

NEW WORKS.

From First Footsteps in Eastern Africa. By R. Burton.

This is a very entertaining narrative of an exploring expedition into Eastern Africa by a party of officers belonging to the East India Company's service. The enterprising travellers obtained admission to the city of Harar, the gates of which place had hitherto been closed against all foreign visitors. The inhabitants of the Eastern portion of Africa thus visited are known as the Somal people, and appear to be a somewhat treacherous and bloodthirsty set, easily, however intimidated.

ATTACK BY NATIVES.

The enemy swarmed like hornets with shouts and screams, intending to terrify, and proving that overwhelming odds were against us: it was by no means easy to avoid in the shades of night, the jolting of javelins, and the long heavy daggers thrown at our legs from under and through the opening of the tent. We three remained together,—Lieutenant Herne knelt by my right, on my left was Lieutenant Speke guarding the entrance, I stood in the centre, having nothing but a sabre. The revolvers were used by my companions with deadly effect: unfortunately there was but one pair. When the fire was exhausted, Lieutenant Herne went to search for his powder-horn, and that failing to find some spears usually tied to the tent-pole. Whilst thus engaged, he saw a man breaking into the rear of our Rowtie, and came back to inform me of the circumstance. At this time, about five minutes after the beginning of the affray, the tent had been almost beaten down, an Arab custom with which we were all familiar; and had we been entangled in its folds, we should have been speared with unpleasant facility. I gave the word for escape, and sallied out, closely followed by Lieutenant Herne, with Lieutenant Speke in the rear. The prospect was not agreeable. About twenty men were kneeling and crouching at the tent entrance, whilst many dusk figures stood further off, or ran about shouting the war-cry or with shouts and blows drove away our camels. Among the enemy were many of our friends and attendants; the coast being open to them, they naturally ran away, firing a few useless shots and receiving a modicum of flesh wounds. After breaking through the mob at the tent entrance, imagining that I saw the form of Lieutenant Stroyan lying upon the sand I cut my way towards it amongst a dozen Somal whose war-clubs worked without mercy, whilst the Balyuz, who was violently pushing me out of the fray, rendered the strokes of my sabre uncertain.

Lieutenant Speke's escape was miraculous.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

On the other hand, Lieutenant Speke's escape was in every way wonderful. Sallying from the tent he levelled his "Dean and Adams" close to an assailant's breast. The pistol refused to revolve. A sharp blow of a war-club upon the chest felled our comrade, who was in the rear and unseen. When he fell, two or three men sprang upon him, pinioned his hands behind, felt him for concealed weapons, an operation to which he submitted in some alarm,—and led him towards the rear, as he supposed to be slaughtered. There, Lieutenant Speke, who could scarcely breathe from the pain of the blow, asked a captor to tie his hand before, instead of behind, and begged a drop of water to relieve his execrating thirst. The savage defended him against a number of the Somal, who came up threatening and brandishing their spears; he brought a cloth for the wounded man to lie upon, and lost no time in procuring a draught of water. Lieutenant Speke remained upon the ground till dawn.—During the interval he witnessed the war-dance of the savages—a scene striking in the extreme. The tallest and largest warriors marched in a ring round the tents and booty, singing, with the deepest and most solemn tones, the song of thanksgiving. At a little distance the gray uncertain light disclosed four or five men, lying desperately hurt, whilst their kinsmen kneaded their limbs, poured water upon their wounds, any placed lumps of dates in their stiffening hands. As day broke, the division of plunder caused angry passions to rise. The dead and dying were abandoned. One party made a rush upon the cattle, and with shouts and yells drove them off towards the wild, some loaded themselves with goods, others fought over pieces of cloth, which they tore with hand and dagger, whilst the disappointed, vociferating with rage, struck at one another and brandished their spears. More than once during these scenes, a panic seized them; they moved off in a body to some distance; and there is little doubt that had our guard struck one blow we might still have won the day. Lieutenant Speke's captor went to seek his own portion of the spoil, when a somal came up and asked in Hindostan, what business the Frank had in their country, and added that he would kill him if a Christian, but spare the life of a brother Moslem. The wounded man replied that he was going to Zanzibar, that he was still a Nazarene, and therefore that the work had better be done at once. The savage laughed and passed on. He was succeeded by

