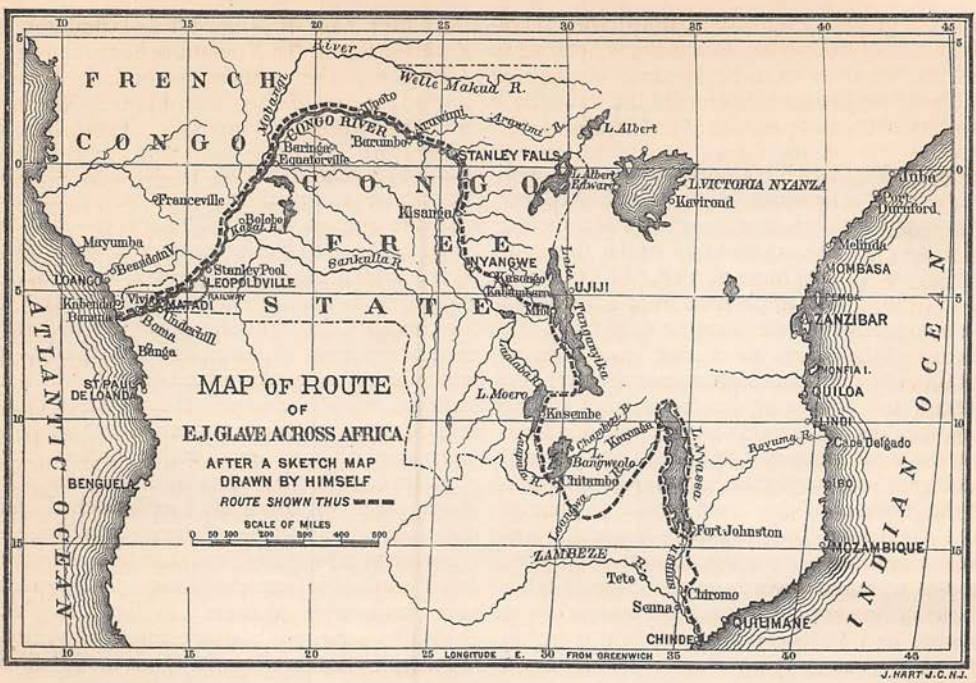
GLAVE'S CAREER.

A LITTLE over two years ago Edward James Glave left New York, bent upon one of the most hazardous tasks which this century has afforded. His purpose was to proceed from Zanzibar to the strongholds of the Arab raiders far in the interior of the "Dark Continent," and there to obtain such exact information as to the strength, system, and source of supplies of the African slave-dealers as would enable the civilized powers now interested in Africa to proceed intelligently toward the eventual suppression of the horrors of the cruel traffic in human lives carried on by Arab man-hunters. Entirely alone, save for a dozen native carriers, he was to make his way past the great lakes and deadly swamps to the head waters of the Congo, and thence across the continent to the west coast, relying almost entirely upon his skill with the rifle to provide food for himself and his followers; for it was only by going in this way, in the guise of a hunter, that he hoped to obtain the information he wished: the Arabs would not be likely to molest a single hunter, whereas they might attack and destroy a small armed force coming among them, or flee from a superior force, in either case defeating the ends of the expedition.

The young Englishman who was to venture upon this perilous undertaking was not without sufficient experience to qualify him even for an adventure of such magnitude. From his boyhood he had studied with eager interest the pages of Stanley's search for Livingstone, following with breathless attention the thrilling narrative of the journey "through the Dark Continent." After leaving school, a brief experience in a London counting-house only whetted his appetite for travel and adventure; so he patiently laid siege to the secretary of L'Association Internationale Africaine, whose offices were at Brussels, and fairly bombarded him with letters and applications. When at length the secretary did reply it was only to say, "No vacancies"; but finally through his persistency he gained his point; and a few weeks afterward, in the spring of 1883, he had bid good-by to London and his friends, and was steaming down the Mersey, bound for the mouth of the Congo, with a letter in his pocket instructing him to proceed to Central Africa and place himself under the orders of Stanley, who was then about to start up the river to establish some new stations. On arriving at Leopoldville, he presented his letter to Stanley, and was temporarily assigned to duties in connection with the station work. Toward the end of August, when all the preparations were completed and Stanley was leaving for his long and perilous voyage on the upper waters of the Congo, Glave was summoned to the presence of the great explorer, and was told that he was to be given the command of one of the new stations. "I will give you the choice of two," said Stanley. "One has been occupied by a European officer; comfortable houses have already been built; there is a fine flock of goats, plenty of fowls, and well-stocked gardens; and the natives of the surrounding villages are good-natured and peaceful. Now the other station is entirely different. No white man has ever lived there; in fact the place I wish to occupy is a dense forest as yet untouched by human hands. It is about three hundred miles from Stanley Pool, in the district of Lukolela. It will require a lot of hard work to make a settlement there, as you will have to commence right at the beginning. Now, Glave," said Stanley, "make your choice."

