

AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

WIDIOUS SCENES WITNESSED BY
FATHER DUBENDORF.Many of a Race by Semi-Civilized Natives
Upon a Trading Station—Six Prisoners
Slain and Divided Among the Tribe.

Father J. Dubendorf, Superior of a Roman Catholic mission at Onitaka, in the Niger, 150 miles above its mouth, tells in a late issue of Le Courrier of Paris an amazing story of mingled civilization and barbarism among the negroes near the mouth of the river. Father Dubendorf journeyed down the river by canoe some months ago along with Nathaniel, a negro boy of Brass, educated and Christianized at the mission.

The father and his companion were entertained at a Zenobian trading post six or eight hours from the mouth of Brass, and there the King of Brass had a pirogue waiting, with the request that the lad be sent to his people.

Brass is on one of the mouths of the Niger, not far from the sea. On another of the mouths is the rival city of Akassa, the seat of the British Royal Niger Company, a trading concern, which, according to the Father, has driven out of the region by severe actions three other companies.

Two French and one English, and has earned, by alleged brutality, the hatred of the natives. Father Dubendorf reached the region when this feeling was at its most intense point, and the natives were ripe for revenge.

When the request of the King that Nathaniel be sent to Brass reached the Father he determined to accompany the boy, lest the latter be detained in captivity by the King, and in time release into barbarism. The journey was successfully accomplished, and the Father found Brass a considerable town of palm-leaved hatched huts. Some had great platforms to catch the rain-water, because the water of the river at that point is peculiarly unwholesome.

The King lived in a six-story, square of like material, and a felt hat received the Father most graciously offered him lodging, and invited him to share the royal table. The King, who, the missionary claims to tell, was once a pupil of a Protestant mission, was now an old man of venerable mien, but abundant strength and activity.

Near the King's great house was a house built on a European pattern, and covered with white rings. It was comfortably furnished with European chairs and tables, and had a coal oil lamp. There were glasses and mural decorations. The King's supper was an elegantly-served meal in the European style, and the Father, knowing that earlier kings of Brass had been notable barbarians, could hardly believe his senses.

Early the next morning the Father called on the King, but learned that he was too busy to be seen. Waiting an hour, he was astonished to see the King come forth from a council with the chiefs, naked save for an ornate breech cloth, painted with white rings under his eyes, a musket in his hand, and a knife in his belt. The benevolent old King of the night before was transformed into a savage of ferocious aspect. Sixty canoes laden with arms were drawn up along the river bank, and the King was walking back and forth delivering incoherent orders. At the sound of a cannon he hastily gave the Father his hand, bade him live as if the house in which he lodged was his own, assured him that orders had been given for his comfortable entertainment, and went off, leaving the priest to understand that the expedition about to start was to make war upon a neighboring tribe. The Father saw the King pause before an assemblage of idols near the river bank, sprinkle his warriors with a liquid, and join in the war dance.

Nearly all the men of Brass went on the expedition. An old chief was left behind in charge of the village, and the women were forbidden in the absence of their lords to enter the houses. No sooner were the warriors gone than the women fell to quarrelling among themselves over the possession of various household utensils. They walked over the departure of their sons to the battle, and prophesied their return with wounds or their deaths in the fight. The quarrelling kept up until after midnight, and then the women crept to bed wherever they could find shelter outside the houses.

The first returning canoe reached Brass at six o'clock next morning, and a quantity of booty was carried into the King's house. Then it was that the Father first learned that the attack had been made upon the headquarters of the Royal Niger Company. Father Dubendorf represents that the English would have been destroyed but for a French naval officer, Lieut. Guigues, accidentally at the headquarters, whose courage and address delayed the attack and gave some of the whites time to escape.

A young negro of the returned party leaped upon a cannon just after it had been fired, and displayed the company's flag in token of triumph. Other canoes rapidly arrived, bringing much booty, and many of the warriors were white-breasted, in token of enemies slain. By noon nearly all the canoes but the King's had returned. He and some of his warriors had stopped at an island some miles from Brass, and taken ashore six captive Koumen negroes of the slave coast who had been employed at the company's agency, and had come to hate the people of Brass. These six men were beheaded on the island, and some hours later the King, with a dozen white-clouted warriors, arrived in his canoe, and the six corpses in another. Other captives, still alive, were also brought home.

Then began a scene of savage rejoicing and cannibalism. The bodies were cut in pieces, the children being stationed round that they might be injured to the sight, and whole limbs were carried off to be cooked and eaten. One young negro, who, the Father declares, had been educated at a Protestant mission, taking in one hand the sabre of Mr. Plint, general agent of the Royal Niger Company, and in the other a link of one of the victims, danced in savage joy about the company's flag, with a crowd of onlookers applauding.

The division of the plunder followed, accompanied with quarrels and a sort of savage frenzy. The madness of gin and palm brandy was added to that of slaughter, and the scene was so hideous that the Father refused to describe it. He notes that several parts of a human body were brought to him and he was courteously asked to take his choice. His refusal was evidently not understood.

