

which is very different from that we have. But, better than all, would be ten or fifteen manloads of rice or grain, to fill their pinched bellies, immediately as even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food—and starving people cannot wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief; and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you on my own behalf that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of the supplies for my people. Until that time I beg you to believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"H. M. STANLEY,

"Commanding Anglo-American Expedition
for Exploration of Africa.

"P.S.—You may not know me by name; I therefore add, I am the person who discovered Livingstone in 1871.—H. M. S."

I also wrote a letter in French, and another in Spanish, as a substitute for Portuguese, as I heard that there was one Englishman, one Frenchman, and three Portuguese at Embomma.

The chiefs and boat's crew were called to my tent. I then told them that I had resolved to despatch four messengers to the white men at Embomma, with letters asking for food, and wished to know the names of those most likely to travel quickly, and through anything that interposed to prevent them.

The response was not long coming, for Uledi sprang up and said, "Oh, master, don't talk more! I am ready now. See, I will only buckle on my belt, and I shall start at once, and nothing will stop me. I will follow on the track like a leopard."

"And I am one," said Kacheche. "Leave us alone, master. If there are white men at Embomma we will find them out. We will walk—and walk—and when we cannot walk we will crawl."

"Leave off talking, men," said Muini Pembe, "and allow others to speak, won't you? Hear me, my master. I am your servant. I will outwalk the two. I will carry the letter, and plant it before the eyes of the white men."

"I will go, too, sir," said Robert.

"Good. It is just as I should wish it. But, Robert, you cannot follow these three men. You will break down, my boy."

"Oh, we will carry him if he breaks down," said Uledi. "Won't we, Kacheche?"

"Inshallah!" responded Kacheche, decisively. "We must have Robert along with us, otherwise the white men won't understand us."

Early the next morning the two guides appeared. Uledi waxed impatient, and buckled on his accoutrements, drawing his belt so tight about his waist that it was perfectly painful to watch him, and said: "Give us the letters, master; we will not wait for the pagans. Our people will be dead before we start." Finally, at noon, the guides and messengers departed in company.

Close to our camp was a cemetery of Mbinda. The grave mounds were neat, and, by their appearance, I should judge them to be not only the repositories of the dead, but also the depositories of all the articles that had belonged to the dead. Each grave was dressed out with the various mugs, pitchers, wash-basins, teapots, glasses; gin, brandy, and beer bottles; besides, iron skillets, kettles, tin watering-pots, and buckets. And above the mound thus curiously decorated were suspended to the

branch of a tree the various net haversacks of palm fibre, in which the deceased had carried his ground nuts, cassava bread, and eatables.

On the 6th we roused ourselves for a further effort, and after filing through several villages, separated from each other by intervals of waste land, we arrived, at 9 a.m., near Banza Mbuko, haggard, woe-begone invalids, with bloated faces, but terribly angular bodies. Yet not one word of reproach issued from the starving people. They threw themselves upon the ground with an indifference begotten of despair and misery. They did not fret, nor bewail aloud the tortures of famine, nor vent the anguish of their pinched bowels in cries, but, with stony resignation, surrendered themselves to rest, under the scant shade of some dwarf acacia or sparse bush. Now and then I caught the wail of an infant, and the thin voice of a starving mother, or the petulant remonstrance of an older child; but the adults remained still, and, apparently, lifeless—each contracted within the exclusiveness of individual suffering.

Suddenly the shrill voice was heard saying: "Oh! I see Uledi and Kacheche coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!"

"What!—what!—what!" broke out eagerly from several voices; and dark forms were seen springing up from among the bleached grass, and from under the shade, and many eyes were directed at the whitened hill-slope.

"Yes; it is true! It is true! La il Allah! Yes! Yes, it is food! food! food at last! Ah, that Uledi! He is a lion, truly! We are saved, thank God!"

Before many minutes, Uledi and Kacheche were seen tearing through the grass, and approaching us with long, springing strides, holding a letter up to announce to us that they had been successful. And the gallant fellows, hurrying up, soon placed it in my hands, and, in the hearing of all who were gathered to hear the news, I translated the following letter:—

"BOMA, 6th August, 1877.

