THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2.00 IF NOT IN ADVAN;

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Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.
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Columbia, September 6, 1856-tf

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Columbia, May 12, 1860.

TOMATO PILLS.—Extract of Tomatoes; a cathartic and Tonic. For sale at
J. S. DELLETT & SON'S
Dec 3 '59. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

BROOMS.—100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale or Retail, at
H. PFAHLER'S.
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SINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c. For sale at
McCORKLE & DELLETTS
Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall
October 23, 1858.

Patent Steam Wash Boilers.

THE well known Boilers are kept constantly on hand at HENRY PFAHLER'S,
Locust street, opposite the Franklin House.
Columbia, July 18, 1857

Oats for sale by the bushel or larger quantity by
B. F. APPOLD,
Columbia Dec 25, 1858. Canal Basin.

JUST in store, a fresh lot of Breing & Fronfield's celebrated Vegetable Cattle Powder, and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia

Harrison's Columbian Ink.

WHICH is a superior article, permanently black, and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that English Boot Polish.
Columbia, June 9, 1859

On Hand.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup, which will greatly facilitate the process of teething by reducing inflammation, allaying pain, spasmodic action, &c., in very short time. For sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
Sept. 17, 1859. Front street, Columbia.

BREDING & CO'S Russia Salve! This extremely popular remedy for the cure of external ailments is now for sale by
R. WILLIAMS, Front st., Columbia.
sept. 24, 1859.

CISTERN PUMPS.

THE subscriber has a large stock of Cistern Pumps and Rams, to which he calls the attention of the public. He is prepared to put them up for use in a substantial and enduring manner.
H. PFAHLER,
December 12, 1857. Locust street.

Just Received and For Sale,

200 Bbls. Ground Plaster; 50 bbls Extra Family Flour; 25 bbls. No. 1 Lard Oil of best quality; 200 bus. Ground Alum Salt, by
B. F. APPOLD,
March 26, '59. No 1 and 2 Canal Basin.

GRAHAM, or, Bond's Boston Crackers, for Dyspeptics, and Arrow Root Crackers, for invalids and children—new articles in Columbia, at the Family Medicine Store.
April 16, 1859

NEW CROP SEEDLESS RAISINS.

THE best for Pies, Pudding, &c—a fresh supply at
H. SUYDAM'S
Grocery Store, Corner Front and Union sts.
Nov. 19, 1859.

Seedless Raisins!

A LOT of very choice Seedless Raisins, just received at
S. F. EBERLEIN'S
Nov. 19, '59. Grocery Store, No. 71, Locust st.

SHAKER CORN.

JUST received, a first rate lot of Shaker Corn.
H. SUYDAM'S
Grocery Store, corner Front and Union st.
Nov. 26 1859

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—The want of such an article is felt in every family, and now it can be supplied; for mending furniture, chinaware, ornamental work, toys &c., there is nothing superior. We have found it useful in repairing many articles which have been useless for months. You can judge for yourselves. Price 25 cts. For sale at the
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.

A FIRST-RATE article of Dried Beef, and of Ham, can be bought at
EBERLEIN'S Grocery Store,
March 10, 1860. No. 71 Locust street

CHOICE TEAS, Black and Green, of different varieties. A fresh lot just received at
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March 10, 1860. No. 71 Locust street.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, the authorized edition. McClintock. Price $1.50.
Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.—Price $1.25.
Memoirs of Garvasso. Price, 50 cents.
ELIAS BARR & CO.,
Feb. 11. Opposite Court House.

LYON'S PURE CITAWBA BRANDY.—A very superior and genuine article for medicinal purposes.
J. S. DELLETT & CO.,
Feb 11, 1860. Agents for Columbia.

COAL OIL HEADQUARTERS.—Beware of spurious Coal Oil. Owing to the large increase in the consumption of Coal Oil, the market is full of bogus oil. The premium article can always be had at
J. S. DELLETT & CO'S
Feb. 11, '60. Golden Mortar Drug Store.

