

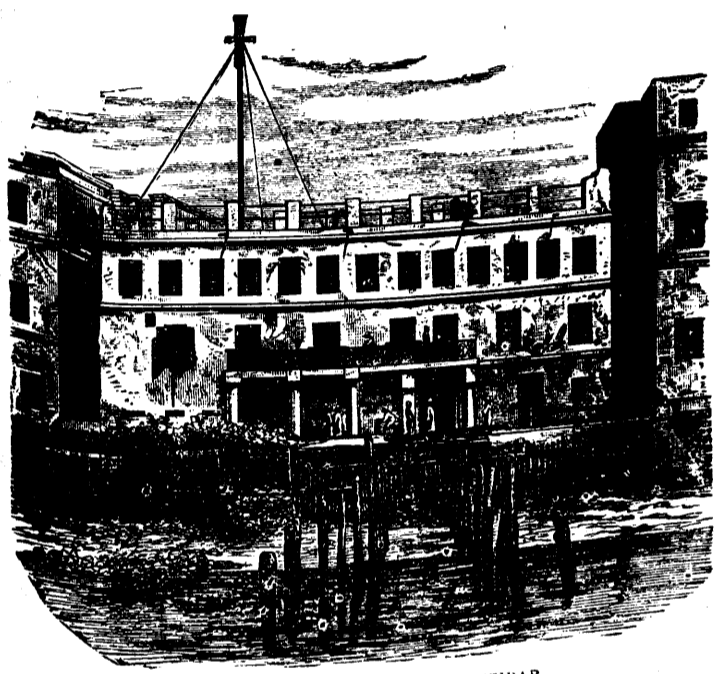
WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1889.

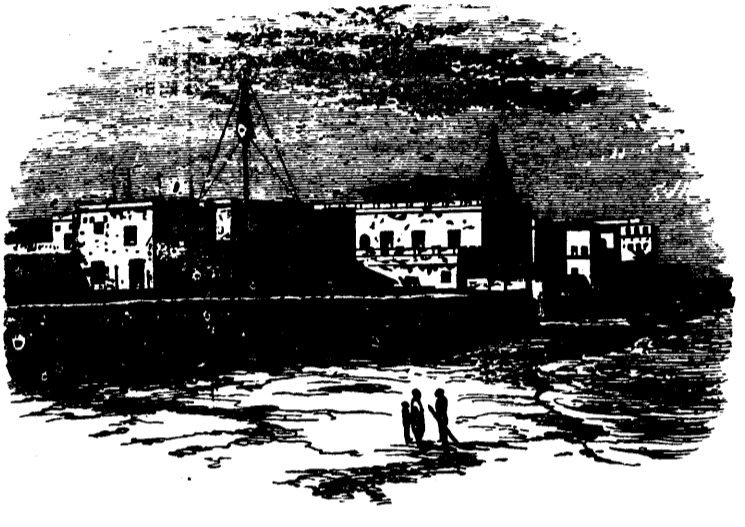
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THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ZANZIBAR.

to the left begins to glimmer a pale white mass which, we are told, is the capital of the island of Zanzibar. Still steaming southward, we come within rifle-shot of the low green shores, and now begin to be able to define the capital. It consists of a number of square massive structures, with little variety of height and all whitewashed, standing on a point of low land, separated by a broad margin of sandy beach from the sea, with a bay curving, gently from the point, inwards to the left toward us.



VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE SEA-FRONT OF ZANZIBAR, FROM THE WATER BATTERY TO SHANGANI POINT.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.*

I.

TWENTY-EIGHT months had elapsed between my departure from Zanzibar after the discovery of Livingstone and my re-arrival on that island, September 21, 1874. A soft sky of ethereal blue covered the hazy land and sleeping sea as we steamed through the strait that separates Zanzibar from the continent. Presently on the horizon there rise the thin upright shadows of ships' masts, and

Within two hours from the time we first caught sight of the town, we have dropped anchor about 700 yards from the beach. A number of boats break away from the beach and come toward the vessel. Europeans sit at the stern, the rowers are whited-shirted Wangwana, or freed negroes, with red caps. The former are anxious to hear the news, to get newspapers and letters, and to receive the small parcels sent by friendly hands "per favour of captain."

Figures and faces are picturesque enough. Happy, pleased-looking men of black, yellow, or tawny colour, with long white cotton shirts, move about with quick, active motion, and cry out, regardless of order, to their friends or mates in the

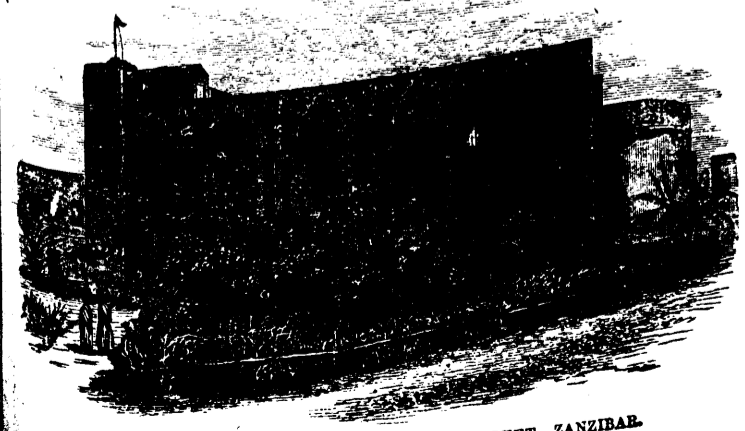
house of my old friend, Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, of the Bertram Agency. At this low-built, massive-looking house near Shangani Point, I was welcomed with all the friendliness and hospitality of my first visit, when three years and a half previously, I arrived at Zanzibar to set out for the discovery of Livingstone.

With Mr. Sparhawk's aid I soon succeeded in housing comfortably my three young Englishmen, Francis John, and Edward Peacock, and Frederick Barker, and my five dogs, and in stowing safely on shore the yawl *Wave*, the gig, and the tons of goods, provisions, and stores I had brought.

Life at Zanzibar is a busy one to the intending explorer. Time flies rapidly, and each moment of daylight must be employed in the selection and purchase of the various kinds of cloth, beads, and

Arabic language, and their friends or mates respond with equally loud voice and lively gesture, until, with fresh arrivals, there appears to be a Babel created, wherein English, French, and Arabic accents mix with Hindi, and, perhaps, Persian.

In the midst of such a scene I stepped into a boat to be rowed to the



NEW CHURCH ON SITE OF OLD SLAVE-MARKET, ZANZIBAR.



UNIVERSITIES MISSION AT MBWENNI, ZANZIBAR.

* This account of one of the most remarkable achievements ever accomplished is given in Stanley's own words, condensed from his two large volumes.