

# The Church.

"Her foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, there is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

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## "The Church,"

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H. B. BULL, Editor & Proprietor.

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Six lines and under, first insertion.....2 6  
each subsequent do 0 7 1/2  
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ALL KINDS OF PRINTING WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

### CARRIER BOYS' ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE HAMILTON GAZETTE.

Hark, 'tis the Midnight Bell,  
Last of a dying Year,  
Whose strange events and startling deeds,  
Have filled the World with fear,  
And sent the fair and brave,  
In youth and beauty's bloom,  
Unwarned and haply unprepared  
To glut the yawning Tomb.

Each measured stroke of Time  
Tells like a funeral knell,  
Yet soon from every Church and Tower,  
A merry peal shall swell,  
And men with men will meet,  
Glad compliments to pay,  
Unmindful how the year may mar,  
The wish bursts of the day.

I would my Patrons dear,  
That I could sing anew,  
As blithe a song of peace and hope  
As last I sang for you;  
Or walk with heart as light,  
As gladly when I strove,  
My simple song of poetry,  
To win your Gifts of Love.

Alas! dark visions rise,  
Dim hovering o'er the Sky,  
O'er many fair and fertile lands,  
Blazing Uruvanga;  
Portending aught but good,  
The harbingers of grief and woe,  
Plague, Famine, War, and Blood;

Proud Nations of the Earth,  
Fighting for other's thrones,  
And strewing Europe's fields once more,  
With homicidal bones.  
Pale discontent and want  
Wide spreading, far and near,  
The cause of many a Widow's moan,  
And many an Orphan's tear.

Oh! 'tis a sad, sad time,  
For Infant, Maid, and Mother,  
When Sire and Son their foeman meet,  
And Brother stands by Brother.  
Grant Heaven, my fervent prayer,  
Stretch forth thy saving hand,  
And keep the curse of civil war,  
Far, far, from this our Land.

A Happy New Year, a Happy New Year,  
The merry Church Bells are Ringing,  
As if they deemed my time mislaid,  
Or mocked my doleful singing;  
Now words and wishes kindly meant,  
Will burst from every tongue,  
And why should not the CARRIER BOY  
Those joyful notes prolong.

A Happy New Year to all my friends,  
And eke to all my foes,  
Good will and peace I send to these,  
Unaltered love to those;  
To Bachelor to Benedict,  
To widow, wife and maiden,  
To those whose hearts are ever light,  
And those with cares o'er laden.

To rich and poor, to bond and free,  
If slaves can happy be,  
No land shall bound my wish to-day,  
'Tis broader than the sea.  
And were I gifted with the power,  
To beck my wish and will,  
Unbounded happiness, this year  
The world's wide round should fill.

A Happy New Year, from a heart sincere,  
My kind and constant patrons,  
May two-fold blessings light on you,  
Your darlings and your matrons.  
On old and young, on grave and gay  
From Grandpapa to Johnny  
To the dear wee pet with curly locks,  
And eyes so blue and bonny.

May peace preside in every hall,  
And plenty fill each store,  
Until your daily cups of bliss  
Are full and flowing o'er.  
'Till every knee be humbly bent,  
And every voice shall quiver,  
With grateful Prayers and Songs of Praise,  
To glorify the Giver.

And when the light of hope and love,  
Illumes your halls and bowers,  
Remember him who oft has cheered,  
Your dark and dreary hours;  
Anj grudge not from your ample stores,  
To set one mite apart,  
To cheer your little CARRIER BOY,  
And gladden his young heart.

## Poetry.

### THE BIBLE.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

Bible—blessed Bible!  
Treasure of the heart!  
What sweet consolation  
Doth thy page impart:  
In the darkest trial,  
In the deepest grief,  
Strength, and hope, and comfort,  
In each holy leaf.

Bible—let me clasp thee,  
Anchor of the soul!  
When storm is raging,  
When the waters roll,  
When the forsaking heavens  
Darken every star,  
And no hopeful beacon  
Glimmers on afar,  
Be my refuge, Bible!  
Then be thou my stay,  
Guard me on life's billow,  
Light the dreary way:  
Tell me of the morrow,  
When a sun shall rise,  
That shall glow forever,  
Tell me of that heaven,  
Tell me of that heaven  
In the climes above,  
Where the bark rides safely  
In a sea of love.

