



THE BASHI-BAZOUK.

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To those who remember the peaceful times of King William IV., and the fifteen years of tranquillity with which the reign of her present Majesty began, the broils and excitement now prevailing on the question of war must appear, at the least, very singular. It seems as though we had laid aside the pipe of peace, exhumed the buried hatchet, and had invoked the spirit of the Georgian period, when battles, triumphs, and defeats were the great topics of the day. We are increasing our army, building new ships, manning the navy, applying the facilities which modern science offers for the extension of destructive agencies; we are turning out new guns, adopting new rifles, looking round our coast to see after its defences, and civilians, like the knights and yeomen of old, are forming themselves into volunteer companies, rifle clubs, *et cetera*. It is not necessary that all this should be construed into anything more than it actually means. The householder who bolts and bars his street-door and fastens his shutters, need not on that account be supposed to be on bad terms with his next door neighbour. He takes no more than

ordinary precaution against burglariously disposed people who may have an inclination for appropriating his cash box and the family plate. So it is with Mr. John Bull. There has been some fighting, Europe is a little unsteady, nobody knows what might happen, and so he looks after his national defences, hoping, with all his heart, that their stability may never be tested, but confident in their strength, should circumstances ever occasion so deplorable an event.

Volunteer corps are excellent home defences. Rifle-men would be found as daring, and even more useful than the brave fellows who drew cloth-yard shafts at Cressy and Poitiers. Within the last few months rifle clubs have been formed all over the kingdom, and their members are now counted by thousands. It has been suggested that companies of light horsemen would also be of excellent service, and the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks have been instanced as illustrative of what may be done in this way by volunteers. It is not suggested that Englishmen should adopt the singular attire of these Oriental warriors. Mrs. Bull would scarcely recognise, and by no means tolerate, her husband in habiliments resembling those worn by

the Bashi-Bazouks in the accompanying engraving; but it is the description of volunteer service, and not the description of dress, to which reference is made.

The Bashi-Bazouks are the irregulars, or volunteers, of the Turkish army. After the destruction of the Janissaries (1826), the Ottoman army was remodelled upon an European standard, and composed of two elements—the standing army (*nizam*) and the reserve or contingent (*redif*)—the organisation of which was assimilated to that of the German *landwehr*. To these was attached a large number of volunteers, who banded together for the defence of the empire and the conservation of the faith. Foreign to all ordinary discipline and strangers to all military subordination, following their own free will in all their arrangements, these *Bashi-Bazouks*—the literal meaning of which is without a leader or chief—carried with them their guns, pipes, prayer mats, or any comfort or convenience they could command, veritably doing that which was done “when there was no king in Israel”—every man what was right in his own eyes. Obstinate, proud, ignorant (these three qualities are usually associated), the Bashi-Bazouks figured some-

what unfavourably during the Crimean war. Sometimes they were seized by panic, and fled in disorder; sometimes they were indisposed for action, and failed to appear at the right moment; sometimes they rushed forward with precipitate and undirected zeal. Now, nothing could be worse than such contingent; but there is no fear of Englishmen falling into these blunders and extravagances. The Bashi-Bazouks readily rendered some useful service: had they been better organised their assistance would have been far more valuable. Companies of irregular light horse would be a useful adjunct to our volunteer rifle corps, and we have men enough and horses enough scattered over English acres to constitute a really formidable body of cavalry. Properly equipped, thoroughly drilled, lightly armed, these troops would do good service, should such service be required; and should no such calamity befall us, the healthy exercise would still further develop the manly qualities of our Anglo-Saxon race.

THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.

In the spring of 1829 there came to Marseilles, to the hotel where I lodged, a young couple in whom I became very much interested. They occupied rooms opposite to mine, and from meeting them several times daily, in the hall, we passed from bowing to speaking, and before many months we became very intimate and formed a very happy trio. Henri Zeiber was a German, and his wife, the beautiful Nina, a Frenchwoman. They had been married but a few weeks before they came to Marseilles, and over them seemed to hang a cloud, but one which seemed gradually to lighten.

I was obliged to remain at Marseilles some months, and the time would have hung rather heavy on my hand, for I was a companionable person, and very fond of home comforts, had it not been for the smart, witty Zeiber, and his gentle, affectionate little wife. For me they made a home—I was always welcome, and many a pleasant evening I spent in their rooms, reading or listening to Nina Zeiber, who with a very sweet voice and much expression, sang pretty ballads and love songs.

