

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

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Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

IV.

WE halted four days at Suna, as our situation was deplorable. A constantly increasing sick list, culminating in the serious illness of Edward Pocock, the evident restlessness of the natives at our presence, the insufficient quantity of food that could be purchased, and the growing importunacy of the healthy Wangwana to be led away from such a

the symptoms, I perceived that it was unmistakably a case of dreadful typhus.

There were two or three cases of sickness equally dangerous in camp, but far more dangerous was the sickness of temper from which the natives suffered. It became imperative that we should keep moving, if only two or three miles a day. Accordingly, on the 17th January, after rigging up four hammocks, and making one especially comfortable for Edward Pocock, roofed over with canvas, we moved from the camp through the

urged by our destiny, we struggled on, though languidly. Our spirits seemed dying, or resolving themselves into weights which oppressed our hearts

On arriving at the camp, one of the boat sections was elevated above Edward Pocock, as a protection from the sun, until a cool grass house could be erected. A stockade was being constructed by piling a thick fence of brushwood around a spacious circle, along which grass huts were fast being built, when Frank entreated me to step to his brother's side. I sprang to him—only in time, however, to



BURYING OUR DEAD IN HOSTILE TURU: VIEW OF OUR CAMP.

churlish and suspicious people, plunged me in perplexity.

We had now over thirty men ailing. Some suffered from dysentery, others from fever, asthma, chest diseases, and heart sickness; lungs were weak, and rheumatism had its victims. Edward Pocock, on the afternoon of the day we arrived at Suna, came to me, and complained of a throbbing in the head—which I attributed to weariness, after our terribly long march—and a slight fever. I suggested to him that he had better lie down and rest. The next day the young man was worse. He complained of giddiness, and great thirst. The fourth day he was delirious. By carefully noticing

populated district at a very slow pace; Frank Pocock and Fred Barker at the side of the hammock of the sick European. Hundreds of natives fully armed, kept up with us on either side of our path.

Never since leaving the sea were we weaker in spirit than on this day. Had we been attacked, I doubt if we should have made much resistance. The famine in Ugogo, and that terribly protracted trial of strength through the jungle, had utterly unmanned us; besides, we had such a long list of sick, and Edward Pocock and three Wangwana were dangerously ill, in hammocks. We were an unspeakably miserable and disheartened band; yet

see him take his last gasp. Frank gave a shriek of sorrow when he realized that the spirit of his brother had fled for ever, and, removing the boat section, bent over the corpse and wailed in a paroxysm of agony.

We excavated a grave at the foot of a hoary acacia, and on its ancient trunk Frank engraved a deep cross, the emblem of the faith in which we all believe, and, when folded in its shroud, we laid the body in its final resting-place during the last gleams of sunset. We read the beautiful prayers of the Church service for the dead, and, out of respect for the departed, whose frank, sociable, and winning manners had won their friendship and regard,