

African Slavery—International Conference at Brussels.

On Monday, civilization, as represented by fifteen Powers meeting in Brussels, will be girding its loins and gathering its whole strength to strike a death blow at the African slave trade, in the hope that the great century which has witnessed the introduction of railways, shall see the last of the odious traffic in human flesh.

Those who may view this attempt as a piece of maudlin sentimentalism, should remember that civilization was primarily, and remains solely, responsible for the terrible evil it means to uproot.

Enlightened Europe invented the barbarous African slave hunting three centuries ago, when it began colonizing North and South America, and felt the want of cheap labor, and sent hardened laborers to cultivate the soil of the New World and build up its great British, Portuguese and Spanish Republics. Europe even patented its invention.

Who can forget the time when the Spanish and Portuguese Governments chartered regular slave raiding companies, which undertook to provide annually 10,000 or 20,000 "sons of negro" (aye, that was the way they spoke) from the Guinea Coast; the time when the Portuguese Bishop of Angola, on the West Coast of Africa, stood upon the beach and gave the blessing of the Catholic Church to the slave laden and slave groaning vessels sailing out to the lands of forced labor?

Who can forget that hardly a century ago the great Liverpool and London merchants were still making a tremendous business in providing the United States with "Uncle Toms and Topsy's"; that within the first decade of the present century Cuba received no fewer than 12,000 black wretches intended for the cultivation of its tobacco, and that, as recently as 1850, the Brazils likewise bought 50,000 unfortunate negroes, to capture which the human flesh hunters had been compelled to fight and kill about as many again?

And yet, as in the case of Lady Macbeth the perfumes of Arabia fall in "sweetening this little hand." In spite of ourselves, the slave raiding and slave owning crime which we invented is going on still throughout Central Africa and even spreading further. During three centuries, civilization taught the coast Africans to invade the interior of the Dark Continent and enslave their brethren for the purposes of civilization itself. Now that the coast Africans have lost our custom, they are practicing that terrible traffic and trade on their own account. The slave trade has removed its markets from Christian to Mahomedan or heathen markets—that's the only change.

SLAVERY UP TO DATE. A MACBETHIAN STAIN.

Of course, all this is over now. Ever since 1794, when our consciences were aroused to shame by the splendid outburst of a great revolutionary and abolitionist Frenchman:—"Let our colonies perish rather than our principles of human freedom ('Que les colonies persistent plutot qu'un principe!')—ever since then the civilized world has been slowly endeavoring to cleanse the bloody slave stain from its hands, and the great American Secession War, followed by last year's final fettering of the slavery bondage in the Empire of Brazil, have been the crowning incidents of this general white washing process.

The principal slave hunting ground stretches from west to east, from the Niger to the Blue Nile, right through the Soudan, over an expanse of something like 3,750 miles, very nearly connecting the Atlantic with the Indian Ocean, and extending southwards through the Niasai Main country, right down to the northern frontier of the Congo Free State. And even this portion of the picture doesn't say the whole truth. Since Mr. Wauters has drawn up his map, we have got from Stanley the terrible news that the Mahdists, coming down from Kharoum, have invaded and captured Emin's province, where the traffic was dying out, so that the salvery canker now again extends southwards, right down through the Nyoro and Uganda countries, to Witu, that portion of the East Coast where the English, under Mr. Mackenzie, and the Germans, under Captain Wissmann, are striving to establish European domination.

Then going backwards from the East Coast, there is a second wide slave hunting ground, which begins in the neighborhood of Stanley Falls on the Upper Congo, and expands through the Maayama country, Ujji, and the borders of Lake Banganyeka, right down to the northern bank of the Zambeze eastwards, and to the Louisa country westwards, covering and far outspreading the whole central and southern portion of the Congo State territory, which Europe has allowed to King Leopold, but up to which the Belgian sovereign has not yet had either the time or the means to carry his flag and his civilization efforts.

The wonder is, how can such immense tracts of country be so easily invaded, where are their unfortunate population taken to, and to what use can all this human flesh be put?

