

The Egpto-Abyssinian War.

AN ARMY ANNIHILATED.

M. de Sarseck, the French Consul at Massowah, entered Adowa, and was conducted before the King. He was introduced into the royal palace and brought into the presence of King John, a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, slim, his hair of deep black, worn after the Abyssinian fashion, eyes energetic, his nose a little curved, his mouth small, his complexion bronzed brown as an old Florentine statue. He is extremely agile, successful in all games, brave to temerity, as impassive as a Hindoo, and the best rider in his country. When M. de Sarseck entered, King John was seated in the Ethiopian fashion, squatted on a red and gold dais, ascended by nine steps, in a hall forty metres long. He was enveloped in a large cloak of cloth of gold, and wore on his head the triple crown of Ethiopia, resembling the crown of Solomon, such as it is painted on the walls of the church of the Imperial Palace of Gondar. Around him were the Raz or feudatory Princes, in rich white and purple garments, each wearing a light crown of gold on his head. On both sides of the hall, according to rank, were the great vassals of his crown, and to complete this thoroughly Oriental picture, on one of the steps was reclining Agos, one of the four lions, which, according to etiquette, precede the King in combats, and to which King John has given the name of one of his brothers killed in fighting. M. de Sarseck was struck by the thorough impassiveness of this monarch, who, in the midst of this State audience, seemed to have forgotten that an implacable enemy was treading the soil of his country.

On the 2d of November, the King was informed that his country was definitely invaded, that the Egyptian army had arrived at Addihoa, the last village that precedes the Valley of Gondet, and that the vanguard had penetrated into that valley. King John then mounted his horse to proceed to a camp whither he had convoked the warriors of Abyssinia. The Khedive had thought that the Negus was going to call on the Princes, his vassals, to supply the contingent due, but as these princes had been secretly hired by the Khedive to revolt, John saw they would refuse to obey, and that he would be powerless. He therefore preached the Holy War. The Abouna, the religious chief of Abyssinia, had ordered a three-days' fast, to which the King himself submitted, and had commanded all the warriors of the country, under penalty of excommunication, to be present during it; and at its expiration, at the given place, John mounted his horse at the gate of his palace, north of Adowa, at the foot of Mount Challoa. Just as he was about to give the signal of departure, and when all the inhabitants of Adowa and the invaded provinces were assembled, there was a formidable earthquake. Men and beasts were thrown down, the roofs of several houses were displaced, and from the summit of the Challoa blocks of stone and torrents of dust were precipitated to the feet of the King. Every one was alarmed. A moment of hesitation on the part of the King and the terror would have spread all over Abyssinia, and left it to the mercy of the invaders. But John, jumping from his horse, flung himself on the ground and cried enthusiastically, "I thank God for the signs of protection, which show me that the day has at length come when the ancient land of Ethiopia shall engulf her invaders."

A shout of joy welcomed these words, and the King remounted his horse and left Adowa amid the warm and prolonged applause of the multitude.

On the 8th of November M. de Sarseck proceeded to the King at the camp, where he called his warriors together, and his astonishment may be imagined at seeing the Negus, who, on the second of the month had only a few hundreds of cavalry, in command of an army of 70,000 men. All Abyssinia had responded to his call. A nation essentially feudal divided into a warlike aristocracy and an inferior class, the nobles and Princes are prompt to respond to a call to arms and six days had sufficed to collect this formidable army. John, with his whole army, encamped in the great plain of Mareb, as if he wished to

