

It is a horrid idea, for, of course, families get separated; but I cannot help it, and the slaves seem to be perfectly indifferent to anything whatsoever. Imagine what it must be to be dragged from your home to places so far off—even further than Marseilles or Rome. In their own lands some of these slaves have delightful abodes, close to running water, with pleasant glades of trees, and seem so happy; and then to be dragged off into these torrid water-forsaken countries, where to *exist* only is a struggle against nature!

### SKULLS!

"Why should I, at every mile, be stared at by the grinning skulls of those who are at rest? I say to Yussuf Bey, who is a noted slave-dealer, 'The inmate of that ball has told Allah what you and your people have done to him and his.'"

"Yussuf Bey says, 'I did not do it;' and I say, 'Your nation did; and the curse of God will be on your land till this traffic ceases.' . . . Just as I wrote these words they came and told me that another caravan of eighteen slaves had been captured, with two camels. I went to see the poor creatures. They were mostly children and women—such skeletons some of them. Two slave-dealers had escaped. Now fancy all this going on after all the examples I have made! Fancy, that in less than twenty-four hours I have caught seventy! There is no reason to doubt but that seventy a day have been passing for the last year or so. You know how many caravans I have caught—some seventy or eighty; besides those 1,000 I liberated (?) at Kalaka? It is enough to cause despair. Thus, in three days, we have caught 400 slaves. The number of skulls along the road is appalling. We shall capture a number more at the wells to-night; for as the slave-dealers thought I should act on what Abel Bey told me (*i.e.*, that there were no slaves or slave-dealers here), and as they had deceived the Italian, they had not taken the precaution of filling their water-bags. Thus they are unable to flee, as there lies three days' journey around here without water. Now, the wells here are guarded. The number of slaves captured from the dealers in this campaign must be close upon 1,700! I have no doubt that very great suffering is going on among the poor slaves still at large; for the dealers not yet captured will not be able to go to the wells to-night, and they will not surrender till pounced on to-morrow. The slaves are delighted; they are mostly women and children. One little wretch, named Capsune, is not yet four years old, but he has given capital information about the slave-dealers. He is all stomach and head, and with mere pins of legs. (N.B.—Capsune is now in England with Mr. Felkin.)

" . . . We have caught more slaves during to-night and to-day. The slave-dealers, seeing the wells guarded, let them go. However, some huge caravans, regardless of their having no water, and of the three days' desert, have escaped. They were pursued by some of the natives; but the slave-dealers fired on them, and so the natives returned here. They noticed that one of the fugitives died *en route*. It is very terrible to think of the great suffering of the poor slaves thus dragged away; but I had no option in the matter, for I could not catch them. The water here is horrible,—it smells even when fresh from the wells. I have ordered the skulls, which lay about here in great numbers, to be piled in a heap, as a memento to the natives of what the slave-dealers have done to their people. . . . To give you an idea of the callousness of the people in these lands, I will tell you what happened to-day. I heard a voice complaining and moaning for some hours, and at last I sent to inquire what it was. It turned out to be an Egyptian soldier, who was ill and wanted water. There were within hearing some thirty or forty people,—some of them his fellow-soldiers,—yet not one, though they understood his language, would give a thought to him. . . ."