Bible! let me clasp thee!  
Chronicle divine,  
Of a world's redemption,  
Of a Saviour, mine!  
Wisdom for the simple,  
Riches for the poor,  
Hope for the desponding,  
Rest for the cure,  
Ransom for the captive,  
Ransom for the slave,  
Courage for the fearful,  
Life beyond the grave!

Bible—Blessed Bible!  
Treasure of the heart,  
What sweet consolation  
Doth thy page impart:  
In the darkest trial,  
In the deepest grief,  
Strength, and hope, and comfort,  
In each holy leaf.

A WAY TO FIND TIME.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Ah!" said Mr. Nelson, as drawing his chair to the center-table, his eyes resting on one of the popular novels of the day, "you have a new book to read, Sarah?—Who did you get it?"

"I borrowed it of Mrs. Morton, or rather she lent it to me—instead upon my taking it, because she said, she knew it would interest me, fascinate me, indeed. I told her it wasn't much use to take it, if I should never find time to read it."

"But she had found time, hadn't she?" asked her husband a little reproachfully. "Of course she had. She always finds time for such a woman in her life?"

"And yet she has four children and keeps them all!"

"And I have only two children and as many girls. I suppose you would like to add, wouldn't you," responded the wife, just a very little out of humor.

"I must confess you have guessed aright my dear. But I would not have said it in a fault-finding way, but simply from a desire to find out, if we can, why you have so little time to devote to reading—why you always have so much to do. Does Mrs. Morton do up everything as neatly as yourself? Her parlors, I know, always seem the perfection of order and comfort, her husband's and her children's clothes are always tidy, and she herself, in appearance, the personification of neatness and taste. But after all, perhaps there may be some over-sight that is kept out of view."

"You are mistaken," said Mrs. Nelson, emphatically. "She is one of the most thorough housekeepers I ever knew. I have been sent there when she had been taken suddenly ill, and so violently, as to be unable to take a single direction, and yet everything needed was always found without the least trouble; every drawer and closet was in order; and the whole house would have borne the rigid scrutiny of the most prim member of the Quaker sisterhood."

"And yet she never is in a hurry, and though always doing something, never complains of being wearied. She does all her own and children's sewing, even to cutting dresses, and coats and pants, embroiders all her collars, and sleeves and little girls' ruffles, writes more letters every year than I have since my marriage, and reads more than any other woman, not purely literary, that I ever know. But how she does it is a mystery."

"Why don't you ask her to solve it?" "I have thought of doing so, but—well, to own the truth, I am ashamed of it. It would be a tact confession that I am in the wrong somehow."

"But do you think you are?" "Sometimes I do, and then again I think my failures to do what I would so dearly love to do are the result of the circumstances I cannot control. For instance, yesterday afternoon, I meant to have emptied my mending basket entirely, I could have done so easily, and then one weary of the week would have been over. But Mrs. Lawrence and her friend from Boston came in quite early, and as you know, passed the afternoon I could not blame them for coming as and when they did, for I had held them to come any afternoon this week, and I was glad to see them, and enjoyed the visit. Yet it upset my plans about mending entirely, for of course it would never have done to have hurried the parlor with that. The afternoon was lost, as far as work was concerned."

"But was there nothing you could do?" "Yes, if I only had it. There was the handkerchiefs and cravats you want to take with you next week, which I might have hummed if I had only had them. But you—designed them for this afternoon, and so did not go out to buy them till the evening. And now I suppose the mending must lie over till next week, and then there will be two baskets full. And so it goes. I wish sometimes the days were 48, instead of 24 hours long."

"Well, I don't, I'm sure," said her husband good humoredly, "for I get tired enough now and I doubt, Sarah, if either you or I would find any more time than we do now."

"But you say Mrs. Morton does?" "Yes, but she is an exception to all the rest of my acquaintances."

"An honorable one I wish there were more with her faculty."

"Perhaps there would be, were her example followed."

"I understand you, and perhaps some day will heed the hint—but here her farther reply was prevented by a request from his head clerk to see her husband alone on urgent business."