"I prefer the latter, sir," replied the young man, unhesitatingly. How well he fulfilled the trust can best be shown in Stanley's own words of commendation, written in 1892.

> Mr. E. J. Glave is one of those young Englishmen who in 1883 were sent to me for service on the Congo by the Chief of the Bureau of the International Association of Brussels. I soon recognized in Mr. Glave those qualities for which I was eagerly searching in the applicants for service, and which were absolutely necessary in a pioneer. He was tall, strong, and of vigorous constitution, with a face marked by earnestness and resolve; and when I began questioning him I was agreeably surprised to find his sentiments equal to his appearance. His period of probation at Stanley Pool was therefore short; I was in need of a chief for a new station that was to be built at Lukolela, a place about three hundred miles above the pool, and I selected him.
>
> On reaching the locality, I pointed out to Mr. Glave the site of the future station; and certainly nothing could be more unpromising and more calculated to damp mere effervescent ardor than the compact area of black forest raising its tall head two hundred feet above the bank, and shadowing so darkly the river's margin; but Mr. Glave regarded it with interest and a smile of content, and accepted the responsibilities then and there entrusted to him with a pleasure not to be suppressed. We landed and made fast under the broad, leafy shadows, turned to, and commenced



to chop the forest giants down in order that a little sunshine might be let in upon the site. When this was done we prepared to advance up the river, leaving the debris of the forest littering the ground, and with the stern patriarchs seeming to challenge the slight, pale-faced young man and his little following to attack them.

I was absent for a few months up river, and as I descended my mind often reverted to young Glave, left in the woods of Lukolela; for in those early days of Congo pioneers it was rare to meet a man who could tackle work for the pleasure in work. Most men found that work was a bore, and took the earliest opportunity to sail home again after their too brief visit; and I more than suspected that possibly the young Englishman had by this discovered that the climate did not agree with him, or that pioneering had lost its charms. But when I came opposite Lukolela woods I curiously examined the extent of tree-clad bank; and long before we came to the landing-place we found that the clearing had been vastly increased, and a large sunny area was revealed, and a commodious house, flanked by rows of neat huts, was approaching completion. It was not, however, until we stood in the middle of the clearing, and roughly computed the huge stumps of the trees and looked narrowly into the details, that we could quite realize what energy and good will had been devoted to effect the change. From the view I then obtained I always regarded Mr. Glave as one who in the future would surpass his opportunities. . . . His conscientiousness, his inflexible determination to do the most that can be done in a given period, the love with which he sets about it, and the absorbing interest it has for him, make me, who know his worth, feel sorry that he cannot find the peculiar hard task for which he is so fitted, and wherein he could be so happy. Many people have called me hard, but they are always those whose presence a field of work could best dispense with, and whose nobility is too nice to be stained with toil. Glave is not one of these, but a man who relishes a task for its bigness, and takes to it with a fierce joy.

Early in 1884 Stanley proceeded on his way down to the coast, leaving Glave in command of Lukolela station, and entirely alone except for the society of the natives. Here Glave remained for nearly three years, until the foundation of the Congo Free State, when his station, which had been established in order to secure certain rights to territory, was abandoned, and he proceeded to the coast.[1]

In June, 1886, Glave returned to England for a brief visit of a few weeks, but the following September found him again at the mouth of the Congo under the auspices of the Sanford exploring expedition; and shortly after he established himself at Equator Station, in the district of Bukute, a hundred miles beyond his old station of Lukolela. From this point he made many journeys into the surrounding districts, and with a diminutive stern-wheel steamer, the *New York*, explored the Ikelemba, Ruki, and Oubangi rivers, pushing into the very heart of the districts peopled by the wildest

[1] During the first period of Glave's stay at Lukolela he was called by the natives "Mwana Tendélé," or "son of Stanley"; but he soon developed such skill in the hunting-field that they rechristened him "Makula," or "Arrows," a name bestowed only upon their most distinguished hunters.