WHAT THE SLAVES ARE WANTED FOR.

The tracings of the slave convey routes on Mr. Wauters' map will show that the coast Arabs who overrun the western portion of the great Soudanese hunting ground carry their booty through the immense Sahara wilderness, northwards to the Omdaan, where the negroes are used for home consumption, as ivory carriers, domestics for the local Soudan, and so forth; to Morocco, where there are several slave markets concealed from the European Consuls, and to Tripoli, where a negro is used as currency as an equivalent to the American dollar, the English sovereign or the African beads or cloth. From the eastern portion of the central hunting ground, the caravans of weeping, bleeding, heart-broken black martyrs are dragged and whipped towards Nabis, Berber, Kharoum, the Mahdi's dominions, the males for domestic purposes, the females to satisfy the lust of the polygamous chieftains of Darfour and Kordofan, or else shipped across the Red Sea to Persia, Arabia, and the Turkish Sultan's Asiatic provinces.

A peculiarity of this Eastern trade is that many of the male slaves captured for the purpose have been expressly and horribly mutilated either in early youth or as the very time of shipment, in order that they may be fitted to play the part of eunuchs in Oriental seraglios and harems. Until about seventy or eighty years back black slaves were almost unknown in the Turkish Empire.

The largest number of servants were of the type of poor warty hunchbacked *Mepans*, drawn from Greece, Cyprus, or other Eastern Mediterranean islands. But civilization

having conquered and closed these sources of supply, the Turk then resorts to the new slave hunting grounds opened up in Africa by civilization itself, and—this is a fact not very widely known—not only do the Sultan's subjects consume thousands of negroes as house and harem servants or jannissaries, but also hundreds of them as future Musliman missionaries, who are taught the Koran, converted to the Moslem faith, and then sent back to Africa to spread it throughout the pagan people of the Dark Continent, so that Christendom, while opening up that portion of the world to the Turkish slave commerce, has at the very same time been fostering a regular crusade against its own religious creed and increasing tenfold the difficulty of educating the blacks into the religion of the civilized West.

As to the "sons of slaveryware" kidnapped in the second great hunting ground comprised between the Upper Congo, the Louisa country, and the northern bank of the Zambeze, it supplies the neighboring chieftains with domestic slaves or with martyrs to be massacred on the altars of the pagan gods in the religious ceremonies of heathendom, while a portion of the captured wretches are also shipped southwards to Madagascar, the Comores and other large islands of the Indian Ocean.

It was in the upper part of this district that Dr. Nachtigal, the German explorer, witnessed terrible slaughter hardly three years ago, and shed tears of admiration and grief at the signs of mothers strangling their own children or throwing them amidst the flames of the burning huts, in order that they should not live to know the horrors of bondage. And it was in the lower portion of this district that as recently as last June some Scotch missionaries living in the Nyassa-Tanganika plateau witnessed similar scenes, and afterwards discovered that the attacking Arabs were nearly all armed with rifles of English manufacture, stamped "Tower," showing that civilization is not only guilty of having taught the Arabs their first lesson in slave raiding, but has also provided, and is still providing them with the weapons wherewith to carry on their horrible negro chases.

HOW THE CONFERENCE WILL BE COMPOSED.

Such, according to the most recent eye-witnesses, and authorities your correspondent has consulted and to the last documents, published or unpublished, is the present condition of the black flesh traffic which in Livingstones time made half a million victims annually, and now, according to Cardinal Lavigne, makes two million victims—a figure which may have been exaggerated some months ago, but which, thanks to the capture of Emin's province, will soon be below the truth if the "African curse" be not quickly put a stop to.

