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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### SONNET.

Swiftly we're gliding,  
Smoothly we're riding  
Over the sea;  
Where are 'he dear ones,  
(Are they not near ones?)  
Thinking of me;

On life goes ever,  
Changing forever;  
Like to the billow,  
Or lulled on its pillow  
Softly we sleep  
On the foam-crested deep.  
O! wonderful life!  
Filled with pleasure and strife  
O wonderful sea!  
So like life to thee.

Thus we sigh evermore,  
As the waves on thy shore;  
Wither come, whither wending  
At eternity ending,  
Thy solemn sad roar.  
At last there shall be,  
No more waves—no more sea  
At last lulled to rest  
Like the child on my breast,  
Shall life's fever be o'er  
Calm and still evermore.

B. P.

Off Ilfracombe, England, August, 1872.

## Religious.

### THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

In our issue of the 4th inst., we stated that probably Great Britain would take the initiative in a general movement to put down the slave trade in the world. The last mail brought the intelligence that a large meeting was recently held in London presided over by the Lord Mayor. We subjoin some extracts from speeches made at this meeting:—

The LORD MAYOR, in opening the proceedings, said,—My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I feel almost overpowered when I look around this crowded hall, but it is only another evidence that when we are anxious to do a good work we have large and powerful assistance rendered to us. (Hear, hear.) I view this meeting to-day as something extremely gratifying. You are many of you aware that very early in my mayoralty I called a meeting which had for its object the drawing of the attention of the government to the slave trade on the East Coast of Africa. I am very much pleased to find that from the expression of feeling on that occasion the Government have in a very proper manner taken up the question, and have placed in the hands of a very distinguished man the opportunity of fully and completely settling it. (Hear.) No one will doubt for a moment that Sir Bartle Frere is the fittest man that could be found for that work. (Hear, Hear.) He goes out with Eastern experience; with the kindest feeling towards all parties, and I am sure that it is possible to make satisfactory terms he will do so. I will not enter upon the subject of slavery in the Pacific Ocean, where, unfortunately, it is being carried on. Our immediate object is the abolition of slavery on the East Coast of Africa, where it exists to a fearful extent. We are about to do something—I hope it may be something effectual, although it may be costly to do away with an iniquitous traffic and to advance the cause of humanity and civilization. I have received a number of letters from influential men sympathizing with our object. Among others I have had a letter from Lord Shaftesbury, and I am sure we feel deeply for him in his great bereavement. (Hear, hear.) I did not expect that he could be present, nor did I even hope that he would take notice of our meeting, but he writes in the kindest terms to express his deep sympathy with what we propose, and his regret that he could not be present. I have also had a letter from Sir Stafford Northcote, who has also met

with a family bereavement. He states that he shall look with great interest and hopefulness to the result of Sir Bartle Frere's mission, and that no able man could have been selected for the work. I have now to call upon the Bishop of Winchester to move the first resolution. (Cheers)

The Bishop of WINCHESTER, who was warmly received, said,—My Lord Mayor, before I read the resolution which has been committed to me, allow me to say that I, for one, welcome such a graceful approaching termination of your Lordship's mayoralty (hear, hear), begun in pledging yourself and, so far as may be, this great mercantile community to doing this great act of right, and ending most gratefully in seeing, as I trust, the beginning of that final measure which will sweep away slavery from the face of the earth. (Cheers.) Those who have watched your mayoralty from beginning to end will, with me, feel pleasure that it began and ended in so truly great and honourable a work. (Hear, hear.) My Lord Mayor, the resolution which has been committed to me is to this effect:—

"That the same imperative duty which rested on Great Britain to suppress the West African Slave Trade binds her to the suppression of that from the East Coast."

That resolution leads me to say one or two words upon the whole question. I see that the true instinct of this city has joined together the old and the new anti-slavery movements. I can see in the crowding of this great hall, in the interest in every countenance, in the enthusiasm around the door, the old fever broken out again—the blessed fever which swept away in the time of our fathers that accursed evil from the West Coast—pledging itself to sweep it away from the East Coast also. (Hear, hear.) The resolution says that the duty is the same. I wish not to deal in general expressions, but in a few words—because it will go forth from this hall, where it is, perhaps, needless to speak them, to distant parts, where their being read may be most needful—to show that it is precisely the same cause as that to which Great Britain has already committed itself. In the first place, the evil is the same. Throughout the whole of the great warfare against the West African slave trade the language of the chiefs in that deliverance was always this, not so much as to slavery in the West India Islands as to the devastation of Africa, from which the slaves were brought. The great evil and injustice was that the abomination of man stealing—the abomination of it committed under almost every exaggerated circumstance that man could devise—the cruelty of it in its greatest possible degree lay, first, in the collection of the slaves, the finding of some cause for setting one petty chieftain against another, thus inducing warfare, and then taking advantage of it to fire peaceful villages and kidnap the inhabitants as they rushed for their lives from the flames. That was the evil of old, that is the abomination now. Then there was the passage from the interior of Africa to the coast. The evil is not only the same, but greater now, and it is increasing of necessity every year. It is increasing for this reason. The curse of the Slave Trade in the collection of slaves is this—that it devastates and depopulates God's earth. It drives, therefore, further back the resources, the game preserves from which those stealers of men are to gather up their wretched victims. What does Dr. Livingstone (cheers) tell us on this subject? What do reports of the House of Commons say? What evidence do men like Captain Vivian, Sir Leopold Heath, and others afford on the subject? They say that so entirely is the border country of the East Coast of Africa depopulated that where a few years ago they found a numerous population carrying on agriculture in no mean degree growing cotton and using it for agriculture, you might now travel 120 miles and find not a single hut or a human inhabitant. (Hear, hear.) The curse