natives of the Congo basin, murderous slave-raiders and cannibals. It was during this work of investigation that he became acquainted with the unspeakable horrors of the slave-trade and its attendant practice of cannibalism. His own words on his return to civilization will show how sincerely his heart was touched by the condition of its victims. "The cry for justice uttered by the poor African has already remained too long unanswered. No time should be lost in eradicating the existing bloodshed west of Stanley Falls. It is a big work, but it is a duty which the civilized world owes to the helpless slave. It should always be remembered that the suppression of slavery in Africa does not mean merely striking the fetters from the limbs of the slave; its end is not only the substitution of paid for forced labor, but also the relief of enslaved humanity throughout all these regions from a life of unspeakable horror. The enormous death-roll caused by this scourge to Africa cannot be imagined — the number of those killed in the raids, those who die of sickness, privation, and hunger at the camps, and the loss of life on the caravan road to the east. All this cruelty exists — homes are destroyed and pillaged, husbands cruelly shot while defending their wives and children, and slaves captured, sold to be eaten, or sacrificed for tribal ceremony. All these atrocities are committed to enrich the white-robed Arab of Stanley Falls."

Early in 1887 Stanley arrived at Equator Station on his way up the river on the Emin Bey relief expedition, bringing with him old Tippoo Tib, the well-known Arab chief, who was returning to his headquarters at Stanley Falls. Stanley remained at Equator Station for two days, and then resumed his journey, leaving Glave to pursue his work of exploration of the surrounding districts.

In the fall of 1889 Glave returned to England, and shortly afterward came to America on a lecturing tour. He was always ready to undertake a new project of exploration, and the spring of 1890 found him in Alaska at the head of an expedition. In the following year, with one companion, he penetrated to the almost unknown region of the interior with a train of pack-horses which he had taken from Oregon for the purpose. He constructed snow-shoes for his horses, and trained them in the use of this novel footgear, and thus succeeded in reaching the coast with all his belongings.[1]

His last journey in Africa was undertaken in the interest of this magazine. Leaving New York in May, 1893, he proceeded to Zanzibar, where he engaged a few native carriers. In the latter part of August he started for the Zambesi River. In November he reached Fort Johnston, at the southern end of Lake Nyassa, and the spring of 1894 found him at Karonga, at the north end of this lake. From here he journeyed far to the southwest, to the little-known regions near Lake Bangweolo, and near the site of the deserted village of Chitambo, as described in this magazine for May, 1895. In July, 1894, he was at Kabongo's stockaded village, near the western shore of Lake Bangweolo. In a letter written from there he says:

"There is no post-office at above address. I must carry this letter myself for another three hundred miles before I can despatch it. I am just now in a very wild part of Central Africa. I am traveling up between the Luapula River and the Bangweolo Lake toward Lake Moero. Upon reaching this, I shall turn to the east again, and strike the south end of Tanganyika; thence I cannot say for certain, but I hope to descend the Congo and come out on the west coast. I have covered a lot of new ground, and got together a budget of manuscript, new, and I think of some value as throwing considerable light upon the slave-trade.

"I have had splendid hunting — bagging lion, zebra, eland, and all sorts of buck and antelope. I have kept fifty men supplied with fresh meat for three months, besides feeding many a hungry native. My journey has thus far been most successful, in so far that I have not had the slightest trouble with any chief or his people. I have succeeded in making friends everywhere. My men, a rag-tag-and-bobtail lot, have behaved splendidly; but I am not out of the woods yet.

"I shall have a fine collection of photographs if I get out all right — some of considerable value. I feel confoundedly lonely at times without a white companion, and I have not spoken any English for months. My object all along has been to do a share toward the suppression of slavery, and the information I have gathered on this trip in regard to the subject will to some extent aid the cause. I should like to return to Africa, to this section of the continent, and take some active part in the suppression of slavery. I have now only four rifles besides my personal weapons; but with three hundred rifles I could rid the whole land between Lake Nyassa on the east and Lakes Moero and Bangweolo on the west of lawless slave-raiders. With my present information I know where the murderous crews could be hit the hardest.

