

him, and, at the worst, he certainly will be able to secure his own retreat—I have, &c.

(Signed) G. J. WOLSELEY,
Major General and Administrator,
Gold Coast.

[The enclosures alluded to by Sir Garnet follow, but are not of much interest.]

ENTRY INTO COOMASSIE.

From the special Correspondent of the Daily Telegraph.

COOMASSIE, Feb. 5.

After the severe battle at Amouful, described in my last letter, our men continued to fight their way through a series of ambushes up to this city, which our troops entered in triumph last evening.

We had a very sharp engagement with the enemy yesterday at Adasi or Adam, where the Ashantees in enormous numbers assembled to resist our passage of the River Duh. This was their last effort, and King Koffee, with all his chiefs, was present at the battle. Fighting commenced at 7.30 in the morning and continued until 2.30 p.m. The Ashantees fought with desperate determination; but our men exhibited most admirable coolness, intrepidity, and courage, and carried every point, spite of the immense advantage which forest and natural formation of the country gave to the defenders. Sir Archibald Alison was in command of the attacking forces, as at Amouful, and fought all through the engagement; he was rejoined, however, during the action by Col. Wood's force. Our losses were Lieut. Eyre and Capt. Muir, 49th Highlanders killed; Capt. Wanchope, 42nd, slightly wounded, and about thirty other white troops wounded, besides natives.

On the part of the Ashantees the losses must have been very heavy. At the close of the day the King and Chiefs were pitifully sickened and forsook their men. We know that two of their "Cajoneers" were among the killed. Messengers were instantly despatched from the Queen Mother to Sir Garnet Wolseley, begging for peace.

Although our men were excessively fatigued by over seven hours' fighting, it was determined to press on to Coomassie, and we reached the Ashantee capital at dusk. In entering the city the same order was maintained as has been observed in our progress from the Prah. The first man actually within Coomassie was Lord Gifford, who has gallantly led the way with his scouts and been in the thick of all the fighting. He was wounded, and had to be carried into the city. Next came the Black Watch, who has fought so gallantly and lost so heavily. Their ranks have been sadly thinned by the fighting of these last few days, but they were yet in sufficient force to raise a tremendously hearty Highland cheer as they came within the black capital. All felt that they were entitled to the shout of triumph. Next followed the detachment of 23rd Regiment, after them the Rifle Brigade, and finally the gallant Naval Brigade.

King Koffee's capital is a much superior town to what we had expected to find. The King's palace is really a handsome building. It was found to contain a quantity of silks and a large amount of curious and even valuable furnishings, all of which by the Major's command, has been jealously guarded. In the night there was some looting, and the Fantees fired several houses, causing immense consternation among the inhabitants who had remained. Everything has been done, however, to keep our native allies within bounds, and some looting Kossus have been hanged by way of example. One fright-

ful drawback to the place is the stench of exposed corpses which is encountered in all directions. The scene at the "Execution House," was appalling.

The King and the Chiefs are still in the bush on the north of the town. Sir Garnet Wolseley despatched a messenger to His Majesty requesting his attendance here, and a reply was sent back immediately arriving in the course of the night, that the King would come at once. His arrival to sign a treaty of peace is hourly expected.

Tired as our fellows were, they kept guard all night. I should state that during the battle at Adasi our baggage was left at Agiman. Wood's and Russell's and regiments have already been sent back to Adasi, and we expect to follow to-morrow.

We are somewhat short of stores. All our post on the road have been attacked, but nowhere with any success. The most serious attempt was made by a night surprise at Foomanah, which was very nearly taken; but the convalescents defended the hospital, and eventually drove off the assailants.

