The Slave Trade in the South.

INTERESTING REVELATIONS.

The correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent, writing from Brownsville, July 4, furnishes some important revelations in reference to the slave trade:

As it now exists in the South:

The peculiarity of which I desire to attract the Southern attention is the admissibility of the Yankee island as a depot for the initiation of those Africans who have become necessary in order to make room for the vast importance to the South:

It is now totally captured into New Orleans with cargoes freshly imported from Africa would not be long brought down upon the head of the fanatical Yankee people, and the abolitionists of the whole country, with the exception of the very few, would be in unanimous accord with the penalty of the law most severe. To import them for years into other places, where the penalty is a fine only, is a mere farce, and a regular festival of the slave trade.

In time, a new race, bold and energetic, determined, powerful, and strong, ago, or somewhere, the beginning of importing slaves slowly, at first, but regularly and constantly, and finally, to the present day, the whole coast of Florida, Georgia, and Texas, to the parallel of Corpus Christi, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Rio Grande, a distance of about 600 miles, are really identical with the two in the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed the same service for the two dreadful men.

But, soberly, it is now no child's play to wave the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this section.

One would state with great confidence that he could confess any sane child that the simpler propositions of Euclid are true; but, nevertheless, he would fail with one who should deny the definitions and axioms. The principles of Jefferson are the axioms of free society. And yet they are despised and evaded with as small show of argument.

One jestingly calls them "glittering generalities." Another bluntly styles them "self-evident lies." And others insidiously argue that they apply only to "superior races."

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Africa, in whole, is a world of population, of which we could be no slave must consent to have no share. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.

All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, and the coolness, foresight, and solidity of statesmanship, amply revolutionary documents an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and by so embodying it there that to-day, and in all coming days, it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

Messrs. H. L. Pierce, and others, &c.

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The Captain's Story.

[From Tom Brown at Oxford.]

It will be forty years ago next month since the ship I was then in came home from the West Indies station, and was paid off. I had nowhere in particular to go just then, and so was very glad to get a letter, the morning after I went ashore at Portsmouth, asking me to go to Plymouth for a week or so. It came from an old sailor, a friend of my family, who had been commodore of the fleet. He lived at Plymouth; his was a thorough old sailor—what you young men would call "an old salt"—and couldn't live out of sight of the blue sea and the shipping. It is a disease that a good many of us take who have spent our best years on the sea. I have it myself—a sort of feeling that we must be under another kind of dispensation when we look out and see a hill on this side and a hill on that. It's wonderful to see the trees come out and the corn grow, but then it doesn't come so home to an old sailor. I know that we're all just as much under the Lord's hand on shore as at sea; but you can't read it's book you haven't been used to, and they that go down to the sea in ships, they see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. I don't their feet it they don't see His wonders on the land so easily as other people.

But, for all that, there's no man enjoys a cruise in the country more than a sailor. Forty years ago, when I started for Plymouth, but I haven't forgotten the road a bit, or how beautiful it was; all through the New Forest, and over Salisbury Plain, and then on by the mail to Exeter, and through Devonshire. It took me three days to get to Plymouth, for we didn't get about so quick in those days.

The commodore was very kind to me when I got there, and I went about with him to the ships in the bay, and through the dock yard; and he picked me up a good deal that was of use to me afterwards. I was a lieutenant in those days, and had seen a good deal of service, and I found the old commodore had a great nephew whom he had adopted, and had set his whole heart upon. He was a cold bachelor himself, but the boy had come to live with him, and was to go to sea; so he wanted to put him under some one who would give an eye to him for the first year or two. He was a light slip of a boy, fourteen years old, with a deep-set blue eye and long eyelashes, and cheeks like a girl's, but as brave as a lion and as merry as a lark. The old gentleman was pleased to see that we took to one another. We used to bathe and boat together; and he was never tired of hearing my stories about the great admirals, and the fleet, and the stations I had been on.

Well, it was agreed that I should apply for a ship again directly, and go up to London with a letter to the Admiralty from the commodore, to help things on. After a month or two I was appointed to a brig, lying at Spithead; and so I packed up my traps, and he got his boy a midshipman's berth on board, and brought him to Portsmouth himself, a day or two before we sailed for the Mediterranean. The old gentleman came on board to see his boy's hammock slung, and went below into the cockpit to make sure that all was right. He only left us by the pilot's boat, when we were well out in the channel. He was very low at parting from his boy, but bore up as well as he could; and we promised to write to him from Gibraltar, and as often afterwards as we had a good opportunity. Tom Roan as proud and fond of little Tom Holdsworth as if he had been my own younger brother; and, for that matter, so were all the crew, from our captain to the cook's boy. He was such a gallant, generous, open, yet so gentle. In one cutting-out business we had, he climbed over the boatswain's shoulders, and was almost first on deck; how he came out of it without a scratch I can't think to this day. But that's a bit of character in him, and was as kind as a woman to any one who was wounded or down with sickness.

After we had been out about a year we were sent to cruise off Malta, on the look-out for the French fleet. It was a long business, and the post wasn't so good then as it is now. We were sometimes for months without getting a letter, and knew nothing of what was happening at home, or anywhere else. We had a sick time of it, and I was glad to get my boat, and the chance of that mysterious, never-to-be-forgotten cruise.

I remember once being aroused at seeing two partially intoxicated men engage in a fight with their greatcoats on, which fight, after a time, and rather harmless contest, ended in each having forgotten himself out of his greatcoat and into that of the other. If the two leading parties of this age are really identical with the two in the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed the same feat as the two drunken men.

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