

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 Kachéché coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!"



MBINDA CEMETERY.

"What!—what!—what!" broke out eagerly from several voices, and dark forms were seen springing up from amongst 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 Kachéché was 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:—