

feit all claims to favor, and be considered in the same light as the prisoners at the bar. He was then sworn upon a Bible, authenticated by the Catholic bishop of this place, and permitted, through the medium of the interpreter, to commence his testimony.)

I was born at Marguerita, twenty-two years ago. Was last in the Havana, 2 years and 9 months since; shipped at that time on board the Panda, Capt. Gibert—Bernardo de Soto was mate, and the prisoners now present formed part of the crew—there were thirty men in all. Francisco Ruiz was carpenter of the schooner. When they passed the Moro Castle, in sailing from the harbor, they were hailed and asked what schooner, and where bound, etc. The reply was, "The Panda, to St. Thomas." This was 20th or 26th of August.

On the outward passage, we spoke first a carvette, and then the Mexican, on the 25th of September. It was the second mate's watch—the captain was asleep at the time, but got up and ordered the schooner to go about and stand for the brig as soon as it became more light was in the foretop. About 8 in the morning the American brig altered her course, and stood south as at first—the wind was moderate, and the sea smooth—the Panda then set her squaresail and steered for the brig—when they neared her, a sailor went forward and fired a musket—the brig then hove to, and hoisted the American flag—the schooner hoisted the Columbian flag—they sung out to the brig in English, and inquired where she came from, and where she was bound—the reply was, "from Boston into Rio Janeiro"—

a sailor who spoke English hailed the brig—the boat of the brig came to the schooner with four men and one officer.

The third mate, the boatswain, the carpenter, and one sailor then jumped into her, and proceeded to the brig.

(Witness being asked if any of these four men were now in the court, upon which he pointed out Ruiz. The latter immediately started from his seat, shook his fist at Perez, and in loud and passionate tones, declared him a traitor, a liar and a rogue.)

The third mate ran away at Nazareth, the boatswain died at Fernando Po, and the sailor, named Manuel Delgado, died in gaol at Boston. The third mate then took up the speaking-trumpet, and sung out to the Captain, "There is plenty of what you want, and what you are looking for; there are \$20,000 on board, in ten boxes, by the ship's papers." The boatswain also held up a handful of dollars, which he afterwards threw into the sea. The captain said, "Very well, very well, let her be well searched, and bring it all on board."

They brought ten boxes of money from the brig—saw it with my own eyes, from the foretop—it was brought by the American boat, which was towed by that of the schooner—the boats then returned to the brig, and came off again shortly afterwards with two spars, a keg of butter and some fowls. They then went back again on board the brig, cut away the halyards and sails, and let the yards run down—one of the schooner's men also got up into the top and stabbed the belly of the maintopsail. I looked so much