

that passed through the mind of Francis Jeffrey, during that solitary morning walk.

It is said that the unfortunate Savage often found a refuge, during the summer nights, in the covered stone recesses that stood so lately, at intervals, on the old bridge, inviting the weary wayfarer to pause and rest. It has also been affirmed that Johnson and Goldsmith had recourse to the same apology for shelter, during their periods of homeless vicissitude and affliction. Those stone recesses, now no more, pulled down and consigned to the limbo of the *cosi perduti*, could have told strange tales of misery, despair, and ruined hopes. It was one of the saddest sights of London, many years ago, to see the poor outcast creatures, in every variety of "looped and ragged wretchedness," crouched together for warmth in those stone arbour on cold rainy nights, or shuffling off in the grey of the damp morning, chilled, pallid, and woe-begone. These covered recesses were built, according to Maitland, to accommodate the watchmen, twelve in number, who paraded the new bridge at night by twos and threes, for the safety of the passengers, both ends of the bridge being notorious as the rendezvous of footpads and other evil-doers. Our lively neighbours, however, on the other side of the Channel, always declared that they were erected for the purpose of preventing the lieges of our metropolis from indulging in the national mania for suicide.

THE TURCOS.

DURING the recent war in Italy, the renowned Zouaves were almost rivalled in daring exploits and desperate services by the Turcos. These warriors differ from the Zouaves by nationality and equipments. They are almost entirely natives of Africa, being, in fact, recruited from Arab tribes in Algeria. Very few of them understand much French, and their officers address them in Arabic when special orders are requisite. Their uniform is oriental, and very similar in shape to that of the Zouaves, but different in colour, being entirely sky-blue, adorned with yellow lace, and their turban is white. When first embodied, the Turcos numbered only two battalions, but in 1854 they were increased to three regiments, and received the official designation of "Tirailleurs Algériens." The popular name by which they are universally known is, however, "Turcos." Many French officers who have since attained eminent rank, have commanded these bronzed warriors. One of their first commanders was the present Marshal Bosquet—still traditionally remembered among them by a characteristic sobriquet.

In Italy, the Turcos were especially distinguished at Turbigo, where they fought with a savage enthusiasm, and a mixture of mad burning valour and phrenetic excitement, which forcibly reminded the spectators of their African nationality and Mahomedan creed. An eye-witness said that they leaped "like unchained lions" at the Austrian ranks, despising the close discharge of grape from the artillery, behind which the enemy, in superior force, were drawn up.

Our impression is, that his fearless valour is mainly attributable to an instinctive barbarian inclination for strife and slaughter, marvellously strengthened by a firm belief in the fatalism inculcated by the false religion he professes. And what would the Turco be without the restraints of discipline, and the energetic surveillance of his European officers



A French writer, speaking of the losses of Turco officers, has a remark concerning the only partially civilized warriors they led into action which is very striking:—"These names will resound in the valleys of the Atlas, and under the palms of the oases; they will be there perpetuated with the memory of Magenta, so that when instruction and the study of history shall have taught the tribes of these regions their past, when they recall that their ancestors have fought 2000 years ago in these same plains of Lombardy with Hannibal, for the empire of the world against the Romans, with Marius, for civilization against the barbarians of Germany, they can say that their actual generation has not degenerated under the French flag."

As a sort of reward for their conduct in Italy, the Turcos, at the conclusion of the war, were sent to sojourn at Paris for a season, instead of being at once remitted back to Algeria. They figured conspicuously in that magnificent triumphal entry of the "Army of Italy" into Paris, and naturally attracted much attention from all the spectators. "Their countenances, so dark yet so gay, their extraordinary vivacity, excited everywhere admiration and pleasure. Many of their officers, Mahomedans like them, and bearing the beautiful national costume peculiar to their race and their religion, also inspired interest, not only as being strange

and curious, but as a living testimony of the fusion and the equality established between France and her African colony."

