

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

BARBARITIES OF THE STRUGGLE IN THE EAST.

EXTORTION AND VIOLENCE—SEVEN MILLION CHRISTIANS TREATED AS DOGS—HUNDREDS OF VILLAGES LAID IN ASHES—BARBAROUS CRUELTY TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS—PLACING THE BLAME AT THE DOORS OF FOREIGN CONSULS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BELGRADE, Monday, July 31, 1876.

There is a lull in the storm; not a single military incident to recount beyond the fact that the two armies are in presence, and, like two cats on opposite roofs, spit at each other every day in the shape of trifling skirmishes. The same magnificent incapacity which characterized the opening of the campaign continues to be its distinctive feature. The Turkish commanders are inactive, but receive constant reinforcements; the Servian leaders are supine, but have no reinforcements to receive. Everything presages a great battle, and whatever be its result, I decline to believe that it will be decisive. The Servians have been worsted on nearly every occasion; still they are not half conquered yet, and he would be a rash man indeed who would now venture to urge peace upon this wild people. Foreign intervention is talked of by the foreign press, but who is to intervene, and in what manner? Bosnians, Bulgarians, and Servians are all branches of that great Slavonic family of which Russia is the head; they are all natural allies of the Czar's. While France and England were affecting to ignore the existence of the persecuted Rayah, and by uniting with his tyrants were perpetuating his servitude, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, with that consummate skill for which Russian policy has always been distinguished, was taking advantage of the many mistakes of Western Europe. The resemblance of faith, the identity of origin were arguments sufficiently potent to win the confidence of the Slavonic tribes, who have at last learned to look toward the North for aid and protection. That Russia does not wish at present to annex Bulgaria and to dismember Turkey I can well believe; that her ends will best be suited by a continuation of a chronic state of effervescence throughout the Turkish Empire is most certain, but can this fermentation exist indefinitely? Can Austria and Russia restrain their own subjects, united by ties of blood and sympathy with the so-called insurgents, during the long guerrilla warfare which will succeed the present attempt at regular military operations? Already there are strong symptoms of a change in the Servian war policy, and when the wretched creatures who are now in command shall have been removed, or, as is most probable, shall have been assassinated, the whole people will go in and fight in the style of Montenegro and Herzegovina. We hear of a design to give certain districts to Servia, to increase Montenegro by the annexation of the Herzegovine, to make of Bosnia a vassal of Austria, to erect Bulgaria into a separate State, under a foreign Prince, with a nominal vassalage to the Porte.

But all these are mere projects, whose realization, although most desirable, would be well-nigh impossible. Generally, it takes two to make a bargain; here there is scarcely a power in Europe which is not interested. England declares that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire shall be respected. She fears the growth of Russian influence over her co-religionaries of the peninsula of the Balkans, and she sees looming up in the future the phantom of an adversary who threatens that which is most dear to her heart, her vast Indian colonies. Austria would not view with satisfaction the establishment at her very frontiers of a nationality gifted with an excessive vitality, which would gradually form a rallying point to all those Slavonic elements which have been agglomerated north of the Danube, during the domination of the Moslem. Turkey certainly would object to any scheme having for its end the disintegration of her most valuable possessions, but Turkey's will in the matter is of small moment. She will do whatever she is seriously told she must submit to, and will obey orders and make sacrifices as soon as her rulers are persuaded that they have nothing further to hope for from foreign aid. Servia, Bulgaria, and Bosnia, too, must be consulted, and it is by no means sure that these three provinces will consent to any arrangement short of complete independence; and this consummation is not at all desired by Russia, who wants new vassals, not a new sovereignty to stand as a barrier to her own ambitious designs upon Constantinople. In short, the situation is a very delicate one, and in the midst of all these cross purposes it is very difficult to see any other solution to the question than a general appeal to arms. Austria will not tolerate the formation of a Slavonic empire, or even of a Slavonic confederation; Russia cannot look on to see her relatives massacred; Lord Derby does not love the Turks, but he hates the Russians and their allies, and Mr. Disraeli adores the Mohammedans because they are a Semitic race. Russian and Austrian antagonism on the Danube has certainly much to do with the present complication, but the real responsibility rests with England. That her present rulers will do ought to enfranchise the persecuted Rayah is more than doubtful, and, if left to their own designs, it is pretty sure that they will once more employ British capital and British arms to prop up the tottering edifice of Turkish misrule.

