

ubated me with great warmth of feeling; and offered to me the "Freedom of Boma!"

We travelled together along the path for a mile, and came to the frontier village of Boma, or Eambomma, where the "king" was at hand to do the honours. My courteous friends had brought a hamper containing luxuries, rare dainties of Paris and London abundant, though a short time ago we were stinted of even ground-nuts.

My friends had brought a hammock with them, and eight sturdy, well fed bearers. They insisted on my permitting them to lift me into the hammock. I declined. They said it was a Portuguese custom. To custom, therefore, I yielded, though it appeared very effeminate. Then, over the heads of the tall grass, as I lay in the hammock, I caught a glimpse of the tall, square box of a frame-house, with a steep roof, erected on rising ground. It brought back a host of old recollections; for everywhere on the frontiers of civilization in America one may see the like. It was the residence of those in charge of the English factory.

Looking from the house, my eyes rested on the river. Ah! the hateful, murderous river, now so broad and proud and majestically calm, as though it had not bereft me of a friend, and of many faithful souls, and as though we had never heard it rage and whiten with fury, and mock the thunder! What an hypocritical river! But just below the landing, a steamer was ascending—the *Kabinda*, John Petherbridge, master. How civilization was advancing on me! Not a moment even to lie down and rest! Full-blooded, eager, restless, and aggressive, it pressed on me, and claimed me for its own, without allowing me even the time to cast one retrospective glance at the horrors left behind. While still overwhelmed by the thought, the people of the expedition appeared, pressing forward to admire and gaze, wide-eyed, at the strange "big iron canoe," driven by fire on *their* river.

Our life at Boma, which lasted only from eleven, a.m., of the 9th, to noon of the 11th, passed too quickly away; but throughout, it was intensest pleasure and gaiety. The glowing, warm life of Western civilization, the hospitable civilities and gracious kindnesses which the merchants of Boma showered on myself and people, were as dews of Paradise—grateful, soothing, and refreshing.

On the 11th, at noon, after a last little banquet and songs, hearty cheers, innumerable toasts, and fervid clasping of friendly hands, we embarked.

A few hours later, and we were gliding through the broad portal into the ocean—the blue domain of civilization!

Turning to take a farewell glance of the mighty river, on whose brown bosom we had endured so greatly, I felt my heart suffused with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne.

After steaming northward from the mouth of the Congo for a few hours, we entered the fine bay of Kabinda. A glance at the annexed photograph will sufficiently show the prosperous appearance of the establishment, and the comfortable houses that have been constructed. The expedition received a cordial welcome from Messrs. Phillips, Wills, Price, and Jones; and I was housed in a cottage surrounded by gardens, and overlooking the glorious sea, while the people were located in a large shed fronting the bay, but sunk in profound lethargy.

"Do you wish to see Zanzibar, boys?" I asked.

"Ah, it is far. Nay, speak not, master. We shall never see it," they replied.

"But you will die if you go on in this way. Wake up—shake yourselves—show yourselves to be men."

"Can a man contend with God? Who fears death? Let us die undisturbed, and be at rest for ever," they answered.

Brave, faithful, loyal souls! They were, poor fellows, surrendering themselves to the benumbing influences of a listlessness and fatal indifference to life! Four of them died, in consequence of this strange malady, at Loanda; three more on board H.M.S. *Industry*; and one woman breathed her last the day after we arrived at Zanzibar. But in their sad death they had one consolation, in the words which they kept constantly repeating to themselves:—

"We have brought our master to the great sea, and he has seen his white brothers, La il Allah, il Allah!—There is no God but God!" they said—and died.

It is not without an overwhelming sense of grief—a choking in the throat, and swimming eyes—that I write of those days, for my memory is still busy with the worth and virtues of the dead. In a thousand fields of incident, adventure, and bitter trials, they had proved their staunch heroism and their fortitude. They had lived and endured nobly. Their voices again loyally answer me; and again I hear them address each other upon the necessity of standing by the "master."

