

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Twelve Months with the Bash-Bazouks.* By Lieut.-Col. Money.

During the recent war the Bash-Bazouks came in for a considerable share of notice. Their wild character and picturesque appearance, coupled with the tales of insubordination industriously circulated during their existence as a military force, awakened in them an interest which military scribes were not slow to gratify. Col. Money has produced a book which contains much information as to the habits, customs, and military value of our strange allies. A service of ten years in the East India Company's army rendered Mr. Money well fitted for employment in some of the irregular corps being raised by the English Government in Turkey, yet official routine prevented his receiving an appointment from the home authorities, as he was not actually in the East India Company's service. In the East, however, this objection did not prevail with General Beatson, who immediately gave him a captaincy in a Bash-Bazouk regiment, anxious to secure a genuine soldier amongst the motley troop that had been sent out from England to officer the irregular corps.

## THE TROOPS UNDER ARMS.

"The parade began: it was rather difficult to see the squadrons for tobacco-smoke, as every other man was smoking a short chibouque; but when a portion of the martial pipes were concluded, the scene became a little clearer. They wore a strange medley: it was the first time I had seen an Amazon regiment together and I thought it a funny sight. All who wished were talking; all who wished were smoking; some horses had an objection to standing with their heads to the front, and, as they could not find space for longitudinal position in the ranks, had either come forward or fallen into the rear. The fool of the regiment, a boy of fourteen, with a dunce's cap of paper covered with spangles and some extraordinary clothes, was a few paces in advance, mounted on a large yew-necked, cadaverous steed; at his side was the tom-tom player, keeping up a dull, monotonous sound on an instrument, which was varied by the report of a pistol, discharged every now and then in the ranks; the owner thinking, I suppose, something of the sort was necessary to enliven the scene. The Colonel presently gave the limbashee the order to advance, who called it out in a loud voice; the cry was taken up by each Yuzbashee at the head of his squadron; others repeated it; and, amidst the most frightful yelling, the advance took place. More screaming orders, and the walk was successively changed into trot, canter, and gallop; after which no further orders could be given. The men got excited, they jostled each other, all order in the squadron was lost, confusion reigned supreme, and Bash-Bazouks were in their glory; they hallooed, they fired their pistols, faster and faster did they go, till the beast I bestrode, now fairly alarmed, took the bit between his teeth and ran away. Here, then, was something to hunt, and they availed themselves of it; a dozen or more pursued me across the plain in a most determined manner, and to a bystander it must have appeared a curious sight. I could not stop my horse, but I managed to form a large circle, and to return to the troop just as with horses fairly brought to a stand-still, they had gained the top of a small rise. My pursuers came up after me, grinning their satisfaction at the chase I had given them; and after some minutes spent in martial pipes No. 2, the squadrons gradually reformed, and stood ready for further action."

## AN ARAB MILITARY GUIDE.

"As I wended my way campwards, I had time to note the peculiar costume of my guide, which consisted of a tightly-fitting vest of a bright green colour, surmounted by a species of scarlet hussar pelisse, with the sleeves flowing behind; both these garments were richly embroidered with gold, as were also his loose green trousers stuffed into a pair of yellow boots decorated in front with tassels; covering his head was a gaudily striped silk bawkerchief, not twisted as a turban, but tied in a knot at the back of his neck, and hanging like a curtain down his

back. Round his waist, or rather stomach, he had a handsome shawl of apparently Indian manufacture, in which were tucked two clumsy, silver-mounted, flat pistols, as also a jagghat, or long knife, at his side dangled a semi-circular sabre, and over his shoulders, and hanging behind, he carried a magnificent looking carbine, about seven feet long. His horse was no less richly caparisoned, the head-piece was studded with steel bosses or knobs, while from his throat depended a horse-hair plume, dyed scarlet, two or three feet long; the reins were brass chains, the saddle, which had a high peak before and behind, was covered with silver-embroidered cloth, from the bottom of which peeped out his dish-shaped stirrups, the sharp edges of which are used instead of spurs. I had forgotten to mention a long ten-foot spear, under the spread head which was attached a round tuft of black feathers. When he had smoked his pipe, he stuck it into his boot."

