

potations and Greek with equal felicity. An entertaining and impartial biographer of Martin describes a scene in the United States District Court in Baltimore, when William Wirt and Roger Brooke Taney (afterward Chief Justice of the United States) were trying a case. There was a little ripple of excitement, and the crowd gave way to right and left as an old man tottered into the room, and passing inside the rail, seated himself, as one accustomed to the place, and munched a piece of gingerbread. He was clad in well-worn knee-breeches with yarn stockings; there were silver buckles to his shoes, and ruffles to his shirt and his wristbands. «This was the man who for half a century was the recognized leader of the Maryland bar, and foremost counsel in two of the most interesting cases of national importance in the history of our country—now wandering, a discrowned, demented, and almost friend-

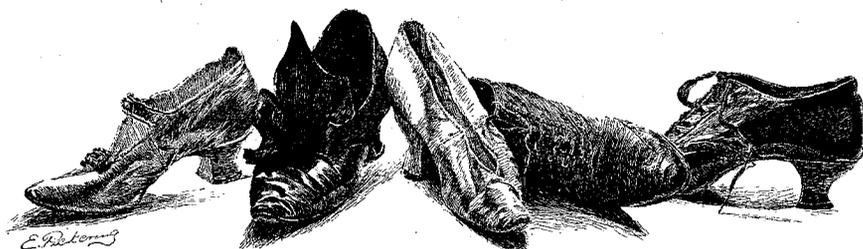
less Lear, into the arena of his old renown.»¹

In 1822 the Maryland legislature passed an act, unparalleled in American history, requiring every lawyer in the State to pay an annual license fee of five dollars to certain designated trustees, «for the use and behoof of Luther Martin.» Only one lawyer is on record as having at any time demurred to paying this remarkable tax; and even he withdrew his objections, which were strictly on «constitutional grounds.»

Martin's daughters, Maria and Elinor, were beautiful and accomplished. The miniature of the former, by Rembrandt Peale, was always greatly admired. Maria married Lawrence Keene, a naval officer: but their married life was most unhappy; they were separated, and Maria died in an asylum, insane.

¹ Henry P. Goddard, «Luther Martin, the Federal Bull-dog.»

John Williamson Palmer.



THE LITTLE MOTHERS.

STRANGE mockery of motherhood!
They who should feel the fostering care
Maternal, and the tender good
Of home when fondling arms are there,

Must, ere their time, in mimic show
Of age and sacred duties, be
Thus wise to guide, thus deep to know,
The artless needs of infancy.

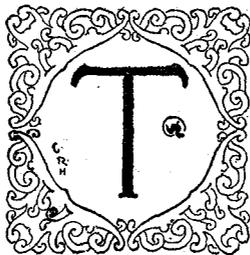
The little mothers! Will they win
The bitter-sweet of elder years?
Will love protect them from the sin,
And faith gleam dauntless through the tears?

God grant some guerdon for the loss
Of childly joy: and when they come
To woman-ways and woman's cross,
Give them a fate more frolicsome.

Richard Burton.

THE STORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF AFRICA.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.



THE publishers of this magazine lately celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and in an interesting review of its various enterprises reminded us of the efforts they have made in the field of intellectual activity, by which THE CENTURY has become endeared and familiar to millions of readers. The mention of this anniversary reminds me that it is just twenty-five years ago this month (November) that I was on my way to Zanzibar, as an emissary of an American newspaper, to search for David Livingstone; and as Mr. E. J. Glave's late researches among the haunts of the slave-traders are shortly to be published in THE CENTURY, perhaps a rapid review of progress in Equatorial Africa since I first set foot on that continent may not be out of place as a proem to the articles of my lamented young lieutenant.

In 1870 there were only two white men in all Equatorial Africa, from the Zambesi to the Nile. These were Dr. Livingstone and Sir Samuel Baker. The first had for years been absent from men's knowledge in the far interior, and no man knew what had become of him. The second had but just arrived in the White Nile regions to suppress the slave-trade.

Newspaper editors sometimes appear to regret the change that has come over Africa during the last quarter of a century. They say the romance is all gone out of it, and that it is becoming too well known. But it must not be forgotten, by Americans at least, that the change began on the day when James Gordon Bennett the younger undertook to do what hitherto had been exclusively the business of a geographical society. Had he not conceived the idea of sending one of his correspondents in search of Livingstone, it is just possible that Africa might still have been a *terra incognita*. When the press, whose broad sheets are found everywhere, began to diffuse an intimate knowledge of the continent among civilized peoples, the first streaks of the dawning light that should wake Africa out of its sleep of ages became visible. The Dark Conti-

ment had remained long enough as a byword for all that was degraded and savage. Ever since the art of ocean navigation had been acquired, the crews of ships that sailed by its stern and silent shores had shivered as they gazed far off on the loom of the land. For there, according to them, dwelt the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, the Cynocephali, and those who used their feet as umbrellas and their ears as blankets, and many other curious tribes, the list of which may be found in Ogilvie's and other old geographies. If through any accident or stress of weather these ancient sailors approached the shores, they saw full confirmation of their fears; for the people were naked and fierce, and as black as coal, and preyed upon one another like wild beasts.

Soon after the Portuguese navigator Da Gama had outlined the southern half of the continent, which was only a few years before Columbus sighted America, the European sailors took another view of the African savages, which was about as reasonable as that which their fathers had. They thought it a pity that the wretched blacks should destroy each other like the feral creatures, and accordingly proceeded with right good will to catch them and make slaves of them to work for white people. Sir John Hawkins and his imitators could cite Scripture to prove that it was their duty to teach them the rudiments of civilization in this rude way. From that period until about a century ago the white slave-trader flourished on the gains of his terrible traffic, and then gradually the calling came to be regarded as a crime, until finally, a little before the middle of the century, it ceased altogether.

For some time after the suppression of the slave-trade by sea there appeared to be no use for Africa to the mercantile world. A little ivory, some palm-oil, gold-dust, and ebony were all that it could export, and the risk of murder and malaria was too great for the trader to meditate any enterprise in the interior. Even such bold travelers as ventured inland seldom returned. They were either killed and eaten, or they succumbed to the deadly influence of the climate. Fortunately, the Christian sentiment of England was strong, and it was believed that though mer-