THE LAST CRUISE OF THE GENERAL ARMSTRONG, BY ONE OF HER CREW

A True Story of the War of 1812, Now Published for the First Time.

C. G. Vincent, of Moorhead, Minn., sends to The Journal the following historical document, which he avers was written by a participant in the battle and has been preserved. If authentic—as it seems to be—it has great historic value; and at any rate, it is a most graphic account of a sea battle in the war of 1812.

The schooner General Armstrong was altered to a hermaphrodite brig in August, 1814, and fitted out for a cruise. Her tonnage was about 400. She mounted eight long nines, and a long twenty-four pounder, weighing about three tons. This privateer sailed from Sandy Hook on Sept. 9, at 10 p. m., commanded by Samuel C. Reid, with a crew of ninety seamen and officers, mostly from the states of Connecticut and Massachusetts.

At 2 a. m. we found ourselves in the center of the blockading squadron, consisting of three line-of-battle ships, one razee, two frigates and two sloops of war. Our only way to escape was by turning to windward, and thanks to the General's heels and good luck and management, we worked her out from the midst of them. At 10 a. m. we were five miles to the windward of the enemy's weathermost ship. They, however, continued the chase until 12 m. d., when they bore up for the land, finding it of no use to continue the chase.

We continued our course to the eastward, without falling in with anything until the 14th, when we fell in with a brig, who commenced firing upon us without hoisting any colors. We found that she had a long gun, and supposed her to be the Portsmouth, privateer of Portsmouth, N. H. We thought best not to make a close acquaintance with her, for fear of getting crippled, and thereby spoiling our cruise. We therefore showed our colors, made sail, and continued our course for the Western islands. On the 20th we fell in with a Spanish armed schooner and a Portuguese ship, boarded them, found all right and left them. On the morning of the 25th September, we arrived at Fayal, came to anchor in the bay, about three miles from the town, were visited by Mr. Dabney, American consul, and several American gentlemen, who were passengers from Lisbon in a Portuguese ship, then lying in the harbor.

We commenced filling our water casks, and taking in such other articles as we needed. About sunset we saw a man-of-war heave around the northeast point of the harbor, and shortly afterward, another. Mr. Dabney said there was no danger from them—that he was well acquainted with the commander of the squadron—that he was a gentleman, and would not molest us in a neutral port, and that he made that port a place of rendezvous. Captain Reid called his officers together for consultation, and after hearing Mr. Dabney's statement, most of them were of the opinion that it would be best to lay where we were, as we should have to run the sloop of war close on board, and would probably receive much injury. Mr. Williams, second lieutenant, was anxious to get under way, pass the sloop of war and run thru between Pico and Fayal.

In the meantime a line-of-battle ship hove in sight. By this time the sloop and frigate had anchored in the bay. The seventy-four proved to be the Plantagenet, Captain Lloyd. The frigate, Rota, Lord Somerville, and the sloop of war, the Carnation. It was then thought advisable to haul close to under the fort, and claim the protection of a neutral power.

As soon as the Plantagenet hove in sight, Mr. Dabney found he was mistaken in the squadron. About 8 p. m. a boat was seen going off to the enemy's ships. We immediately hove up the anchor, got our sweeps, and pulled in for the fort. The sloop of war got under way and stood across the harbor. We continued pulling and kedging in, until we shot in by the southeast part of the harbor—a very high hill. The moon was in her full, and had risen above the hill.

While thus employed, and within half a mile of the fort, we discovered, in the dusk of the moon, between the point and us, four boats pulling up under the stern with muffled oars. Captain Reid hailed them and ordered them to keep off. They answered, "What the devil are you afraid of?" Reid hailed again—"Keep off, or I'll fire into you." At this announcement the officer in command called out, "Give way for her and give the d——d Yankees no quarter!" Before they could get alongside a long nine was slued around to a stern port and fired on one of the boats pulling up, which killed or wounded nearly the whole crew. This boat was commanded by the third lieutenant of the Plantagenet. She drifted to the beach about a mile from our vessel. The other boats got alongside, and two of them attacked on the starboard, and one on the larboard quarter.

All this was apparently the work of a minute. We were still engaged kedging the vessel under the fort when the word from aft was, "Repel boarders." On mustering aft, the first lieutenant, Frederick A. Worth, received a ball in his left side, and a seaman by the name of Barton Cloid was shot thru the heart and fell dead instantly. These men were shot thru the gun or sweep ports. In passing aft, one of the officers saw a blunderbuss run thru a sweep port—he instantly jumped on it—when it was discharged; the contents entered the combings of the cabin companionway and lodged. By the presence of mind and prompt action of that officer, no doubt, the lives of Mr. Dabney, the consul, and several other gentlemen were saved, as they were standing in the companionway at the time, and had it been fired in its parallel position, it must have killed or wounded them.

The boat on our larboard quarter was instantly repelled with most of her crew killed or wounded; they were enabled, however, to get off, and take refuge under cover of a large Portuguese ship lying in the harbor. The two on the starboard quarter soon called for quarter, which was given them. We ceased firing as soon as possible; the officers fore and aft the deck, at the risk of their lives, with great difficulty stopped the men from firing and using the pike and cutlass, and permitting those men, who ten or fifteen minutes before, had received orders "to give the d—d Yankees no quarter," to put the boat hooks against the side of our vessel, shove off and go about their business.

We then warped in under the fort, in hopes of being protected by the garrison; but they had neither disposition nor the ability to do it. The guns in the fort, from all appearances, had not been touched for twenty years.

In the meantime our surgeon, Brogingham, a very worthy and efficient man, was dispatched to the boat that had drifted on shore, with orders to do all he could for the wounded. He found about twenty men alive in her, who were badly wounded, the remainder being dead. He took off limbs, extracted balls and dressed their wounds, and did it to the satisfaction of the English surgeon, who said, the next day, that the wounds had been treated the same as his majesty's surgeons would have done. The boat's crew, attending the doctor, carried the wounded men into the house and made them as comfortable as could be under the circumstances. At 11:30 we had got the vessel within pistol shot of the fort, moored with springs on the cables. The moon was risen high, without a single cloud in the heavens, and the night was exceedingly beautiful in that mild and serene climate.

The town of Fayal stands on the sides of high hills; on the water's edge is a wall the whole length of the town, the fort in the center. On these hills were to be seen all the inhabitants, men, women and children, ladies in their white dresses, from one extremity to the other, making a most beautiful appearance in the bright moonlight. Those people—the whole inhabitants of this beautiful town—had taken their stations on these hills to see a conflict, such as they had never before witnessed.

At 12 m. n., the sloop of war stood in for the town, towing at her stern fourteen boats, manned and armed for action. These boats contained, from the best accounts we could get, 400 men.

It will be recollected by many that this squadron was engaged in the Chesapeake, stealing negroes and landing troops for the capture of Washington and Baltimore, and was supplied with transport boats of a large size, each of which would carry from 60 to 100 men, with an eighteen-pound carronade, besides swivels, blunderbusses, etc.

The sloop worked in abreast of the Armstrong and cast them off, herself lying to. The boats pulled slowly ahead, keeping in close order, under cover of the sloop. We soon found that they drew so much ahead that our guns would soon be wooded and we should lose our broadside from the long nines. With great persuasion Captain Reid gave orders to fire, that fire which sent many a brave fellow to his last account. The guns were loaded with round, grape and canister shot, with a large bag of ragged musket balls in each. At this fire Long Tom drew his breeching bolts from the slide and ran off on the deck.

The boats at this time were about musket shot distance—the vessel lay perfectly still against a bank, and must have done great execution. I have been informed by an officer of the Plantagenet, since the war, that the broadside they received cut them up so much, and threw them into such confusion, that they were panic stricken. Mr. Somerville, first lieutenant of the Rota, was mortally wounded; he was the son of Lord Somerville, and had command of the boats for the attack. We were enabled to get one of the forward guns to bear on them a second time.

On receiving the broadside they pulled for the bow of the Armstrong, all excepting two launches, which took their stations on our starboard quarter. We immediately commenced upon the launches with pikes and musketry, and soon forced them to drop astern, where they drifted out of gunshot.

The first and third division then rushed forward to the assistance of the second division, which was engaged with twelve boats, who were attempting to board. But the Armstrong was not to be boarded easily—her chain plates were let into the sides of the bulwarks and made flush with the plank so that no one could get up the side. The only chance of boarding was on the bowsprit; but this point was well guarded by the small arm men and boarders. Several times the bowsprit and shrouds were filled with men, but poor fellows, they were soon picked off. There were but two men ever got on the deck—one of them ran the gauntlet to the stern and jumped overboard; the other was found after the action sitting on the side of Long Tom. He said he was a mariner belonging to the Rota frigate, and was badly hurt. He was taken aft by the doctor; but, poor fellow, he died in a few minutes.

The boats under the bow fought bravely; the officers cheering them, calling out for them to board—"Board is the word!"—boat alongside of boat, one tumbling over the other, dead and wounded mixed together in awful confusion! Not able to board, and their shots taking effect only in the foretop, or in the side, unless thru the gun or sweep ports, they fought with desperation. And thus perished between two and three hundred brave men—some who had fought in the memorable battle of Trafalgar with the gallant Nelson. These men were not volunteers, but picked men—"Go you must!" They lay alongside until they were mostly killed or wounded. Four boats were taken literally loaded with dead and wounded—the other eight got from under our bows and pulled along shore out of the range of our long guns—most of them pulling ten oars, went away pulling three.

