

is ample and the price moderate. Before the trade was (nominally) prohibited, the price of a field-negro was five hundred dollars ; now, though it is said to be unlawful to traffic in slaves, the price is two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars—this speaks volumes.

As far as I could learn, there are more slaves imported from Africa at this moment into settlements now British, than ever there were before. That valuable public servant and most intelligent gentleman, his Britannic Majesty's Commissary Judge at the Havannah, suggests that the only effectual way to put a stop to slave-dealing is, " to search and condemn vessels that are fitting out for slave cargoes, and not to wait until they have actually got slaves on board before they can be captured." As I said before, I saw several slavers sail out of the harbour of the Havannah with perfect impunity, freighted with British manufactures to barter for slaves on the coast of Africa. British and American runaway sailors are tempted with fifty dollars a month to serve in slavers; they stand to their guns, whilst Spaniards and others run up the rigging when they are attacked.

Of an evening I have often stopped to listen to the simple music of the Ethiopians, sitting at the arched gateway of the Casas of the Hidalgos, with the moon revealing the gardens in the court behind them, breathing of perfumes and displaying the Moorish style of architecture to great advantage under its mild rays. The instrument in which these sable children of Africa most delighted is