offer battle to the vanguard posted at Kherad-Iska. In the night, while his camp fires, carefully kept up, led to the belief that he was posted eight miles from the enemy, 12,000 horse crossed the March and placed themselves on the flank of the Egyptian van at less than a mile distant. At the moment when the latter, concealed in the woods were preparing to turn the hill to fall back, there was heard something like a long peal of thunder, getting louder as it approached, and before there was time to give a command this living hurricane covered the narrow space on which the little Egyptian troop was massed. The 12,000 Abyssinian cavalry passed over the unfortunates. The Negus, from whom M. de Sarseck requested a letter in reply to that of the President of the French Republic, and who had verbally consented to all required of him, did his utmost to retain the French Consul about him. He would liked to be able to affirm that he rejoiced in the protection of France, showing the official agent near him in the midst of his warriors. But M. de Sarseck declined returning to Adowa, and came back after three different attempts without having been able to obtain the letter. At length, on the 17th, just as he was making up his mind to return, for the king still remained, he received the following curious letter, of which my informant obtained and preserved a copy, a translation of which he was kind enough to communicate to me:

"From John, by the grace of God King of the kings of Ethiopia and of all its dependencies, to the Consul of France, M. de Sarseck. How are you? My soldiers and myself, thanks to Heaven and to the intercession of the saints and the God of Armies, are safe and sound. Good news! I have conquered. By the grace of God I have beaten my enemies. Of all the Egyptians who invaded my country not one has survived. All are dead. My heart rejoices. Thou, my friend, come now without loss of time. Written at Addihoa, 9 Hedarde of the year 1868 (30th November, 1875.)"

M. de Sarseck's amazement may be conceived, for he had believed the king to be in the camp, and learned from the bearer of the royal letter that John had quitted the camp on the 15th, and that on the 16th, in two engagements at a few hours' interval, the Egyptian army, first at Kherad Iska and next at Gonda Goudi, had been signally defeated, and that leaders and soldiers were all killed. This onslaught lasted a quarter of an hour, and when the last horses had crossed the space only Zichy, unconscious and mutilated, remained alive, for, in their gallop, the Abyssinians struck down all who attempted to withstand them. Arakel Bey, who had remained in the Gondet valley, awaiting the order to advance, received tidings of the massacre. He took the command of the army and tried to strengthen his position during the three hours which elapsed before his own death. The Abyssinians accomplished the distance in two hours and a half and attacked his improvised intrenchments. They were twenty to one. The Egyptians fought like lions during three-quarters of an hour, but their efforts were useless. The natural difficulties of the ground prevented the effectiveness of the rocks. The enemy, slipping through the trees, profiting by the slightest accidents, had soon hemmed in the little army, and rendered the use of firearms useless; for, driven forward by those behind them, they ended by attacking the intrenchments with the bayonet, and inside there was a hand-to-hand struggle. The Abyssinians had 365 killed and 500 or 600 wounded. Arakel died like a hero. Struck by a first bullet, he kept on his horse, leaning on two soldiers of Soudan. A second ball made him slip from his horse. At the point of death he perceived the Naib Darkiko, who had drawn Egypt into this expedition, and who, after throwing off his clothes, was trying to creep among the Abyssinians. Arakel, raising himself by an effort, struck him with two shots of a revolver, and died after seeing the Naib fall.—*London Times*.

A Memphis lover, refused by his sweetheart, thought to soften her stony heart by a mock tragedy, and pulling out his pistol, placed the muzzle between his arm and his side, he fell in simulation of death. A realistic policeman, who witnessed the affair, took the desperate lover to the station house, where he lodged over night, and in the morning contributed \$5 for disturbing the peace.

The Pious Czar.

The threatened war in Europe presents itself under many aspects, from many different points of view, yet certainly there is nothing more novel or more strange in the whole question than the pious solicitude displayed by the Czar for the principle of nationality, the cause of justice and the freedom of religion. In this country, when a man claims to be a reformer, we at once accept him as a reformer, and as we ought not to treat his Russian Majesty less courteously than we treat Ben Hill or John Morrissey, we are bound to accept his professions, to believe that his heart is wrung at the sight of Slavonia subject to an alien race, of Christians bending under a Moslem yoke, of subjects exposed to arbitrary and vexatious laws, and of rebellions put down by fire and sword.