FOR MAKING SOAP, A superior article of Soda Ash on hand and for sale by
R. WILLIAMS,
March 12 1860. Front street

Selections.

Boggs on the Horse.

I hate horses. From the time I first read, "The horse is a noble and useful animal," my youthful scepticism merged into an unconquerable dislike for that useful and noble animal. I have endeavored to overcome my repugnance from a deference to popular opinion, and have not succeeded.—I have made peaceful overtures to their indignant "manes," which have been scornfully rejected. Falling back on my natural principles, I hate horses, and am confident the feeling—like most indefinable dislikes—is reciprocal.

I very much doubt whether horses were ever intended for the use of mankind. The Aztecs, a highly intelligent race of people, now unhappily extinct, held the nugatory opinion. I believe the mythological fable of the Centaur to be simply a figurative satire upon a barbarous custom, and the incidents connected with the fall of Troy I have ever looked upon as a typical judgement.

I never could ride, but have always envied good riders. It was, however, when I imagined it to be an accomplishment within the range of human acquirement. I am now fully convinced that some men are born riders, as others are born poets, and that a knowledge of equilibrio possessed by the meanest member of the profession, and instinctive in monkeys, is all that is required. If I formerly envied, I now pity such men, and place them on an intellectual level with Mons. Caribmari, who suspends his ridiculous anatomy from a perpendicular pole.

Barring that silly stuff about Pegasus, I do not think horses can be considered poetically. Byron, who sung their praises, on the authority of Lady Blessington, was a snob and cockney in this equine practice; I never heard that Shakspere—whom, you remember, extolled Adonis' horse like a jockey—was a rider; and that absurd individual who wanted but an "Arab steed" as a preliminary to feats of great valor and renown, was, I shrewdly suspect, some low horse-thief or highwayman.

Conscious of this, I might go down to my grave, satisfied with myself and the world, but for a solitary incident embittering the past—an event that never recurs to me without a sigh, a flushed cheek, an accelerated pulse, and a glance at these four white walls of my bachelor apartment as I think how they might once have been changed for the purple hangings of Hymen.

I loved Kate Trotter; and why? Was it that small classical head with little round curls clustering over her alabaster forehead, like purple grapes over a marble wall; that complexion, chaste and delicate as the flush of some pink-dyed shell; the frank, daring eye, and lithe, sinuous figure, graceful and indolent as a Spanish poem? None of these, though each and all might have melted the heart of an anchorite; but simply because she could ride! Alas! following the magnetic affinity of opposite poles, I loved her for the existence of those qualities which I myself lacked.

We walked and talked together. Our tastes, with one exception, were mutual.—We talked of books and poetry, and by degrees our theme merged insensibly into the one passionate principle from which the charm of song and minstrelsy had sprung As a neighbor of the Trotters, my visits were not remarkable; and recognizing blandly the prejudices of the paternal Trotter, and gossiping with the maternal Trotter, and suffering the society of the fraternal Trotter—who, gracefully assuming the claims of relationship, borrowed my money and smoked my cigars—I became the admirer of Kate Trotter.

They were happy, blissful days. To sit with her under the friendly shade of the Trotter portico, her soft white hand supporting her dimpled cheek, and her straying curls made darker and glossier by the contrast, to hear her sweet contralto voice melting with pathos, or swelling with every line of the spirited page she read, was happiness too ecstatic for duration. I felt it so, and knew that fate was preparing for me a crusher.

For there were moments when my joy was tinged with an indefinable dread. It was when I have watched her, with girlish glee petting and bullying a little agile pony, in my eyes a fiend incarnate, but which she persisted in styling her "bonny Bess."—She always became her equestrian habit, and, omitting the ungraceful masculine headpiece, she wore a charming little affair, all fur and feathers, with a grace peculiarly her own. It was a pleasant part of a stroll to doff my hat to her in some shady lane in return for the graceful wave of her riding whip, and turn and watch the fleeting, graceful figure as she rode by.

It was shortly after meeting her on one of these occasions, that I fixed upon a fatal resolve.