And now the civilized nations are going to put all their heads together to stamp out the hideous evil, not only from sentiment and because they feel their moral responsibility concerning a plague of their own creation, but also from self-interest, because, at the time when the overcrowded Old World is seeking to get out of its social troubles by preparing African outlets for its commerce and its surplus population, it is confronted and arrested on every side by its pupils the slave traders and slave hunters, who likewise wish to shut out Germany from the Zanzibar coast, England from the Small coast, the Belgians from the Upper Congo, and light and progress from every point of the Dark Continent. And this is what has prompted Belgium, at the suggestion of Lord Salisbury, to convene a great Anti-Slavery Congress which is now in session in the Conference Hall of the Foreign Office, in Brussels.

HOW THE AFRICAN CURSE IS TO BE REMOVED.

What anti-slavery measures will be proposed neither President Carnot, Lord Salisbury, the King of the Belgians nor Prince Bismarck could probably say exactly themselves at the present moment seeing that no previous agreement has been come to, that each one is in the dark as to the other one's plans, and that the delegates will probably have to telegraph daily to their respective Governments for fresh instructions while the Conference is proceeding.

But several suggestions are already in the air which are likely to be brought forward. One of them is to render general the system carried out last summer by England and Germany on the East Coast—i. e., a blockade of the whole African seaboard, from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, from the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean. Each country's men-of-war would be empowered with the right of searching trading vessels for slaves, under whatever flag they may be conveying; and as a corollary to this, an International Court, composed of the Consuls, would sit, try and severely sentence all slave parties caught red hot handed.

Another idea, which will probably be mooted by the Portuguese, will be that civilization should summarily close all the slave markets of Morocco, Tripoli, the Eastern countries and Africa itself, by armed force, if required, and at whatever cost of money and blood the enforcement of this measure might cost.

Other delegates will suggest that all States possessing territories in Africa should be compelled to levy small flying armies and create watch stations, in order to keep the slave raiders in check or to give them chase, while all regularly constituted States, such as Turkey, Morocco, Tripoli, Madagascar, where domestic slavery has become a national necessity and has created vested rights, should be constrained to proclaim that "anyone desiring to be free, is free, and only such slaves remain slaves as wish to."

Then, again, there is a talk of proposing to institute a large International State fund for the creation of narrow gauge African railways and steamboats, which would naturally become substitutes for negroes as regards the carriage of ivory and other goods, and at the same time hasten the spread of education. And of course the importation of firearms may be prohibited, and also a heavy duty on the maddening spirit trade, which renders the negroes such an easy prey to the slave raiders.

Some of those ideas sound as though they came from the land of Utopia; others are sure to create great differences, and yet something may come of them, Lady Macbeth being so anxious to rid herself of the bad smelling stain.

France may go begging for an answer but "What'll you have?" never does.

It is quite natural that the man who steps on a tack should be hopping mad.

A Kansas Sunday paper devotes a column editorial to "Morality in Chicago." It might have started off like the Irishman's essay on snakes in Ireland, "There are no snakes in Ireland."

TO SEARCH FOR BURIED TREASURE.

It is said to be worth \$37,000,000 and to be on One of the Marianne Islands.

Information has come to light showing that an expedition is being equipped in San Francisco harbor to go in search of the treasures said to be buried on the Marianne Islands. In the year 1823, during the dark days of the terrible revolution in Peru, a number of the wealthiest residents of Lima met the leading fathers of the Church at a monastery to devise a plan whereby some of their wealth might be saved. The brig *El Ciudad*, lying in the harbor, was bought. During the night and under the guise of merchandise the treasures were hastily conveyed on board. It is said her cargo amounted to over \$30,000,000 in coin and melted plate, besides an inestimable amount of jewels.

Unluckily for the owners, Winton Somers, an adventurous Englishman, serving as a Lieutenant in the Peruvian navy, learned of the whole plan through a maid in the service of a wife of a millionaire with whom he was carrying on a little love affair. He soon succeeded in gaining the services of a band of kindred spirits, who were ready for any plan that promised fortune. On the night before the sailing of the vessel they waylaid a party taking the last of the jewels aboard. The bearers were killed, and two of the heaviest caskets turned over to the keeping of a maid, who promised to meet Somers in a foreign land. Boats were manned, the pirates boarded the brig and killed the guards. They threw out the proper signal, which Somers, as an officer in the Peruvian navy, was acquainted with, picked their way among the guarding ships, and struck out boldly into the Pacific. After some discussion, and more disputing, the pirates made for the Marianne Islands and buried the treasure.

