



MR. GLAVE AT THE TREE BENEATH WHICH WAS BURIED THE HEART OF DR. LIVINGSTONE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE HEART OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

BY a happy accident of equatorial travel THE CENTURY is able to publish the testimony of the camera to the preservation during twenty-two years of the one landmark in "Darkest Africa" that has an interest for the entire civilized world. That landmark is the tree which enshrines the heart of Dr. Livingstone, and which is the complement, in the wilderness of his labors, to his home sepulcher in Westminster Abbey.

This discovery is of special value, since an effort to place a tablet on the tree ended in failure to locate it; and the discovery is of additional interest, perhaps, to the readers of THE CENTURY, inasmuch as it was made by Mr. E. J. Glave in the course of an exploration for this magazine. Mr. Glave, it will be remembered, went to the Congo as one of Stanley's junior officers. After arduous services for so young a man, at one of the advance stations of the Congo Free State, he came to this coun-

try to lecture. During a visit to Alaska, in 1890, he formed the project of penetrating to the interior without the uncertain aid of Indian carriers; and in the following year he made an expedition with a pack-train, his adventures being described, after his return, in this magazine for September and October, 1892.

His present enterprise grew out of his personal knowledge of the horrors of the African slave-trade as carried on by the Arab raiders of the interior. Convinced that the first step in a permanent opening up of the "dark continent" must be the extermination of the slave-caravan system, it became his ambition to procure, by special study on the ground, the exact information with regard to the system which would enable the civilizing influences now at work in Africa to cooperate effectively against its main arteries.

In the interest of this magazine he entered on the work early in the summer of 1893. From

Zanzibar he made his way to Fort Johnston, near the southern end of Lake Nyassa, his first letters from that station being despatched in November, 1893. In the spring of 1894 he was at Karonga, near the northern extremity of that lake, on the west shore. Thence, with no companions except a small party of natives, he penetrated to the little-known regions far to the southwest about Lake Bangweolo, which were the scene of Dr. Livingstone's last journey. Near the site of the deserted village of Chitambo, on the south shore of that lake, Mr. Glave found the tree at the base of which the heart of the great missionary was buried by his devoted followers, and on which Jacob Wainwright — the Nassick boy, who read the burial service — chiseled the words: "Dr. Livingstone, May 4, 1873. Yazuza, Mniasere, Vchopere." The body, after such embalming as the natives could give it, was inclosed in canvas, lashed to a pole, and thus carried to Bagamoyo, on the coast opposite Zanzibar. It was buried in the center of the nave of Westminster Abbey, on April 18, 1874.

The tree is the largest in the neighborhood, is of very hard grain, and by the natives is called *mpandu*. Mr. Glave writes that Mrs. Bruce — the daughter of Livingstone — and her husband sent out a tablet commemorative of the explorer's death, which the Belgian officers to whom it was consigned put up about eight miles from the tree. Eighteen months before Mr. Glave's visit, the tablet was carried off by the chief of a slave caravan. Three years before Mr. Glave's visit, an English explorer visited the region, and at a point supposed to be twenty miles from the tree despatched a "trusted follower" with native guides to visit it. He returned with a strip of bark in which an inscription had been cut; but when and where are not quite clear, since the lettering on the tree found by Mr. Glave was clearly cut in the wood after the bark had been removed from a space about two feet square.

Mr. Glave's letter accompanying the photographs of the tree was written at the south end of Lake Tanganyika on September 6, 1894,



A GROUP OF MR. GLAVE'S MEN AT THE BASE OF THE LIVINGSTONE TREE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



TOP OF THE LIVINGSTONE TREE AS SEEN ABOVE THE SURROUNDING GROWTH. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

and came out by way of Fort Johnston and the east coast; while Mr. Glave, who was in contact with the Belgians of the Congo Free State, was expecting to travel northwest to the head waters of the Congo, and to descend that river to the Atlantic. He was hopeful of reaching home two or three months after the letter, which arrived in January of this year.

The Editor.

THE LAND OF LOST HOPES.

A traveler in this land of lost hopes, where I have wasted most that is precious in life."

AND journeying on, we came to that wide land
Where seldom any sought or forced return;
For either breaks the trembling bridge that spanned
The torrent stream (that country's restless bourn),
Or word will come, the friend we used to mourn
Dwells there, and if but far enough we roam,
We, surely, in good time must tidings learn:
At last, in glooming peace, we make our home,
And please the alien god with vows and hecatomb.

When first we came, we marveled much to see
Innumerable paths that wound by dale and hill —
That here might pause beneath the nooning tree,
And there might wander by some pleasant rill;
So on through sun and shade they bent until
They suddenly to darksome dells would sink;
Yet there the pastoral pipes were playing still!
The Shepherd of Lost Hopes by some green brink
Poured the sweet stream from which the crowding flock would drink!