"The cattle plague has played dreadful havoc among the domestic and wild animals throughout Central Africa. A year or two ago vast herds of buffalo roamed throughout the country I have traversed, but I have not seen

[1] See THE CENTURY for September and October, 1892: "Pioneer Pack-horses in Alaska," by E. J. Glave.

a single one. I have also been unfortunate in failing to see a rhinoceros, although I have seen their tracks dozens of times, some quite fresh, which I have followed, but with no success.

"Twice in the journey the grass has been covered with frost in the morning — very miserable for my poor blacks, with their bare feet and legs, and only a flowing rag around their loins; but as soon as the sun is up the air becomes more genial. I have enjoyed remarkably good health, and I feel that I am as tough as piano-wire. . . .

"To be constantly among these native tribes is not a cheerful existence for a lone white man. They are a cruel, merciless lot, grasping in all their dealings, and absolutely untruthful; yet withal they are a poor, persecuted people, and when subjected to humane government they may be wonderfully improved."

In the middle of August, 1894, Glave reached Rhodesia, on the Kalungwizi River, near Lake Moero; in September he arrived at the south end of Lake Tanganyika; and in November he was at Mtoa, a settlement on the west shore of this lake, and about three hundred miles from the Congo. A letter sent from there by him on the 24th of November did not reach New York until the middle of the following May, the mail being carried over a thousand miles to the east coast on the heads of carriers. Later letters reported his progress down the river to Leopoldville, and late in April, 1895, he reached Matadi, near the mouth of the Congo, and arranged to sail on the Belgian steamship *Coomassie;* but here, at the very end of his long and perilous journey, during which he had successfully contended against the terrible fevers of the lake regions and the hardships of his prodigious march, he was taken ill with pernicious intermittent fever, and on the 12th of May, after three days' illness at the little mission station at Underhill, Matadi, he died. He was faithfully nursed through his short illness by the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, in whose house he died; and the English consul at Boma, Mr. W. Clayton Pickersgill, kindly undertook to carry out his dying wishes in regard to the disposal of his papers and effects.

So perished, at the very opening of his career, one of the simplest and bravest men of his time, whose fearless and transparent nature impressed itself upon every one with whom he came in contact, and won for him not only the esteem of his friends, but the devotion and trust of his black followers and of all the other natives with whom he had to do.

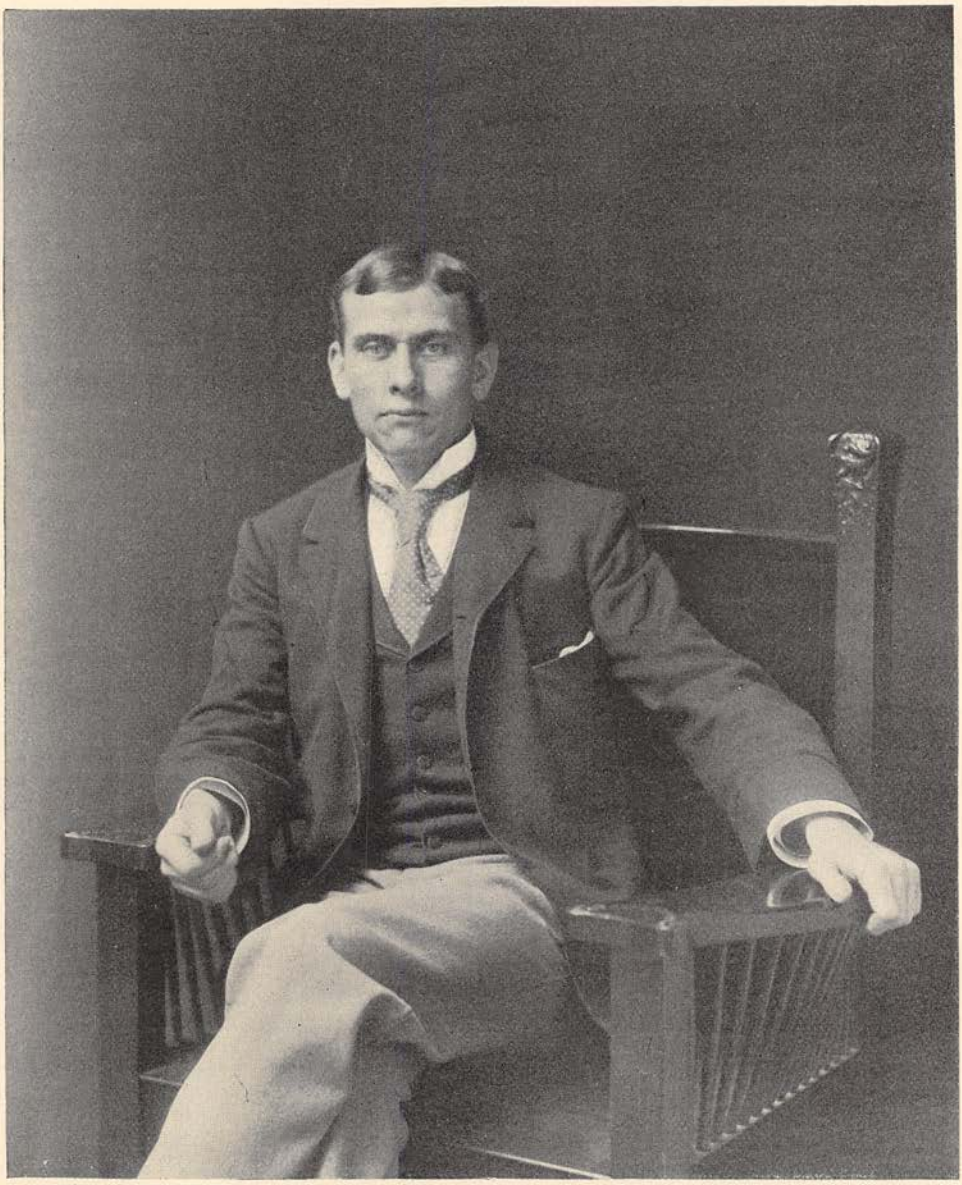
The map of Glave's route which accompanies this article is made from a careful sketch which he sent from Matadi under date of April 25 of this year. Shortly before sailing on his last voyage he drew on a little piece of paper a map of that part of the Congo with which he was familiar, and there, inked in with a firm hand, is the same little village of Matadi where he hoped to embark after the accomplishment of his arduous task. He little knew at the time that he was marking his burial-place; but even had he known it, there is no doubt in the minds of those who knew him that he would have undertaken his nobly conceived mission just as unhesitatingly.