All this time, while Mrs. Nelson had been wondering the want of time, she had sat with her hands lying idly in her lap. To be sure, she was waiting for Bridget to bring the baby to be dressed, but she might easily have finished hemming the last cravat in those precious moments, and there it lay on her workstand, and her thimble and thread both with it. But she never thought of taking it to her. She never thought it worth while to attempt to do anything while waiting to do some other duty that must soon be performed. And that is losing those precious moments, she lost the evening chance to finish the brood; for when the baby did come, he was cross and squally, and would not let her lay him in his crib until nine o'clock, and then she was tired and nervous she could not, she said, set a stitch to save her life.

It happened one day, in the following week, after a morning of rather more hurry and worry than usual, that she went to the center-table to hunt for a misplaced memorandum. In her search for it, her fingers casually fell upon the borrowed novel, and with that glance the forging conversation rushed forcibly over her memory.

"I declare," said she, "I have half a mind to run over to Mrs. Morton's this afternoon, and cross-question her till I learn the secret. Such a life as I am living is unbearable. I can't stand it any longer. It she can find time I know I can, if I only know how."

And true to her resolution, for though seemingly timid, it had been for some time stirring in her mind, almost unwillingly she found herself at an early hour at her friend's parlor, her bonnet and shawl thrown aside, and herself, work-bag in hand, snugly encoined in a low rocker beside her little workstand.

"You have not finished your collar, then?" she observed to Mrs. Morton, after a while by way of leading the conversation in the desired channel.

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered the hostess, tossing her head to one side gaily, with a pretty affectation of pride. "Didn't you notice how becoming it was?"

"And accompanying another so soon?"

"Only basing on the pattern so as to have ready for some old moment."

"But how can you bear to spend so much time in embroidery? Why not purchase it at once? It is so much cheaper in the end."

"For the wealthy it is, I grant, and for those not very wealthy, if their eyesight be poor, or if lacking in taste and needle skill. But I find it cheaper to do it myself. My husband's steady does not allow me many moments for myself, and I prefer to do it myself, for I can do it better than he can. I can embroider a collar and shawl as perfectly, if it is true, as they do in foreign climates, but handsomely enough to suit my own and my husband's eyes—but I cannot write books, magazines, reviews, newspapers and they are luxuries more essential to my happiness than these articles of dress, so I do my own needle work, and with the money thus saved we purchase something that will never go out of fashion—an intellectual heritage for our little ones, well as a perpetual font for us."

"How do you do your fine time to do so much work? I cannot conceive how or where?"

"Well, I hardly know myself," said Mrs. Morton, laughingly. "My husband sometimes tells me he believes the fairies help me. I seldom sit down to it in earnest, but I take it up at odd moments, and before I am aware I do it myself it is done."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Nelson sighing. "I wish I had your faculty. Do pray, Mrs. Morton, tell me the secret of your success in everything. How do you always find time for everything?"

"I can answer you by some examples.—Yesterday afternoon I was going to cut a dress for myself. But unexpectedly a friend from the country came in to talk with me. Now I did not want to litter the parlor with my pieces, so I went to my basket and took out a pretty little sack for Harry, and spent my time sewing on that. I always keep something in my basket suitable for such odd times, and when I have nothing really necessary, I take up my embroidery. And then, you know, we wives are frequently obliged to wait until a considerable time has elapsed for the appearance of our husbands at the table, and those odd moments, usually so irksome to women are precious to me. I always mean to have the meals ready at the hour, but if Mr. Morton is not there then, and being head clerk, scarcely a day passes but some meal must wait, instead of watching the clock or thumbing on the windows, I read the newspapers and magazines. I assure you I never take any other time to read them, and yet I am never behindhand with them. And when I have none of them on hand, I catch up some popular story that I want to read, and yet don't want to give that time which I usually devote to solid reading. The volume I lent you—Mrs. Nelson blushed; she had had a week and read only the first chapter—I read it in four days in this way. And when I have no reading that I am anxious to do, I spend the moments in writing. Most of my letters are penned while waiting for the tea-bell to ring—and, hark, here it is now."