The Parisians are essentially novelty-loving people, and the arrival of the Turcos was to them an exciting and piquant event. Being encamped in the vicinity of the capital, the Turcos had facilities to enter it almost daily, and, in turn, they were visited at their quarters by thousands of curious observers. The half-civilized, half-savage child of the desert, with the prestige of his terrible services fresh and undiminished, had only to show his bronzed visage in street or café to become instantly the "observed of all observers." It is said that the Turco permits himself to be an object of curiosity and of admiration with a tolerably good grace, but with a somewhat disdainful air; for he himself, albeit secretly astonished and amazed by all the marvels of European civilization and science surrounding him at Paris, does not permit his feelings to be so openly manifested. "The Arab is naturally haughty; although aware of his relative inferiority in point of civilization, he would not have it perceived by his own bearing, and therefore often conceals his curiosity under an affectation of indifference. Thus, for example," says a French writer, "in Africa, a mountain Arab, a half-savage, passed by the side of one of our military bands at the moment that it executed airs which ought to have stirred his warlike spirit; he did not stop, he did not appear to regard or listen; on the contrary, he passed proudly, in a tattered burnous, singing to himself a mountain air."

At Paris, the Turcos managed to make themselves understood by the help of the famous language, or rather jargon, called "Sabir," which is a singular mixture of French, Maltese, Italian, Spanish, and Arabian. The celebrated article of the Koran, forbidding Mahommedans to drink wine or intoxicants, is not very rigorously observed by them; and when a remark is made concerning this disobedience, the Turcos gravely reply, that they will soon leave Paris, and that, whilst they are there, they wish to enjoy a "fantasia," or whim.

Incurious as they affect to be, the Turcos go everywhere, and see all they are permitted to see. The Bourse, or Exchange, at Paris, is said to have astonished many of them very greatly; "but," says an eye-witness, "nothing has been more singular to see and to study, than the manner of the Turcos when visiting the Jardin de Plantes. Stopping before the Algerian lions, they contemplated with a most singular air those animals, the terror of the mountain and of the plain, which in their native country the Arabs are habituated only to see from afar, majestically at liberty, or terrible in the midst of the flock, choosing and carrying away the prey they wish to devour, or stretched along the earth during the heat of the day, enjoying their *siesta* under the shade of a bush. 'Not dead!' cried the Turcos, after a silent examination of some moments. 'He is not dead, and we are close to him!' and they appeared as though they could hardly believe their eyes. 'Macach bono!' (that one is good for nought) said a Turco, designating a young lion, bandy-legged as a terrier

dog, and which captivity had reduced to a miserable condition."

A droll story is related of a Turco. A large crowd assembled on the boulevard, near the Rue Richelieu, in consequence of a novel misunderstanding which had arisen between a "cocher" (coachman or driver) and a Turco. Cocher had, it appeared, driven Turco a long circuit in his carriage, and naturally enough required payment for the excursion. But this was a thing which Turco could not, or would not, understand at all. So Cocher bawled and declaimed, and Turco vociferated yet louder. "He invited me himself to ride in his *voiture!*" explained Turco, as well as he could, in the "Sabir" dialect; and it appeared to be the fact that Turco, having seen Cocher make a signal for a fare, readily construed it into a personal invitation to take a ride, and accepted it with great pleasure and eagerness. This explanation, however, was not satisfactory to Cocher, who would have consigned unfortunate Turco to the nearest police station, had not a generous passer-by paid the demand, and Turco stalked away, happy enough to escape from the dilemma without being deprived of his solitary tuft of hair at the top of his head, which the Turcos, like all others of their creed, wear in accordance with a well-known Mahommedan law or tradition.

In Algeria itself, the Turcos only wear their uniform when on actual service, or upon an expedition; and when free from active or immediate military service, they re-assume the burnous, and stalk about with naked legs and feet, like other natives. They are said to be very much attached to their French officers, who are, and always have been, picked men, thoroughly inclined to command, organize, and discipline the wild "fighting animals" intrusted to their care and government. "The officers are cherished by their soldiers, and discipline becomes easy between men united by the bond of danger. A Turco regards his colonel as a father. Speak to them of Marshal Bosquet, their oldest chief, and they never cease praising him. Speak to them of M. Laure, their last colonel, and you will make tears spring in their eyes."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE BELL FAMILY.

WHATEVER may be the merits or defects of this family, the distinction certainly belongs to it of being very widely spread, and very well known, in every quarter of the globe. Members of it are found in all civilized countries: in cities, towns, and villages; in palaces and prisons; in churches, hotels, and all respectable dwellings; and on board of every ship that cuts the ocean wave. Like the human species generally, they vary in stature, bulk, and speech. There are dwarfs among them—puny little things, with tinkling voices; and there are also giants—huge corpulent fellows, twenty feet high, and forty or fifty round, speaking with tremendous tones, perfectly dinning to the ear, unless distance modifies the sound. Their employments are very multifarious. They minister in the service of religion; proclaim the march of time;