A remarkable article in the *Militair Week enblatt*, dealing with the Bazaine trial, declares that its effect will only be fully felt by France after the next lost battle. The common soldier will then feel himself freed from any share in the humiliation of his country, and will, as matter of course, ascribe it to treason. Indeed he will for the future be constantly on his guard against the treason not only of his commander in chief but of all his officers. Moreover, a new blow has been struck at the whole principal of authority by thus giving an impulse to the blind passions of the masses against a servant of the State. It has sown hatred and mistrust, disturbed the good relations of the chiefs of the Army, damaged the comradeship throughout the whole body of the officers, and confused all ideas of justice, duty, and honor. Looking only at the evidently hostile feeling cherished in France, a German may well wish success to the results of the trial. But having regard to the higher interests of civilisation, one may well view with pity the moral corruption thus revealed of a nation so highly gifted. And, though the inner life of the French Army has damaged it in the eyes of Europe, the Berlin writer cannot help expressing his sympathy for the chivalrous element in it which led to a ready sacrifice of itself under the most trying circumstances.

Professor Richard A. Proctor, the celebrated English astronomer, in one of his recent American lectures says: "The sun seems to us to be perfectly still. When we consider what we have learned about him we know that all the forms of uproar on the earth are as absolute quiet. Even the hideous groaning of the earthquake is surpassed a million-fold by the disturbances on every square mile of that inflamed sun. This is no idle dream. This great central machine of the solar sun, the central heart, pulsates with life, and will continue to do so until the fuel is exhausted."

At a recent meeting of the Italian Scientific Congress, held in Rome, two Neapolitan physicians submitted for examination a liquid preparation designed for stopping instantaneously the flow of blood from wounds of every description. A commission of physicians, according to the Roman *Panfulla*, have been experimenting with it in the anatomical theatre of Santo Spirito, and have reported on it as one of the happiest of recent discoveries, and as particularly serviceable on the field of battle.

WARNING TO THE PUBLIC.

TACKABURY'S NEW TOPOGRAPHICAL ATLAS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

This valuable work, which has employed the time of a large corps of artisans for the last two years, is rapidly nearing its completion. Mr. Tackabury, the publisher, is not a novice in his profession, but is well known as the publisher of Tackabury's Map of Canada West, published at London in 1862, and Tackabury's Map of British Provinces, published in 1864, as well as a Map of Ontario the past year, showing the electoral districts, &c. The new Topographical Atlas of the Dominion, however, on which he has expended a very large amount of money, he looks upon as his crowning success. Nearly all the leading business houses have already given their orders for it, and the publisher wishes to caution his patrons and the public generally not to mistake any other work for this, as he has been informed that parties from the United States are about to send canvassers through the cities and towns to solicit orders for an American Atlas, with a new title, change of publishers' names, and a map of Canada on a small scale added, and offer it as a Canadian production, at \$16. Do not mistake these works for Tackabury's New Topographical Atlas of the Dominion which shows the lots and concessions in Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba, and is to be furnished at the uniform price of \$12. 4

A WATERLOO VETERAN.—Portland, N. B., boasts of centenarian in the person of Mr. Daniel McKenzie, an old Waterloo veteran, who is now 99 years and 27 days old. Mr. Kenzie was born in Scotland, six miles from Glasgow. He enlisted in the 97th Regiment of the line, and was "in at the death," on the great day of Waterloo, where he received a wound which incapacitated him from further service. He was discharged with a pension of sixpence sterling per day, which the old man thinks is not sufficient for his wants. His mind is singularly clear for one of his years, and he is able to give an intelligent account of many of the moving incidents by flood and field that he has witnessed. He takes considerable pride in telling strangers who converse with him, that he was at one time five feet seven inches high, although his back having been broken by a spent cannon ball, he looks as if it were impossible that he could ever have been so tall. The old soldier has not a tooth in his head, and excuses himself very politely for his indistinct articulation. Waterloo veterans are now becoming such a rarity, that when one is met with he is looked upon with a large degree of interest and even veneration.—St. John (N.B.) Telegraph.

Rome, March 23.—This is the anniversary of the accession to the throne of King Victor Emmanuel, and the day is being celebrated throughout the country.