

not naturally arise from the natives, nor to disclaim so eagerly the "suspicion" of a zeal for their religion. Such disclaimers are often the very way to awaken suspicion; and recent events have shown that government was not, with all its anxiety, acquitted of designs upon the native religions, which a more open circulation of the Scriptures would have shown to be impossible.

If this restriction, then, be uncalled for, the friends of the Bible are entitled, on that ground alone, to object to it as injurious and dishonouring to the holy volume. Its perusal should be left as free as any other work. Its introduction into the government schools might be safely confided to the local authorities, subject to the general security for the enjoyment of religious liberty. No one desires the Bible to be forced upon a reluctant reader; but, on the other hand, no prohibition ought to be intruded which may have the effect of intercepting a voluntary resort to it. The "libraries of colleges and schools" are not always the most accessible places to the pupils; and it is not a vague, *amateur* discussion of its pages, "out of school hours," between heathen pupils and some unqualified, perhaps unbelieving masters, that can be admitted as dispensing with the duty of imparting the most sacred instruction with all possible efficiency, wherever a class can be formed for its free and voluntary reception.

The question is altogether misconceived when it is spoken of as a means of proselytizing. No one acquainted with missionary operations would look for "proselytes" through the aid of government schoolmasters, when the much shorter course is open of direct missionary teaching and preaching.

It is idle to attempt to "improve the moral and intellectual condition of the natives without in the least infringing on their religious convictions." Religion, true or false, will invariably challenge the subjection of the intellect and heart; to transfer these to another master is at once to subvert the empire of religion. This effect has already been experienced in India, not only as the result of direct education, but of the still wider action of British government, legislation, language, and literature. Hinduism finds itself as much threatened by the very law and equity of a Christian nation as by the gospel itself.

The Bible, then, is not required to overthrow the native religions; but it is unfortunate that, so far as government education has hitherto gone, its results have been simply *destructive*. Limited, for the most part, to the colleges of superior instruction in the principal towns, it has raised up a class of educated natives who have discarded their own religion without obtaining a better.

The more this great question is considered, the more it will be seen that, not only is it not right to embarrass the holy volume with derogatory prohibitions, but that the course of education, already entered upon, demands its free circulation as a measure of *prudence*. It is the only safeguard against the evils of an imperfect, unsanctified knowledge. That the government should undertake the circulation of the Bible is not desired. The missionaries can do this more effectually. What is asked

is, that they should not *exclude* it from a system of instruction which professes to embrace the elements of genuine education; that they should not compromise its character before the natives, in order to conciliate prejudices adverse to the truth. The friends of religious education cannot be satisfied when representations, resting on principle and experience in many parts of India, are met by apprehensions of political dangers which have always proved unfounded. Nor is it just to the sovereign or people of Great Britain, to insinuate that the abrogation of a gratuitous and offensive restriction, imposed by the officious anxiety of Europeans, would be an interference with the religion of the natives, contrary to the proclamation of her Majesty on assuming the government.\*

### ZOU-ZOU.

THE *gamins* of Paris, we believe, first applied to the world-renowned Zouaves the pet name of *Zou-Zous*; and France has confirmed the pleasant diminutive. We know well enough that *Zou-Zou* has certain faults; but we also know that he possesses some estimable qualities. On the whole, we gaze at his scarred bronzed face and long shaggy beard with respect, and do not shrink from cordially clasping his horny brown hand, powder-begrimed though it be. We read all about his valorous doings, and his somewhat ludicrous and not unpardonable misdoings, during the recent Italian campaign, as chronicled daily by his own countrymen, and we shall now compile some interesting examples of his exploits and racy peculiarities, which have fallen under our notice.†

When the Zou-Zous embarked at Marseilles, they leapt on board the vessels as though charging a column of Croats, crying to their comrades, "Come, gentlemen, take your tickets for Austria!" Arrived at Genoa, they received their fair share of flowers and kisses from the enraptured signoras, and embraces and orations from their lords and fathers.

M. Achard visited the camp of the famous 3rd Zouaves, and gives us a graphic sketch of the fire-eaters reposing. We must premise that they had only arrived four or five days from Algeria. "It was," says he, "like a little corner of a great war picture. The canvas town possessed regularity, animated order, picturesque and lively movement, and one felt the presence of discipline, and a pleasing sense of gaiety and fearlessness. Behold the little, narrow, short tents reserved for the sub-officers; their neighbours large, and similar to a squab coffee-pot, for the captains and commandants; others ample and conical, each for five soldiers, ranged in ranks; groups of Zouaves round a candle, in a low tone chatting about their African campaigns; some silently smoking a pipe apart; two or three lying on the ground in corners, reading

\* From a work recently published by the Religious Tract Society, entitled, "India, its Natives and Missions," by Rev. G. Trevor, M.A., Canon of York.

