

Ammunition weight.....	55	lbs
Rifle.....	9½	"
Mat or blanket	4	"
		68½ lbs

A total of sixty-eight and a half pounds.

AFTER A PERIOD OF TWENTY-SIX MONTHS

We again set face on our pale faced brothers. It was like seeing beings from another world. Mackay and Deekes, the two missionaries, treated us with the greatest kindness. We enjoyed our meals immensely. Our men were in transports over their clean white waist cloths. We whites had books, letters and English newspapers. We had soap at last and lights to go to bed by. We again tasted the delights of tea and coffee, pepper, Worcester sauce and other delicacies. We had rum and whisky, and on one occasion some port. And, joy of joys, good English tobacco.

We soon filled Mackay's room with tobacco smoke on his producing the "weed." Till long after midnight we sat up relating our adventures to him. We learnt that our people were well or otherwise, and were anxiously looking out for news. Some thought we were dead. The Queen was still alive, but two German Emperors had died, and now William II was reigning.

We thirsted for and drank in every item of news we could read in the papers. Many things had taken place though, and it took us days to pick up even a rough outline of the movements of the outside world. We got new boots and threw away the raw hide make-shifts that had carried us along so far, and in new coats, socks and shirts, we began to look quite smart again, as we discarded our late and rather dirty rags.

After some days halt we despatched a party of couriers with letters for the coast, to make arrangements for the reception of so many women and children.

We had

ONLY SEVEN HUNDRED MILES MORE NOW

to march. Only eighty camps to the sea!

On the 16th Sept. 1889, the Expedition marched out of Msalala; the Companies being re-organized and the loads re-numbered for the last time. On the 19th the Wassukuma natives attacked us in great numbers and we had four days fighting. We lost several men but with our rifles drove them off. We refused to pay an exorbitant demand made by them for cloth, and offered to pay half what they asked, when they attacked us.

On the 7th October we reached *Usongo*, and here met with a large band of roving Masai who were on the raid after cattle.

On the 26th October we reached *Muhulala* in Ugogo, and just one month later, on 25th November, came to the German outpost of Mpwapwa. We were lucky in finding some German officers here in charge of the Outpost, and one of their number accompanied us to the coast.

Marching well and fast from Mpwapwa we camped on the afternoon of the 4th December near the Wami River, being then only eight miles from Bagamoyo and the Indian Ocean.

About eight o'clock in the evening, while the men were leaning over the camp fires cooking their evening meal, all of a sudden came the long, low "boom" of the Sultan of Zanzibar's evening gun from the Island far across the Sea. It was the gun that summons all true Mahommedans to prayer in the evening. Like some

long lost and forgotten chord being again heard it reminded the Zanzibaris that their homes were near. With a roar of cheering that I still can hear, the men bounded through the camp. Again and again the volleys of cheers rang out in the still night air. The men left their fires and surrouded the tents of the officers.

"*Tumefika pwani*; we have reached the Coast."

"*Tumefika mwisho*, we have come to the end."

Reader; could you have seen how those men cheered Stanley, you would have felt that with such men as these he could go anywhere.

Next day, December 5th 1889, we marched into Bagamoyo.

The Sea again boys, our work is done!

With bursting hearts and quickened pulses we met Englishmen and Americans again. The feelings that came over us, when once again we saw the old flag flying from the peaks of the British men-of-war in the bay, are never likely to be forgotten by any of us.

Good bye boys!

Each and every one of you have passed through the fire and proved himself a hero true as steel. Through the Forests and across the Plains of Africa, you have stuck to us like the men you are. Over five thousand miles have some of you marched, step by step, with but poor food. Backwards and forwards through that forest which seemed unending, through fevers, starvation, and scenes of death have you marched, like Trojans. We white men who have served with you for three long years, who have fought and starved, have marched and camped with you, now to our homes far across the Sea.

But deep down in our hearts has sunk the remembrance of your deeds, and, in the home of the white man who knows you, will your names be kept bright.

In after life we may meet with more brilliant examples of daring, more carefully wrought out schemes of progress than you were capable of achieving. But never are we likely to see again such splendid fortitude during dark and trying days as has been shown by you, the Zanzibaris of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition!

Mekwisha--Tumepata.

It is finished; we have won.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, though many men seem to have a pretty good time without either.

"No man," once said Sir Benjamin Rudyard, "is bound to be rich or great—no, nor to be wise, but every man is bound to be honest."

A good temper and an obliging disposition, when combined with honesty and industry, are invaluable qualities in every one who has his way to make in the world.

The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character. *Sir Walter Scott*.

"I am afraid, Madam," said a gentleman who was looking for apartments, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant." "It is a little noisy," assented the landlady, "but, from the front verandah, one has such a fine view of people who miss the trains," she added, with an air of triumph.