## GENERAL BEATSON AT A LEVEL OF THE NATIVE CHIEFS.

"First and foremost rode General Beatson, his fine soldier-like form set off by the superb uniform he wore most profusely ornamented, it appeared as if gold were the material, and the binding. He dismounted, and walked up to the tent, his patent leather jack-boots making to his stature, while the general effect of his appearance was much heightened by a turban, constructed of some richly-colored fancy material, bound round his head in general folds, which again, in its sombre colours, was contrasted by a fillet of cord of gold, covering its base, and the upper portion of his forehead. When he presented himself before his wild chiefs, the murmur of applause and the respectful salutations with which he was greeted, showed how well and wisely he had calculated on the effect which would be produced on them by the magnificence of his attire." Add to this the white beard and moustaches of General Beatson, and it may be conceived that the Bash-bazouks beheld in him the impersonation of the heroism of Europe. He had heard that the irregular bands dreaded the idea of being converted into a regular force, and in the presence of the European and native officers made an oratorical declaration:—"Now, let them look at me! (Translate each sentence as I utter it.) Do I look like a man who would do all this? Is this the sort of dress (and he struck his chest with his hand) that sort of man would wear? Are these the kind of uniforms (and he glanced proudly round on both English and native officers) by which that sort of man would be surrounded? Do we look like a regular army? Do our very horses appear as if they had gone through the hand-drum lessons of a riding school? No, Colonel G—, tell them that this is an irregular force regarded as such by the Government of England, who expects men from it, that I, their Chief, have been accustomed to irregular forces, and know what they are, that in me they have an officer in whom they may confide, that I hereby promise them, that as long as I am at their head, that as long as they follow me, whether as now over these quiet plains, or later against the serried columns of the Russians, irregular they are, and irregular they shall be. And now let those stand forward who have said the reverse. I minded but I'll see whether their word or mine will be believed!" By the side of the General stood his young daughter, "very pretty," in an "Amazonian kind of dress," surmounted by "a golden turban, the very miniature of her father's."

## THE BIT OF CARPET ROUND THE NECK.

General Beatson was very emphatic on the subject of costume. He ordered a rich and picturesque uniform for his officers, but insisted that no collars or neckcloths should be worn:—"After suffering for some time from this, I, on my return to the Dardanelles, put on a collar and black neckcloth. General Beatson happened to see me when thus attired:—'What's that bit of carpet you've got round your neck, Captain Money?' he said.—'It's a simple neckcloth, sir.—'Take it off, I beg, when the neck is covered, it quite destroys the character of the uniform. I'm not particular generally as to dress, but I'll allow nothing about the throat, which should be as naked as your hand.'—Ultimately

Capt. Money concurred with his General that soldiers should go with bare necks.

## NOTHING WERE YOU ARE SENT TO IT

Capt. Money was afterwards sent on detached command to the Crimea, and arrived in time to witness the capture of a city. It was under the fire of the northern forts. In a most exposed situation, in a central street, was found a French café:—"I called for the landlord, and expected to see a mounted, hard-featured, 'vieux Français.' What was my astonishment when a cur-tain at one side of the stable was drawn, and a pretty, lively French girl of two or three and twenty appeared:—'Avez-vous du café? Je n'ai!'—'Non, Monsieur, mais j'en ferai tout de suite. Attendez vous, je vous prie,' handing us the chairs or stools. We sat down, and she commenced making coffee. Presently a round shut came winzling along, & fell near the courtyard. Away went Mahomet outside, & I could not find time to enter again. He did not appear inclined to linger away a single chance, and when his share of the coffee was prepared he said:—'Allreco!—'Is it not rather uncomfortable, lying here?' said the English officer, who was with me to our father's house.—'No,' she replied, 'I'm pretty well accustomed to it.—'Well, but, & if you think there's a deal of danger?' he continued.—'Not much, and if there was, I shouldn't mind it: one must live, and it pays me keeping this café.—'Do you never have shots through the roof? I ask.—'I think we had three altogether last week, but none the last three days.'—'What do you do in such cases, or when they fall into the yard?—'Why, if they are round shot, I take no notice of them: if shells, I run into the yard or the café, and shut the door after me.'

## THE BASHI-AZOUKS, &amp; BY BRITISH GOLD.

An English officer appeared in a province—in invited men to join his flag—he promised them a rate of pay which their very wildest ideas of good luck and not equalled, as also food for themselves and horses, they could not believe in the truth of such temptations—the very magnificence of the offer made them doubt its reality, and they hung back. Some adventurous spirits, however, joined, thinking that if they got no pay they could secure plunder. Pay day came, they were paid to the moment with bright golden guineas, fresh from the English Mint. They robbed the sovereigns, and rung them to test their worth—rushed off to the bazaar, and found to their amazement, they had received the strange coin, if anything, under its value. All ranks were engaged in the same way; then a thoughtful knave no longer, nor did it decrease when they found the same thing repeated week after week, month after month, until the disbandment of the force."

A PAIR OF HELIOS—The Bristol Times states that there are now within the walls of Horned barracks no less than 75 officers of the Land Transport Force, who it to be a splendid, every one of whom, we are credibly informed, rose from the ranks by military service and merit, some of them having been elevated on the field of battle. Their promotion took place while serving in other Corps or Regiments, nearly all of them having seen active service in India or elsewhere before the Crimean campaign. When they sit down to mess, not only is every breast decorated with the medal for the Russian war, but clasps and decorations for superior merit, and even of the Legion of Honor, may be seen amongst them. As in a week or two these brave men will have left our neighborhood, the Transports as a Corps being about to be discontinued, it has been suggested by several leading and public spirited citizens that the Bristolians should embrace the opportunity to "honor the brave," by inviting them to a public banquet, or otherwise demonstrating in some handsome manner their respect and admiration of men who belong in so exceptional manner to the noble order of merit, and who have fought their way up to fortune in a fashion that reflects honour on themselves and their country. We trust that the Mayor, in conjunction with others, will set upon the suggestion made to them by the gentlemen who have taken the matter up, and that it will receive cordial and ardent support from the citizens generally.