

LONDON, SEPT. 3.

SLAVE TRADE.—The following is an extract of a letter from an officer on board his Majesty's ship *Tartar*, under Sir George Collier, Bart. commanding the squadron stationed on the coast of Africa, for the suppression of the odious and illegal traffic in Slaves.

"At Bony two slave vessels were taken by the boats of the *Tartar* and *Thistle*; one, indeed, much by the good management of Lieut. Hagan, commander of the latter vessel. This young man put the prime of all his brig's company into a canoe which had come off, and stowing these, to the number of thirty-five, under the natives, went alongside the slave trader, a Spanish schooner, having on board a gang of the most desperate villains unhung. As it was dark, the surprise was complete; but the tide was so very rapid, that any mischance must have been the certain sacrifice of his entire crew. He, however, fully succeeded: and in this canoe captured the schooner, having 450 slaves, and a most desperate crew of 50 men. The schooner was prepared to resist; having her cannon all primed, and fifty muskets on deck loaded.

"As the black people in the canoe were too much under fear of death to betray, when bailed by the Spanish schooner, they answered all was well. In the next moment, Hagan and his thirty-five men were on deck; when the master and others seized the small arms, and kept up a rapid fire; by which three British seamen were wounded; and in the alarm, many of the female slaves, not in irons, leaped overboard, and in a moment were carried away by the sharks, which so abound in this part of Africa, and which seem to know a slave vessel as well as a trained pointer does his game: I have seen them following in scores. Whether the crew of this schooner, many of whom, by their language, must be either English or Americans, are apprehensive of some evil for their misdeeds, I know not, but they seem very contrite and full of sorrow—very orderly and penitent: but I verily believe, had these vagabonds had the opportunity, they would have blown up their vessel. In truth, I do not think there is a crime of which they have not been guilty—and piracy amongst others. It is remarkable that this schooner is a vessel captured last year; sent to Sierra Leone; released by the famous Mixed Commission for trying prize causes, on pretence of her being a Patriot privateer. These vessels are provided with papers and colours of various nations, which they use as best serve their purpose. The schooner is one of those most celebrated for sailing, and belongs to the Havana.

"Lieutenant Marsh, of the *Tartar*, pushed up the river in quest of a Portuguese, of which we had information; and after receiving the fire of her guns and musketry, boarded and carried her; for firing, the boat's crew contented themselves by giving the Portuguese a most severe drubbing. This vessel, though only commenced her slaving a week, had one hundred on board. We had great trouble and anxiety in getting those vessels down the river, the channels of which require great caution in passing; and if you can judge what 400 people would suffer confined in the between-decks of a Margate hoy, not above 3 feet 6 inches high, you may form some opinion of the necessity there was for removing a considerable number of these most wretched beings to the decks of the *Tartar*, and of liberating them from their horrid slave-room, and from the confinement of irons as soon as possible. One of the slave vessels captured, had been complete in her cargo of human misery only two days, and was waiting a favourable wind to clear the shoals, and yet there were more than 30 cases of the very last stage of dysentery. The dying and the dead were mingled together. The women were comparatively comfortable; and yet there were nearly one hundred confined in a space of not four feet high, nor above sixteen feet by nine to sleep in. I can speak to those facts, as I measured every part of these vessels. Their tubs showed they were not exempt from the dreadful disease which had already commenced amongst the men, and which the nature of slave food, with impure water, invariably produces.

Nothing can be supposed more horrible than the treatment and condition of the slaves on their passage from Africa. Fever and dysentery let loose; the hatch scarcely

open to admit sufficient air even to prevent immediate suffocation! Perhaps you will hesitate in believing that the thermometer, which stood in the shade at 85, rose immediately at the entrance of the slave room to 110, and at last to 115. The fortunate circumstance of the Portuguese slave ship, *Donna Eugenia*, having only a small part of her cargo on board, afforded great relief; and though it was with extreme concern we were compelled to increase that number to 200, by relieving the other prizes so frightfully crowded. It is not possible to make these wretched slaves comprehend their improved prospects by change of masters; and though, for their relief and comfort, their irons were ordered off, the officer in charge of the vessel must resort to this horrible mode of security, if any symptoms of disturbance shall be observed.