a second, who, equally compassionate, whirled a sword round his head, twice pretended to strike, but returned to the plunder without doing damage. Presently came another manner of assailant. Lieutenant Speke, who had extricated his hands, caught the spear levelled at his breast, but received at the same moment a blow from a club, which, paralyzing his arm, caused him to lose his hold. In defending his heart from a succession of thrusts, he received severe wounds on the back of his hand his right shoulder, and his left thigh.—Pausing a little, the wretch crossed to the other side, and suddenly passed his spear clean through the right leg of the wounded man: the latter, "smelling death," then leapt up, and taking advantage of his assailant's terror, rushed headlong toward the sea. Looking behind him, he avoided the javelin hurled at his back, and had the good fortune to run, without further accident, the gauntlet of a score of missiles. When pursuit was discontinued, he sat down faint from loss of blood upon a sand-hill. Recovering strength by a few minutes rest, he staggered on to the town, where some old women directed him to us. Then, pursuing his way, he fell in with a party sent to seek him, and by their aid reached the craft, having walked and run at least three miles, after receiving eleven wounds, two of which had pierced his thighs. A touching lesson how difficult it is to kill a man in sound health. When the survivors had reached the craft, Yusuf, the captain, armed his men with muskets and spears, landed them near the camp, and ascertained that the enemy, expecting a fresh attack had fled, carrying away our cloth, tobacco, swords and other weapons. The corpse of Lieutenant Stroyan was then brought on board. Our lamented comrade was already stark and cold. A spear had traversed his heart, another had pierced his abdomen, and a frightful gash, apparently of a sword had opened the upper part of his forehead: the body had been bruised with war-clubs, and the thighs showed marks of violence after death. This was the severest affliction that befell us. We had lived together like brothers: Lieutenant Stroyan was a universal favourite, and his sterling qualities of manly courage, physical endurance, and steady perseverance had augured for him a bright career, thus prematurely cut off. Truly melancholy to us was the contrast between the evening when he sat with us full of life and spirits, and the morning when we saw amongst us a livid corpse.

From Mason's Mexico.

A STREET SCENE IN MEXICO.

In front of a gaming house, also, the performances of Indian dancing-girls attract considerable attention. Some of them are but scantily dressed; but this does not appear at all to offend the numerous bystanders. These girls have been familiar with seasons of want and misery, alternated with scenes of glitter and dissipation, from their infancy. The history of one of them would be pitiable in the extreme. Their joyous laughter and smiling grimaces are evidently assumed; one of them glances with ardently longing eyes towards the dish of frijoles and child which has just been borne past; the voice of another seems almost to have failed her from excessive weakness; and a third has been compelled to support herself against a portion of the door, from exhaustion, in the midst of an unusually brilliant feat. But they laugh and sing, and dance and caper—often soarsely, jingling their tamborines and triangles, and the multitudes around care for nothing else, nor once think of the misery and degradation of the wretched performers. A woman, carrying the furniture of half an eating-house about with her, attracts numerous customers, who chose between maize and tortilla cakes, cups of chocolate and soup, platters of wild fowl and turkey, eggs, and ollas. But the boys of the neighbourhood beset her like flies; one urchin has just snatched a handful of maize, for which he has no intention of paying; and his comrade, who has just run away, has overturned a large jar of soup! She cannot follow them, for her whole stock of provisions would vanish the while, but she will be avenged by loud outcries and vociferations; already has she discovered their last movements; and a starting torrent of exclamations and invectives electrifies the throng. Yonder are several groups of thieves selling their stolen goods, at a rate remarkably under the usual prices; but it is all gain to them.—You may know them by their fierce and reckless appearance, and by their downcast and discontented eyes. It cannot be unknown to the police-officers and superintendants who guard the fair, that these articles must have been procured by plunder; yet the knavery is either winked at or deemed unworthy of notice. The eager and designing looks they cast upon the waggoner, who is unloading a large bale of merchandize on the right, and the sympathetic glances they interchange with each other, from time to time, sufficiently show their appetite for plunder. They have a great variety of portable and saleable goods, and meet with numerous and ready purchasers. The assortment of goods belonging to the glass and earthenware merchant proves to be rather curious on examination. There are some stylish-looking wine-glasses, vases, and decanters; but when you take them up and hold them to the light

you see that every one is chipped as well as cut; and the few china ornaments of attractive shapes and colours are, without exception, either cracked or flawed internally. As for other more common crockery, cups, and plates, and water-jugs, not one of the whole collection will hold water. The fellow purchased them as refuse, and vends them as perfect; yet if you state an objection to his wares he scowls upon you most fearfully, and his hand is upon his knife in a moment.