A course was then shaped for Honolulu. Before reaching the port, however, the old disputes sprang up about a division of the spoils and the method of disposing of them. The crew quickly divided into two factions. One night one side attempted to exterminate the other. Somers, three officers, and a cabin boy soon found themselves penned in the cabin, the others of their party having been

KILLED AND PITCHED OVERBOARD.

The victors celebrated the event in a wild orgy. The four men in the cabin took advantage of their condition, fought a clear passage to one of the boats, provisioned it, and put off, after first setting fire to the ship. While on the ocean in desperate straits a small cask of whiskey caused a fight between two of the officers. One was killed outright. The other, badly wounded, was soon after sacrificed to save the rapidly diminishing provision.

At Honolulu, Somers, Pedro Ravelo, and the cabin boy represented themselves as the survivors of a shipwreck. Their story touched the sympathy of a merchant, who provided them with passes to San Francisco. Somers' first business was to try to get possession of the jewels left in Lima in charge of his sweetheart, in order to realize on them and to start an expedition for the Marianne Islands. The three raked and scraped together every cent possible. It was given in charge of Ravelo and the boy, who were to go to Lima and bring back the maid and the jewels. Somers, being afraid to show his face anywhere near the Peruvian line, for obvious reasons, remained in this city. At the same time he proposed to do what he regarded as a neat little stroke of business. The treasure on the islands was large, but the fewer there were to share it the larger it would be. After the style of the trick practiced on Bellerophon, he despatched an epistle by Ravelo and the boy urging the maid to see that the messengers were killed. The messengers reached Lima, delivered their letters and were cordially received by the former love of Somers.

Time and the revolution had changed her lot, however, thanks to the jewels intrusted to her care on the night of Somers' great coup of the Peruvian treasures. She was the wife of a great official. She coolly informed the messengers that she didn't propose to go with them, and that she didn't take any stock in their story relating to the treasure being safely buried and Somers waiting to guide her to them. The messengers threatened her with the exposure of her connection with the piracy. She temporized with them to no purpose. At last she found no escape but to follow the advice of Somers' letter. The two were

WAYLAIN BY ASSASSINS

but they made a both of the business. Ravelo escaped with a scratch, but the boy was mortally wounded. As he lay gasping away his life he confessed the whole story to the authorities. The woman was arrested, tried, and executed.

After suffering untold privations Ravelo escaped from Peru and made his way to Somers. The two survivors now began to devise ways to reach the buried treasure. At last they found Capt. Thompson and told such a good story that he consented to fit out his schooner *Swallow* and have a try at the heaps of gold and jewels. Somers, however, to protect himself, would not divulge the island which held them, but insisted that the charter for the vessel should include the whole group.

One evening before they reached their destination, Somers and the Peruvian were sitting chatting on the lee rail, and looking over the plat giving the position of the treasures. The explanations were on the margin and all in Spanish. Suddenly the lookout heard a cry. In the wake of the ship he saw a clanking hand disappearing beneath the waves. Somers was gone and Ravelo was clutching the paper and looking overboard.

The vessel was brought to, but the body was never recovered. Ravelo declared that Somers had accidentally fallen overboard. The paper, which he still held in his hand, had a portion of the margin containing the explanation torn away and was much crumpled, showing signs of a struggle.

Soon after this Thompson sighted a brig, the Captain of which proved an old friend. He divided the secret with him, and together they sailed for the islands. Ravelo was threatened with being delivered up to the Government unless he guided them to the spot where the treasure was buried. He promised compliance. On arriving at the foot of the island he was asked if that was the one, and he said it was.

