

**OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MOR-
TAL BE PROUD?**

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a breeze of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak, and the willow so tall fele,
Be scattered around and together be laid!
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall smoulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant's and mother attended and loved,
The mother and infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath born,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up
steep;

The beggar who wandereth in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even these we behold,
To repeat every tale that has so often been told.

For we are the same as our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers
would shrink.

To the life we are clinging, they also would cling,
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the naughty is cold,
They grieved, but no well from their slumber will
come.

They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is
dumb.

They died, ay! they died, we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies o'er their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,
From the gilded saloon to their bier and the
shroud.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

Colonial Office, March 7th.—The Earl of Carnarvon presents his compliments, and encloses a brief summary of the most important intelligence contained in a despatch received this morning from Sir Garnet Wolseley, with a copy of a telegraphic message, which was brought with the despatch:

Lieutenant Wood, Aide de camp to Sir Garnet Wolseley, arrived in London this morning bearing a despatch, dated Agiamnu, February 7th, from which it appears that on the evening of the 4th of February the troops occupied Coomassie. The General made repeated efforts to communicate with the King, but failed, the King's envoys refusing to bear the letter to him. Sir Garnet then concluded that as a treaty would be as valueless as it would be difficult to obtain, nothing remained but to leave a lasting mark of the British power, and gave orders for the destruction of the palace and the burning of the city, abandoning the project of burning the Bantom, or sacred burial place. The demolition of the place was complete. He believes the main object of the expedition has been perfectly secured. The troops were, when he wrote, on their march homeward, and would embark for England immediately on reaching Capo Coast.

"HEADQUARTERS, DETCHASU, Feb. 9.

"Messengers from the King just arrived in camp, requesting peace. I halt with native troops north of Adansi Hills until the 13th or 14th inst., to allow time for negotiations. Enemy has not attempted to interfere with our troops returning.

"(Signed,) G. J. WOLSELEY.
Major-General.

"The Right Hon, the Secretary of State for War, War Office."

The following general order has been issued by Sir Garnet Wolseley:—

"COOMASSIE, Feb. 5.

"Soldiers, Seamen and Marines of the Expeditionary Force.—After five days of very hard fighting, under trying conditions, your courage and devotion have been rewarded by complete success. I thank you, in Her Majesty's name for your gallantry and good conduct throughout these operations. In the first phase of the war, the Ashantee army was driven back from the Fantee country into its own territory. Since then you have penetrated far through a dense forest, defended at many points with the greatest obstinacy. You have repeatedly defeated a very numerous and most courageous enemy, fighting on his own ground in well selected positions. British pluck and discipline, common to Her Majesty's land and sea forces have enabled you thus to overcome all difficulties, and to seize upon the enemy's capital, which now lies at our mercy. All the people, both European and natives unjustly held captives by the King of Ashantee, are now at liberty in our camps, and you have proved to this cruel and barbarous people that England is able to punish her enemies, no matter what their strength in numbers or position. Maintain on your return march to the coast the same admirable conduct that England may be as justly proud of having such soldiers, sailors and marines, as I am of having had the honor of commanding you throughout this campaign.

"G. WOLSELEY.

No. 1.—Sir G. Wolseley to the Earl of Kimberley.—(Received March 7.)

Camp Agiamnu, Feb. 7, 1874.

My Lord,—I have the honour to report that immediately after the despatch from this station of my last letter on the 3rd inst., I forwarded a flying column, taking with me five days' provisions, and marched upon Coomassie. The enemy's resistance on the 3rd was considerable, and large numbers being in our front. I halted on the river Ordah. During the course of the day's march I received from the King a letter of which I enclose a copy, with a letter from Mr. Dawson also enclosed, and returned at once the enclosed reply. On the 4th I advanced again at daybreak. The enemy had occupied a position of considerable strength near the village of Ordasu. This they held against us from about seven till a quarter to two, when they yielded, and on my advance guard, under Colonel McLeod, being pushed on against them, broke and fled in all directions, leaving behind, strowed along the road, the chief's umbrellas and chairs, etc., and the food which had been carried with the army. In the course of the day's march I received from Mr. Dawson two letters, of which I enclose copies. I ordered that the troops should be pushed on at once. No opposition was offered to our entry into the town. We occupied the town. Mr. Dawson was met, at full liberty, walking in the

streets. I immediately issued stringent orders for the protection of the inhabitants, and the safety of the town. But night fell almost immediately after our entry, and in the darkness it was impossible to prevent some of the numerous camp followers from pillaging. The Fantee prisoners had also been released, and in all probability were largely engaged in the same pursuit. The result was the outbreak of many fires. Captain Baker, Inspector General of the Police, and several officers were engaged nearly all night in the suppression of the pillaging; and in putting out the fires. One policeman taken in the act was hung. I endeavored immediately on my arrival to communicate with the King through Mr. Dawson, and through every channel that appeared to offer an opportunity. A chief having come into Coomassie who was said to be sent by the King, I saw him myself, and impressed upon him my wish to spare the town, and my desire to impose on the King no severer conditions than those he had already accepted. Moreover I told this man that, now that I had shown the power of England, I was ready, if the King would make peace at once, to accept a small instalment of the indemnity, and not to exact the half I had previously required to be paid in ready money. Other messengers were obtained who undertook to reach the King. To these I entrusted the letter dated Coomassie, 5th February, 1874. All was, however, of no avail. The men whom I endeavored to employ as messengers, and who came avowedly as envoys of the King, of the King, were found treacherously removing powder and gold dust from the houses. The whole scheme of Ashantee politics is based upon treachery, that the King does not either understand any other form of negotiation, or believe it possible that others can have honest intentions. Under these circumstances, my Lord, it became clear that a treaty would be as valueless to us as it was difficult to obtain. Nothing remained but to leave such a mark of our power to punish as should deter from future aggression a nation whom treaties did not bind. I had done all I could to avoid the necessity, but it was forced upon me. I gave orders for the destruction of the palace and the burning of the city; I had at one time also contemplated the destruction of the Bantom, where the sacred ashes of former kings are entombed, but this would have involved a delay of some hours. Very heavy rain had fallen. I fear that the streams might have risen in my rear sufficiently to seriously delay my march. I considered it, better, therefore, not to risk further the health of the troops, the wet weather having already threatened seriously to affect it. The demolition of the place was complete. From all that I can gather, I believe that the result will be such a diminution in the prestige and military power of the Ashantee monarch as may result in the break up of the kingdom altogether. This I had been anxious to avoid, because it seems impossible to foresee what power can take this nation's place among the feeble races of this coast. I certainly believe that your lordship may be well convinced that no more utterly atrocious Government than that which has thus, perhaps fallen, ever existed on the face of the earth. Their capital was a charnel-house; their religion a combination of cruelty and treachery; their policy the natural outcome of their religion. I cannot think, that whatever may be the final fate of the people of this country the absolute annihilation of such a race, should it occur, would be a subject for unmixed regret. In any case, my lord, I believe that the main