

trace of religious animosity to be discovered; the Christian Cathedral forms the centre of the fortress, and in the cupola of the tower, supported on four columns, hangs a bell, to be seen and heard for miles around. The Bulgarian and Wallachian peasants come, as they were always wont, into the town to sell cattle, fruit, and maize. In the court of the Government House among the soldiers and irregulars stood a number of Christian peasants waiting to speak to the Pasha, and there could be no mistake about the cheerful good fellowship that existed among them all; in short, all that is said of hatred and persecution and about the insurrection of the Bulgarians are inventions from beginning to end.

The tales with which the Serbs have been so industriously fed of the ferocity of the Circassians have an effect which was certainly not intended by the inventors. Serbs may be filled with hatred of these demoniac warriors, but with that hatred is a very large amount of dread. Thus the Servian infantry, which had fought courageously enough against the Turkish regulars, were seized with a wild panic when charged by the Circassian cavalry, and two battalions threw away their arms and fled before two squadrons only of the Circassian horsemen."

CIRCASSIAN SOLDIERS.

NOT SO BAD AS THEY HAVE BEEN REPRESENTED—KIND LOOKS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN—BUT THEIR PRESENCE FILLS THE SERBIAN INFANTRY WITH A PANIC.

The correspondent of the London *Standard* writes as follows: "I had scarcely been two hours in Widdin when a part of the victorious Bashi-Bazouks returned to the fortress. No one who had not seen the procession could form an idea of the wonderful picture it presented. The greater number of the riders, mounted on their lean, ugly, little horses, which, however, seem capable of bearing great fatigue, were Circassians, in long balck, gray, or white coats, with half a dozen little cartouch pockets in a row on each side of the breast. Among them were a few Turks and Arnauts, a negro, two men in European dress except that they wore the fez, Tartars, Kirghizes, and Armenians. Each one was dressed differently, most of them barefoot, many without saddles or on high-peaked wooden ones. The Circassians carried their arms in a shaggy, black woolen case, attached by a strap to their backs, and every one held the muskets taken from the enemy upright in his right hand, resting the butt-ends on his leg. The same hand held a short whip, while in the left were the reins, and from the shoulder hung a cimeter in a leather case, red at one end and black at the other. Men over seventy, boys under twelve; white, red, green, and many-colored turbans; yellow, gray, blue, black trousers, and in some cases none at all; on all faces the excitement of battle, the dark eyes glowing with a dangerous fire; never was such a motley group, and to put the climax to this strange sight, a gigantic Circassian rode along under a green silk parasol, and several of these savages wore spectacles. No prisoners were brought in, as quarter is not given; but several carts, drawn by buffaloes and driven by Wallachian peasants, were filled with wounded Circassians. Each division of the procession had a standard-bearer in front, the colors being green or red, with Turkish inscriptions, or the crescent and star.

The arrival of this horde offered a striking contradiction to the tales of religious hatred, the oppression and anxiety of the Christians, and the bloodthirstiness of the Circassians. These latter showed the breech-loaders they had taken—old Austrian Wenzl muskets—and explained their mechanism to the bystanders. Christians and Turks had assembled round the victors and listened to their tales and admired them, and the Bulgarian children—probably the same who had been cut into four quarters and roasted, according to Servian accounts—patted the horses, the riders giving them the most friendly looks. Nowhere in Widdin is a