

twenty, I think, and
 presently saw them
 great twenty-ton
 d rowed after me.
 r, and a deputation
 y the famous Uledi,
 detective; Robert,
 he chief, and Wadi
 me that they still
 d that they would
 eived a letter from
 my own country.
 all Africa to bring
 y must know that I
 ey would go to seek
 d—simple, generous
 o reach my country

 ts, those of parting.
 ship was here sun-
 issitudes of life had
 l and varied scenes
 noble fidelity these
 he chiefs were those
 371; they had been
 at the sight of me;
 usted the safeguard
 fatal journey, who
 Muilala, and borne
 cean.
 ction, all the stormy
 ny mind; the whole
 hrough which these
 stood by me—these
 a me. Rapidly, as

1877.
 Dec. 13.
 Zanzibar.

in some apocalyptic vision, every scene of strife with
 Man and Nature through which these poor men and
 women had borne me company, and solaced me by
 the simple sympathy of common suffering, came hurrying
 across my memory; for each face before me was
 associated with some adventure or some peril, reminded
 me of some triumph or of some loss. What a wild,
 weird retrospect it was, that mind's flash over the
 troubled past! So like a troublous dream!

And for years and years to come, in many homes
 in Zanzibar, there will be told the great story of our
 journey, and the actors in it will be heroes among their
 kith and kin. For me, too, they are heroes, these poor
 ignorant children of Africa, for, from the first deadly
 struggle in savage Ituru to the last staggering rush
 into Embomma, they had rallied to my voice like
 veterans, and in the hour of need they had never failed
 me. And thus, aided by their willing hands and by
 their loyal hearts, the Expedition had been successful,
 and the three great problems of the Dark Continent's
 geography had been fairly solved.

LAUS DEO!