Robert Howard Russell.

GLAVE.

THIS day I read in the wise scholar's page
That the old earth is withered and undone;
That faith and great emprise beneath the sun
Are vain and empty in our doting age:
'T were best to calm the spirit's noble rage,
To live in dreams, and all high passion shun,
While round and round the aimless seasons run,—
Pleasured alone with dead art's heritage.
Then as I read outshone thy face of youth,
Hero and martyr of humanity,
Dead yesterday on Afric's shore of doom!
Ah, no; Faith, Courage fail not, while lives Truth,
While Pity lives, while man for man can die,
And deeds of glory light the dark world's gloom.

VENICE. *R. W. Gilder.*



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE C. COX.

E. J. Glave

BORN SEPTEMBER 13, 1862. DIED MAY 12, 1895.

How nearly Professor Sloane approximates to this definition it must be left till the close of the work to determine. Meanwhile this much may be said, that he gives us a good working theory of his subject — a definite and comprehensible Napoleon, compact though he be of many diverse qualities. The object has evidently been to show the man and his times acting and reacting upon each other in an interplay which shall reveal the leading motives of the chief actor.

The Proper Use of College Degrees.

AT various times during the past few years there have been occasional protests against the formal manner in which the colleges confer honorary degrees, and alumni associations have gone so far in some instances as to demand the abolition of the practice. These symptoms of dissatisfaction have appeared naturally just after the commencement season when contemplation of the mysterious and bewildering manner in which the degrees have been distributed excites both curiosity and irritation. The deserving and the undeserving are so commingled in the list that, as one looks it over, he is moved to say of the conferring powers, as the negro said of the ways of Divine Providence, that they are "wise but unscrupulous." No system appears to be followed, and there are no signs of a standard of merit. One man receives a degree who has really earned it by distinguished attainments or services in art, literature, science, law, medicine, morals, or religion; another, because he has founded a scholarship in the college, or presented a building; another, because his friends have clamored for him to have it; another, because he has been preaching or writing or working for many years, and all other men of his age in similar walks in life have received it; another, because he has been the victim of unjust persecution, or has had hard luck, and needs to be encouraged, and another (an all too representative case), because he is thinking of leaving something to the college, and the honor will add a spur to his generous impulses.