Their boat-song, which contained sentiments similar to the following:—

"The pale-faced stranger, lonely here,
In cities afar, where his name is dear,
Your Arab truth and strength shall show:
He trusts to us, row, Arabs, row,"

despite all the sounds which now surround me, still charms my listening ear.

The expedition, after a stay of eight days at Kabinda, was kindly taken on board the Portuguese gun-boat *Tamega*, Commander José Marquez, to San Paulo de Loanda.

The offer of the Portuguese Governor-General to convey me in a gunboat to Lisbon, and the regular arrival of the Portuguese mail-steamers, were very tempting, but the condition of my followers was such that I found it impossible to leave. I resolved, therefore, to accompany them to the Cape of Good Hope.

Upon arriving at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, a telegram from the British Lords of the Admiralty was received, authorizing the transmission of my followers to their homes. Here the Wangwana saw for the first time the "fire-carriage," and were whirled at the rate of thirty miles an hour which, of all the wonders they had viewed, seemed to them the most signal example of the wonderful enterprise and superior intelligence of the Europeans.

On the 6th of November, H.M.S. *Industry* was equipped, and ready for her voyage to Zanzibar. Fourteen days afterwards, the palmy island of Zanzibar rose into sight, and in the afternoon we were beating straight for port.

As I looked on the Wangwana, and saw the pleasure which now filled every soul, I felt myself amply rewarded for sacrificing several months to see them home. The sick had, all but one, recovered; and they had so much improved in appearance that few, ignorant of what they had been, could have supposed that these were the living skeletons that had reeled from sheer weakness through Boma.

The captain did not detain them on board. The boats were all lowered at once, and they crowded the gangway and ladder. I watched the first boat-

load. To those on the beach it was a surprise to see so many white-shirted, turbaned men, making for shore, from an English man-of-war. Were they

slaves—or what? No; slaves they could not be, for they were too well dressed. Yet, what could they be?

Then came bounding towards them their friends, acquaintances, countrymen—demanding ever so many questions—all burning to know all about it. Where had they been? How came they to be on board the man-of-war? What had they seen? Who was dead? Where was So-and-so? You have gone beyond Nyangwe to the other sea! Mashallah!

The boats come and go.

More of the returned braves land, jump and frisk about, shake hands, embrace firmly and closely. They literally *leap* into each other's arms; and there are many wet eyes there, for some terrible tales are told of death, disaster, and woe, by the most voluble of the narrators, who seem to think it incumbent on them to tell all the news at once. The minor details, which are a thousand and a thousand, shall be told to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and for days and for years to come.

On the fifth morning, the people—men, women, and children—of the Anglo-American Expedition, attended by hundreds of friends, who crowded the street and the capacious rooms of the Bertram Agency, began to receive their well-earned dues.

The second pay-day was devoted to hearing the claims for wages to the faithful dead. Poor, faithful souls! With an ardour and fidelity unexpected, and an immeasurable confidence, they had followed me to the very death. The settlement of the claims lasted five days, and then—the Anglo-American Expedition was no more.

On the 13th of December, the British steamer *Pachumba* sailed from Zanzibar for Aden. 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 now—every one of them—arrayed in the picturesque dress of their countrymen. 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. We shook hands, twenty times twenty, I think, and then at last the boat started.

They were sweet and sad moments, those of parting. What a long, long and true friendship, was here sundered! Through what strange vicissitudes of life had they not followed me! What wild and varied scenes had we not seen together! What a noble fidelity these untutored souls had exhibited! The chiefs were those who had followed me to Ujiji in 1871; they had been witnesses of the joy of Livingstone at the sight of me; they were the men to whom I trusted the safeguard of Livingstone, on his last and fatal journey; who had mourned by his corpse at Muilala, and borne the illustrious dead to the Indian Ocean. And, in a flood of sudden recollection, all the stormy period here ended rushed in upon my mind; the whole panorama of danger and tempest, through which these gallant fellows had so staunchly stood by me—these gallant fellows now parting from me. What a wild, weird retrospect it was, this 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,