

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 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 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 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 Uzoogo, 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, 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