† The anecdotes in this paper are selected and grouped from contemporary French publications, viz.—"La Guerre d'Italie;" and "Montebello, Magenta, etc., Lettres d'Italie, par Amédée Achard."

letters and dreaming, their comrades singing the chorus of songs; the refrain dies away and sleep succeeds. Here and there, under the canvas, a little lamp gives light to an officer, who writes in haste a last letter. Little noise, great order; each battalion has its place. As the darkness increases, we see red sparks in the air along the tents. The cigar enlivens the promenade, then the sparks disappear one by one; the bivouac fires are extinguished; the mules of the regiment bite at each other, and endeavour to break their straps; close by, the Arab horses of the officers, digging the earth with their hoofs, snuffing the air, devoid of the warm odour of the desert, and shaking their manes. \* \* \* The next day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the regiment, containing three battalions on a war strength—2700 men, exclusive of officers—was reviewed by Prince Napoleon. They looked models of hardy active soldiers. Their faces, which appeared cut out of Florentine bronze, had the manly ardour and the confidence resulting from habitual acquaintance with danger. They were in marching order. At eight o'clock they started, clarions at their head and tarbouch in front, for their first *étape de guerre*, twenty-seven kilometres, and in the evening they encamped in the mountain, at Toreglia, very near the Austrians!

We may remark that one great reason for the very singular celerity with which the Zouaves encamp, provide their food, etc., is the fact that each company, or portion of a company, or "tribe," as it is called by the men themselves, is subdivided for what we may term domestic duties, each individual being charged with a distinct and special function; and constant practice naturally renders them amazingly expert at doing whatever they are called upon to daily and nightly perform.

The Zou-Zous, and their African friends the Turcos, are said to have an invincible preference for fighting at close quarters with the bayonet. A certain quantity of cartouches were served out at the moment of departure, but these cartridges were not forthcoming at Genoa. The officers were angry, and required the production of the missing ammunition. "Be not troubled," said the Zou-Zous; "leave us alone, and we will return you ten for one at the first battle." A stubborn old sergeant added, "We wish to see if the Austrians are like the Kabyles." In fact, their point of honour is to charge with the bayonet, and to charge at a swift run. Their activity is incredible; and they have been aptly called "foot cavalry," which is hardly a paradoxical jest like our own time-honoured sneer of "horse marines."

The Zou-Zous have a marvellous capacity for physical endurance. Some black coffee, and a biscuit or piece of hard ammunition bread steeped in it, generally formed their breakfast, and then they were able and willing to march with their very heavy knapsacks a whole day in the broiling sun before dining. A Zouave's knapsack is full of a wonderful variety of articles, and, when in marching order, he actually carries the enormous weight of sixty pounds! But Zou-Zou is not an anchorite; he does not voluntarily endure hunger when he can lawfully, or (as some whisper) even unlawfully,

obtain an appetizing addition to his rations. At Palestro, the Zouaves drolly distinguished themselves, by marching with a pleasing variety of edible prizes secured about their persons. They bore quarters of lamb, immense pieces of raw meat, salad, cabbage, and all kinds of vegetables; upon the shoulder of one was perched an old cock, tied by the foot by way of precaution! All the world knows how omnivorous Zouaves are; and, by way of illustration, we will only mention the astounding fact, that at Solferino they daintily feasted on filets cut from the backs of the horses killed in that tremendous battle!

The Austrians sent some daring spies into the Zouave camp, fully and carefully dressed as Zou-Zous, speaking French, and affecting in all respects the habits and language of the men among whom they treacherously stole. But, as an old soldier observed, "the asses who wear lions' skins are recognised, not by the dress, but by the language." So it was with these Austrian spies. The touchstone which infallibly detected them was the Arab, or rather the Sabir tongue. The Sabir is a dialect used by the Zouaves and the Turcos, and is a singular mixture of French, Italian, Maltese, Spanish, and Arabian. Let us see what the Sabir can do with the wicked hawk who has stolen into the Zouave dovecot, disguised in innocent plumage like their own.

"A spy, dressed as a Zouave, holding his cap behind him, accosts other Zouaves (true ones these). They talk of war, ambuscades, battles; they drink and sing. An old Zouave addresses the spy: 'Didou, camarade, gib el touchran; j'ai laissé mon sipsi dans la gitoun.' This, in Sabir, signifies, 'Comrade, hand me some tobacco; I have forgotten my pipe in the tent.' The spy, surprised, does not reply. 'Enta machache narl el Arabi?' (Dost thou not understand Arabian?) continues the Zouave. The same silence. Suspicions are aroused: the pretended Zouave is closely questioned. He is confused; he confounds Blidah with Orléansville: finally he is seized, and duly shot."

No body of men attracted more notice, on first landing in Italy, than the 3rd Zouaves. Nearly all the officers had risen from the ranks, or, at any rate, all had been sub-officers, and had won their epaulettes and crosses in Africa. The men could reckon a number of years' service, both in Africa and the Crimea. Their flag was in tatters, and tied together with shoemaker's thread.