Preparations were made for going ashore and digging up the gold and jewels. As Ravelo was stepping into the boat he begged to be allowed to return to the cabin for a little plat of the place he had. The cabin boy, who was in the place at the time, afterward told that he filled his pockets with all the lead and iron he could stuff into them. On returning he slid into the boat, lost his grip, and

SHOT BENEATH THE SURFACE.

The coxswain made a grab for his disappearing head and pulled away a tuft of hair. The two Captains went ashore and made a long and vain search for the treasure. They had Somers' plat, but he had gone down grasping a part of it. What descriptions they had were in Spanish and not a man among them was acquainted with that language.

In digging about, some South American coins were found, a ring, a sailor's knife, and a piece of board, into which had been burned the letters *El Ci*, undoubtedly a portion of the words *El Ciudad*, the name of the brig in which Somers fled with the treasure. Grumbling among the overworked sailors and a scarcity of provisions compelled the Captains to abandon the search.

In January, 1856, the British schooner *Nereid* sailed from Yokohama as far as Guan, a small island in the Marianne group, in search of the treasure. The vessel was never heard of afterward, and is supposed to have perished in the terrible typhoon that swept that coast shortly afterward. Two expeditions have sailed from Lima, implying a confidence in the confession of the murdered cabin boy. One of them was wrecked on a coral reef, and the other returned unsuccessful. Speculators took up the scheme and worked for some time to have the Government back them in an expedition. For a time it looked as if their object would be attained, but a new administration coming into power ruined their hopes. Thompson is in San Francisco, old and penniless. For a long time he tried to interest capitalists in his story, but without result. Since the report of the fitting out of the expedition has got abroad Thompson has disappeared. Those in his old haunts who are familiar with his habits are confident that he is now being kept in seclusion until the story of the treasures on Marianne Island has been tested.

Stanley's March.

Dec. 1.—Stanley writing from Mikessi under date Nov. 26, says that the party are all well and enjoying the luxuries Major Wissman sent to them, but he complains bitterly of having been two years and eleven months without news, the mail having been lost or robbed. A postscript, written on the morning of the 27th, states that Stanley had just received Acting Consul-General Smith's letter. Everyone was rejoiced to hear that the Queen still reigns, and eagerly wanted newspapers to learn the incidents of the last three years. Stanley gives the following as his probable itinerary:—Geregevi, November 27; Mso, November 28; Hali, November 29; Is camp, November 29; in camp, November 30; reach Mbuyani, December 1; Kibijo, December 2; Kingauli river, December 3; Bagamoyo, December 4; and Zanzibar, December 5.

The Way He Could Tell.

"I say Jenkins, can you tell a young chicken from an old one?"
"Of course I can."
"Well, how?"
"By the teeth."
"Chickens don't have teeth."
"No, but I have."

A Sign which Failed.

Young Husband—"Seems to me, my dear, this chicken is pretty tough."
Young Wife—"I know it is, and I can't understand it at all. I picked it out myself."
"Did you examine it closely?"
"Indeed I did. I looked in its mouth the first thing, and I could see it hadn't cut its first teeth yet."

The Tobacco Plant.

Tobacco is a native of America. According to many accounts, it was first found by the Spaniards in the province of Yucatan, who called it *tabaco*, the name of the country in which it was cultivated. Others, however, assert that they first discovered it in Tobago, which is one of the Caribbean Islands. This last account is generally considered very doubtful. One thing is certain, however, in relation to the origin of the name of this plant, that the aborigines or Indians of the Caribbean Islands had a tube or pipe which they termed "tabaco," and in which they smoked this herb. The Spaniards, on visiting this torrid climate, transferred the name of the tube or pipe to the plant itself, which has been denominated "tabaco," or, according to the orthographical corruption of the word, has been styled "tobacco" ever since.

The tobacco plant is classed with the *Nicotiana* genus. This genus derived its name from Nicot, a French or Spanish botanist, who devoted his attention to the study of this species of plants soon after the middle of the sixteenth century, or about the year 1560. The leaves of this plant, upon being dried, and then manufactured in various ways, are most commonly used for chewing and smoking purposes, and in the preparation or making of snuff. It is also used, to some extent, as a medicine.

