

the ocean and friends, cheer up. 'Though the way ahead be long, and the sun be hot, each step will bring us nearer to the sea and our homes.'

As I marched down the long lane of faces in the camp I felt as if I could have shouted for excess of joy.

We had beaten the Forest after -ll, and had reached and relieved the Pasha. The Zanzibaris on getting out of camp fairly ran with their loads much to the astonishment of the more sedate Wazamboni who preferred to take things more easily.

In two marches we came to Majambonis villages, made camp, and sat down to wait until the main column came up. Each day we collected food, and made a camping place for Emin's people and our own. I had with me some half dozen Egyptian and Coptic clerks, and an Egyptian major, one Hawash Effendi, who at one time commanded the 2nd Battalion of Emin's soldiers.

By this time I had found out the sort of people these yellow fellows were. I think I could not give you a better idea of their powers of begging and sponging than to describe a piece of conversation that took place between this major and myself. First, though, let me explain that the Pasha distinctly gave this major (Hawash Effendi) to understand that he was to get ready the Pasha's huts for him against his coming to Majambonis, and that he, Hawash, was not to ask me to help him in any way.

One morning Hawash came up to me smiling and rubbing his hands and said:

"My men have already built two houses and tell me there are no poles to be got in this valley, and so I shall have to build my other houses as your Zanzibaris are doing."

Stairs.—Yes, that seems to be your best plan.

Hawash.—Now will you just kindly give me some dozen Zanzibaris to go out and cut poles and rods, as they know best where to get them and can fasten them on so much better than my men?

Stairs.—No. I cannot do that, as the Pasha distinctly ordered that you and your men were to build for him.

Hawash.—Yes I know but won't you *just lend* me the men to *fit and tie* on the poles? My own men will cut them.

Stairs.—No. I cannot even do that.

H.—Well then, will you give me six men?

Stairs.—No.

H.—Well just give me two men for a quarter of an hour and I will manage everything else?

S. (getting mad)—No. We are not your slaves. I will not do it.

H. Will you then ask Majamboni to send me some men?

S.—His men are already busy.

H.—Will you then tell me what I am to do?

S.—Build your houses yourselves.

H.—La illah illallah!!!!

They wish to make our hard worked Zanzibaris do everything for them. These people who had made slaves of the natives in their own countries were now for the first time checked and taught that they must help themselves, and very soon they became really useful, not only to themselves but to others. On the 12th April the column came into camp in full swing, but in sad disorder and greatly lacking homogeneity. Unfortunately on the same evening Stanley was knocked over by his old illness and it was a month before he was well enough for us to move ahead again.

Majambonis' people strike one as being a very amusing and happy race. They are just like big children without one single thought of the morrow or what it may bring forth. From daylight till dark there is one constant din of barter and trade, and at night lusty and noisy dancing.

Most of the native tribes of Central Africa are great drinkers of their home-brewed beer of matama or bananas, and Majambonis' people by no means were exceptions to the rule. In fact the whole population, male and female, would regularly once a week go on one huge combined prolonged spree and get gloriously drunk.

Do not imagine the simple native so free from guile as to deem him incapable of enjoying his "extra strong" home brew. At nights sometimes one would distinguish parties of roysterers going down the valley to their homes, simply by the loud peals of garrulous shouts which they emitted, and by this shouting trace out the

different huts in the valley. The women too, dearly love their beer, or malasu as it is here called. I grieve to say that by the generally flabby condition of a certain noble and gallant chief of this district one is compelled to believe that he has been drinking over night.

It is astonishing that here amidst so much fertility more matama is not grown for beer and flour making purposes. Tons and tons of it could be raised; but it is here as elsewhere in Africa. The natives prefer a sort of hand to mouth existence to daily toil in the fields. All natives that I have met are passionately fond of beef or meat in almost any form, and, alas, any stage. The whole nation appears to go wild over the slaughter of a whole cow, even though the leading chief may have over 1000 head of these useful animals. The fact of the matter is that only the leading men get meat in any



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