

freaks, and, instead of striking east in their departure, absconded either south or north of the track. We then had detectives posted long before dawn, several hundred yards away from the camp, who were bidden to lie in wait in the bush until the Expedition had started, and in this manner we succeeded in repressing, to some extent, the disposition to desert, and arrested very many men on the point of escaping; but even this was not adequate. Fifty had abandoned us, taking with them the advances they had received, and often their guns, on which our safety might depend.

The following is a portion of a private letter to a friend, written on Christmas Day at Zingeh: "I am in a centre-pole tent, seven by eight. It has been raining heavily the last two or three days, and an impetuous down-pour of sheet rain has just ceased. On the march rain is very disagreeable; it makes the clayey path slippery, and the loads heavier by being saturated, while it half ruins the cloths. It makes us dispirited, wet, and cold, added to which we are hungry—for there is a famine or scarcity of food at this season, and, therefore, we can only procure half-rations. I, myself, have not had a piece of meat for ten days. My food is boiled rice, tea, and coffee, and soon I shall be reduced to native porridge, like my own people. I weighed one hundred and eighty pounds when I left Zanzibar, but under this diet I have been reduced to one hundred and thirty-four pounds within thirty-eight days. The young Englishmen are in the same impoverished condition of body, and unless we reach some more flourishing country we must soon become mere skeletons. Besides the terribly wet weather and the scarcity of food from which we suffer, we are compelled to undergo the tedious and wearisome task of haggling with extortionate chiefs over the amount of black-mail which they demand, and which we must pay. We are compelled, as you may perceive, to draw heavy drafts on the virtues of prudence, patience, and resignation."

A conspiracy was discovered at this place, by which fifty men, who had firmly resolved to abscond, were prevented from carrying out their intention by my securing the ringleaders and disarming their deluded followers. Twenty men were on the sick list, from fever, sore feet, ophthalmia, and rheumatism. Five succeeded in deserting with their guns and accoutrements. Frank and Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker, rendered me