

made a thrust at Capt. Bodson, which the latter, springing to one side, evaded; at the same time, drawing his revolver, he shot Msidi dead through the heart.

Msidi had no sooner fallen than the contents of several guns were fired into Capt. Bobson's back by some men, wounding him mortally. He spoke with Lieut. Legat (who was an old friend of his) up to the last, saying that he was dying as a soldier should die, having rid the Garenganze country of a tiger, and with one shout "Long live the King" this loyal soldier passed away.

How things are going on at the capital now you will best understand from the following letter, which I received the other day from Capt. Stairs:—"On the 21st we left Maria's village, and moved about 800 yards to Mumoneka's, and next day started building Fort Bunkeya. I called up the chiefs Chamunda and Mukanduvantu, told them we had no desire to fight, but would punish anyone who made war in this country. Meantime I sent for Katanga, Ntenke, Mulawanyama, and others, to come to me before electing a chief of the Va-yeke, who will only have power over this immediate neighbourhood. There will be no more Va-yeke tyrants over the poor Va-sanga, Va-lomotwa, etc.; each district will have its local chief, and the head over the whole will be the white man. Already the people have returned in great numbers to their hoeing and planting. The Va-sanga are delighted, and at last see hope ahead. We are building our fort out of Msidi's own Boma, and the door of his big hut is now my table, off which this evening we eat our Christmas dinner. . . . I will work hard to keep powder out, and let the country get full breathing. . . . There are no skulls visible at Bunkeya now."

On Dec. 29th Capt. Stairs wrote:—"We are progressing favourably with our fort, but the want of food is taking it out of our men. I elected Mukanduvantu to-day as