In the height of the conflict Mr. Williams, second lieutenant, called out to repel boarders on the larboard bow. When the boarders arrived at this point Lieutenant Williams was shot thru the head by a Lieutenant Rogers of the Plantagenet, who was standing on the sill of one of the bow ports. He was soon seen falling back into the boat, a corpse.

Alexander Owen Williams was a young man 24 years of age, belonging to New London, Conn., a man much beloved by all the crew. An officer and one man jumped into the boat, so great was their desire to revenge the death of Williams. In jumping into the boat the officer lost his sword. At this time there was a great part of the boat's crew alive and not wounded. In this situation he was placed at the mercy of the enemy and exposed to the fire of his own men; the moon shining bright, he saw the sword of the dead officer lying in the stern sheets, bright and sharp. This he soon employed cutting right and left, and in a few minutes he was seen cutting the lazy painter which was made fast to the bobstay, and drop her alongside loaded with dead and wounded. This officer was wounded in the wrist by a pistol shot from a dying man. The man who accompanied him was wounded by a musket ball thru the arm by our own marines.

After the boats had gone—those that could get off—there was a death-like stillness for ten minutes, not a word was spoken. This silence cannot be accounted for, unless that every man was struck with the awful solemnity of the scene. The people on shore were as mute as those on board. At length Mr. Dabney hailed, "Who commands the General Armstrong?" Our captain answered, "Samuel C. Reid." The consul communicated it to the bystanders, and for five minutes the hills resounded with cheers which continued for hours.

The captured boats were hauled up on the beach and the dead laid upon the sands. The wounded were taken with our own into the same building and their wounds all dressed indiscriminately, friend or foe. The boats were then cut to pieces on the beach. In the meantime our Long Tom was mounted and the vessel cleared for action.

Captain Reid and some of the officers then went on shore to consult with the American consul on the best course to pursue. He there found some officers who had lost their boats, who, with the English consul, informed him that Commodore Lloyd was determined to destroy the Armstrong, if he blew the town down in accomplishing it. Under these circumstances, Captain Reid concluded it best for the crew to land their clothes and effects, then defend the vessel to the last moment.

A part of the crew were engaged landing the baggage of the men and officers, when at 9 a. m. the sloop of war stood in for the Armstrong, and at 11 a. m. hove to within pistol shot and immediately opened a heavy fire from her 18-pound carronades and two files of marines and small-arm men. At this time there were but twelve men on board the Armstrong—these were the officers and petty officers. They fought the enemy bravely, but not having strength to run out the guns after they were discharged, some dre wtheir breeching bolts, some dismounted, some broke their trigs, etc., but those that could be worked were continually employed. The long gun, at the second fire, ran off the slide, being fired with taut breeching. This gun jumped the slide off the pivot, and landed the permillion on the larboard bulwarks, making a point blank aim at the enemy. In this position she was fired five times into the sloop, doing great execution; at the sixth fire, the gun dismounted and broke in the deck. At length it was thought best to partially destroy her and jump overboard, which was acordingly done by firing a 9-pound shot thru her bottom.

This last act was performed by an officer, and a man named Cole, now living in Portland. The enemy continued firing great guns and small arms for thirty-five minutes, and strange to say, not a single man was killed or wounded, nor did their shot hit the hull, but went over the vessel and did considerable injury in the town. One old man who could not get out of his house was killed by a cannon ball; some of the houses were also demolished, while the Armstrong was scarcely touched. After swimming and wading to the beach, which was not more than sixty fathoms distant from the Armstrong, the men had a short distance to go before they would be protected from the fire of the enemy by an angle of the fort. But in going this distance, which was about one hundred yards, they were exposed to the fire of grape and canister and musket shot, which passed upon the beach without mercy, making the stones fly in every direction, and here there was but one man wounded, making in all two killed and eleven wounded of the Armstrong crew, while the English lost two hundred and fifty men, besides ninety wounded.

The sloop kept up a cannonading till 12 midday, when she hauled off and careened to stop shot holes.

At 2 p. m. the boats, three in number, attempted to board the Armstrong, one boat pulling a long distance ahead of the other. They seemed to use great precaution; at length one boat got under the bows and one man got on board, but he stepped mighty soft on the deck; in a few minutes another and another ventured up, and they began to walk aft, but stepped as if walking on eggs. At this moment a man standing upon the wall, abreast of the Armstrong, called out, "Fire the train! Fire the train!" It was not repeated the second time before the men jumped overboard and the boat pulled away for dear life.

Mr. Parkman, the English consul, hailed the boat, and told them not to be afraid, as there were no Yankees on board. On learning this the English returned and boarded her. They found her on the bottom, about half full of water, they then set fire to her and left her, and thus ended the last cruise of the General Armstrong.

