

by twenties. The children over ten are secured by three copper rings, each ringed leg brought together by the central ring which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on first coming into presence of the curious scene. The mothers are secured by shorter chains around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops on festoons over their mamma's breasts. There is not one adult man captive amongst them.

Little as my face betrayed my feelings, other pictures would crowd upon my imagination. I walked about as in a kind of dream, wherein I saw through the darkness of night the stealthy forms of the murderers creeping towards the doomed town, its inmates all asleep, when suddenly flashed the light of brandished torches, the sleeping town is in flames, while volleys of musketry lay low the frightened and astonished people, sending many through a short minute of agony to that soundless sleep from which there will be no waking. * * * * *

To obtain these 2300 slaves out of 118 villages they must have shot a round number of 2500 people while 1300 more died by the wayside. How many are wounded and die in the forest we do not know, but if figures are trustworthy then the outcome from the territory covered by this raid with its million of souls is 5000 slaves obtained at the cruel expense of 33,000 lives. And such slaves. They are females or young children who cannot run away and who with youthful indifference will soon forget the terrors of the capture. Yet each of the very smallest infants has cost the life of a father and perhaps his three stout brothers and three grown up daughters.

"These are my thoughts as I look upon the horrible scene. Every second the clink of fetters and chains strikes upon my ears. My eyes catch sight of that continual lifting of the hand to ease the neck in a collar, or as it displays a manacle being exposed through a muscle irritated by its weight or want of fitness. My nerves are offended with the rancid effluvia of the unwashed herds within this human kennel. For how could poor people, bound and rivetted together in twenties do otherwise than wallow in filth. Only the old women are taken out to forage for food. They dig out the

cassava tubers and search for the banana, while the guard with musket ready watches for the coming of the vengeful native. Not much food can be procured in this manner, and what is obtained is flung down in a heap before each gang, to at once cause an unseemly scramble. Many of these poor things have been already months fettered in this manner, and their bones stand out in bold relief in the attenuated skin which hangs down in thin wrinkles and puckers. And yet, who can withstand the feeling of pity so powerfully pleaded for by those large dark eyes and sunken cheeks?

"What was the cause of all this vast sacrifice of human life, of all this unspeakable misery? Nothing but the indulgence of an old Arab's 'wolfish, bloody, and ravenous instincts.' He wished to obtain slaves, to barter away profitably to other Arabs, and having weapons, guns and gunpowder, he placed them in the hands of three hundred of his slaves and despatched them to commit murder wholesale."

Heathen Horrors.

Stanley, in his recently published work on The Congo and the founding of its Free State, gives the following terrible picture of what was witnessed by the officers at one of his stations.

"An old chief died, and according to custom, slaves had to be massacred to accompany him to the land of spirits. Accordingly the relatives and freemen began to collect as many slaves as could be purchased. The mourning relatives finally secured fourteen men from the interior, and being notified by the villagers that the execution was about to begin, M. Vangele and his friend proceeded with a few of his men to view the scene.

They found quite a number of men gathered around. The doomed men were seen kneeling with their arms bound behind them, in the neighborhood of a tall young tree, near the top of which the end of a rope had been lashed. A number of men laid hold of the cord and hauled upon it until the upper part of the tree was bent like a bow. One of the captives was selected and the dangling end of the rope was fastened round his neck. The tree sprang several inches higher, drawing the man's form up, straining the neck and almost lifting the body from the ground.