"With pleasure—yet I wish the bell had not rung so early. I have not heard half enough."

"Have you never observed, my dear friend, that men, sermons lose half their effectiveness by undue length? The benediction at such a time is noted as a relief, not a blessing. Some other time I will preach the rest."

"I pray heaven I may have resolution enough to practice what you have already taught. Sure I am if I do so, my life, what is left of it, will be like yours, a perpetual sermon, and my daily benediction be like yours also, the blessings of my children and the praise of my husband."

"The third and last rule necessary to specify is this—to be always busy, or perhaps I ought to say, employed; for with householders generally, to be busy, is to be in a worry over too much work."

"But you don't mean to say you never rest—that you never get tired?"

"Ily no means; I both rest and get tired, and many times each day. But rest does not always imply cessation from labor. Sometimes it does, I grant, and when, after an unusual fatigue, I find myself inclined to lay down and sleep, I always indulge the feeling. It is one of nature's promptings, which, to insure health and joy, should be heeded. And I do not feel that I ever lose any time that I do not for the half or even hour's sleep so invigorates me, that I can work with twice the ability afterward that I could if I had striven on with weary limbs and fretted nerves. But many times, a change of employment or occupation will rest one as much, nay, more, than idleness. You know yourself, after a busy forenoon on your feet, that it rests you to sit down in your rocker and busy yourself with your sewing. And sometimes, when I have been handling heavy clothes, such as coats and pantaloons for my boys, till my arms and fingers ache, I rest them by taking up some light garment for my babe or little girl. Or when my limbs ache severely, from some arduous duty, and yet I have no inclination to sleep, as is frequently the case after rocking a worried child to sleep, I lie down on my old fashioned lounge and rest myself as body by that course, while I soothe and gladden myself by reading, though, to be sure, always being careful, though, to put my books just as soon as I feel that I am enough recruited."

"But suppose you get behindhand with your work from sickness or company, or some other cause, what do you then?"

"I never allow myself to get behindhand from the latter cause—visitors. I never allow them to interrupt my domestic affairs. I never invite company except on those days of the week that I have the lighter duties. And if casual visitors come along, they will not disturb or hinder you if the rules I have given you are implicitly followed. You are always ready for chance company. And with these rules, even sickness, unless long continued, will not vary the domestic economy. But if I do get behindhand I make it up as quick as possible. I rise an hour earlier every morning, and deny myself the luxury of visiting, till the accumulated work is performed."

"Excuse me, but I must ask you one more question. What do you mean by odd times? You said you should work your collar at odd moments."

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## European Intelligence.

### A GALLANT ZOUAVE REWARDED.

The following incident, related by the *Constitutionnel*, shows how promptly gallant services are rewarded by the French government:

"A young sergeant of the Zouaves, who had distinguished himself at Inkermann, had received the military medal. He had been wounded in the hand, and was sent to the depot of his corps to wait until his pension had been fixed, and came to Paris on his way home on leave. This brave soldier could not, however, reconcile himself to quitting the service. He certainly could not leave a musket, but if he were made an officer he could still wield a sabre, and in case of need could make use of his left hand. A thought struck him that he would address himself direct to the Emperor, offering to resign his pension in exchange for the epaulettes of a sub-lieutenant. Three days ago he was sent for to the Tuilleries, and was soon in the presence of the Emperor, who, after questioning him in the kindest manner, said: 'Well, you shall have the epaulettes.' The young sergeant, who is not yet 25 years of age, retired overjoyed; he had, however, only reached the ante-room, when he was called back by Col Fleury. Being again admitted to the Emperor, the future sub-lieutenant received from the hands of His Majesty the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which he immediately attached to his breast by the side of the military medal. On quitting the Imperial apartment he shed tears when the two sentinels at the entrance presented arms to him."

### THE NEW RUSSIAN LEVY.

A letter from Hamburg, in the *Moniteur* on the 7th says:—According to accounts from St. Petersburg, the new levy which is now in course of execution, throughout almost the whole empire, meets with considerable difficulties. In the parts of the empire bordering on Prussia the greatest discontent is expressed. Desertions are frequent, and the misery must be very severe to force them to adopt a step which is attended with such danger.

