

FOREVER AND A DAY.

A SONG.

I.

I LITTLE know or care
If the blackbird on the bough
Is filling all the air
With his soft crescendo now ;
For she is gone away,
And when she went she took
The springtime in her look,
The peachblow on her cheek,
The laughter from the brook,
The blue from out the May —
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day !

II.

It's little that I mind
How the blossoms, pink or white,
At every touch of wind
Fall a-trembling with delight ;
For in the leafy lane,
Beneath the garden boughs,
And through the silent house
One thing alone I seek.
Until she come again
The May is not the May,
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' PROGRESS IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

A FULL account of the extraordinary advances made in Africa during the last twenty-five years would require volumes, and in a single magazine article I can give but a résumé of the progress which has taken place in the equatorial portion of the continent. I begin with 1872, for in July of that year I returned to England with the six years' journals and latest news of Dr. Livingstone.

If the reader will take the trouble to lay a sheet of tracing-paper on the now crowded map of Africa, mark out a track from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganika, and from about the centre of that line another running north to the Victoria Nyanza, then draw a curving line of march through the intra-lake region to the outlet of the lake on the north side and add the eastern coast of Lake Albert, he will

realize far better than from any verbal description how little of Equatorial Africa was known at that time. He will see that nine tenths of inner Africa remained unexplored. The tracks drawn will illustrate what Burton and Speke, Speke and Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker had accomplished in seven years, 1857-64.

In September, 1872, I was requested to meet the British Association at Brighton, to tell its geographical section what new discoveries Livingstone had made during his six years' absence between Lakes Nyassa, Mweru, and Tanganika, and along the Lualaba River. At that meeting one geographer insisted that, since domestic swine were unknown in Africa, the "Old Traveler" must have lost his wits when he declared that he had found natives who kept tame pigs. The president observed that it was his duty to "veto" stories of that kind, because a geographical society discussed facts, not fictions. Sir Henry Rawlinson was inclined to believe that the great river discovered by Livingstone, if not the Congo, emptied into some vast marsh or swamp. The kindly way in which Livingstone had referred to the amiable Manyemas was suspected by some of those present to be an attempt on his part to create a favorable impression of the people, from among whom, it was said by Captain Burton, he had taken a princess for a wife. When the audience filed out from the hall, I was mobbed by persons who were curious to know if Zanzibar was an island!

But the way in which Americans received the news of Livingstone's achievements was the most amusing of all. They did not resort to personal detraction of Livingstone, but turned their powers of raillery upon me. Every humorous expression in the Old Traveler's letters to the New York Herald was taken to be a proof that I must have concocted the fables about "winsome Manyema girls," and so on. One journalist went so far as to assert that he

had reason to know I had never left New York city, and that I was a married man with a large family, who occasionally relieved my imagination by attempts to rival Defoe. Mark Twain dealt me the worst stroke of all. He wrote in the Hartford Courant, with the most perfect assurance, that when I found Livingstone, I was urged by him to relate first what great national events had happened during the long years in which he had been wandering, and that after describing how the Suez Canal had been opened, reporting the completion of the American transcontinental railway, the election of General Grant to the presidency, and the Franco-German war, I began to tell how Horace Greeley had become a candidate for the presidential honor, whereupon Livingstone exclaimed suddenly, "Hold on, Mr. Stanley! I must say I was inclined to believe you at first, but when you take advantage of my guilelessness and tell me that Horace Greeley has been accepted as a candidate by the American people, I'll be — if I can believe anything you say now." The English papers reprinted this solemn squib, and asked "if Mr. Stanley could be surprised that people expressed doubt of his finding Livingstone when he attributed such profanity to a man so noted for his piety"!

All this seems to me to have occurred ages ago. It will be incredible to many in this day that my simple story was received with such general unbelief. But such was the obscurity hanging over the centre of Africa in 1872 that, befogged by stay-at-home geographers, the public did not know whom to believe. Nine tenths of Equatorial Africa, as we have seen, were unknown, and the tenth that was known had required fifteen years for Burton, Speke, Baker, and Livingstone to explore. At such a rate of progress it would have taken 135 years to reveal inner Africa. Several things had conspired to keep Africa dark. In the first place, the public appeared to con-