

ward through the sombre defile. An hour afterwards we were camped on a bit of level plateau to the south of the villages of Mbongo.

The chiefs appeared, dressed in scarlet military coats of a past epoch. We conversed with them sociably enough, and obtained encouragement. A strong healthy man would reach Embomma in three days. Three days! only three days off from food—from comforts—luxuries even! Ah me!

The next day, when the morning was greying, we lifted our weakened limbs for another march. And such a march!—the path all thickly strewn with splinters of suet-coloured quartz,



SEROMBO HUTS.

which increased the fatigue and pain. Two of the younger men assisted each of the old, and the husbands and fathers lifted their infants on their shoulders and tenderly led their wives along. Up and down the desolate and sad land wound the poor hungry caravan. After we had erected our huts and lifted the tent into its usual place, the chief of Nsanda appeared, a youngish, slightly-made man, much given to singing, being normally drunk from an excess of palm-wine. Of course he knew Embomma. Then I suddenly asked him if he would carry a letter to Embomma, and allow three of my men to accompany him. It was finally decided that I should write a letter, and two young natives would be ready next day. After my dinner I wrote the following letter:—

“Village of Nsanda, August 4, 1877.

“To any Gentleman that speaks English at Embomma.

“DEAR SIR,—I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar, with 115 souls, men, women, and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth,