

in the pallid solitude of their palaces, affecting (great heaven!) the simplicity of new-born babes; they will tell you they are not aware of it! . . . But I say again in your ingenuous ears, Jiddah is the staple town of the Turkish slavery, or all the Moslems are liars. . . . I told them we had a treaty with the Sultan to suppress slavery. "Dog," cries the fellow, "thou liar—are there not thousands of slaves in Jiddah that every day are bought and sold? Wherefore, thou dog, be they not all made free if thou sayest sooth?"

**A Slave-
market**

Here is a sketch of the slave-market at Mecca, within a stone's throw of "the house of God," at the center of the Moslem world: "Go there and see for yourself the condition of the human chattels you purchase. You will find them, thanks to the vigilance of British cruisers, less numerous and consequently more expensive than they were in former years; but there they are, flung pell-mell in the open square. . . . The dealer, standing by, cried out: 'Come and buy; the first-fruits of the season, delicate, fresh, and green; come and buy, strong and useful, faithful and honest. Come and buy.' The day of sacrifice was past and the richer pilgrims in their brightest robes gathered around. One among them singled out the girl. They entered a booth together. The mother was left behind.