The afternoon and all the next day was taken up in burying their dead. On Sept. 27 they buried ten commissioned officers under arms. Dead bodies were daily washed upon the beach. On the 28th the squadron arrived which Mr. Dabney had taken this one for. Commodore Lloyd took two sloops of war into requisition to carry the wounded home to England. The American consul chartered a French brig, who landed all of our crew but the two who were killed, in Amelia island, a Spanish port at the time.

THE EMMY LOU STORIES

Venus or Minerva?---Continued from Second Page.

of making one. Miss Kilrain was the head and front of things. She marshaled her forces with the air of one who knows what she wants. Her forces were that part of the society which had voted against the debate. Miss Kilrain was one of those who must lead, at something, if she could not be leader on the rostrum, she descended to the ranks.

Miss MacLauren was deeply interested, and felt she had a right to be, for these things, newspapers and such, were in her family. Considering her recognized literary qualifications, she even had secret aspirations toward a position on the staff. On a scrap of paper in class she had surreptitiously tried her hand on a tentative editorial, atfer this fashion:

"It is our desire to state at the start, that this paper does not intend to dabble in the muddy pool of politics."

Miss MacLauren hastily indorsed the proposed paper, and, like Miss Kilrain, felt that it would be a proper field for unused talent.

But her preference for a staff position was not consulted. Rosalie, however, became part of that body. Rosalie was a favorite with Miss Kilrain. Hattie, the hitherto shining light, was detailed to secure subscribers; was this all that honors in algebra, Latin and chemistry could do for one?

Miss MacLauren found herself on a committee for advertisements. By means of advertisements, Miss Kilrain proposed to make the paper pay for itself.

The treasurer, because of a proper anxiety over this question of expenditure, was chairman; in private life the treasurer was Lucy—Lucy Berry.

"Write to this address," said Miss Kilrain to the committee, giving them a slip of paper. "I met one of the firm when he was in the city last week to see a friend of mine, Professor Bryan, on business." Miss Kilrain always gave the details of her private happenings to her listeners. "Just mention my name in writing, and say I told you to ask for an advertisement."

The chairman gave the slip to Miss MacLauren to attend to. Miss MacLauren had seen the name before on all new textbooks this year introduced into the high school.

"How will I write this?" Emmy Lou inquired of Uncle Charlie that night. "This letter to the International School Book Company."

"What's that?" asked Uncle Charlie.

Emmy Lou explained.

Uncle Charlie looked interested. "Here to see Professor Bryan, was he? H'm. Moving against Koenig faster even than I predicted."

Miss Kilrain had instructed her committee further as to what to do.

"You meet me on Saturday," said Lucy to Emily, "and we will do Main street together."

She met Lucy on Saturday. Lucy had a list of places.

"You—you're chairman," said Emmy Lou. "You ask——"

It was at the door of the first place on the list, a large, open doorway, and it and the sidewalk were blocked with boxes and hogsheads and men rolling things into drays.

Lucy and Emmy Lou went in; they went on going in, back thru a lane between sacks and things stacked high; it was dark and cellar-like, and smelled of sugar and molasses. At last they reached a glass door, which was open. Emmy Lou stopped and held back, so did Lucy.

"You—you're chairman—" said Emmy Lou. It was mean, she felt it was mean, she never felt meaner.

Lucy went forward; she was pretty, her cheeks were bright and her hair waved up curly despite its braiding. She was blushing.

A lot of men were at desks, dozens of men it seemed at first, tho really there were four, three standing, one in his shirt sleeves. They looked up.

The fourth man was in a revolving chair; he was in shirt sleeves, too, and had a cigar in his mouth; his face was red and his hat was on the back of his head.

"Well?" said the man, revolving just enough to see them. He looked cross.

Lucy explained. Her cheeks were very red now.

At first the man was testy. He did not seem to understand.

Lucy's cheeks were redder, so Emma Lou came forward, thinking she might make it plainer. She was blushing, too. They both explained; they both gazed at the man eagerly while they explained; they both looked pretty, but then they did not know that.

The man wheeled round a little more and listened. Then he got up. He pushed his hat back and scratched his head and nodded as he surveyed them. Then he put a hand in pocket and pursed his lips as he looked down on them.

"And what am I to get if I give you the advertisement?" asked the man. He was smiling jocosely, and here he pinched Lucy's cheek playfully between a thumb and forefinger.

Emmy Lou had kept her wits. She carried much paraphernalia under her arm. Miss Kilrain had posted them thoroly as to their business.

"And what, then, do I get?" repeated the man.

Emmy Lou was producing a paper. "A receipt," said Emmy Lou.

The man shouted. So did the other men.

Emmy Lou and Lucy were bewildered.

"It's worth the price," said the man. He promised them the advertisement and walked back thru the cellar-like store with them to the outer door.

"Come again," said the man.

On the way to the next place they met Emmy Lou's Uncle Charlie. It was near his office. He was a pleasant person to meet down town, as it usually meant a visit to a certain alluring candy place. He was feeling even now in his change pocket as he came up.