"Embomma, English Factory,

"H. M. STANLEY, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,—Your welcome letter came to hand yesterday, at 7 p.m. As soon as its contents were understood, we immediately arranged to despatch to you several articles as you requested, as much as our stock on hand would permit, and other things that we deemed would be suitable in that locality. You will see that we send fifty pieces of cloth, each twenty-four yards long, and some sacks containing sundries for yourself. Several sacks of rice, sweet potatoes; also a few bundles of fish, a bundle of tobacco, and one demi-john of rum. The carriers are all paid, so that you need not trouble yourself about them. That is all we need to say about business. We are exceedingly sorry to hear that you have arrived in such piteous condition; but we send our warmest congratulations to you, and hope that you will soon arrive in Boma (this place is called Boma by us, though on the map it is Embomma). Again hoping that you will soon arrive, and that you are not suffering in health,

"Believe us to remain,

"Your sincere friends,

"HATTON & COOKSON.

"A. DA MOTTA VEIGA.

"J. W. HARRISON."

Uledi and Kacheche then delivered their budget. Their guides had accompanied them half-way, when they deserted them. The four Wangwanna, however, undertook the journey alone. About an hour after sunset, after a fatiguing march, they reached Boma, and, asking a native for the house of the "Ingreza" (English), were shown to the factory of

Messrs. Hatton & Cookson. Kacheche then related that a short white man, wearing spectacles, opened the letter, and, after reading awhile, asked which was Robert Feruzi, who answered for himself in English, and, in answer to many questions, gave a summary of our travels and adventures, but not before the cooks were set to prepare an abundance of food, which they sadly needed, after a fast of over thirty hours.

By this time the procession of carriers from Messrs. Hatton & Cookson's factory had approached, and the provisions—rice, fish, and tobacco bundles were tossed on the ground. While the captains of the messes were ripping open the sacks, and distributing the provisions, Murabo, the boat-boy, struck up a glorious, loud-swelling chant of triumph and success, into which he deftly, and with a poet's license, interpolated verses laudatory of the white men of the second sea. The bard, extemporizing, sang much about the great cataracts, cannibals, and pagans, hunger, the wide wastes, great inland seas, and niggardly tribes; and wound up by declaring that the journey was over, that we were even then smelling the breezes of the western ocean, and his master's brothers had redeemed them from the "hell of hunger." And at the end of each verse the voices rose high and clear to the chorus:—

"Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended;
Sing aloud, O friends; sing to the great sea!"

"Enough now; fall to," said Manwa Sera, at which the people nearly smothered him by their numbers. Into each apron, bowl, and utensil held out, the several captains expeditiously tossed full measures of rice, and generous quantities of sweet potatoes and portions of fish. The younger men and women hobbled after water, and others set about gathering fuel, and the camp was all animation, where, but half an hour previously, all had been listless despair. Many people were unable to wait for the food to be cooked, but ate the rice and the fish raw.

With profound tenderness, Kacheche handed to me the mysterious bottles, watching my face the while with his sharp, detective eyes, as I glanced at the labels, by which the cunning rogue read my pleasure. Pale ale! Sherry! Port wine! Champagne! Several loaves of bread—wheaten bread—sufficient for a week! Two pots of butter! A packet of tea! Coffee! White loaf sugar! Sardines and salmon! Plum-pudding! Currant, gooseberry, and raspberry jam!

The gracious God be praised forever! The long war we had maintained against famine and the siege of woe was over, and my people and I rejoiced in plenty! It was only an hour before we had been living on the recollections of the few pea-nuts and green bananas we had consumed in the morning, but now, in an instant, we were transported into the presence and the luxuries of civilization. Never did gaunt Africa appear so unworthy and so despicable before my eyes as now, when imperial Europe rose before my delighted eyes, and showed her boundless treasures of life, and blessed me with her stores.

When we felt refreshed, the cloth-bales were opened, and soon—instead of the venerable and tattered relics of Manchester, Salem, and Nashua manufacture, which were hastily consumed by the fire—the people were re-clad with white cloths and gay prints. The nakedness of want—the bare ribs, the sharp, protruding bones—were thus covered; but months must elapse before the hollow sunken cheeks and haggard faces would again resume the healthy bronze colour which distinguishes the well-fed African.

(To be continued.)