of that evil trade has passed like a fire over it, and having before it a Garden of Eden, has left behind it a desolate wilderness. And observe, every year that you suffer this to continue you drive far back the wretched victims of the trade (hear, hear), and therefore you increase the distance from which the miserable creatures are brought down to the port where they are to be embarked for their final transportation. Already we read from Livingstone that but one in seven or ten of those so captured ever reach the coast, and when they go still further into the interior it will be one in five or one in four—all the rest being the victims of the hideous cruelty and hardship of that intermediate journey. Already we read that on those interior lakes which Livingstone has made known to us—Nyanza and the other lakes—the slave trade exists. Boats are launched, and the slavers go to the peaceful tribes on the other side of the water to get their victims, and then transport them across the lakes and march them to the coast. And that march! Who among us can calculate its horrors—the men bound together by thongs, with forks so fixed that they can neither bend towards the earth nor turn aside from the road—dying constantly by a comrade's side, and then being cast like carrion upon the earth they had been treading; the women exposed to the same cruelties, and even the children, and upon the whole the children lasting out longer even than the men in that miserable transportation. And when the survivors reach the sea coast at Kilwah their sufferings are not at an end. They are crowded into an Arab dhow—ves-el—in which they are to be transported across the sea—some landed on the main-land, a greater number carried to Zanzibar itself, and some to Madagascar. Of 20,000 which were estimated to have left Kilwah in one year, only 1,700 were needed in the dominions of Zanzibar. All the rest were sent into foreign slavery in those wretched Arab dhows in order to bring the price which, like cattle, they may fetch in the distant market. (Hear, hear.) And nothing can exceed the misery of that cruise. The very presence of the British cruisers add to their sufferings, as from the danger of capture they are crowded together so that several are sacrificed for the escape of one. They are crowded into those noisome dens, by the stretch from which our gallant men are often driven back; they can hardly approach the mouth of the hole to do their work of charity. The dead lie trampled down by the dying, the decaying carcase of the brother, the sister, the wife, the child, trampled under the foot of the wretched man, him self in the agonies of hunger and thirst, scarcely keeping the untutored and uncultivated intellect which God has given to him. Such, Christian men, is the transport from Kilwah to Zanzibar, and what then? Then the horrors of the slave market. They are put into the market, some unclad, others with the remaining tattered garments of their captivity upon them, and the dealers crouching and making them rise to show whether they can still stand, and sold like the vilest cattle in England—nay, worse than any cattle exposed for sale in England. (Cheers.) We have one here to-day who sent to a Committee of the House of Commons the most harrowing account of the slave market. I allude to Bishop Ryan. (Cheers.) In one case the slave was unable to rise because his wife, who was chained to him, had died, and hung too heavy upon him to allow him to stand; in others needless cruelties are inflicted even when the blindness of approaching death is upon them. Let us remember that we say nothing against those dealers that we would not say of ourselves in these circumstances. The being habituated to these scenes kills of necessity the charity of the human heart. (Hear, hear.) No man can be continually conversant with such deeds of iniquity and keep a loving heart living within his breast. Then after the market

follows the transportation to the Arabian ports or to Madagascar with all its renewed miseries. As I have said, the pursuit by English cruisers inflicts additional evil. If the wretched dhows find escape impossible, they run upon the rocks and the slaves perish; if they escape, it is life-long captivity, not—as was true of the West Coast slaves—in Christian settlements, where they had a chance of learning the truths of the Gospel, but in entirely Mohamedan countries, where there is no reparation of any kind for the loss of family and peace and happiness for which this slavery is substituted. (Hear, hear.) I have, I hope, established the first proposition of the resolution. I say Great Britain is as much directly bound in the sight of God and man to remedy the evil in the East of Africa as she ever was in the West. (Cheers.) Once more.—Great Britain has in the face of the world and in the name of God undertaken this championship. (Hear, hear.) She has declared that the slave trade is piracy and shall not exist upon the high seas. She has pledged herself to it as Empress of those seas—as the power to which the God of Justice has given their command. She has said those ocean paths shall not be contaminated by the slave-trader's track (cheers), and when a great people undertake a great cause like this in the sight of man and God, it is not for them to shrink aside because it becomes a troublesome question and to say,—it does not belong to us; it belongs to some one else. Great Britain has undertaken the work, and Great Britain is bound to carry it through. I sit down with saying this.—We have before us the question of slavery—the putting a stop to the hideous traffic in human beings on the East Coast of Africa, in Fiji, in the Southern Archipelago. This question it rests with England to settle, and upon its due settlement I believe our prosperity depends. England, I maintain, has received from God a mission to spread liberty, truth, light, and peace throughout the world, and upon her discharge of her vocation depends the continuance of her blessings. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Kirkman Hodgson, M. P., in seconding the motion said he felt sure the expedition of Sir Bartle Frere would be crowned with success, and that when he returned they would all be delighted to say to him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Mr. H. M. Stanley was received with loud and prolonged cheers on rising to move the second resolution, and it was impossible for him to proceed until he had mounted a chair, in order that he might be seen by the audience in the remoter parts of the room. He said, however, he could not speak from such a high platform, and begged permission to descend to the level of ordinary creatures. Having read the resolution he had to move—