### FURTHER RUSSIAN BANK SUSPENSIONS.

The Imperial Bank of Odessa is not the only one that has suspended payment. The same has taken place in other government establishments of the same.

### REPORT OF THE BALTIK FLEET.

Telegraphic news from Hamburg, dated the 13th ult., announces that the entire squadron of British sailing vessels of the navy in the north, numbering 17, had quitted the Baltic, and that no English vessels of war now remain. The ships were all to return to England.

### THE PEACE RUMORS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* repeats the usual pacific rumors. "It is reported," he says, "that Russia is on the point of accepting the Austrian propositions, and that, in fact, we are on the eve of peace." This, however, repeated from day to day, has ceased to excite interest, and not a single authentic statement is given whatever, to confirm or contradict it.

The correspondent of the *Times* gives some extracts from a letter describing the great penalty to which the sacrifices occasioned by the war have reduced the higher classes of Russia.

The Paris correspondent of the *Post* writes, "The best information in my possession at the present moment as to the peace question, is this. Russia has not officially commissioned or countenanced any propositions. Austrian diplomacy has made suggestions which have been submitted to Paris and London. The Cabinets of France and England have requested that the said propositions for peace should be stated more clearly, and that they should also be fully sanctioned by Russia before any attempt is made at negotiation. At this stage of the affair Austria is supposed to have communicated with St. Petersburg and so matters remain."

### VIENNA, Dec. 7.

The *Angsburg Gazette* publishes the following:—Up to this time no ground has been gained upon which negotiations for peace can be commenced. The story of an Austrian ultimatum is a pure invention. A letter from St. Petersburg, under date of December 3, says—"The *Invalides Russes* contains an order of the day by the Emperor, issued after his inspection of the 4th and 5th Infantry divisions of the Russian army in the Crimea, in which it is said, of eight regiments seven only could show an effective of more than two battalions. The *Angsburg Gazette* announces that the entire army of the Austrian Monarchy, the army corps occupying Moldo-Wallachia alone excepted, is to be reduced to a peace footing, as the 4th army corps standing in Galicia has already been. The next corps for reduction is that commanded by the Archduke Albert, stationed in Hungary and Transylvania. The diminution is effected not only by granting leave to a large number of individual soldiers, but by the disbanding of certain battalions. This fact will help us to judge how far the Emperor prescribes his intention of becoming an active ally."

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* repeats the assertion, that a treaty of adherence and alliance has been between France and Sweden, and only waits ratification, he also states that the appointment of the new Russian envoy, to Denmark, is wholly political.

## DESTRUCTION OF STORES IN THE SEA OF AZOFF.

The despatches from Admiral Lyons, containing an account of the destruction of Russian stores in the Sea of Azoff, by the squadron under the command of that enterprising and skilful officer, Captain Sherrard Osburne, have been published. The work of destruction extended over three days, from the 3rd to the 6th November, and was effected in the face of considerable bodies of troops. At Vodina there were long tiers of corn stacks and much fuel; at Glonra, the corn stacks extended for some miles along the shore, and there were some others on a hill to the east of the town whilst at Gheisk and the neighboring steppes, for about four miles in length, corn and hay were stacked in quantities far beyond what Capt. Osburne had conceived to be possible—and all these stores were destroyed along with a great accumulation of materials for both and ship building, fish stores, cavalry camp gear, and granaries. Capt. Osburne despairs of being able to convey any idea of the extraordinary quantity of corn, hay, wood and other supplies which he had the good fortune to destroy; whilst Commander Kennedy, in reporting his share of the proceedings, states that at one place alone the rows of stacks were six deep, and extended two miles, and that, for economy in transport and carriage, the straw was cut near to the ears of corn. Well may Admiral Lyons remark that the effects of this "brilliant enterprise" (which was undertaken by his orders) cannot fail to be severely felt by the Russian armies both in the Crimea and the Caucasus.

In the Crimea the Russians have attacked the extreme French lines with 3000 men, and, after an hour's fighting withdrew. Both armies are comfortably housed and provisioned.

Firing continued between the north and the south sides of Sebastopol. The Allies were replying but little, tho' their engineers were continually at work within the town. The British army were over supplied with equipments.