From East India Travels.

A TIGER SLAYER.

The morning after our arrival it was signified to us that there was a large royal tiger in a nullah near the town. This was soon confirmed by the appearance of a native who was preparing to attack it single-handed. The man was short not robust, but compactly made, sinewy and active, having a countenance remarkable for its expression of calm determination. He was entirely naked above the hips, below which he simply wore coarse linen trousers reaching about half way down the thigh. He was armed with a ponderous knife, the blade of which was exceedingly wide and thick, with an edge almost as keen as a razor. On the left arm he bore a small concial shield, about 18 inches in diameter, covered with hide, and studded with brass, having a point of the same metal projecting from the boss. My companions and myself walked with this intrepid little Hindoo to the lair of the sleeping foe. We were the less apprehensive of any personal danger, knowing that the tiger is a very cowardly animal, and seldom makes an open attack; and further that it always prefers attacking a native to a European. We soon reached the nullah and discovered the beautiful beast at the extremity basking in the sun. Its proportions were prodigious. I have never seen one larger. The nullah was narrow, but at the bottom tolerably free from inequalities, so that the area was more than usually favorable for the operations of the undaunted tiger-slayer. As soon as we reached the spot, the man leaped into the hollow, at the same time uttered a shrill cry in order to arouse his enemy from its slumber.—Upon seeing its resolute aggressor slowly advance, the animal raised itself on its fore legs with a terrific howl. As the little Hindoo continued to approach, which he did slowly, and with his dark eyes keenly fixed upon his formidable foe, the tiger rose to its full height, and began to lash its sides furiously with its tail, yet it evidently appeared to be in a state of embarrassment. Still the man advanced deliberately but undauntedly; the uneasiness and rage of the excited beast increased with every step; at length it crouched, evidently with a determination to make its terrific spring. The man suddenly stopped, when the tiger paused, turned upon its head, and, uttering a horrible noise, between a snarl and a howl, made one step forward, and sprang towards its victim, who instantly bent his body, received the animal's paws upon his shield, dashed the knife into its body, and fell under, but almost entirely beyond the extremities of his wounded enemy. The creature turned upon its back, the little Hindoo regained his feet in an instant, striking the prostrate tiger with astonishing quickness and precision, a desperate blow upon the throat which completely severed the windpipe, at the same springing, with the quickness of thought, beyond the reach of the monster's claws. The tiger died almost immediately. When assured that it was positively past doing any more mischief—for it had done much in its time—we descended into the nullah. The gash in the animal's body was terrific. The lower region of the heart has been wounded, and the intestines cut through. By way of a trophy, the victor deliberately skinned his dead enemy, which he soon accomplished, and with great dexterity, and then returned, in the pride of power, with the token of victory upon his shoulders. He obtained from us two or three pagodas, which he considered a most liberal reward of his bravery.

From Eight Years in Jamaica.

THE SNAKES OF THE WEST INDIES.

Depredations are frequently committed along the docks of the estates by a variety of the boa peculiar to this part of America, called the camoony; a snake that takes his prey generally in the water, under which he lurks with his head up, so as to observe without being observed; and when any aquatic fowl is discovered, he steals upon and seizes it. They are of immense size, it is said, in some localities. The largest I have seen was thirty feet long; it had just swallowed a Muscovy duck, which it seized in the middle of a numerous flock, raising such a noise as brought some one to the spot, who saw the snake and gave the alarm. He was shot by repeated fullades, but not before he had gotten the duck into his gullet. The negroes are not afraid of them, and they eat them with great gusto. This one was no sooner floating on the water, without much motion, than the man who owned the prey jumped in and attacked him with a knife, ripping up his throat and stomach; where he found his property only half-way down, and whence he speedily extricated it. In fact, the protuberance caused by the bird was visible from