Later, in looking from his window, the father saw a roast thigh taken to the King's house, and mentally resolved to be careful at his next meal. The supper, at which the King was not present, was served in the house.

pean style and with European dishes, save for a large roast which the priest recognized and sent away. His mind was now made up to get away from Brass as soon as possible with the boy Nathaniel. The King was not to be seen, so the priest sent word of his wishes. The King answered that the boy must remain at Brass.

"Then I remain too," was the father's answer, for he knew that the King desired to make a sorcerer of Nathaniel. The latter was eager to be gone, and declared that if the King made him a sorcerer, in return he would, in that character, transform the King into a gorilla.

The father and Nathaniel, neither being guarded, concerted an escape. The village was sound asleep early in the evening, and the two visitors also pretended to go to bed. Between half-past nine and ten they stole to the river, took a light pirogue, already fixed upon in a reconnaissance early in the evening, and made off. They paddled until exhausted, and then the boy fell asleep. At four in the morning they heard a large pirogue pass their hiding place. They had lost their way during the night, but, conjecturing that this pirogue was laden with merchandise bound for one of the white settlements, they followed it cautiously, and after some hours reached the European factory where they had already been entertained.—New York Sun.

The Dead Soldier of Japan.

I saw in Yokohama on Sunday last another of those wonderful funeral processions which serve to keep alive and nurture the warrior spirit of this land. A poor sergeant named Sato Ryosaburo, who died of cholera down the Pescadores, was the subject of the demonstration, and had been a royal Prince stricken upon the battlefield his ashes could not have had greater honor paid them. To the Ku-boyama Temple Cemetery there was a vast procession of people with banners, flowers and emblems and symbols of every description. Two enormous black oxen dragged a cart, on which reposed an enormous tombstone. The obsequies were from first to last of the highest Japanese order. The man's life had been sacrificed for the country and that was enough. Soldiers and citizens united in honoring his memory, and that the lesson was not lost upon the rising generation it may well be assumed.

All over Japan to-day the men who died in the late war are being solemnly and beautifully remembered. In every home which gave a home to the cause the mother or wife has caused a little altar to be erected. Upon this is placed a portrait of the deceased, a tablet recording the date and manner of death and the sacred name which the Buddhist give to the departed. Here on are laid from time to time melons, rice, lotus flowers, etc., and such ornaments as the family can afford to offer. In front is a "wheel" upon which burning incense sticks are continually laid. If the soldier left a widow she cuts off her hair, which is a sign that she will never marry again. Every morning and night this widow, if she has children, will gather them about her at this altar, and offer prayers for the memory of the dead. After a period, during which a priest comes daily to offer his prayers, the tablet is placed in a shrine belonging to the family and for six weeks priestly prayers are regularly offered.

Nowhere in the world is so much respect and reverence shown for the dead and the memory thereof as in Japan. It amounts to something closely resembling idolatry, but it is none the less touching and sublime. The impression left upon the mind of a growing son of a deceased soldier by the ceremonial honors paid his memory may well be imagined.—John A. Cockerill, in New York Herald.

A Story of Madagascar.

The most cheerful life in the world lives in Madagascar. The latest story that comes from there tells about the King of the Lotolies, one of the local tribes which is not busy fighting the French.

This king, the story goes, devised some time ago a human harp. He had been visiting the place of punishment in his village and, witnessing the beating of his captives, he was struck by the tonal difference of their groans. At once he commissioned the royal carpenter to construct a series of stocks in which he placed eight captives whose howls of pain when the soles of their feet were struck by the rod were so carefully arranged that they made a perfect octave.

This seemed such a success that he had a set of eight more wretches whose average groans ranged a full octave higher. The harp was now complete. On it he proposed to play melodies and started in to practice the national air.

His project was to regulate the length of the note by the violence of the blow. At first the scheme did not succeed at all, for the reason that the captives, hitherto used to hard hits alone, howled loudly each time and with little difference in force. At last he arranged it, however, so that the groans became proportioned to the blows.

But the instrument never got quite in tune. Incessant was the cry of some of the animated notes, others would not sound at all at the right time. The heathen king had to give it up. The discords were too painful for his musical ear, for although he tried fresh sets of prisoners the human notes would never work just right.

Christian Sunday in Corea.

Minister J. B. Sill, in a report to the State Department, calls attention to the fact that the Government of Corea has for the first time in the history of the country provided for the observance of the Christian Sunday.

The Franco-Brazilian Dispute.

Paris, Aug. 30.—The Matin in an article referring to the boundary dispute with Brazil in regard to French Guiana expresses the hope that Brazil will accept the line that the offices of the King of Sweden as arbiters. In the meantime, the Matin says, it is urgent that a mixed commission shall be instituted in order to avert anarchy and pillage, which is already raging in the disputed territory.