Verified accounts have been received of the melancholy fate of the Officer and British crew in charge of the slave brig *Volcano de Sol*, which was captured two years since by one of the cruizers under Sir George Collier's orders. The *Morgiana*, on arriving with a slave vessel at Bahia, on the coast of Brazil, received a confirmation of the former report of the murder of the Master's Mate, and the whole of the British seamen, which was perpetrated in cold blood off the port of St. Salvador; and so soon as the Slaves were landed, the vessel was sunk. It appears that one of the crew was a native African, who having been employed as a supernumerary on board the King's ships, when on the African station, was put on board the prize, and being a man of athletic form, he appeared much too tempting an object to share the same fate of his European messmates, on account of the high price he bore as a slave. He was, therefore, not murdered with the rest of the crew, but sold as one of the slave cargo, and sent into the interior, whence, in the course of traffic, he became transferred to other masters, and at length he met with one of the Officers of the *Morgiana*, who he recognized as having belonged to the *Tartar*, and to him he related the circumstances of this horrid transaction. Captain Finlaison was, in consequence, taking every means to urge the Portuguese Authorities to investigate the melancholy occurrence; and we trust the result will appear, as it often has done, that, by the interposition of Providence, the avarice of man will prove the means of leading to his condign punishment for his greater crimes. And it is hoped that those friends of humanity who have lately done so much to destroy this disgusting inhuman traffic, will persevere, and insist that the parties concerned, directly or indirectly, shall be tried by the laws of Portugal; and whoever the owner of the *Volcano de Sol* may be, though he should prove the Governor of a Province, he may be called on to account for the slaves, as well as the Portuguese seamen, of the late slave brig.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

Letters from Edinburgh say, that Sir W. Forbes, & Co. the Bankers there, have given notice, that in consequence of money being so plentiful, they can only allow three and a half per cent. for deposits; and where the sums are small, only three per cent.

The Old Bailey Sessions, London, commenced on the 12th August. The number of persons charged with crime were, in London only 33, in Middlesex 188. There were also confined in Newgate, on the 7th ult. 239 males, and 123 females—362 in all. Of the above 20 males and 4 females were under sentence of death—6 males and 17 females sentenced to transportation for life, 26 for fourteen years, and 48 for seven years.

Two witnesses had their pockets picked in the Court, in York Castle, at the Assizes, at the moment Mr. Justice Holroyd was passing the dreadful sentence of the law on Ann Barber, for the murder of her husband!

Three boys, mere children, were condemned for theft in London—two of them were sentenced to transportation. The following is the address of the Court to one of them:—"John Brickfield, a mere boy in size, you are a giant in wickedness; it is a dreadful thing to see a creature of your age in such a situation. It appears that young as you are, you are actually a teacher of a little gang of pickpockets; a fact which would require a certificate of its truth in the place to which you are going. You must be transported for life."

TO JURORS.

From a Baltimore Paper.

We have heard with no ordinary pleasure of the verdict rendered in a case of seduction, before the County Court at their present term, between the parties *Noblet vs. Fogleman*. Twenty thousand and five hundred dollars were the damages awarded.

The seducer's breath is a pestilence more deadly than the malignant atmosphere by which Baltimore has been so recently afflicted. He enters the abode of poverty and peace—he sees a smiling family, happy and contented with the possession of domestic innocence. He beholds industry, cheerful at her labours—rewarded and invigorated by a confidence, the spontaneous growth of virtuous hearts. In an evil hour the tempter comes, and he views at his departure grief and anguish, scorn and despair, instead of smiling cheeks and sparkling eyes—he beholds the domestic paradise in ruins.

We cannot quit this subject without impressing on the minds of the Jurors the deep responsibility of their office. They are, in fact, the ALPHAS OF THE PEOPLE, under the solemnity of an oath, to do justice between man and man, and to guard the quiet abodes of innocence and virtue from profanation. It is in their power, and it becomes their sworn and solemn duty, to enforce the majesty of justice. How many crimes have in consequence of the remissness of Jurors, quitted the shades of concealment, and stalked abroad at noonday, in defiance of the law. We hope that the spirit excited by this noble verdict will be followed up—that Jurors will in future hunt out all criminal offenders from their lurking holes; from the sites of vice and debauchery—from the gaming table and the stew. The robber becomes such an outrageous character by degrees, and the young Tyro of infamy, learns at the gambling table, the rudiments—the ALPHABET of his art. Let our Jurors enter into such unhallowed haunts with a fearless impetuosity—before they strike let them be sure of their victim; but when they do exert their power, let it not be done with an intellectual blow. The wretch who has notoriously violated, and in repeated instances, the national justice of his country, looks upon and laughs to scorn, every imbecile attempt to vindicate, and to preserve inviolate the majesty of law. Inadequate punishment for great offences, operates as a legal licence for the perpetration of crime; the good man mourns, and the wicked man rejoices.

LIFE PRESERVERS.

