

have declared to be infamous and abominable, and yet they live. This is not due to me any more than the courage with which they have borne all that was imposed upon them by their surroundings, or the cheery energy which they devoted to their work, or the hopeful voices which rang in the ears of the deafening multitude of blacks, and urged the poor souls to the quest. The vulgar will call it luck, unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains a feeling, that of a verity there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy.

"I must be brief. Numbers of scenes crowd the memory. Could one but sum them into a picture it would have a grand interest. The uncomplaining heroism of our dark followers, the brave manhood latent in such uncouth disguise, the tenderness we have seen issuing from nameless entities, the great love animating the ignoble, the sacrifice made by the Sasmire for one more unfortunate, the reverence we have noted in barbarians, who, even as ourselves, were inspired with nobleness and incentives to duty, of all these we could speak if we would, but I leave that to the *Herald* correspondent, who, if he has eyes to see, will see much for himself, and with his gifts of composition may present a very taking outline of what has been done and is now near ending, thanks be to God, for ever and ever.

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

On the 3rd of December, 1889, the Expedition reached Bigiro, two hours' march from the Kinghani river, which took the whole of the day to cross, as there was only one boat. Here Stanley, Emin Pasha, Captain Casati and the other members of the Expedition were met