How tender must be the heart which is so easily moved by the woes of strangers and foreigners, and yet how strange it is that the power which threatens to plunge Europe into war rather than see the Servians oppressed or the Bulgarians punished with too much cruelty, has never felt any qualms of conscience over cruelties ten times more atrocious perpetrated on its own subjects. It has been less than twenty years since the last vestige of freedom disappeared from the Caucasus; less than sixteen years since this tender-hearted Czar was fusillading women and children in the streets of Warsaw, and lashing the bare backs of Polish ladies; less than five years since he placed on the wandering Kirghiz of Turkestan the same alien domination which so suddenly moves his resentment, after it has lasted for 400 years, in the insurgent provinces of Turkey.

The history of Russian aggrandizement and of Russian aggression is one in which mercy, justice and humanity have not only been unknown, but in which cruelty, injustice and brutality seem to have been indulged merely to delight the stupid despotism which allowed them free sway. The partition of Poland is an old story, but the story of Russia's cruelty in Poland is renewed every day. It is a persecution of race, of religion, of language, of the family of humanity. The Polish language, which records the deeds of their ancestors and the history of their race, is forbidden in the schools and in the courts; their religion is suspected and persecuted—nay, even their private life, even the cut of their garments, is not safe from the uneasy jealousy which constantly casts about for some excuse for new punishments and new cruelties.

Turkey has never persecuted her Greek Catholic subjects as Russia has persecuted her Roman Catholic subjects, and to Russia the Catholic and the Mahometan are all one. The Kouban territory, on the Black Sea, which twelve years ago was the home of half a million of hardy Circassians, is to-day a desert, the entire population having taken refuge in Turkey after the subjugation of Schamyl, and the steady extension of Russian power across the great desert of Asia has made even the wandering herds of the Tartar pay their tribute in roubles and kopics to a tax-collector who visits delinquents with fire and sword. If their religion is spared, it is because the Government neither knows nor cares what it is, but it would be a very unhappy day for these poor Moslems if their Russian governors should suspect that that religion was any bond of union or any source of strength.

The cruelties of Russia do not, of course, excuse the cruelties of Turkey, and the demands which Russia makes may be no more than the demands of humanity; but in pretending that humanity is the motive behind her demands, Russia is guilty of a brazen hypocrisy which hardly cares whether it is detected or not. And there is a cynical defiance of decency not only in the contrast between her professions and her practices, but in the contrast between the motive which is assumed and the motive which has avowedly shaped her policy for 150 years. Citizens of the United States, who ought naturally to have a detestation of Russian tyranny, have only too much admiration for Russian power and greatness, an admiration which is not at all lessened by the circumstances that England and Russia are opposed in interest. We should be on our guard against this feeling, which is at best an unworthy one, and not allow our sympathy for the oppressed

to be abused by a tyrant who artfully appeals to principles which he has never respected.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

THE SORT OF A WOMAN TO DREAM.—Mrs. Allen, of Calaveras, Cal., lives on the stage road between Railroad Flat and West Point, and she dreamed strange dreams. On October 24th her house was entered by a robber during her absence, and her watch and pocketbook stolen. That night she saw in her dream a thief enter her house, take the watch and follow the trail up the river. In the morning she whistled for her dog, mounted her horse, and followed the trail up stream. A ride of a mile brought her to an old abandoned quartz mill, and in the ruins she discovered the man she had seen in her dream. She accused him of the theft, but he stoutly denied having committed it. She determined to go to West Point for an officer, but after proceeding a short distance, resolved to make the tramp give up the plunder at all hazards. When she reached the mill the man had gone, but with the aid of the dog she overtook him about half a mile up the ridge. Dismounting and arming herself with a stout club, she coolly informed him that she knew he had the watch and money. She let loose the dog upon him, and dealt him a blow upon the head which felled him to the ground. She found her watch and her wallet in his boots. Mrs. Allen, of Calaveras, then went home to sleep—perchance to dream.—*Ex.*

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