

1877.
Dec. 13.
Zanzibar.

forgotten by me—was revived. Sad and subdued were the faces of those I saw, as sad and subdued as my own feelings. With such sympathies between us we soon arrived at a satisfactory understanding. Each woman was paid without much explanation required—one witness was sufficient. There were men, however, who were put to great shifts. They appeared to have no identity. None of my own people would vouch for the relationship; no respectable man knew them. Several claimed money upon the ground that they were acquaintances; that they had been slaves under one master, and had become freemen together on their master's death. Parents and true brothers were not difficult to identify. The settlement of the claims lasted five days, and then—the Anglo-American Expedition was no more.

On 13th December the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Pachumba* sailed from Zanzibar for Aden, on board which Mr. William Mackinnon had ordered a state-room for me. My followers through Africa had all left their homes early that they might be certain to arrive in time to witness my departure. They were there now, every one of them arrayed in the picturesque dress of their countrymen. The fulness of the snowy dishdashah and the amplitude of the turban gave a certain dignity to their forms, and each sported a light cane. Upon inquiring I ascertained that several had already purchased handsome little properties—houses and gardens—with their wages, proving that the long journey had brought, with its pains and rough experience, a good deal of thrift and wisdom.

When I was about to step into the boat, the brave, faithful fellows rushed before me and shot the boat into the sea, and then lifted me up on their heads and carried me through the surf into the boat.