"How now?" said he, "and where to?"

Emmy Lou explained. She had not happened to mention this part about the paper at home.

"What?" said Uncle Charley, "you have been— Say that over again."

Emmy Lou said it over again.

No more advertisements were secured that morning. No more were solicited. Emmy Lou found herself going home with a lump in her throat. Uncle Charlie had never spoken to her in that tone before.

Lucy had gone on to her father's store, as Uncle Charlie had suggested she ask permission before she seek business further.

There were others of Uncle Charlie's way of thinking. On Monday the Platonians were requested to meet Professor Koenig in his office. Professor Koenig was kindly but final. He had just heard of the paper and its methods. He aimed to conduct his school on different lines. It was his request that the matter be dropped.

Miss Kilrain was indignant. She was excited and unguarded. Miss Kilrain said more, perhaps, than she realized.

"He's only helping to pull the roof down on his own head," said Miss Kilrain; "it's only another proof of his inability to adapt herself to modern methods."

Next month was December. The high school adjourned for the holidays. But the Platonians were busy. They were preparing for a debate, a debate with the high school boys. Professor Koenig had thought the debate an excellent thing and offered his library to the society for use in preparation, saying that a friendly rivalry between the two schools would be an excellent and stimulating thing.

These days Miss Kilrain was holding aloof from the society and its deteriorating tendencies. She shook her head and looked at the members sorrowfully.

The debate was set for the first Friday in the new year.

One morning in the holidays Uncle Charlie looked up from his paper. "You are going to have a new principal," said he.

"New principal—" said Emmy Lou, and Professor Koenig?"

"Like other classics," said Uncle Charlie, "he is being put on the shelf. They have asked him to resign."

"And who is the new one?" asked Emmy Lou.

"The gentleman named as likely is Professor Bryan."

"Oh," said Emmy Lou, "no."

"I am of the opinion, therefore," said Uncle Charlie, "that the 'Platonian's Mercurial Gazette will make its appearance yet."

"If it's Professor Bryan," said Emmy Lou, "there's no need of my working any more on the debate."

"Why not?" said Uncle Charlie.

"If it's Mr. Bryan he'll never let them come, he thinks they are awful things—boys."

Miss MacLauren was right about it; the debate did not take place. Platonian affairs seemed suddenly tame. Would a strictly feminine Olympus pall?

She came into Aunt Cordelia's room one afternoon. "There's to be a dancing club on Friday evenings," she explained, "and I'm invited."

Which was doubly true, for both William and Chester had asked her. She was used to having William say he'd come around and go along; she had had a boy join her and walk home—but this——

"You can't do it all," said Aunt Cordelia, positively. "That society keeps you till dark."

Emmy Lou knew when Aunt Cordelia's tones were final. She had feared this. She stood—fingering the window curtains—irresolute. In her heart she felt her literary qualifications were not being appreciated in Platonian circles any way. A dancing club—it sounded alluring. The window was near the bureau with its mirror. She stole a look. She was—yes—she knew now she was pretty.

Late that afternoon Miss MacLauren dropped a note in the post. It was a note tendering her resignation to the Platonian society.

The priests of South Austria have signed a petition praying the archbishop of Vienna to allow them to wear beards. They urge that many of them suffer from preacher's throat, which would be obviated if they were permitted to wear beards. They also state that sometimes they are mistaken for strolling mountebanks, instead of ministers of the gospel.

DEFENSE OF LEOPOLD'S CONGO POLICY

The Attacks on the King Said to Have Been Inspired by English Greed for the Congo Territory—A Telltale Map Showing That Region Divided Among Various Powers—What Has Really Been Accomplished by the Belgians in the Way of Civilizing and Assisting the Natives — The Slave Raids Stopped — Cannibalism Being Stamped Out.

Brussels Correspondence Boston Transcript.

