood to chop," was the imprecation of their ultimate distress. This room was much dilapidated, and they had suffered greatly during the late severe weather, owing to the broken condition of the windows. The rent was 1s. 9d. per week; the window overlooks a back yard, the condition of which was shocking.

These, it will be remembered, are not the haunts of outcasts of society, who live by plunder. This wretched back room is the hiding-place of a miserable couple, who, with their children, attempt to earn their bread by an humble, an ill required, but an honest industry. The expression of their worst distress is, "We have no wood to chop."

"The first floor," continues the writer, "both back and front, was crowded with inhabitants. The people acknowledged that fifteen persons slept in the two little rooms last night; the walls were cracked and dirty, and the ceiling creaked and rattled upon the floor while the inmates are taking their food. One woman said that a part of the cracked hearthstone from above had fallen among the children. The rent of the front room is 2s. 3d.; back, 1s. 9d. Continuing our way up stairs, we found the state of the staircase of the rooms worse and worse. In the front room two pair, when our eyes had become accustomed to the Rembrandtish gloom, we found fifteen persons! Some had been selling onions, &c., in the streets, some begging, one or two were seemingly bricklayers' laborers, and others had been working at the carrion heaps in the neighborhood."

The others presented the same dismal picture, with addition of holes in the roof, through which the winds, and rains, and snows, made their way upon the inmates of this wretched tenement. For these attic the rent was the same as for the lower apartment—an anomaly accounted for by the fact that the landlord removes to the upper rooms those who may be a shilling or so in arrears of rent." The annual sum extorted from these miserable beings for the hire of this one house amounts to upwards of £40!—a rent infinitely greater, in proportion, than is paid for the noblest palaces of the West-end.

It is difficult to realize the appalling truth, that in one small court of this great metropolis, one thousand human beings are at this moment thus existing. Multiply this number by that of the similar receptacles of human misery that surround us, and we may venture to set, against all the degradation of human nature that prevails over ten thousand square miles of the most savage district upon earth, the utter abasement of our fellow creatures, which is, at the very hour when we write contained within the limits of the metropolis of great and Christian England.

Let men prate as they will about our progress, we do not believe that scenes like these existed in the olden time. Discomfort there may have been—distress, and hard and pinching times, but we do not believe that any generation but our own has ever witnessed so hideous a congregation of squalid, abject, and hopeless destitution as to be found in these loathsome receptacles to which our busy civilization drives its cast-off victims to rot."

General News.

Dreadful Assassination.

The following are the details of a horrible assassination in the Island of Java, contained in a letter by the last overland mail:

"It appearing for some time past that speculations in the coffee stores of the Government in Ponorogo, Madiven, had been going on, an investigation was ordered. The native store-keeper, (dissatisfied or perhaps alarmed, and wishing to be discharged before an enquiry was instituted,) in his official correspondence with the controller addressed his last letter 'to the controller,' without any other title of respect, as is usual in the proper style of a native addressing a European ambassador; his immediate chief.

On the receipt of the letter, Mr. Barsle, the controller, sent him and reprimanded him for his want of the usual formality, and told him that he would complain of it to the Assistant President, Mr. Vincent, at whose house (or office) he ordered him to appear the following morning at 9 o'clock. Poor Vincent had already given over his office to his successor and was to leave at 10 o'clock for a new appointment, but came into the office at the request of Mr. Barsle, for the purpose of completing an official document. Barsle then made his complaint against the store-keeper, and Vincent gave him 10 days arrest with the usual form of taking away his kids and paying, (an official umbrella ranking by his color,) both of which he delivered up and requested permission to absent himself for a few minutes.

He went outside where one of his attendants was waiting with his sari box and also another kris belonging to him, which he must have given him to carry when he left his home early in the morning. He snatched the kris, told the opassers, or attendants, "wait, I wish to say a few words to your master," rushed into the kantore and stabbed Barsle through the heart. He fell dead at his feet without a groan or struggle. Vincent on seeing this took up the chair on which he had been sitting, threw it at the fellow, knocking him down, and then escaped out of his office; the rascal on getting on his legs wanted to run amok and went into the clerk's office. All of the clerks except one had escaped and he was in the act of running away.