London, No. 1, Blyden-street, Westminster, 31st August, 1838.

Gentlemen, The number of distressing and fatal accidents that continually occur to persons attempting to escape from houses on fire, induces me to solicit your favourable consideration to the following plan, which if generally adopted, I feel confident would contribute to the saving of some, I think I may venture to say, many lives.

I should propose that every fire engine should be furnished with a Net composed of Hair Rope. The size might be about 14 feet long by 8 or 9 feet wide. There should be loops on every side, of thicker rope than the net, and covered with leather in order to serve as handles. The meshes might be from 3 to 4 inches wide.

It is almost unnecessary to explain the application of the above. There are always a sufficient number of persons present at a fire to hold such a net extended, in order to receive any person obliged to descend from a window. The injury that would be sustained by falling on such a net so extended, could be but comparatively trifling.

I have suggested that the rope for the net should be made of hair, as that material is less likely to decay from damp. I would also beg to recommend that the net should be kept in a leather bag which might be considered as a part of the fire engine, and always accompany it. The size of the net and the exact thickness of the rope could easily be ascertained by a few experiments. The charge for such a net could not be great, but I feel that this would have little influence with you, if the plan met your approbation.

I am very respectfully,
Gentlemen,
Your obedient humble servant,
CHARLES M. WILKINSON.

TIMBER TRADE.

Liverpool, October 8.

The following is a copy of a Treasury Letter relating to the importation of Wood from British American Colonies.

Treasury Chambers, Sept. 15.
"Gentlemen,—It having been represented to the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, that the Officers of the Customs in British North American Colonies have declined granting certificates, as required by the sections 9 and 11 of the Act of the 1st and 2d Geo. IV. c. 37, on the ground of their not having received any instructions on this subject, I have in command from their Lordships to desire that the necessary directions on this subject may be forthwith transmitted to the said Officers by you; and as it appears that in consequence of the refusal of the officers of your department to grant certificates, several vessels lately arrived in this country from the British North American Colonies without these documents, and that they have in consequence thereof, not been admitted to entry; I have further to desire you will direct your Officers to dispense with the production of such certificates in all cases of vessels arriving from such Colonies previous to the first day of December next.

"ARBUTHNOT.

To the Commissioners of Customs.
Note.—The Certificates required by the above Act were that the wood or timber imported was really and bona fide the growth of some specified British Colony or Plantation in America.

THE GRAVEL.

The excruciating sufferings sustained by persons afflicted by gravel in the kidneys, &c. induced me to communicate a remedy which has, in numerous instances, afforded relief.

This remedy was discovered and its efficacy first tested by Dr. Williams, a late eminent physician in Virginia. He had for several years suffered extremely by gravel. As an experiment, Dr. W. put a small quantity of the gravel which he had voided, into three wine glasses, one containing gin, a second containing a solution of lime, (lime water) the third containing pure strong coffee. After waiting a few days on examining, he found that the gravel deposited in gin, was not in the slightest degree altered—that deposited in lime water appeared a little softened; that deposited in strong coffee, was reduced to an impalpable powder.

Encouraged by this experiment, Dr. W. immediately adopted the use of pure strong coffee not mixed with sugar, milk or any ingredient. In a short time he voided gravel reduced to sand, with little pain, and was relieved.

The above important facts were stated to me by a respectable physician, who has administered this remedy with similar success. *Richmond Enquirer*. I. M.

"I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me."
Junius.

In the face of his own declaration, the great Junius is said to have revealed himself. The following extract from the European Magazine we copy from the *Gazette* of Wednesday—but we would caution our readers not to rely upon it too implicitly. There are some circumstances of suspicion attending it—the levity of the remark itself, when compared with the supreme interest and curiosity of the subject—the silence of the London papers from August to our last advices in October—the improbability of Junius now disclosing himself after the lapse of half a century—besides some others, on which it might be dangerous to speculate in the meanwhile, but which authorise a certain distrust of the report; till further information be obtained.—*Halifax Recorder*, 25th ult.

From the European Magazine for Sept. 1821.
"The very interesting series of papers, entitled 'Guesses at the author of Junius,' No. 1 to 50, are superseded by the candid confession of our worthy and erudite friend and contemporary CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq. Editor of BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE; who in his last Number for August, page 105, discovers himself as the long concealed Compiler of those most astounding Letters. We know not whether to praise or censure our friend's temerity in thus making the discovery; we are however bound to be grateful for his having thus set us final rest, we hope, a question so long, and so often agitated; which has occasioned the shedding of so much ink, and the soiling of so much paper."