

are overcome by fire and the strokes of the stonebreaker's hammer. There are no hills and no serious enemies to stay our march, except the hideous Fever, which stalks along our new path and sneers at the white man's energy. The African labourer is the most expensive in the universe. He demands ninepence from us in a land where twopence will keep him in ridiculous plenty, and he does about as much as a very stupid English lad of eight years might in Berkshire. Besides the ninepence he must have "dash" for every inch of extra work, and overseers must be everywhere to note that each stroke he gives is in the right, and not in the wrong, place. It is next to impossible to find a good black overseer; the nature of your Coast African is to be driven, not to drive.

SIR GARNET WOOLSELEY'S RECEPTION OF NATIVE CHIEFS.

Sir Garnet Wolseley on the 4th met all the chiefs in a grand conclave. The following was the text of his speech:—"I am very glad to meet so many kings and chiefs who are loyal allies of the English nation. Her Majesty the Queen, having been informed of the injuries that have been inflicted upon her allies in this part of the world by the Ashantees, who, without any just cause, have invaded your country, and having learnt that you were unable to repulse your enemies without assistance, has sent me to unite in one person the chief military and civil administration, so that as a general officer I may be able to help you. It is necessary that I should learn from you what you can, and what you are prepared to do. If you place all your available resources at my disposal, and are loyally determined to fight your hereditary enemies now, I will guarantee to you that I, with God's assistance, shall drive them out of your territory, and that I will inflict such a terrible punishment upon them that for all time to come you can have nothing to dread from them. My intention is to chase them out of your country, and, if necessary, to pursue them into Ashantee territory. It is for you, therefore, to consider to-day among yourselves so as to give me information without delay of what you are prepared to do. Her Majesty cannot help those who will not help themselves. This war is not Her Majesty's war, but is your war. The forts that are occupied along the coasts by Her Majesty's troops are so strong that we can laugh at all attempts that may be made by any one to capture them. Her Majesty might, therefore, if she consulted her own interests, without any regard to the interests of the kings and chiefs of the surrounding peoples, who are allied to her, content herself by keeping her troops within the forts. But she feels that to do so would result in your destruction, and she is, therefore, most anxious to assist you, with advice, with able and selected officers, with ammunition, and with supplies of food, to enable you to punish those who have ravaged your country. I want to know from you how many fighting men you can furnish,