Some of my time I spent in painting, and one day, after watching Nina's face, I made bold to ask her to sit for the prominent figure in my new picture. She very willingly consented, and was quite curious about my picture. It was a fancy sketch, and I refused to give any information relative to the subject, or let them see my work till it was completed. Nina Zeiber sat three times—three successive days, then I closed my studio door and painted in silence. Each day Henri asked if it was finished, and was answered in the negative. He almost worshipped his wife, and I know that the interest he expressed in my work was caused by his desire to see his wife's lovely face on canvas. I am sure I didn't blame him, for Nina Zeiber had the most beautiful face I ever saw—exquisite in feature, colour, and expression. At last the picture was finished, and for an amateur, it was good. The subject had been suggested to me by the reading of a pretty little Spanish story. It represented a dark, deep cave by the water, with the green, curling waves rolling a little way into the mouth of it. In the centre of this picture, and of the opening of the cave, brought into relief by the dark, rough rocks and angry waves, were two figures—a man, roughly dressed, lying on his back, with his feet almost washed by the waters, and his deathly pale face turned upward—and, bending over him, the figure of a beautiful woman, whose face expressed despair and anxiety. The face was slightly raised, and the dark, anxious eyes were looking out of the cave across the waters. The background was filled in with rough rocks and swarthy, dark-browed men. The sole ray of light in the picture glanced in as if from the top of the cave, and fell upon the face of the dying man, and upon the upper part of the woman's face, lighting only the deep, despairing eyes.

Placing my pet in the best possible light, I eagerly called my friends to examine it. They came, and I watched to see the effect my picture would produce. I saw Nina turn a little pale, and a deep flush spread over the brow of Henri Zeiber; involuntarily they draw a little closer to each other. I was astonished at the sensation my picture had produced, and my artist's pride rose, for I saw that I had painted forcibly. Visions of future greatness and a name hereafter famous in the annals of art, floated before my eyes. My ambitious dreams were broken into, by a question asked in a hoarse voice.

"What do you call your picture, Monsieur Harrison?"

"The Smuggler's Bride," I answered, readily enough. And the next instant I felt the iron grasp

of two hands upon my throat; my feet slid from under me, I fell to the floor, and Henri Zeiber was kneeling upon my chest. I was astonished, bewildered, frightened. I had never been served so before since I was a freshman at college, and got collared by young Watkins. I closed my eyes for an instant, thinking all was lost; that I was in the clutches of a madman, and would never leave them alive. I closed my eyes, and what between fright (for I am a coward) and strangulation, I was fast losing my senses, when I heard Nina's voice, a trembling, fearful voice, and it sounded better than the sweetest music I ever heard—

"Henri, Henri! Was wollen sie thun?" (What are you going to do?)

I was not much of a German scholar then, but I knew that the execrable growls he uttered meant that he was going to murder me then and there. I trembled from head to foot, and a cold perspiration settled over me. Ugh! I tremble now. Suddenly I felt the grasp of his fingers loosen, and I heard Nina talking to him in her winning manner. I cautiously opened one eye, but his great, dark eyes were on me, and the relentless fingers tightened gently, gently, but still with strangling meaning. I dared not move, and being a timid man, and, moreover, no match for my athletic foe, I resolved to be quiet, and strive to prepare for the worst.

It seemed as if I had lain there hours, though it was only a few seconds, when Henri Zeiber rose, and Nina with her bright eyes bent over me. I felt she was looking at me, still I dared not open my eyes. Presently she exclaimed, in a low, sad voice—

"Henri! Henri! You have killed him!"

I hated to pain her kind heart, so at that exclamation I gave a dolorous groan and faint movement. It had the desired effect. Nina again bent over me, and asked, fearfully—

"Monsieur Harrison, are you very much hurt?"

I was more frightened than hurt, but concluded it was best policy to feign otherwise a little while longer, so in a faint, half-strangled voice, I gasped out—

"All—but—gone. Can—you—not—raise—me—and—lay—me—on—my—b-e-d?"

I kept my eyes closed and breathed short and hard, with here and there a groan. A few seconds I lay there, when I felt myself raised in the powerful arms of my foe and borne to the next room, where I was laid upon the bed, with no very gentle motion, but I pardoned the little malice, and Nina bathed my head and throat with cold water and cologne. Still doubtful as to the wisest course to pursue, I lay perfectly quiet, with my eyes obstinately closed. Only a few minutes did I lay there, for soon the young Zeiber, the tiger I left the room. As soon as I was sure that he was safe in his own room, by the click of the latch, I sprang from my bed, thereby frightening Nina half out of her senses.

"In Heaven's name, Nina, tell me the reason of your husband's strange behaviour!"

"I cannot, Monsieur Harrison, but Henri will. It is the only apology he can make you for his almost fatal violence. Are you better? Can you listen to him now? I will call him."

"Oh, don't," I exclaimed, and one hand involuntarily sought my injured throat.

Nina smiled mischievously, and said as she went to the door—

"You have nothing to fear."

When she left the room I dragged my chair to the low window, resolved that if Henri Zeiber made such another spring at me, I would jump into the street. But Nina had spoken rightly; when Henry entered the room all his frenzy seemed to have passed, and in a sad voice he begged to be forgiven.

"My injured friend, can you ever forgive me?"

