

That is not exactly so. We have never managed Ashantee wars. They have managed us. I do not recollect any war against the Ashantees out of which we have escaped without ugly scars and without dishonor. The last war—but three years ago—which was designed to overthrow the power, or, at least, to pare down the personal pride of Obeah, the reigning prince of Ashantee, ended in unmixed disgrace to our arms and to our political ascendancy; and even to-day the untamed spirit of hostility to the local government which suggested that war is still hovering on the frontier of our settlements on the Gold Coast, and is still crippling the fitful efforts of our most enterprising merchants.

Between the seaboard and Abyssinia lies a wilderness of 300 miles of jungle. Between the seaboard and Ashantee lies a wilderness of but 100 miles of the same jungle. Yet those one hundred miles swept away an army. For eighteen months the troops on the Gold Coast—with a whole host of Kroomen doing the whole duty of carriers between Cape Coast and the Prahl—lay entrenched and in wait for the Ashantees. Not an Ashantee was ever seen between that lapse of time, but dysentery and fever, the stalwart pioneers of the king of Ashantee, mowed down our ranks to a drummer.

The British soldiers from Bombay to Abyssinia will have to deal with 300 miles of African jungle. It is stated that along that seething course of three hundred miles, villages and wells are to be found. Trust not to African villages and wells; I know—*horresco referens*—what they are. As you have truly declared, there will be no exposure to the funereal hatred of the African; the entire exposure will be to the climate.

The Viceroy of Egypt has consented to supply the force with 500 camels. The thought is happy. On the Gold Coast horses and mules have not been able to resist the mortal effects of certain kinds of grass when eaten, or to survive the attacks of a fly which infest the jungle at twenty or thirty miles inland. Years ago the civil officers of the government at Cape Coast were desirous of introducing a few camels on the Gold Coast, for the purpose of ascertaining how far those tractable and hardy creatures would be proof against the insidious causes which had been such a terrible bar to the means of supplying troops in the field with transport. Somehow or other, supreme officialism at home treated the idea with supreme contempt and burked it.

Believe me Africa has no likeness. China is not like it, nor is compact Japan, nor is vast India. Whatever may be recounted of China, Japan, or India, this also must be recounted of Africa, that, barring the African himself, the soil or the air is neither good for man nor beast; and when I speak this of Africa, I speak of those parts only within the tropics. To the docility of the African I advance not a word of objection. Of docile and amiable races he is the most docile and the most amiable; and I think that the sole impediment to his redemption from the ways of barbarism is the climate, and the climate simply, of the land in which it has pleased the Almighty to place him. I may be in error. Such, however, is the humble opinion of one who has been in Africa, but who is "Nobody."

In the preparations for the approaching expedition, which are now being carried on with vigor, are the equipments of three hospital ships at Deptford, to proceed round the Cape into the Red Sea, to take up their stations at such points along the coast as may hereafter be decided upon as

the most suitable for the base line of the operations. The *Medical Times and Gazette* states that the medical superintendence of the equipment devolves on Dr. Massy, Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals, and head of the sanitary branch of the army, which can by its intrinsic thoroughness contribute more to the efficiency of the whole than a well organized medical department, and on none do more important duties devolve, and urges that no false economy should be permitted to limit or curtail such arrangements as the Director General of the Army Medical Department may recommend, as on him rests great responsibility, and he deserves to be supported by the public and by the profession.