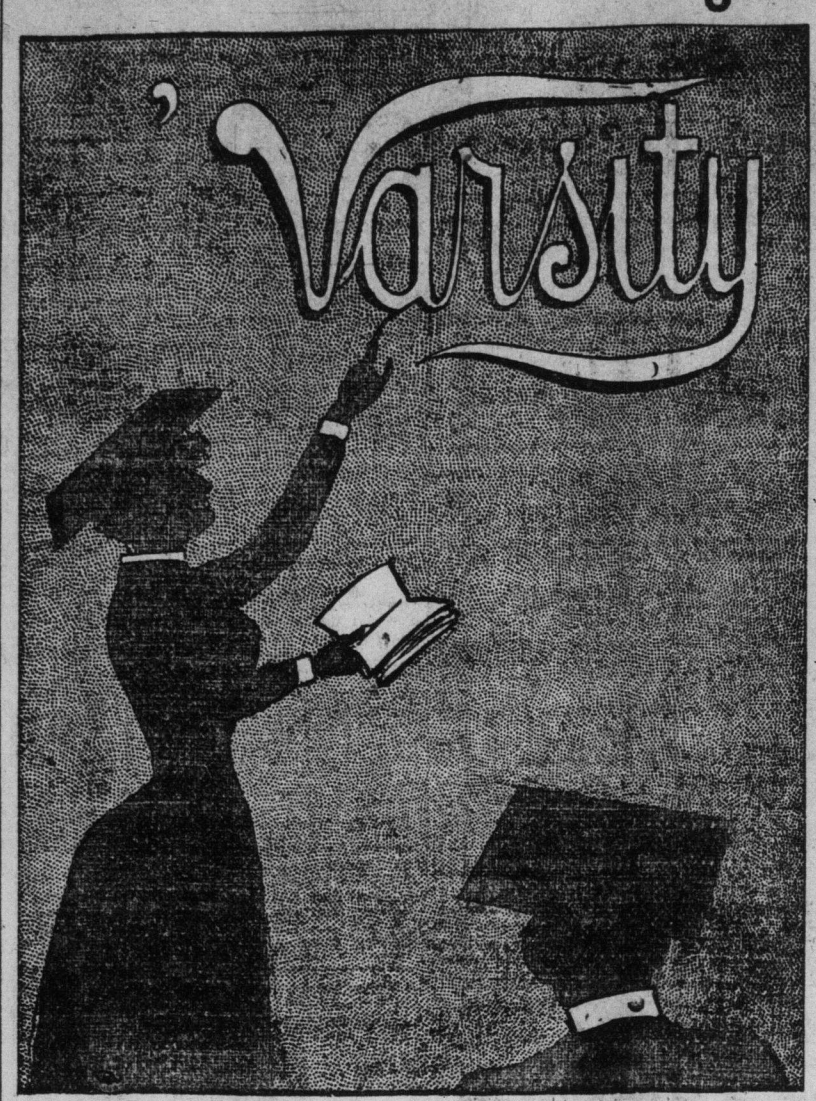
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12 HUNG CHANG GOES FIP

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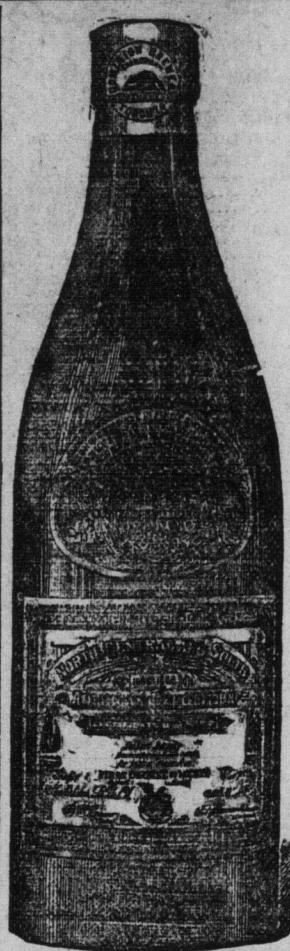
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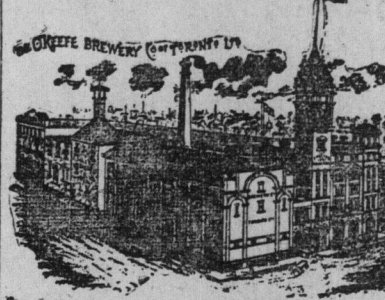
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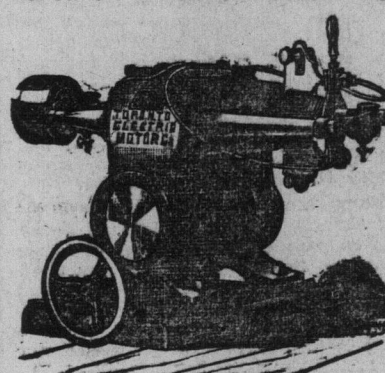
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