ABYSSINIA.

Explorations of the British Expeditionary Corps—The Want of Sanitary Precautions.

(From the New York Herald.)

ADEN, NOV. 20, 1867.—According to advices received here from Annesley bay, Col. Merewether has started upon another exploring expedition from which no news has yet been received. There was a great cry on all sides for water, and everything consuming that article had been sent on to Hodado (eighteen miles inland), where it was procurable, leaving only a company of sappers at the landing place to build a jetty.

The accounts of Colonel Merewether's last trip round the head of Annesley bay were anything but satisfactory. No water, no shelter anywhere, and the thermometer at 100 degrees to 110 degrees in the coolest places. They came out on the coast of the Red Sea at Jibbul Baker, and were so disgusted that they returned to Annesley by the sea. It is to be hoped that the present expedition will give a better account of the country.

The transports that took up the pioneer and advance forces have been returning for further service; but this, it seems, was not considered requisite for her Majesty's steamer Vigilant intercepted them on the way to Bombay, and ordered them back here for further instructions, the sailing vessels to return to Annesley bay and the steamers to remain here to tow up full sailing transports as they arrive from the eastward.

Her Majesty's steamer Star, Commander Bradshaw, left here on the 15th instant to survey the coast and channel between this and Annesley bay, and lay lights, buoys, beacons, &c., where necessary, which will be a great advantage.

Her Majesty's steamer Octavia, Commodore Heath, with a fleet of smaller craft, belonging to the Indian navy, is appointed to do duty with the expedition, and will manage the transport duties. These latter are beginning to arrive.

The Scinde brigade is expected hourly, and vessels have been loaded up here with coal and water for them this last fortnight.

Colonel Merewether has recommended that not so many vessels should be sent through at once, as it is very difficult to coal and water them with the limited amount of labor at command.

Advancing into the Passes—A Lofty Campaigning Ground—Rent of the Weather and Roads.

ADEN, NOV. 25, 1867.—Intelligence has been received from Colonel Merewether, dated Camp Tubboo, Huddus river, 16th inst. The Kumoyla Pass was quite ready for a force to move in, so it was expected that an immediate advance would be made, the climate being such an improvement on that of the plains. The greatest height arrived at by Colonel Merewether's party was 7,900 feet above the level of the sea, from which they could see right down into Abyssinia, only five miles distant. It was very cold, but the atmosphere is not given.

The Scinde brigade has not yet passed through here, but is expected daily. The transports with stores, mules, bullocks, &c., keep passing, but no more troops.

The heat at Zoula was still very great, and a case or two of sunstroke had occurred.

The landing pier was progressing rapidly, and would be ready for the Scinde brigade. Large numbers of native craft have been sent from this and other ports up the Red Sea for landing purposes, so that they are pretty well off for lighterage.

A condenser is being sent from here to be erected at Zulla landing place, that will make four thousand gallons per day. Others are coming from Bombay.

The British Expeditionary Corps in Abyssinia—Its Composition and Operations—In Force after Leaving Annesley Bay—Good Climate in Abyssinia—A Stampede by Theodoros—The Hinder Corps at Queen Victoria—A French Military Party.

ZULLA, ABYSSINIA, OCT. 30, 1867.—The part of the British expedition here is composed of a brigade of infantry, pioneers for the main body of the army. They left Bombay on the 12th of October, in charge of Colonel Merewether, and, though they have done cannot be considered satisfactory. Every one is of opinion that the army sent out to release Messrs Cameron and Rassam and the other white captives would land at Massowah and the French (acting British) Consul gives a very lucid description of the route to Ankipha and Gondar thence to the Bombay papers. But Colonel Merewether and his scientific corps have taken it into their heads that Annesley bay would suit better, and since then a division of troops has arrived here and almost completed its landing.

I do not assume to have much knowledge of engineering tactics, but will state a few facts, which will, no, I am sure, arouse attention to the place of the pioneers.

Firstly, the leading division, about 3,000 black infantry and 1,200 cavalry, with almost as many followers and commissariat employés, arrived here from India some twenty days since, and the men only are landed, without equipage, there being a great obstacle in the shallowness of the water over a hundred yards from *terra firma*, and then suddenly a depth of nine fathoms. Under the circumstances it is almost impossible to land an army either speedily or safely.

If Theodoros had a little knowledge of military tactics, wouldn't he come down with a swoop and walk off camels, mules, bullocks and camels with gusto; for you must know that a surprise on black soldiers, when they are unscaped, and where there are no European troops to encourage them, would be easily effected, and the Abyssinians are fine, active men compared to our Hindoo sepoys, especially when the latter are encamped and placed hither or thither without order or vigilance, all their white officers remaining on board the ships, with the customary *non-chalance* of a civilization Orientalized.