Brussels, Sept. 23.—Leopold, King of Belgium and of the Congo, is no roi feignant; his is one of the strongest and most powerful personalities in all Europe. Called, as it seemed, by fate to play a petty part, he has made for himself a great one. Constitutional ruler of a small European state, he might well have passed his life in endless trivialities; in holding tiresome reviews and still more tiresome receptions; in the pronouncement of tedious speeches, as soporific as they were wise. Nominally a figurehead, he could have secured untroubled ease by remaining one, and universal praise by drifting on every popularity current. Such arts as win kings' popularity are easy; a royal smile makes foemen partizans; a cross or a ribbon, bestowed by a king, brings gushing gratitude to him. King Leopold in the palace of Brussels, seated on a gilded throne beneath the painted ceilings where nymphs and angels bear shields glowing with the armorial bearings of his proud ancestors of the royal houses of England, France, and Germany, would make a kingly spectacle, satisfying to the splendor-loving Belgians. To sit thus and to smile, to encourage manufacture and the arts with fair words, to aid charity with easy gifts to sign his edicts and approve his ministers, was all, from the time of his accession to the present moment, that the King of the Belgians need have done to fill his part, were he willing to pose as king and be a man of straw. He was not willing. Of the royal caste of Europe, he has all his race's pride, and all its reverence for kingship, but it is characteristic of him that he owns neither golden crown or upholstered throne. For him kingship lies in the acts, not the trappings of royalty. His power in Belgium, the power he has gathered to the throne, I have told of before. In his eyes Belgian interests and the king's duties are one. Neither for him, nor for the country, as he conceives it, are the narrow territories of Belgium sufficient. Belgium cannot extend in triple-guarded Europe, but the Belgians must have room as their population grows. When Leopold II. came to the throne they were finding that room in France, but Belgium did not expand into France. The Belgians who crossed the frontier were merged into the greater country. Belgians might say, and indeed they have said, that Belgium's colony was France, because some hundreds of thousands of Belgians settled in that country and spent some hundreds of thousands of Belgian money there; but the opposite was the truth. Belgium as a result of the drain of its enterprising and adventurous spirits into France, and the reaction of their views, was in fast increasing danger of becoming a colony of France. This did not please King Leopold. He cast around for means of checking an evil which, perhaps, was evident to none beside himself, and, as he sought there came Livingstone with his tales of central Africa, its darkness, its horrors and its possibilities. Here was what King Leopold looked for; while everyone else remained blind, the perception of these possibilities flashed into his far-seeing eyes.

How He Came to Know of the Congo.

King Leopold's interest in central Africa was born and his work for its amelioration commenced long before the sitting of the Berlin convention, long even before Stanley's explorations. The meeting of the geographical congress at Brussels in 1876 was convened by the king. It was he who at this congress prevailed on the peoples, if not the governments, of Europe to bind themselves to extirpate slavery in Africa. It was to him alone, not as King of Belgium, but as a philanthropic prince, acting personally and relying solely on his own stupendous energy, that the gigantic work was left. He began the civilization of central Africa, and, to quote a most expressive French simile, he was left for a long time with his elephant in his arms. Even Belgium stood aloof, "observing," as a Belgian writer politely phrased it, "a rather expectant attitude, with respectful admiration." In other words, his own and every other country of Europe, seeing no monetary gains to come from this African enterprise, left King Leopold alone to pursue his philanthropic fad, remaining watchful, however, and ready to jump in and share the profits should the unexpected happen and profits come.

After a time things changed; Stanley's discoveries were made; the Free State of the Congo was founded, its flag being recognized as that of a friendly state by the United States of America in April, 1884, and by Germany in the following November; and in the end of that year and the opening of 1885 the sittings of the congress of Berlin were held. King Leopold's sovereign rights over the Congo as already established were then fully recognized. As sovereign of the Congo the king bound himself by various promises in agreeing to the acts of the Berlin convention. What these promises were is well known. They were, first and above all, to abolish slave hunting; to abolish slavery and cannibalism; to introduce civilization, and to allow equal trading rights to all. The great work he has done in keeping these promises is but little known.

The Charges Against Him.

The blackest charges have been brought against the administration of the Congo. These charges have been published far and wide. Some of the tales they are based on come from men whose honesty of purpose is beyond question, but they have been swelled and spread in every instance by financiers and politicians whose monetary interests are opposed to those of the Free State. They first began to be heard of when the discovery of rubber in the Congo made that previously neglected district of Africa desirable from a money-seeker's point of view; they grew as the value of the Congo's exports of ivory and rubber grew, and they have now come to their full volume and their greatest force. They cannot be made greater than now; therefore, if King Leopold's African monarchy is to be overthrown now is the time to prepare men's minds for such an overthrow. Every passing month King Leopold's Congo administration is consolidated and improved. Every month attacks on it become more groundless. It is doubtless because of this fact that the agitation against the Congo was redoubled in England last summer, and that a little-willing government was forced to take action by a group of politicians which has at its head one of the most clever and least scrupulous of English parliamentarians; the only English statesman of cabinet rank whose career was ruined by disgrace, who is discredited on all sides, and hopelessly disclassed.

Forced by the clamor of this group of politicians, the English government presented in August last a note to the powers signatories of the Berlin convention, in which it suggested the necessity of inquiries into the allegations against the Congo administration. The Congo administration has not waited for any commission of inquiry to sit. It has already replied fully to the charges brought against it, but no reply will silence its accusers. They want the Congo's riches, not its king's defense, and will continue clamoring until the utter futility of their shouting threats at Leopold is brought home to them. Already they have prepared a map, a copy of which is before me as I write, of the Free State of the Congo partitioned out as they wish. The districts to be offered as bribes to France and Germany are duly marked on it, but they are small. The plotters do not hide their hands, they show clearly that England, and England's puppet Egypt is to take the lion's share.