Didn't Like the Bank Selected.

Brown—"My children manifest too early in life a tendency to put away money, and I am exceedingly worried over it."
Jenkins—"Why, that is an excellent trait, and I don't see any reason why you should be worried."

Brown—"But I am. The baby swallowed a dime this morning."

The Evidence Against Him.

Hard-Looking Citizen—"Do you want to hire a man?"
Merchant—"No, I've no use for a man that drinks."

Hard-Looking Citizen (with offended dignity)—"I can bring you any number of witnesses to prove I'm not a drinking man, sir."

Merchant (motioning him to the door)—"You can't establish an alibi for that breath."

What He Thinks About.

"My dear," said Mrs. Honeymoon to her spouse, one day at dinner, "doctors say that one should not think about business matters at meal times, as it invades digestion and injures the health. Pray dear, what do you think about when we sit down to meals?"
"Sweetest!" replied the old man, "I only think about chow!"
And Mrs. Honeymoon put her arm around his neck and kissed him.

A Musical Shoe.

Mrs. B. Jones—Why, how your left shoe squeaks! What is the matter with it?
B. Jones—I think it must be the music in its sole.

How He Lost Them.

Lady of the House—How did you lose those two fingers from your left hand, my poor man?
Tramp—They were cut off, mum.
"I suppose that was when you were working, and that their loss disabled you from further manual labor. Tell me was it in a mill?"
"No, mum. It wuz in a hen coop. I had to cut 'em off or steal the trap."

The Kind-Hearted Cob.

Policeman—"Here, now, move on."
Stranger (who has lost his way trying to get back to his hotel)—"I am no tramp."
Policeman—"What are ye, then?"
Stranger—"I am a country editor."
Policeman—"I see, I see. Poor fellow! Here's a dime."

Pattin' a patched dime in the collection box is like buyin' a scalper's ticket to heaven.

Only One Thing Lacking.—(Mr. Jones had married little Johnny's maiden aunt and they were at the wedding breakfast.) Little Johnny (to his grandfather)—"When are you going to begin on him, grampa?"
Grandpa—"Begin on who, Johnny?"
Mr. Jones, I heard you tell grandma he wouldn't be so bad if you could only put some brains in him." Breakfast was finished without Johnny.—Texas Sitings.

A museum attraction in Boston has permanently retired from business. His speciality was catching a bullet, fired from a rifle, in his teeth. This apparently wonderful feat is not so difficult when one knows how to do it. The main thing is to have an imitator bullet composed of pasteboard. It looks exactly like lead and easily "catches" the gaping jaws who see the trick. This time, however, the gun was accidentally loaded with a lead bullet, which, instead of being stopped between the teeth of the showman, went on through his head.

Curious customs prevailed in some parts of Sutherlandshire in the "golden time." Not the least curious of these was the agreement between the "minister's man" and the minister. In these days the minister, for the time being, had the sole right of fishing salmon on some of the best pools on the river. This was part of his salary, and he could fish those pools in any way he pleased, by net or rod, and by proxy. The consequence was that his servants were regularly surfeited with salmon; and so it came to pass that before engaging they bound down the minister not to give them salmon oftener than once a week!

A great outcry has been raised in the Swiss Canton Fribourg against the prevalence there of bribery at elections. The political workers are constantly racking their brains to devise new means of buying votes. The mayor of a small city near Locarno recently, while running for reelection, invited every person who would promise to vote for him, to eat and drink at his expense for three months at certain specified taverns. The success of his plan is shown by the fact that he was reelected and that his bills at the taverns in question amounted to 14,000 francs. Votes bought in the old-fashioned way cost from 20 cents to \$5 each. Even clergy are said to bribe electors right and left.



CARISM'S EVE. A TERRIBLE THOUGHT.

"Oh, Tommy! Just suppose robbing a bank and run off with it!"