Secondly, I notice that for the watering of those troopships early landed and to come, the sagacious pioneers, in their peculiar inspiration, were of opinion, putting aside all reasonable grounds and ocular proof, that because the ruins of a Greek city are convenient to the ocean, there must be an abundance of water; but the truth of the matter is that when they landed and came to be actually in that place, water only enough for three hundred could be found, and that of an awfully brackish nature. The result of this would have been terrible on the landing of the First Division had it not been that seven or eight chartered steamers are detained to condense water, at an enormous expense, which they should have been back to Bombay to tow the other divisions in sailing vessels.

About eight miles from the beach there is a very high range of mountains, dividing the desert lying between them and the sea from the interior. This range is, in my opinion, a formidable obstacle to the invasion of the country, as only mules and natives can cross the natural barriers with safety. How an army of regular armed men, with their enormous host of followers and equipage, including camels and pontoons, are to cross, I have no conception. An exploring party of cavalry and sappers is at the approach of the mountains for the present, but I have not heard of any chance of their success up to this day.

I myself, with some friends, have been out in search of sport, but we can only find larger game, such as camels, elephants, tigers and bears, with a few deer, hares and gazelles, and less in the way of birds, are to be found, so as that, being in the land and weary stage, we come in contact with a party of hunters, six or seven in number. They were Frenchmen, and I can venture to say they were soldiers, from their equipments, but, note, *pas-de-lis* on their pantaloons and gaiters, which were made of a grayish material of serge cloth, the gaiters of the description generally worn in the French army. Some of the party were rough in exterior, but I could notice superior manners in one or two of them. They seemed to have penetrated the country, but were very shy in their communings much on this subject. Truly made many comments on the British invasion approaching, which were of quite a professional character, and gave me as an instance of mismanagement the fact that the commissariat officers were paying £20 and upwards for mules, &c., bringing them from the most distant points (some, I hear, from Shoan), at another outlay for conveyance, when splendid mules are to be purchased in the locality for £80 a head. These men are very poor, as I have bought cigars and other trifles from them; still they came here six months ago and hired a boat to convey them at a cost of twelve thousand dollars from Suez, and are waiting instructions from their Consul. What they may be I am not informed, but I am actually of the opinion that theirs is a mission connected with political schemes, and I am sure they are soldiers not "absent without leave."

Gossip About Ministers of the Gospel.

(From the Editor's Easy Chair of Harper's Magazine.)

The other evening the Easy Chair was listening to a young clergyman who was surrounded by admiring listeners, and was giving them from the regulation white cravat and others contented with the sombre black tie. The discussion was an earnest appeal for the family as the chief means of religious culture, and the speaker was quite such pouring unction that it was most pleasant to witness.

We stop at this point merely to ask why clergymen wear white cravats. We all know they mitigate wear white coats, but a similar reason does not explain the clerical costume. Is it to denote the purity of his profession? Is it for the purpose of a uniform? Is it that they may be at once recognized? It is for the reason that physicians used to carry canes with large knobs on them? Is it because they are priestly robes of Rome, which are themselves remnants of pagan Roman priestly costumes. Is it for the same reason that Quakers wear single-breasted coats with standing collars, and very much buttoned up? Whatever the reason, it is very fortunate that white cravats have not been adopted for bishops, and horse-hair wigs for Episcopal clergymen. It is observable that many eminent ministers of almost every sect discard the conventional costume—except, perhaps, the black color. We do not recall a clergyman in a red cravat or in very pronounced colors. We do not recall mention very familiar names of noted ministers who could not be distinguished in a room or in the street from other people, yet names which are dear to the world for their sanctity.

It must be confessed that there is such a phenomenon as a clerical dandy. There are evidently members of the profession who think it manly and as carefully of what we may call the little external signs of sanctity, or at least of the little external signs of the ecclesiastical fashions as any fine lady the variations of bonnets or the fluctuations of trimming. And this dandy clergy creates a peculiar prejudice. The feeling that the profession deals with the most solemn facts of life is so universal and profound that there is a remarkable dissatisfaction at the evidence of frivolity in any of its members. It is not so much a feeling as the Romish Church. The forms and ceremonies, the pomp and pageantry, seem ritual of that are not so known with its substance that they can be readily separated. Yet when beyond the Romish Church, or upon the terrace of the Campidoglio, or in the Colosseum, one may meet a sober-legged cardinal with his liveried lackeys respectfully attending his footsteps, the imagination instinctively recurs to the Galilean handicraft and the fisher of men. What conceivable relation can there be, you ask, between the plain rough garments of the Galilean and the cardinal's robe? Is it because the Church has given up the world? Is it because the saint, yet he refuses the priestly robes with what a superior air the gentleman deals to ask for a little favor begging by saying, as if to put refusal beyond question, "I voted for you, sir." You were not elected, indeed, but among the less your visitor expects you to replace him on the mission to England or a loan of ten cents.