How the Tumult Arose.

This, which I have related, accounts for the tumult of popular opinion in England, always easily stirred up by such tales. Multitudes, misled by the cheap, if genuine, sympathy, felt with the oppressed, join unthinkingly in the cries against the Congo. A moment's thought, the putting of the old question "Cui bono?" and its only possible answer should surely set them right and end the controversy.

King Leopold could gain nothing by maintaining a bad administration in the Congo. It is true the English note suggests "the object of the administration is not to protect and govern the natives, but to amass revenues," but no one knows more certainly than the sovereign of the Congo that the development of a tropical country is bound up with the well-being of its natives, whose labor is indispensable not only for the tillage of the soil, but even for the gathering of its riches. Moreover, King Leopold is no grasping millionaire. He is not seeking to increase his private wealth by his Congo enterprise. All his African possessions are long since bequeathed to Belgium. In spreading civilization he has opened up the wealth of the country and gathered much from its long neglected abundance, but it is for the Congo and for Belgium he has worked from the beginning, and it is inconceivable that he would work for Belgium by sending Belgians to Africa to act as brutes there and become brutalized.

Slavery Stopped by Leopold.

The law of the Congo recognizes no slavery, but the English note on the Congo government, says the amassing of revenues is "pursued by means of compulsory work differing only in name from slavery." Compulsory work may, of course, at all times be likened to slavery, but between the hardest labor and slavery, in the heart of Africa, there is a difference so great that no twisting of phrases can bridge it over. More often than not, the men that were sold as slaves by the blacks to each other in the Congo, before King Leopold ruled there, were sold not that they might be forced to labor, but that they might be eaten. Missionaries say in their published reports that of the slaves so sold all, "almost fatally, served as victims in the ceremonies, or ended in the cooking pots." Those who escaped their cannibalistic kinsmen were in hourly danger of falling into the hands of the Arab slave hunter. Edouard Foa, an official of the French government, who wrote of the last vestiges of the gigantic commerce in human flesh, tells how "the path from the Lake Tanganyika to the Congo, followed formerly by the Arab caravans, is strewn for four hundred kilometres (250 miles) with human bones, where millions of slaves fell on that fatal path. I have seen there," he said, "many skeletons, and even some corpses 'dating' from a few weeks before."

When he wrote some years later, the Arab slave raids were already a thing of the past. To have suppressed them, as beyond all denial it has done, is in itself alone justification the most ample for King Leopold's administration. The mere coming of the state's representative was sufficient to dispel the clouds of horrors which thickened over the black man's sky. Cannibalism, ordeal by poison, maiming and mutilation, let the libelers say what they will, ceased at the appearance of the white officer. Even human life, that commodity held so cheap by cannibalistic savages, began to acquire security. Describing the coming of a government representative, an English missionary tells how before he came "the native executioner was hard set, and there were human sacrifices every day. The decapitated corpses floated in such a number that we could not use the water of the river. We were without aid to soften the sufferings of the slaves, but, thanks to God, that aid came to us, for it pleased Him to send us an officer of the state, active, and with his heart in the right place. After that a slave canoe could not be found on the river night or day!" And yet forced labor is likened to slavery! King Leopold took possession of the Congo that he might introduce civilization there. Neither he, nor any other man, could civilize the blacks without constraining them to work. The compulsion of labor, however that compulsion is brought about, is an absolute necessity. In the Congo it is a necessity wisely enforced.

The Black's Condition.

Tho the labor is in lieu of a tax, the blacks are paid for it. They are taught something while they work. Strong drink is kept from them. In ninety-nine one-hundredths of the Congo it is a criminal offense to introduce or sell alcoholic liquor; in the remaining part alcohol is so scarce amongst the blacks that a bottle of whisky passes current as money, and goes thru hundreds of hands, as a means of exchange, before it is drunk. The natives are preached to at the white men's settlements. Often they are converted. There are in the Congo 465 missionaries and over 73,000 Christians, including 21,300 children. Further, the converts seem to be genuine ones. They are men and children for the most part; the women tied to their fetiches cannot be drawn from them.

Replies to the English Note.

"No effort," says the English note, "is made to prepare the native to exercise industrial work." This is untrue. The native who comes under European influence not only is clothed and fed in the European manner, and not only does he learn to replace his hut with durable buildings, but he finds workshops open to him in which he can learn manual trades, such as those of smith, carpenter, mechanic, mason; he extends his plantations, and following the example of the whites adopts rational modes of cultivating the soil. He sends his children to the scholastic colonies of the state, and to the missionary schools. Hospitals and medical aid are provided for him. His health is protected; his liberty is secured; he is prevented from entering into contracts which are slavery in disguise. But, again, the English note objects, "The same methods are employed to obtain native soldiers as were formerly employed to obtain slaves, and force is as necessary to bring the natives to the places where they are to serve as formerly was necessary to lead the captive slaves." If the previous allegation was untrue, this one is both untrue and ridiculous. So far from its having any foundation in fact, the blacks contend eagerly for admission to service in the army. Of the 16,175 men on the strength of the army, 5,278 are volunteers, and the whole army could be raised from volunteers if it was thought well to do so. Those who are impressed into the service are selected by the head men of their villages. They number about 2,200 men each year out of a population of twenty million inhabitants. To liken the enrollment of this infinitesimal proportion of the population in the army to an Arab slave raid, is to prostitute language.

