



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIII. No. 25.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1888.

30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

**"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."
THE SLAVE TRADE OF CENTRAL AFRICA.**

"The slave trade," we think we hear our readers exclaim, "there is no slavery now! Surely the last of that was done away with twenty odd years ago." Was it? Listen to the words of Commander Cameron of the Royal Navy, one of the most noted of African Explorers whom Great Britain has sent out. It is not of the slavery of thirty years ago he speaks but of things as they actually exist at the present moment. He asks,

"Do the people of Great Britain realize that every minute a fresh victim is seized on by the slave dealers, that not an hour passes without more than fifty being killed or torn from their homes, and that during the month of August, in which I write, and when most of us are enjoying a holiday, forty-five thousand more victims are being added to the number of those who, through Cardinal Lavigerie and others, appeal to us for aid and protection from some of the foulest criminals that ever disgraced the earth?"

And this is but putting the facts in the mildest form, and according to other authorities very much below the mark, for Cardinal Lavigerie, whose diocese is in

Africa, maintains that, so far from Commander Cameron's statement being an exaggeration, no hour passes that does not witness the murder of two hundred of these unfortunate people.

A short time ago a British cruiser sailing in the southern part of the Red Sea captured a slaver making for Arabia and rescued two hundred slaves. That was a noble act and well done, but how much actual misery did the condition of those two hundred unfortunates represent? At the very lowest estimate, to obtain this pitiful two hundred, six thousand unfortunates were dragged from their homes and all but this small remnant perished by the way. And this is again but the lowest calculation, for the British Consul at Zanzibar declares that for every slave got alive to the coast not thirty but one hundred lives are sacrificed.

"But who are the slave hunters," many of our readers will exclaim in perplexity, "are they white men, and where do they find a market for their awful human plunder?" Let us answer this question by quoting from perhaps the latest authority who has been on the ground. Professor Henry Drummond in that last interesting work of his "Tropical Africa," devotes a whole

chapter to this "Heart Disease of Africa" and gives the causes for it in the simplest and clearest detail.

"The life of the native African," he says, "is not all idyll. It is darkened by a tragedy whose terrors are unknown to any other people under heaven. Of its mild domestic slavery I do not speak nor of its revolting witchcraft, nor of its endless quarrels and frequent tribal wars. These minor evils are lost in the shadow of a great and national wrong. Among these simple and unprotected tribes, Arabs,—uninvited strangers of another race and nature—pour in from north and east with the deliberate purpose of making this paradise a hell. It seems the awful destiny of this homeless people to spend their lives in breaking up the homes of others. Wherever they go in Africa the followers of Islam are destroyers of peace, the breakers up of the patriarchal life, the dissolvers of the family tie. Already they hold the whole continent under one reign of terror. They have effected this in virtue of one thing—they possess firearms, and they do it for one object—ivory and slaves, for these two are one. The slaves are needed to buy ivory with; then more slaves have to be stolen to carry it. So living man himself has become the

commercial currency of Africa. He is locomotive, he is easily acquired, he is immediately negotiable.

"Arab encampments for carrying on a wholesale trade, in this terrible commodity are now established all over the heart of Africa. They are usually connected with wealthy Arab traders at Zanzibar and other places on the coast and communication is kept up by caravans which pass, at long intervals, from one to the other. Being always large and well supplied with the material of war, these caravans have at their mercy the feeble and divided native tribes through which they pass, and their trail across the continent is darkened with every aggravation of tyranny and crime. They come upon the scene suddenly; they stay only long enough to secure their end, and disappear only to return when a new crop has arisen which is worth the reaping.

"Sometimes these Arab traders will actually settle for a year or two in the heart of some quiet community in the remote interior. They pretend perfect friendship; they molest no one; they barter honestly. They plant the seeds of their favorite vegetables and fruits—the Arab always carries seeds with him—as if they meant to stay forever. Meantime



A SLAVE RAID IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

W M Poyer 15789
AUBERT GALLION QUE