The English writers admit that the Russian army is well supplied for winter—having large supplies at Simpheropol and Danvankie.

Eleven thousand infantry divisions were in the Crimea, two having gone north. Gortchakoff was greatly mortified on the Tchannan road by batteries.

The Russians were concentrating their forces at Bateli, Sori and Simpheropol. The most of the English and Anglo Ottoman Cavalry arrived at Constantinople, where they will winter.

The Allies have fortified Kinburn, and are sending it to any attack. The French lines at Kamioska are nearly completed on a magnificent scale. St. Petersburg advices say that vast trains of sleighs had entered the Crimea by Perekop, with provision stores.

The Allies have also 26 batteries ready to attack the north forts, and 300 guns in position on the Tchernaya.

Both English Commissioners and Omar Pasha's Envoy have failed in their negotiations with the Circassian Chiefs, they having refused to leave the mountains for the purpose of making an attack upon Georgia.

Most of the Allied fleet had passed Elnore. Russia has opened new loans at Berlin—Hamburg and Holland for 50,000,000 roubles at five per cent, quoted 85.

The Austrian army has been reduced to a peace footing. Naples has published a convenient with the United States, defining the rights of neutrals.

The Queen has issued an order of the Council authorizing the issue of 75,000 pounds of the Bank of England notes, beyond the amount allowed by its charter.

Liverpool Cotton Market—Cotton advanced one eighth at the beginning of the week, but fell off. Breadstuffs quiet and unchanged. Sugar slightly lower.

Baring Bros., London, report iron quiet and a shade easier. Money in good demand at unchanged rates. In American stocks no quotable change, but perhaps less active. Consols 88.

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The only intelligence from France is that the assistance of the Bank alone prevented considerable embarrassment at last settlement day.

Respecting the peace prospect, there is a mass of crude and contradictory statements, that they have ceased to influence even the Bourse, meanwhile preparations for war did not slacken.

The English Parliament will open on the 31st January. Considerable misunderstanding exists between Lord Palmerston and Colleagues.

## INDIAN WAR INEVITABLE IN FLORIDA.

From the *Penninsula Office*. The following "official information" was received at headquarters of the troops in Florida, about 11 o'clock last night. The intelligence was brought from Fort Myers, by the United States steamer *Ranger*. The *Ranger* left Fort Myers on the morning of the 22nd inst.

Fort Brooks, Fla. Dec 23, 1855. An exploring party under command of Lieut. George L. Hartstuf, 2nd Artillery, consisting of one sergeant, one corporal, and seven privates, were suddenly attacked by a party of Seminole Indians, at daylight on the 20th inst., about 16 miles S. E. from Fort Simon Drum—that party being about forty miles S. E. from Fort Myers.

The party left Fort Myers on the morning of the 7th inst., and up to the time of attack were engaged in making re-examinations of that portion of the Big Cypress Swamp examined by the troops last winter. Three men of the command arrived at Fort Myers on the night of the 21st; it is supposed that Lieut. Hartstuf and the remainder of his party have been killed.

Most of the public animals with the expedition, some eighteen in number, were also shot down. Lieut. Hartstuf, when last seen, had one arm broken, and is supposed to have been wounded in his side. Private Hanna, of Company G, 2nd Artillery, one of the party, who escaped, brought the above information to Fort Myers. Hanna was wounded in the abdomen, not seriously; it is thought; he left another of the party, private Baker, also wounded, about eighteen miles from Fort Myers.

Baker gave out at that point and could come no further. The Indians making the attack were some 25 or 30 in number. Two companies of the 2nd Artillery were to leave Fort Myers on the morning of the 22nd inst., in search of Lieut. Hartstuf and the missing members of his party.

Other movements of the troops in the direction of the battle ground, were ordered immediately on the receipt of the information concerning the attack.

The above information embraces everything known, officially, concerning the attack, up to the departure of the *Ranger*, and is respectfully furnished for the information of the public.

### FORT WALLA WALLA IN THE HANDS OF THE INDIANS.

Major Chino, in his report to Colonel NeSmith, dated "Well Springs, Calif., Nov. 17th," says:—

"I have, with