At Palestro, these 3rd Zouaves performed a brilliant feat of arms. A wounded Zou-Zou subsequently described it most graphically. "We were," said he, "very tranquilly opposite a rivulet; we beheld five or six horsemen upon an eminence; it was said that they must be enemy's hussars, watching us, and the word passed to prepare to have a chat with them. But all in a moment, and without a note of warning, a parcel of bullets, accompanied by a hail of cannon balls, saluted us. The rogues had mounted cannon on the hills, and their tirailleurs skulked in the corn, where one could not see them. Whilst we looked out, the *mitraille*\* mingled

\* "Mitraille," grape shot, with scraps of metal, and all sorts of small missiles.

in the conversation. The colonel saw whence it came by the smoke. The officers turned towards us. 'Eh, Zouaves!' cried they, 'to the cannon!' We leapt in the stream. There was water up to our elbows, and so our cartridge boxes took a bath; we were no longer able to fire a single charge. From the stream to the batteries we had to run about 300 metres. Ah, we already surpass the *pas gymnastique*! The *mitraille* mowed the grass around our feet. In the twinkling of an eye we carried the guns!"

Among the wounded Austrians taken prisoners, was a young man of twenty-two, who had previously studied at Paris five or six years. He fought at Palestro, and when he saw the Zouaves running and leaping with bayonets in advance, he cried, "Comrades! they are Zouaves! We are lost!"

An Austrian officer related that General Jellachich, struck with astonishment at sight of the Zouaves in action, exclaimed, "They are not men, they are tigers!" And then he muttered, "They told me so, but I did not believe it." A good many others of his countrymen had reason to think and speak very much the same. Yet, even among the Zouaves there are some who pre-eminently distinguish themselves by their surpassing activity, daring, and successful valour.

Zou-Zou has a humour of his own even in the heat of battle—grimmiest of all grim humours! Endless anecdotes are told of their strange speeches and stranger deeds in the midst of the storm of battle. Many of these would be painful to our readers, but the following give relief to the stern cruelties of war. Would that the kindly or generous feelings which they record could be displayed on more peaceful scenes!

During a bayonet fight, a Zouave fought against an Austrian, and broke his thigh with a violent butt-end blow; the Austrian, in falling, broke the arm of the Zouave. There they lay side by side, their mutual fury extinguished. The Zouave, who had a smattering of Italian, said to the Austrian, "Thou art brave, and I will not leave thee to die like a dog. I have yet an arm and a pair of good legs, and I will carry thee to the ambulance." He was as good as his word. When he arrived with his burthen, he said to the surgeon-major, "You see, major, that we are on a level; cure us quickly, that we may do our duty afresh." We will add, that the compassion and kindness manifested after a battle by the crewlike fierce Zouaves towards their wounded enemies, is a fine trait in their character. Like our own matchless seamen, the Zouaves are lions whilst the battle rages, and lambs after it is ended.

Here is a touching incident. The day after the battle of Palestro, the Zouaves buried their dead comrades in a great pit dug on a little eminence. When the earth was levelled, they bid adieu, with emotion, to their slain brothers-in-arms. "Comrades!" cried a sergeant, "may God receive you!" 'Tis your turn to day—to morrow it may be ours!" With these simple words the Zou-Zous left their dead brethren to repose on the field of their victory.

And the wounded Zou-Zous, how bear they the

agony of musket ball, or bayonet thrust, or sabre gash, when the excitement of the actual combat is over? When Commandant de Bellefonds, of the Zouaves of the Guard, was wounded at Magenta, his men wished to carry him to the ambulance. "Remain in your place," said he. "Leave me, my friends; I forbid you to remove me: continue to fight." After the Austrians were repulsed, the Zou-Zous sought their brave officer and bore him away. He eventually recovered.

The Zouaves being by far the most popular and brilliant corps in the army, it is considered, both by officers and privates, an absolute privilege to wear their uniform, and both sub and superior officers have been known to refuse to exchange into line regiments even with prospect of higher rank.

Some of the Zouaves were themselves taken prisoners and sent to Vienna, where they attracted extraordinary notice. On their arrival they were surrounded by Hungarian and Polish soldiers, who examined their uniform and criticized their personal appearance with lively curiosity, making each poor Zou-Zou exhibit himself and explain the use of every portion of his equipments—which, it is said, he did with great good humour. By way of contrast to the above, we present the following. A number of Austrian prisoners arrived at Toulouse. A sub-officer of the 3rd Zouaves, whose family lived there, and who was himself *en route* to Paris, happened to be at the railway station when the prisoners arrived, and he recognised three Austrians whom he had made prisoners at the battle of Magenta, where he was wounded by one of them. He now shook hands with his ex-captives, and, having obtained permission to defer his own departure, he took all three home with him, and treated them with the utmost hospitality.