Here I may well pause. I have certainly told enough to prove that success, not failure, has attended King Leopold's work as a pioneer of civilization. Still there is much that I have left untold, of the railways, the steamboat services, the motor services, the post, the telegraphs, the botanic gardens, the model farms, the forest service, the workshops, the schools, the hospitals, the orphanages, the trades, the commerce!

Atrocities Admitted.

Of the atrocities committed in the Congo I need not speak. The government is sternly stamping out cannibalism and all its allied cruelties and excesses. Crimes committed by Europeans whether in the government service, or not, it has no less sternly punished. There have been crimes in the Congo Free State, as there are crimes in Europe, and those who committed them found the African jungle did not cover their misdeeds from justice. Such crimes as Europeans committed, however, bore nothing either in their extent, their baseness, or the position of the criminals to justify their being dragged before the tribunal of the world. It is greed, not charity, that has given rise to the campaign against King Leopold's administration. The powers assembled at the congress of Berlin prescribed that commerce should be free in the Congo basin. Commerce remains free, but King Leopold by the exercise of powers which no sane man can deny are his, has annexed all unoccupied land in the Free State to the crown, and has taken for himself, which means for Belgium, or his nominees, the right, which also is his undeniably, of collecting rubber in the private demesne. The collection of rubber cannot come under the head of commerce. If only the plenipotentiaries of the powers at Berlin had remembered it, they would undoubtedly have tried to make some regulation by which the adventurers of their respective countries would have a share in the profits got from the collection of this very profitable article; but they did not remember it; a thing they cannot be very much blamed for, since rubber had not been discovered in the Congo when their congress sat. Therefore they must abide by the present state of things, and it is to be hoped they will do so, and not seek to disturb the constitution of the state by raising false issues on fabricated atrocities. King Leopold's was the inception of the state; he bore the brunt and the burden of its formation. Surely it is fitting he should reap whatever gain it has to yield, doubly fitting since he reaps for no private harvest of his own, but for the brave Belgians whose kin were his pioneers in the Free State.

Leopold to His People.

Leopold's Congo rule is one of success, not failure; of beneficence, not cruelty. Knowing the base motives of his assailants, he can despise their assaults. His justification is found in the words he has himself addressed to his people: "This campaign will not banish those twenty years of devotion, of sacrifice, sometimes of heroism, during which the Belgians have worked and suffered in Africa. They were Belgians, those men who marked with their bones that ancient caravan route which has become to-day a railroad; they were Belgians, those men who fought, in the heart of Africa, the slave trade and the man-hunters; they were Belgians, those men who for years past have given their lives to spread civilization and commerce in the Congo. Let it not be forgotten that their martyrology is counted by hundreds of victims, and that it is of their own blood that they were not sparing, those who are now represented as the torturers and assassins of the blacks!"

SHE WAS INDIGNANT.

New York Times.

Silence as of a ton of ice stretched between them on the sofa.

At length she spoke.

"Mr. Sniffen," she observed, "are you aware that one hand of the Bartholdi statue measures sixteen feet five inches?"

"So I have heard," he nodded, happy to be addressed again.

"The thickness of the head, from ear to ear, she pursued icily, "is ten feet."

"Yes."

"The nose is four feet six inches long."

"Yes."

"The mouth is three feet across."

"I believe so."

"The waist thirty-five feet around."

"Y—yes."

"Then will you kindly explain," she continued distantly, as she rose to leave the room, "will you kindly explain why you stated, in the poem which you addressed to me, that I reminded you of the Goddess of Liberty?"

With these indignant words she swept away.

TRUE TO LIFE.

"You ought to be ashamed to allow your little brother to use such awful language.

"Thats' all right, lady. We're playin' he's Dowie."

DIE AND SAVE MONEY.

Saturday Evening Post.

At the Metropolitan club of Washington one evening Justice Harlan of the supreme court had introduced to him a well-known New York business man who is given to boasting of the large income he enjoys.

With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that as near as he could tell, he supposed his income exceeded $100,000. "And I simply have to make that amount," he added. "Why, with my expenses, it costs me $50,000 a year to live."

"Dear me," said Justice Harlan, blandly, "Really, that's too much. I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it."

Defective Page