

**TWELVE MONTHS
WITH THE BASHI-
BAZOUKS**

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Twelve months with the Bashi-Bazouks by Edward Money

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EDWARD MONEY

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BAZOUKS**

Le Bashi-Bazouks

TWELVE MONTHS

WITH

THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

By EDWARD MONEY,

LIEUT.-COLONEL, REGIMENT OF THE ARMY, AND LIEUT. COLONEL BASHI-BAZOUKS.

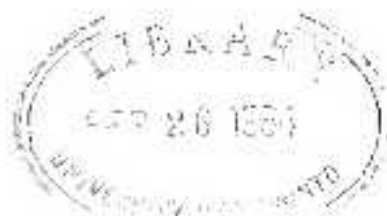
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CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO TURKEY.

I DON'T like a preface to a book. In the first place, if a work of fiction, the fact of impressing on the reader's mind that what follows never did occur, and is merely the result of the author's fertile brain; is, to say the least of it, not the best way to create an interest. Secondly, if, as in this case, it is not fiction but facts to be related, let them speak for themselves, and the book stand or fall by its own merits: no preface ever made a bad work popular; a good one never failed for the want of it. As therefore I feel sure no object will be answered by writing one, I shall not attempt it.

In the month of July 1855, I left England with two of my brothers, to go and see the fall of Sebastopol, which we felt quite sure must occur shortly, and would

perhaps kindly await our arrival to do so. I was in that frame of mind when any change of scene, excitement, or even privation is acceptable—a state brought on either by the *exœui* and satiety a life devoted to pleasure produces, or by great mental grief; the latter was my case, and I flew to the scenes of the war, hoping that, if I could not find employment, I should at least find distraction.

I met my brothers in Paris, *en route* for Marseilles, where we embarked in that splendid French screw steamer, "Le Jourdain," and made a quick passage to the Dardanelles.

The society on board was most agreeable; a pleasant mixture of English and French. An English lady was amongst the number, who was leaving the comforts of home to be near her son in the Crimea, where I afterwards met her and where she stopped a long time. The devotedness of the act struck me as very characteristic of English mothers. We touched at Messina and at the Pireus on our way; we landed at both places, and, of course, from the latter we visited Athens. I will spare the reader a description: I saw nothing that bears on the war, the customs of Turkey, or the Bashi-Bazouks; and as for information regarding the places themselves and their inhabitants, is it not all written, and with much more information than I could bring to bear on the subject, in "Murray's Handbook of Europe"?

On the evening of the day we entered the Straits of

the Dardanelles, I overheard a gentleman, Captain J——, a Queen's messenger, with whom I had become well acquainted on the passage, asking the commander of the steamer to stop at the Dardanelles, as he had despatches to deliver to General Beatson, commanding the Irregular Cavalry at that place. The Captain refused, as it was not one of the ports at which he regularly stopped. He told Captain J—— that he must either take his papers to Constantinople and send them back by post, or else land them at Galipoli and forward them from thence. It seems these despatches—whatever they were, for I never knew—were important, and Captain J—— was much grieved that a delay of two or three days must occur in their delivery, as he knew no one at Galipoli to whom to entrust them.

Though I had come out as an amateur, I was anxious to be something more; and having been in the East India Company's army a few years, I did not think it impossible that, with the want of men then felt in the East, I might get service. I had applied in England for employment in the Turkish Contingent, but was refused, because I had retired from the East India service. I could not see the force of the conclusion; for I was told that, had I retired with a pension, whether from ill-health or other cause, I should be eligible; that is to say, in other words, because I was not obliged by a failing constitution to leave India, and was as strong and well as if I had never seen those burning shores, *ergo*, I was not