What is the result? The degree is made so common that the really deserving man hesitates to accept it, and it is worth nothing to the undeserving man who wears it. Harvard, and we believe several other colleges, had the custom, for many years, of conferring the degree of LL. D. upon any man who was elected governor in the State in which the college was situated. This custom was abandoned in 1883, when General Butler became governor of Massachusetts; but some other colleges may possibly be continuing it. The absurdity, however, of acting on the supposition that a majority vote in a political election makes a man fit for the highest honors which a college has to bestow, honors which in their titles avow recognition of attainments in purely intellectual pursuits, is proving too great for the perpetuation of this custom.

And this brings us to the point which we wish to urge. The degrees were devised for the purpose of recognizing eminent attainments or services in intellectual pursuits. When a man had pursued a certain course of study in law, or divinity, or other branch of learning, and had passed examinations which demonstrated his attainments, he received the degree as a certificate of his knowledge. A man who could write LL. D. after his name was recognized as one who had proved his proficiency in that field of study. The letters D. D. after a clergyman's name meant that he possessed theological learning, and was either eminent for pulpit eloquence, or conspicuous for good works. A degree of M. A. meant that the recipient had pursued a specified course of study, or had performed intellectual work which showed him worthy of the distinction. Why not return to this early practice? Why not return to the old simplicity and truthfulness which ought to form the basis of every institution of learning? Above all, why not remove from college honors the atmosphere of sham and humbug which is so fatal to everything it touches, and which, by appealing to the sense of the ludicrous which is so keen in Americans, deprives those honors of the last vestige of value by making them ridiculous? "I see," said a college graduate, to a group of fellow-graduates during the recent commencement season, "that the university has conferred an A. M. upon Brown and another one on Smith." "Yes," said one of the group, "but Brown got his cheaper, for he only gave some books, while Smith gave a dormitory."

It is a fact that a mercenary motive is the first one given in all cases in which the obvious merit of the recipient of the degree does not itself supply the explanation for its bestowal. All this could be remedied by having the degrees conferred on merit alone, as the recognition of distinguished achievements in intellectual pursuits. This would be a worthy use of the powers which the colleges possess as the nurseries and fountain-heads of the intellectual life of the people. In a country like ours, where the conspicuousness of the newly rich acquires a misleading importance, it is particularly desirable that institutions of learning should form a breakwater against merely material forces. The conferring of degrees is one of the object lessons by which the youth of a country may be taught that the acquisition of riches, however it may figure in the newspapers, is not the chief end or honor of mankind. It is the duty of the colleges to stimulate and encourage intellectual growth in all possible ways, to hold up learning as a beautiful thing, and to hold out honors and rewards to those who, turning aside from other things, devote their lives to it. If they fail in this duty, who is there left to perform it? If they bestow their honors, not in recognition of intellectual achievement, but in return for material benefits, and in recognition of material success, to whom can the author, the poet, the painter, the scholar, the scientist, or other intellectual worker, look for encouragement and sustaining strength?

The Death of Glave.

ON the first day of May this magazine published the first fruit of Mr. E. J. Glave's remarkable journey from the east coast of Africa, across the interior, to the mouth of the Congo, on the west coast. It consisted of photographs of the tree, with the record carved on its trunk, at the foot of which was buried the heart of Dr. Livingstone; and of a brief account, from Glave's letters, of his good fortune in coming upon this famous missionary's shrine in Central Africa, when those who had made a special effort to find that landmark of Christianity had failed. The photographs and the letter had been despatched to us early in the autumn of 1894 by

way of the caravan trail to the east coast, while Glave with his little band of carriers had pushed on northwestward for the headwaters of the Congo. Barring several weeks of fever in the region of Lake Tanganyika, all went well with him; and we know now that on the day his discovery of the Livingstone tree was published to the world, he was in Matadi, near the mouth of the Congo, waiting for the departure of the steamer which within a fortnight was to sail for Belgium. During two years of toilsome exploration he had traversed the whole breadth of the Dark Continent; with only a dozen black followers he had passed from tribe to tribe without firing a shot in defense, or even threatening a native. He had accomplished a feat of physical strength and moral courage which, five years earlier, might perhaps have been well-nigh impossible, and which now was grandly significant of the rift civilization has made in the last two years in the Ethiopian darkness. His task was behind him; the fruits of his philanthropic mission were stored in well-filled journals and camera films; his foot almost rested on the threshold of home; the curtain was ready to rise on a stage he had trod before as an always unassuming hero of a drama of daring and fortitude; the curtain rose; but, alas! the scene was set for the familiar African tragedy. On the afternoon of Sunday, May 12, though devotedly nursed by new found friends, he succumbed to a sudden attack of fever; and on the following morning his body was laid in the soil of Africa, whose enslaved humanity it had been his highest ambition to succor, even at the risk of his life.