the bank of the trench. Notwithstanding its great length, this reptile was not thicker than a stout man's leg at the calf. They are darker than the boas of the East, but beautifully marked also with a variety of colours; black, white, and brown. Indeed, I would say from what I have seen, that the venomous snakes are the most revolting in appearance. The blood snake is understood to be of this description; and it resembles strongly an enormous earth-worm, being just of that colour, and usually from four to six feet long. There is another sort, of a deep grass green hue, and of similar length; while the coral snake, from eighteen inches to three feet, glides along among the flowers and shrubs near a house, in the gay colours of scarlet, black, and white, with characterize the substance from which it takes its name. The whip snake is the most familiar with man, being generally found near houses. It is so named from the resemblance it bears to the thong of a whip, and is perfectly innocuous. Some years ago, when in the colony, and visiting a bachelor friend who lived in a retired situation, I was one day reclining on a sofa and reading, the house being perfectly still, and no person nearer than the kitchen, when a snake of this variety moved so silently into the room that he was in the middle of it before I was aware of his presence. He seemed to look for some insects, for I observed him pick up a spider. At last he spied me, and, raising his head, in an instant was coiled up instinctively for defence; but immediately afterwards, when I got on my feet, he retreated with great expedition below the side-board, and contrived to ensconce himself between it and the wall that it was only after detaching it the servants were able to dislodge him. I would not permit them to kill him; and they were both sulky and surprised when he glided rapidly down the outer step and on to the lawn without being assailed by every sort of offensive weapon that might come to hand.

From the paper entitled Journal of a Tour in the Crimea, we select the following account of

A VISIT TO THE RUSSIAN CAMP.

Arrived at the camp of the regiment, we found a most hospitable reception awaiting us, in the shape of a profuse luncheon and an admirable military band, which played outside the hut in which the repast was laid out.—Champagne flowed freely to the healths of our respective sovereigns and their armies, the band playing the noble anthems of each country with equal skill and taste, proving that ours must have been carefully practised, which was but consistent with the general courtesy and kindness and evident wish to please, on the part of the officers who assembled to meet us. They all seemed very young, some very intelligent-looking, and, with one exception, I think spoke French. Some were dressed in the dark green tunic, while others wore the long grey coat, similar to that of the private soldiers, though generally of finer material. This sensible custom is also observed in the Sardinian army, which I am inclined to believe was the first to adopt it, the Russians having used it for the first time on the Danube, whilst the Piedmontese wore it as a protection against the enemy's riflemen in their late campaign in Italy. In a few days our hosts were to commence their long and weary march into the interior, across the dusty arid steppes for many hundred miles; but to a Russian, distance is nothing, and they seemed to think no more of it than we should of a march from Portsmouth to London. The declining sun warned us to hasten our departure, and setting out with a number of the officers who insisted upon escorting us to the extremity of their camps, we returned, greatly pleased with all we had seen; not forgetting to thank our hospitable entertainers. Riding, as I afterwards had occasion frequently to do, among Russian camps, I could not help being struck at their inferiority as compared with those of the French, Sardinians and our own. The huts, soldiers' and officers', are dug out of the ground, and the roofs composed of wattlework, covered with sods and earth, and they are laid out and constructed with little or no attention to order or neatness, thereby forming a most unfavorable contrast to the Piedmontese, whose winter-camps were perfect models of regularity, precision and cleanliness. In the latter point the Russian camps are woefully deficient, and the stench arising in consequence is at times almost overpowering to inexperienced noses. Their field artillery, painted bright green, picked out with black, is parked with extreme regularity in their several camps, each battery consisting of eight pieces.

People oftentimes as they begin to prosper in business, immediately commence spending for luxuries, until in a short time their expenses swallow up more than their income, and they become bankrupt by their ridiculous attempts to keep up appearances and make a sensation in the world.

A Quaker being asked his opinion on phrenology, replied, indignantly, Friend, there can be no good in a science that compels a man to take off his hat!

Duty and inclination should go hand in hand.