The Englishman loves fair play and makes much parade of his sympathy with the oppressed of all countries. But the Englishman has been kept in official ignorance of the truth, and will obstinately refuse to be enlightened until he hears that two or three missionaries have been chopped up by Bashî Bazooks, or that a delegate of the British lion, in the shape of a Consul, has been roasted to death by Circassians. Then he will awake from his apathy, and there will be public meetings and indignant letters to the *Times*, and men will say, how can we so long have tolerated such a state of things. Yet almost the entire British press has kept its readers fully posted as to the progress of events in Eastern Europe. From the affair at Podgoritza, then considered scarcely worthy of notice, to the Servian declaration of war, scarcely a detail has been omitted. Statements have been contradictory, it is true, and in many instances absurd, but, with few exceptions, the expressions of every newspaper have been unfavorable to the Turkish cause. The assassinations at Salonica, the fantastic performances in Constantinople, whose first act closed with the execution of the Circassian Hassan Bey, the utter bankruptcy of the Ottoman Empire, the bloody exploits of the Ottoman troops in the insurgent provinces—everything has been recounted, until naught is left to fill up the measure of Mussulman iniquity. The occurrences of the last six months alone are more than sufficient

to induce the exclusion of any State from the concert of civilized nations, and yet Turkey still finds its apologists and its champions. For more than four centuries the Osmanli have been planted in a country whose real conquest they have not yet achieved, and where their rule only exists at the price of unheard-of cruelties. Their administration, if that name can be applied to the system of Turkish government, is nothing but a series of acts of extortion and violence, the gratification of that fanatical hatred felt by every Mussulman for every Christian. And that hatred, further excited by the frequent revolts of the persecuted populations, has produced throughout the length and breadth of the land those monstrous horrors which now call to heaven for vengeance. "Where the Turkish horse has passed no blade of grass shall grow" was the boast of the early disciples of the Prophet, and their descendants are proving themselves worthy of their ancestors. "Before them is battle, behind them rack"—they have made everything around them a desert; they only rule over ruins.

All Christendom most justly interested itself in the suppression of the slave trade, and death is the well-merited punishment of those who transport a heathen nigger from the shores of the Congo to the plantations of the Spanish colonies. But the world does not know, or, knowing, does not care, that within a few hundred miles of the great European capitals there exist 7,000,000 of their fellow-creatures, Christians like themselves, who are treated as dogs, simply because they are Christians, by a Government to which Christian nations have regularly-accredited Ambassadors. The civilized world cares for the sufferings of the poor African, torn from his little hut among the bushes and the delights of cannibalism, but it recks not that, at this very moment, there is not in Turkey a single Christian woman whose honor is not at the mercy of the first Mussulman whom she may have the misfortune to please. It is time that this state of affairs should cease. The egotism and insatiate ambition of foreign powers have sufficed until now to prolong the "sick man's" agony, but the natural force of circumstances must bring about the dissolution of an Empire which is founded upon injustice and oppression. If the world but knew the whole truth, the Osmanli would long since have been driven across the Bosphorus. But the world has been kept in ignorance, not because of any real sympathy with the maintenance of the Sultan's power, but because of the dangers attendant upon his inheritance. At the door of the foreign Consuls must be laid the whole crime of suppression of the truth. They were cognizant of the atrocities committed daily by the atrocious Moslem soldiery, and yet, either in accordance with instructions from their respective Governments, or in order to curry favor with the Osmanli, they have either concealed or have sought to palliate enormities which, when known, call forth a universal cry of horror and reprobation. There are Consuls from England and France and Russia at Philippopolis, and yet Bulgarian girls are sold every day in its market-place like cattle, and similar outrages are perpetrated at Khaskoye and Tchirpau in the vilayet of Adrianople. In Tirnova, Rahova, Sofia, and Philippopolis twenty-seven unarmed citizens were shot down in the public streets during the week immediately following the declaration of war. On the 12th of July eight merchants of the neighboring village of Koprishtra were executed at Sofia. On the same day, at Tatar Bazadik, a town of 18,000 inhabitants, two Popes or Bulgarian priests were hanged, in their vestments, upon the bridge across the Maritza, and ten peasants at the corners of the streets in the Christian quarter. Not even the mockery of a trial was pretended to in any of these cases, which were the unauthorized but unpunished acts of the Circassian irregulars. On the 14th of July, a female teacher, aged seventeen, a former pupil of the Protestant Missionary School, was arrested at Pabargitche and brought to trial at Tatar-Bazadik, on the charge of corresponding with the insurgents. She was, of course, condemned and, after being submitted to every outrage, was crucified on the highway. On the 19th of July, another girl, the beauty of Pievno, was sold in the bazaar of that town for fifteen Turkish pounds. Hordes of Tartars, Bashî Bazooks, and Circassians sweep through the country devastating all around them, and carrying away all the most beautiful boys and girls for the harems of the Turkish dignitaries. Over one hundred hitherto prosperous villages are in ashes, and whole provinces, once the source of its greatest revenue to the Government, are now lying waste and desolate. The populations are dying of hunger, and thousands of once wealthy citizens are begging their bread, barefooted, in the streets of Philippopolis. The prisons are crammed with Bulgarians, in such numbers that they die from want of air, and their piteous cries for mercy are heard distinctly during the silence of the night.

