

melancholy associations, we soon discovered that we had already lost the regular path, which would have taken us, we were told, to Utatura. But the natives, though they were otherwise tolerant of our presence, and by no means ill-disposed, would not condescend to show us the road, and we were, therefore, exposed to a series of calamities, which, at one time threatened our very existence. According to our custom the camp was constructed on the summit of a slightly swelling ground, between a forest and the fields in the basin. Everything promised at night to be peaceful, though anxiety began to be felt about the fate of Kaif Halleck, the bearer of the letter-bag to Livingstone, in 1871, who had lingered behind. He had not been seen for two days. Some suggested he had deserted, but "faithfuls" rarely desert upon mere impulse, without motive or cause. It was necessary therefore, to halt a day to despatch a searching party. Meanwhile Frank, Barker, and myself were occupied in reducing our loads, and rejecting every article that we could possibly subsist without. Our sick were many, twenty had died, and eighty-nine had deserted. While examining the cloth bales, we discovered that many were wet from excessive rains, and to save them from being ruined, it was imperative, though impolitic, that we should spread the cloths to dry. In the midst of this work a great magic doctor came to pay me a visit, bringing with him a good fat ox as a peace offering. He was introduced to my tent, and after being sociably entertained with exceedingly sweet coffee, he was presented with fifteen cloths, thirty necklaces, and ten yards of brass wire, which repaid him fourfold for his ox. Trivial things such as empty sardine boxes, and jam tins, were bestowed on him as he begged for them. While he stayed, I observed with uneasiness that he and his following cast lingering glances upon the cloths which were drying in camp.

But before retiring for the night, the scouts returned with the report that "Kaif Halleck's" dead body had been discovered, gashed with over thirty wounds, on the edge of a wood.

"We cannot help it, my friends," I said after a little deliberation. "We can mourn for him, but we cannot avenge him. Go and tell the people to take warning from his fate not to venture too far from the camp, and when on the march not to lag behind the caravan; and you, who are the chiefs, and in charge of the rear, must not again leave a sick man to find his way unprotected to camp."