THE CARTER EDWARDS RIFLE.—A new rifle musket, the invention of Messrs. Carter and Edwards, has undergone an official trial in the Woolwich Marsh, in competition with the Snider-Enfield rifle, with the following results: The Snider rifle was fired by Lieut. Lecky, assistant instructor of musketry to the Royal Marine Division at Woolwich; the time two minutes, when 16 rounds were fired, 14 hits were made, and 31 points were obtained. Carter and Edwards' rifle was fired by Sergeant Bott, 27 rounds, 24 hits, and 54 points. The object was a third class target, with a Wimbledon bull's-eye. The superiority of the Carter and Edwards' rifle over the Snider in rapidity of fire appears to be fully established, as the rifle, which is on the bolt system, cocks itself in the withdrawal of the cartridge. The lock is entirely concealed, and the weapon is fired with a needle through the centre of the bolt. Another advantage, equally important, and also an entire novelty in small arms is, that a line or party of skirmishers, in the event of their being taken prisoners, or surrounded by the enemy at a disadvantage, can, with a turn of a screw, take out the bolt and cast it away, leaving the arm as totally useless as the Armstrong field gun without its vent piece. For simplicity of construction it surpasses the Snider, as there are fewer springs. In fact, the only springs it contains are the main spring of the lock and the rear spring. The inventors, it is stated, are fitting up a spacious manufactory in Birmingham to construct arms on their principle, in order to fulfil a large contract which they have entered into with a foreign government. They were disqualified from contending at the late competition at Woolwich by not having sent in their arms in time, according to the regulations. The new rifles above named are adapted equally with the Snider to use the Boxer ammunition, Enfield bore.—*Times*.

AN ELECTION BET.—In San Francisco, lately, a bet between two gentlemen, named Higgins and Hayes, on the election, that the loser should play a hand organ the entire length of Montgomery street, was decided. No such crowd was ever before seen in that city. Collections were taken up along the route by prominent men of both political parties for the benefit of the orphan asylums, and many thousands of dollars were received. Silver was showered from the windows and housetops and business was suspended for hours.

The Boston *Traveler* says it was rumored in Springfield on Wednesday evening that the St John crew had sold the race with the Wards to Hon J. Morrissey for \$5,000, who had bagged \$60,000 by the transaction.

A NEW YORK HELL.

The most "aristocratic"—if I may use such a word when speaking of a republican people—faro bank or gambling house in New York is John Morrissey's, in Union square, close by the headquarters of the Fenians who believed in Head Centre O'Mahony. I have often sat in the windows of this gambling house, and listened to the wild harangues of Fenian senators and centres, etc., next door, and watched the upturned faces of the Celtic dupes who, with mouths and ears wide open swallowed everything they heard, and subscribed their hardly earned dollars to support, in luxury and extravagance, the unprincipled adventurers who, under the name of patriots, preyed upon their ignorance and credulity. John Morrissey was originally a prize fighter, and lived by teaching the young Americans the noble art of self defence, as he was not one of the leading men of his profession, and seldom ventured on a public fight. He afterwards set up a 'bar,' or public house, and over this he established a small 'faro-bank,' which he enlarged and improved by degrees until it became well known, and was very much frequented by gamblers of New York. He succeeded so well at this business that he was able last year to go to Saratoga, and when all the country was flocking to that fashionable summer resort, he, having taken the largest hotel there, opened an immense hotel, ball rooms, and gambling rooms, and it is said he cleared a profit of two millions of dollars during the season. He is now mentioned as one of those who pay the most income tax. His gambling house in Union square is magnificently furnished: at all hours of the day or night tables are laid out with every description of refreshment, which any frequenter may partake of. The wines are very good. Almost every game of chance is played there, and the stakes are very high and unlimited. The frequenters of this house are the wealthy and wild young men of New York, and, occasionally, a Southern looking man who, perhaps, has saved some of his property, and the everlasting professional gambler. It is very easy to distinguish the professional from the ordinary gambler. The latter has a nervous expression about the mouth, and an intense gaze upon the cards, and altogether a very serious, anxious appearance; while the professional plays in a very quiet manner, and seems to care but little how the game goes, and his desire to appear as if the game was new to him is almost certain to expose him. There is nothing very interesting in this house of John Morrissey's; the same flocks of well dressed and fashionable looking men of all ages pass in and out all through the day and night; tens of thousands of dollars are lost and won; the click of the markers never ceases: all speak in a low tone—everything has a serious, quiet appearance. The dealer seems to know every one, and nod familiarly to all who approach their tables. John Morrissey is occasionally to be seen walking through the rooms, apparently a disinterested spectator. He is a short, thick set man, about 40 years, dark complexion, and wears a long beard, dresses in a slovenly manner, and walks with a swagger. Now and then he approaches a table, makes a few bets, and is then lost in the crowd. After the Opera house and theatres are closed, this gambling house becomes very full. In fact, the best time to see it to advantage is about two or three o'clock in the morning.—*St. James' Magazine*.