The assassin pursued, but soon gave up the chase, the country born clerks (half caste) being too active for him. On turning round he beheld Vincent peeping from the corner of the building, and made for him. Poor Vincent ran for it, and would have escaped, but looking round as he fled, he unfortunately stumbled over a stone, and before he could rise the assassin had stabbed him in three places in the belly, and nearly hacked off the fingers of his right hand. His young wife, hearing the noise, ran out, and seeing her husband on the ground attacked by a Javanese, came up at the very moment the murderer drew out his knife from his victim's side, and striking him in the face with her hands, the fellow, instead of stabbing her, as he might easily have done, appeared to come to his senses, looked at her full in the face for a minute or more, and then turned round and went away.

COOLEY LABOR IN CUBA.—A good deal was said on Change, Wednesday last, in New York, about the introduction of Coolies in Cuba. The Herald says:

According to the account of a returned merchant, from Havana, an interesting experiment was making in the island of Cuba, with coolie laborers. It appeared that they were being introduced from English vessels, and that there existed a good demand for them. Planters paid vessels \$160 a head for adults—the cost of their passage—and then had them bound to service for eight years at \$8 per month, and found in food, but clothing at their own expense.

It was believed that very few would ever regain their former homes—that those whom hard work, cholera, and the yellow fever spared, would be too poor at the end of the eight years to leave. In other words, it was slavery of the worst kind, in disguise. That while English fleets were vigilant in abolishing the African slave trade, and in preventing the introduction of Africans into Cuba, who were better adapted by nature for the cultivation of sugar, they were tolerating a much more cruel trade in coolies. Their own ships were allowed to transport offensive coolies, and virtually sell them and doom them to slavery for life, and to the worst of all taskmasters, the Spaniards, whose system of servitude was alike successful in exterminating Indians, negroes, and coolies. In Demarara large numbers had been introduced, but they were prohibited in the English colony from laboring in the towns, because their services came in competition with those of free blacks, to whom they were said to be superior in such places. The result, as far as English philanthropy has gone, has been to abolish black slavery, and reduce another race, less adapted for such labor, to a barbarous servitude in its place, more intolerable than that of the African race.

NEW DESCRIPTION OF COTTON.—The editor of the United States Economist has received from Messrs. J. C. Henderson & Co., of New York, a remarkable specimen of Cotton, destined for the World's Fair. It was procured by a merchant of Texas, from the "Pino," Indians. It is of a texture and strength of fibre to any ever before offered in that market.—To the touch it has the feeling incident to cotton. It is a long staple and a beautiful color. The discoverer has procured a quantity of the seed and intends to try its culture.

NEGRO TRADING.—We learn that a day or two since, two men were arrested at the 79 mile station on the Central Railroad, charged with bringing negroes into the State, and selling them contrary to law. They had brought some eight or ten negroes from N. Carolina, whom they had disposed of and had one in their possession when arrested. They were taken to Macon by an officer from that city, when they were bound in the sum of \$1,000 each, to take their trial. The negro found in their possession was committed to jail.

Savannah News.

From the N. O. Picayune.

Spanish Slave Emancipation.

We alluded a few days since to the telegraphic report that Spain had agreed, at the suggestion of England, to emancipate her slaves, and made some remarks upon the historical points of that question. We now find in our New York exchanges the following explanations of the matter, by which it will be seen that the question is deprived of its importance for the present:

The Madrid correspondent of the Morning Chronicle makes the following important statement:

"Through the exertions of Lord Howden, the Spanish Government has agreed to give complete liberty, before the end of the year, to that class of negroes called emancipados, after the completion of their five years consignment, or apprenticeship. Those emancipados who, at the end of 1853, shall not have finished their term of servitude, shall be manumitted according as their several probationary periods expire. This measure has been occupying the British legation at Madrid, one way or another, for the last thirty years, and its concession now may be looked on as an earnest of better things, while it is not without its courage in the present disaffected state of Cuba."