The Easy Chair hopes that no clerical friend will misunderstand him, or suppose that he undertakes himself to be describing the fate of all clergymen. There are those who quietly regard insufficient interference. There are those who will not overwork themselves. There are those who will not undertake the parish duty which properly belongs to another ecclesiastical organization than the Four-coast. There are those, also, the Easy Chair sincerely trusts, who form the exception between meetings, and will not write two sermons a week. It is very common to observe the feeling of suppressed indignation with which a parishoner, let us say of the old school, receives that he is listening to an old sermon. Something in the turn of a phrase, some quotation or allusion, suggests to him that he has heard this before. The great drift of the discourse may be sound, never to be too much insisted and repeated, he omits altogether. It is not by that he peccable. And what is the reason of emotion? What is the real feeling of indignation? Boldly stated, it is that he pays his share towards two sermons every week, and the other party to the bargain is shirking work.

Now, why does not the other party to the bargain not only shirk that work for his share, but altogether? Why does he not say that he can write one good sermon a week, but that he cannot write two? Why does he not say, "Brethren, let me be a *one sermon* a day man, and a children's sermon, if you choose, in the afternoon?" The Easy Chair has long looked through the magazines, reviews and journals, to find an article upon 'Mrs. Grundy in the Church.' Mrs. Grundy is society we all know. Mrs. Grundy in politics is also a familiar acquaintance. But it is in the church that Mrs. Grundy reigns supreme and holds highest her virtuous mien of horror. She demands from the clergyman action to the clergyman. Erecting a certain standard of action, he must conform. He must spread for him what seems to many a very soft and pleasant couch. It is the bed of Procrustes, and he tries to force him to lie upon it. Mrs. Grundy does not provide the clergyman to do what he thinks right and best, but insists upon what she thinks right and best. And the clergyman, if he be a man, and he has invited to take sides between her judgment and his whose most excellent and just judgment she must therefore be supposed to confide, is the very one whom she will not submit to, and who wishes to, or to hear any but slow, music. Is there a religious? Is a man a Christian because he is merry? The opera is a device of Beelzebub, and the devil does not drive Mrs. Grundy? And what do you think of a bobbish? The accessories are bad? But what of sadness, and the sadness is spiritual pride, and jealousy, and intolerable moral pride, quietly in church?

It is extraordinary how that old woman controls us. Here is a young man full of health and hope—well, and full of the happiest promise; and he goes—well, pretty often, he sees a lovely young person of the other sex as can be found anywhere; and he is overjoyed—well, he wheels old woman pulls up her eye-glasses and says "Hup, ha, twice last week. What does that mean? No young clergyman, with the sense of propriety of hiring," the young fellow drops off, and the young person of the other sex begins to grow pale. Or there was the pastor of the church, who is well-known to those of us who are familiar with it, who, shrinks long and faithful service, proposed that the afternoon service should be omitted. And why not? Every Sunday afternoon he preached to a very few brethren, more or less asleep. It was not a very unreasonable request, but it was supposed that they would prefer to sleep at home, in any case it was a cruel blow upon him. But Mrs. Grundy was shocked. She could see in such a suggestion nothing but coldness of the heart, or the overthrow of the church, or religion; and she stated her case so strongly that the rest of the parish yielded, and he continues to take their Sunday afternoon nap in the same way and at the same hour.

Why don't the ministers break Mrs. Grundy's head? Why do they not say to the societies that they will not, because they ought not, continue to work so severely for a year, so miserably and why do not we who sit in the pews interfere? Above all, if we complain of the sermons, why do we not choose occasionally to send a purse to our clergymen, why do we not, when we write to our relatives, we shall mention the fact to the newspapers? What honest man does not wince at the thought that he reads that the parishioners of the Rev. Mr. Blank presented him on Tuesday evening, at his residence, with a purse containing fifty cents in new dry-cent pieces, that the Honorable Somebody or Nobody made a speech, and the Rev. Mr. Blank thanked