"Most certainly," I answered, with the affability of the great Mogul. "Please be seated, and if not too disagreeable or painful, I will listen to your explanation."

"I can explain it in only one way, by telling you a story, asking only one favour in return—that you will keep what I tell you a profound secret. The following is the tale as I heard it:—

"In the year 1829, the Rhine perfectly swarmed with smugglers; no cargo was safe, and the wily contrabandists eluded the utmost vigilance. The winter was cold, and the earth covered half the time with snow. The government grew desperate, and, late in the autumn, sent to Rhineland one whom they judged would carry terror to the hearts of the contrabandists. Carl Loiret and his daughter, Elise, settled among the people, and none suspected the truth. Elise was bewitchingly beautiful, and soon all the youths were wild about her, seeming to care for nothing but obtaining a smile from her. This no one was able to do but the bold, handsome Moritz Ebstorff. To him the beautiful Elise gave her young

heart, and she gave it to one worthy of it, as far as the world could judge.

"Carl Loiret alone seemed to look suspiciously at the young man, and even went so far as to forbid him the house, giving his pretty Elise as a reason for doing so, that he belonged to the band of contrabandists. That reason was not sufficient, and Elise and Moritz met clandestinely. What she learned of her lover did not seem to frighten Elise Loiret, for she clung to him with a devoted love.

"One evening Carl Loiret was quietly sipping his coffee, when the door opened, and unannounced an official entered the room. His dress and manner betokened haste and anxiety, which his words soon explained.

"Up! up! Loiret! There's mischief afloat! One of the smugglers, a drunken oaf, has peached and disclosed the whole infamous plot—rendezvous and watchword. Get ready as quick as you can! Arm yourself, for there will be the deuce to pay this night, or my head for a foot-ball!"

"Without a word Carl Loiret rose and hastily wrapped himself in cap and cloak, and took from his desk a brace of clumsy pistols. As he left the room he whispered to his terror-stricken Elise—

"I am right, and if I come across that scoundrel, Ebstorff, I'll shoot him like a mad dog. They cannot escape me now."

"Now was no time for faltering, so Elise summoned all her courage, and, with a calm, smiling face, she answered—

"I fear not for Ebstorff, but, father, be careful they do not outwit you again. They are slippery customers, and know the rocks and hiding places better than you."

"So father and daughter parted. As soon as the door closed, and Elise heard her father's feet breaking through the little crust of snow outside the house, she fell upon her knees beside a chair, and sobbed bitterly. A few moments she gave way to grief, then sprang up.

"Moritz, I will save you—save you, or die! What would life be without you! Blessed was the hour when led by your love you disclosed all to me. Now I can aid you, and I will!"

In a few seconds Elise was warmly dressed and ready for any emergency. She was pale but firm. Taking the precaution to throw a white drapery over her shoulders and dress, she sallied out, and as long as her road lay in the direction her father had taken, she closely kept in his track, and her tiny feet made no mark. Quickly and silently Elise Loiret walked till she reached the river's bank—a steep, rocky precipice. Here she paused to deliberate, and as she did so, the village clock tolled the hour—half-past eleven—and at twelve the contrabandists would be starting on their projects. To go round by the way Moritz had told her of would take an hour, for it was a rough, dangerous road, and then she would be too late—too late! Kneeling upon the snow with eager eyes Elise peered over the precipice—nothing but rocks covered in places with ice and snow. It was the only sure way of reaching the rendezvous, and yet it was almost certain death to attempt it.

"I shall be too late if I go the other way, and here I can but perish."

"Seizing with both hands the overhanging bough of a tree, Elise swung off into the darkness. The branch cracked and bent lower and lower, till Elise felt her feet touch a narrow, rocky ledge, the one she had espied from the bank. So far was good, and Elise smiled triumphantly, though she knew the worst had to be accomplished. Clinging to the sharp rocks, swinging over the black waters beneath, sliding with the ice and snow, dizzy and bleeding, Elise at last reached the rocky base, and sank almost fainting on the ground. Her feet were almost bare, her shoes having been torn from her feet by the sharp rocks, and her delicate little hands were torn and bleeding. A moment she paused to recover her self-possession, then started on her comparatively easy road. At last she reached the narrow side entrance to the smugglers' vast cave. The men were busy, and so silently had she come, that none noted her approach, till at the deep, resounding, despairing cry, 'You are betrayed! Fly!' they looked up, and beholding a delicate, womanly figure draped in white, with dishevelled hair and bleeding hands, the most of them ignorant, superstitious people, were horror-stricken, and fled precipitately, never looking behind them. One remained, and that was Moritz Ebstorff, and he turned and questioned fiercely, for in the dim light he did not recognise his dearly beloved, and her voice so changed by fatigue and fear gave no clue to her identity.

"Who are you, who dares to speak treason?"

"Fly for your life and question not! Farewell, Moritz!"