"That all who desire to promote the abolition of the West African Slave Trade should make its enormities as widely known as possible."

He said it required the gift of such eloquence as that of the right rev. bishop to do justice to the theme; but in lieu of such eloquence he could offer only the words of a wanderer. He had now to tell what he had seen personally of the slave trade; he would not draw a sensational picture. In Zanzibar there were 17,000 Baniyas, who were wealthy and found the money with which the slave trade was carried on. They made advances to adventurous Arabs who came down from Muscat, and they got a return of 100 per cent. on every dollar they advanced. An Arab, going out with a caravan, would take from 3000 to 5000 dollars' worth of cloth, beads, and wire, and march to Unyanyembe; but slaves were too dear there, being worth 10, 20, or 30 dollars each. He would go on to Ujiji, where they were cheaper, being worth 6, 7, 8, or 10 dollars a head; but that was too dear, for the avarice of the Arab was kindled. In order to satisfy that and the relentless usurer who had advanced

money, the expedition crossed Lake Tanganyika, into Lower Manyema, where 80 or 100 guns were amply sufficient to conquer any of the native tribes or sub-tribes. Livingstone had pictured the beauty of the women, and, having seen two or three hundred of them in chains at Ujiji, he could confirm what Livingstone had said. The woman of Manyema were preferred for wives, and the Arabs would do anything to obtain a sufficient supply. They might obtain them by purchase at Unyanyembe and Ujiji, but they procured them for nothing in Manyema. A party of 80 guns would go to a village and make a display of tempting goods, including beautiful beads, which were called the breakers of women's hearts (laughter), and when the women were assembled to look at them, and while the men were examining the texture of cloth, the ruffianly commander, whose armed men were in ambush, would begin an indiscriminate massacre. Livingstone had attempted to describe what occurred at Nyangwe, on the Luabala river, where the people in the market were surrounded and fired upon with volley after volley. The people, in horror and dismay at the tremendous sound which they believed was stolen from heaven, rushed into the brown waters of the Luabala, to be eaten by crocodiles or fired at if they appeared on the surface. We might imagine the unutterable loathing and disgust which was kindled in Livingstone's mind when he witnessed this scene. No wonder such scenes told on his gentle disposition; no wonder his eyes flashed as he had seen them, at the continuance of these atrocities. It was enormities such as these which the resolution called upon them to make as widely known as possible. Fifty years ago some of the people of these districts regarded with curiosity those who came from the sea, and, in their eagerness to barter, accepted firearms. Now, with these in their hands, they demanded tribute from the Arabs, who now found the guns they had brought turned against them, in districts where they could formerly walk with canes in their hands. It was only in Unyanyembe and on a river the mouth of which was opposite to Zanzibar that the slave trade was carried on. A gunboat could easily reach the head-quarters of the trade. A launch could ascend the river comfortably in three days, and a march of ten miles could then bring an expedition to the stronghold of the slave trade of East Africa, a fortified town of 1,000 houses, the people of which had become faithful pupils of their kidnapping master.

Let us imagine a state of things in London such as existed in Africa. We see a crowded bazaar, wherein several chained gangs of white slaves are being brought in for sale. What kind of people are these? They are old and young, some are strong and sturdy-looking, others are thin, wearied, sorrowful-looking creatures, some are sickly and others are healthy, some are merry, reckless, and wild, others are sad with a hopeless woe-begone and despairing look, some are naked, others have bits or shreds of cloth around the loins; they are all dirty and have a hungry look as they are being brought in. The buyer, animated by various feelings, throng eagerly around them. One man wants help for his farm, another requires a slave for household work, another for his store, another would like to possess one for other purposes. The auctioneer takes his stand and begins the strange work of selling men and women of his own species, like unto him in all human attributes. The slave is forced to exhibit his or her points, the strength, physical formation, and beauty that he or she possesses. The arms and legs, the breadth of the back, the depth of the chest are freely desecrated upon; the eyelids are drawn up, so that intending buyers may see the full circle of the eyes, the lips are rudely drawn aside, the mouth is opened, the teeth examined and felt if they are all firm and sound. Even the tongue must undergo in spection the back and chest