With all due deference to "the Madrid correspondent of the Morning Chronicle," we would say that what he has here put forth as news is a very old thing, having been the exact position of the question for the last thirty years. Under the treaty of 1817, there was established at Havana a mixed tribunal, composed of two English and one Spanish judge, for the purpose of adjudicating cases of slaves captured by British cruisers and brought into that port.

Slavers thus taken and condemned by this tribunal were at first sold, and latterly broken up, in Havana, for it was found that their former owners would purchase them and fit them out at once for another voyage to the slave coast. The negroes were placed at the disposal of the Spanish Colonial Government, and were by it put out as apprentices for a term of years, in order that they might learn the language, some useful occupation, and the rudiments of the Christian religion.

The term of service was seven years, and the affair was a most profitable one for the Captain General received from the grantee a premium for each negro, varying from six ounces (\$102), to ten ounces (\$170), a head, according to the season of the year, (the demand for labor during the cane-cutting season increasing the price at that particular time,) and the value of the apprentice. These apprenticed negroes are called emancipados, (emancipated,) and are to become free at the end of their term of service.

For many years past the greater portion of the laborers of the British judges in the mixed tribunal has been the hunting up of negroes whose term of service had expired, but who had not been presented to the Government for the purpose of obtaining their free papers. A very large proportion of the original number apportioned would be reported dead, and certificate of interment would, upon inquiry, be presented from the curate of the parish. Yet, from time to time, able bodied negroes, long supposed to be dead, would find their way to the judges and claim their liberty. This subject has been one of constant irritation between the Government of Cuba and the mixed tribunal, and the British Government has constantly urged upon Spain that she should give to the judges of this court authority to go into the country and question every negro they might choose as to his origin and the time he had been in the country.

Spain clearly saw what a vast amount of accumulated testimony of her constant infraction of the treaty of 1817 would thus be procured by the British Government, in the declaration of negroes imported in violation of that treaty, and she has steadily adhered to her determination not to consent to it. Under the pressure and urgency of the English demand she has resorted from time to time to various subterfuges and concessions which have never been carried out by the Colonial Government; and the present arrangement though not clearly explained in the above cited paragraph, is no doubt one of the same evasions. The fact that at the present moment the number of emancipados is very insignificant, renders the whole matter of very little importance.

It is not, however, to be supposed that England gives up her cherished desire for the abolition of slavery in Cuba. She pursues her object with the greatest tenacity and skill. In a communication addressed by Lord Palmerston to Lord Howden, British Ambassador at Madrid in October last, the following significant passage occurs:

"With reference to that passage in Mr. Miraflores's note in which he states that the Spanish Government cannot understand how her Majesty's Government can seriously recommend a measure which would prove to be very injurious to the natives of Cuba, when they also recommend that the Spanish Government should conciliate the affections of those Cubans, I have to instruct your Lordship to observe to Mr. Miraflores that the slaves of Cuba form a large portion, and by no means an unimportant one, to the population of Cuba, and that any steps taken to provide for their emancipation would, therefore, as far as the black population is concerned, be quite in unison with the recommendation made by her Majesty's Government, that measures should be adopted for contenting the people of Cuba, with a view to secure the connection between that island and the Spanish Crown; and it must be evident that if the negro population were rendered free, that fact would create a most powerful element of resistance to any scheme for annexing Cuba to the United States, where slavery still exists."

The special pleading of the foregoing is amusing, but the moral conveyed and the design unfolded are not only instructive but of vital importance. We do not suppose England will abandon her designs so long as there is a Spanish Government to work upon.

An ox 16 hands high, and weighing 3,500 lbs., has arrived at St. Louis from Weston, Mo., en route for the New York World's Fair.