An account of Glave's short but useful career is to be found in the present number of this magazine. It is fitting here to say that the idea of the journey which ended so successfully as regarded the physical obstacles, and so untimely with respect to the uncompleted mission, was formed by Glave when he was a young and trusted officer under Stanley. The sufferings inflicted upon the natives by the Arab slave-raiders aroused his sympathies, and suggested the project of studying the traffic from the inside, in the guise of a peaceable traveler interested only in the adventures of the chase. During his six years' sojourn in America, which included two expeditions to Alaska, this African project was always uppermost in his mind. He early endeavored to interest THE CENTURY in his plans, but, in common with his other friends, we regarded the hazard for him as unequal to the probable benefit for the world. So, while all listened attentively — for he was eloquent on the subject — no one urged him forward. Finally he carefully matured a plan of action, and presented it in the form of a request for a rather moderate financial backing, supplemented by an expressed determination to carry it out, if he must, without other aid than his own meager resources. No man was ever more able, with artless modesty and reticent purpose, to awaken greater confidence in himself. And, after all, if any white man could carry out the adventurous program, who could undertake it with fewer risks than Glave, who for years had defied the fevers of the Congo in more than one encounter, who had a natural aptitude for the dialects and customs of the natives, and who had shown the same magnetic influence among the barbarous people of the equator, as he had shown among those of his own race who had come within the sphere of his stimulating personality?

So, with a sense of the possible good to be derived from his self-appointed mission, yet partly out of sympathy with him, THE CENTURY provided Glave with such aid as he deemed adequate to the undertaking. In June, 1893, he set forth with buoyant spirits, accompanied by the warmest wishes for his success and safety that ever worked invisibly for the support of a human being; and not a friend but felt that, no matter what the difficulty, the discouragement, the peril, Glave would find within himself resources to surmount and withstand them. His journey to the outlet on the western coast confirmed this confidence, and justified both his judgment and the encouragement which was reluctantly bestowed upon his plans. But, alas! the dread fate which was repelled at the entrance to the wilderness lurked again at the emerging gate.

Whatever may be lacking in his hurried notes of travel to give point and roundness to his mission, they will doubtless suffice to chronicle a journey that will be significant as a harbinger of peace to the distracted tribes of benighted Africa. They will also help to reveal to the world the character of a man who was cast in a mold of gentleness and heroism, of generosity and justice, of unselfishness and righteousness. Glave was the type of unalloyed manhood and steadfast friendship of which his race has given many examples.

Mr. Cole's Achievement in Wood-Engraving.

THE engraving of Vermeer by Mr. Cole, which is printed as the frontispiece of the present number, marks the conclusion of the second series of old masters reproduced by this engraver, the "Italian Old Masters" having been completed in THE CENTURY for October, 1892, and the "Dutch and Flemish" series having been begun in the number for December, 1893.

This latter series, which comprises thirty-one blocks representing twenty-one painters, marks an achievement on Mr. Cole's part of similar value to its predecessor, both from the point of view of popular interest and that of permanent artistic importance. It illustrates the versatility of the cunning and sympathetic hand that can render not only the ideality and spiritual grace of the Italian schools, but also the truthful and tender simplicity of the Lowlands painters, which frames the brilliant richness of Rembrandt, Hals, and Rubens, as a sober setting frames a gleaming jewel. Every stroke of Mr. Cole's graver has been directed by enthusiastic devotion, and his success is a justification of the confidence with which the managers of this magazine proposed to him the first of these enterprises. In lieu of the varied interest of miscellaneous blocks which might have been expected from him from month to month, it occurred to us to substitute a consecutive work of more permanent worth — the reproduction of the masterpieces of painting by the hand of the master-graver of our time. Long after this magazine, now completing its twenty-fifth year, shall have reached its centenary, the proofs of these blocks will remain to represent in part the art of the nineteenth as well as of the earlier centuries. It is something upon which, without too much complacency, we may congratulate alike the engraver and the public.

The frequency with which these blocks have followed one another has perhaps dulled the edge of the reader's expectancy, and their very familiarity may