Everywhere the Turks are preaching the extermination of "those Christian dogs who have forced them to leave their quiet life to fight against the enemies of Allah." Between Ak-Palanka and the Servian frontier not one village has been left standing. At Posavina, on the Save, every Christian district has been abandoned by its population, which has fled for protection to the Servian camps. On the battlefields, where the Turks have been successful, all the wounded have been mutilated, and by a refinement of cruelty have been left to die in agony, with their eyes dug out, their lips, noses, and ears cut away. Not only do the irregulars, but the Azizims and the Redifs participate in these atrocities, and weeping women tell you how their innocent babes have been tossed into the air by these ruffians, to be impaled upon the points of their yataghans. Through the whole valley of the Nisharva, in the vicinity of Nisha, not a priest or Christian teacher has been spared to perform religious service at the funerals of the dead.

Nor are these and similar atrocities confined to the provinces in the neighborhood of the theatre of war. It is the same thing along the Black Sea coast. At Nevrokop eighty young Christians were seized on the 20th of July and sold as slaves in the adjoining villages. The whole population of Burgas was disarmed, even of its scythes and reaping hooks; fifteen Christians were slaughtered in cold blood, and ten villages of the district burned to the ground. In Salonica six of the most wealthy citizens have been imprisoned; in Bitolia four others. The crime charged upon these unfortunates is the sale of Christian books, of which, and especially of maps of the country, the Turks have a holy horror. Every bookstore has been closed in the provinces, and the dissemination of all literature not in Turkish characters has been forbidden under pain of death. There is one especially hard case among the Salonica prisoners, which I will relate. During the Bulgarian insurrection of 1868 the band of Hadji Dimitri rendered itself particularly obnoxious to the Turkish authorities, and in the knapsack of one of the insurgents was found a map of the Turkish Empire, published by the Bulgarian bookseller, Canko-Danoff, whose arrest and immediate execution was forthwith ordered by the Governor of the Vilayat. Danoff was fortunate enough, however, to escape, but, after a forced exile of five years, returned in 1873, upon a solemn promise that his former offense against the Sultan's paternal government should be forgiven. Since then he has continued to reside quietly in the city, and, dreading, as every buried child does, the fire, has carefully abstained from any act which could possibly connect him with the present national movement. But his sin has found him out; three years of repentance and good citizenship avail him nothing, and the unfortunate Zauko-Danoff has been thrown into a Turkish dungeon whence he will only issue to be led to his place of execution. I will only add that these instances of Turkish "amenities" have been furnished me by a Christian employe of the Porte, who was a secretary of one of the members of the commission appointed to investigate the outrages committed in Bulgaria; he adds that "no true report will ever be published."

ATTEMPT TO ROB A RAILROAD TRAIN.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 18.—The *Kansas City Times* this morning says: "An attempt to rob a train on the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs Railroad was made night before last. A party of men are said to have planned an attack on the pay car, which was expected over the road that night, but by mistake stopped the regular passenger train, producing great consternation among the passengers. When the error was discovered the would-be robbers rode into the woods and the train proceeded on its way. The pay car was, however, attached to this train, and to this fact, perhaps, is its escape from robbery due."