I began to practice equitation secretly. I bought me a horse warranted kind and gentle, He was quite meek and obliging when I bought him, but under my gentle treatment, the innate devil, which I firmly believe animates these brutes to a greater or less degree in proportion to their subjection, gradually developed itself. By dint of hard practice I managed to get up a show of confidence I was far from feeling, and soon became habituated to the dizziness which a mount to the saddle invariably occasioned. I then practiced equestrian exercises at the lonely hours of twilight, in unfrequented and sequestered by-roads. My ingenious companion at such times being too lazy to be actively vicious, assumed a quiet obstinacy which never deserted him. So I soon discovered that, with far-seeing equine penetration, he had fathomed the character of his rider and cherished for him a suitable contempt. An unlooked-for event interrupted my experience. It was just after nightfall, after a month's such practice—jogging homeward to the inflexible trot of my noble brute—that I was startled by the rapid clattering of hoofs along the lonely road, and bending all my energies to guiding my horse to the roadside, I looked up just in time to catch the happy glance of Kate's bright eyes, and felt the electrical thrill of her riding dress as she brushed by me.

Well, my secret was out—discerned by her, too, from whom I most wished it concealed. In vain I met the difficulty boldly; and when Kate rallied me on what she called my solitary and selfish amusement, I calmly alluded to the necessity of regular and limited exercise, as ordered by my physician. Alas! a few days afterward I received a delicately written epistle, in Kate's own dear little hand, inviting me to join a select party of equestrians to the neighboring town of Pumpkinville on the next Sunday afternoon.

I knew what that "select party" meant. It was papa Trotter, mamma Trotter, and Tom Trotter—in whose sublime creation an admirable horse-jockey had been spoiled—and a certain Captain Echellon, of the dragoons, who was disagreeably friendly to Kate, I thought, and a good rider. In the first feeling of mortification which accompanied the perusal of this note, I thought of declining—excuses, indisposition, &c., as I eagerly compared my own unskillfulness with those practiced riders.

Then I half changed my mind. I looked from my window, where my sagacious friend was cropping the tall grass, and reflected that after all he was not such a bad looking animal; that I had him (partly) under subjection. Then I flattered myself that my unskillfulness might be overlooked, and resolutely set myself against any unnecessary display. Latterly, I thought of Kate. That last was a fruitful subject. I looked forward to the dim future of to-morrow, and saw only myself and Kate riding side by side down a pleasant shadowy lane. We were alone, save the sighing winds and the whispering of leafy boughs; her bridle hanging loosely upon her arm, my hand clasping hers. Heaven knows how far away I might have wandered; but I was awakened from a blissful dream, in which Kate reclining in my arms, those ravishing curls nestling in my bosom, and that dear little hat hanging over my shoulder, by the Trotter courier, who requested an answer.—Seizing my pen, I hurriedly indited a few irrevocable lines, accepting the invitation, and sealed my destiny forever.

I slept well that night; they say that doomed culprits usually do on the night preceding the fatal day; and I have heard my friend Trigger aver that he has been awakened by his second from a most blissful repose for the morning's conflict. I ate my breakfast and mid-day meal calmly, and bestowing a little extra care on my toilet in view of my reflections of the preceding day (thirty years ago I did not call it vanity,) at the appointed hour I mounted my steed and set out for the Trotters'.

It must have been that my beast wanted exercise, for he actually exhibited considerable animation in that short ride. It was therefore, with a feeling of redoubled assurance that I entered the courtyard where the company were already assembled. I had no eyes for aught but Kate. She looked supremely beautiful. A light blue boddice clasped her lovely waist (as well it might,) from which a black riding skirt fell in graceful folds. I even cast an approving glance on "Bonnie Bess," so had the proximity of her lovely mistress beautified her. We rode out: Trotter, senior and junior, taking the lead; the Captain, who mounted a superb black charger, looking, as I thought, diabolically self-possessed and satisfied; and lastly—blissful arrangement—Kate and myself.

My pen falters at the bare recollection.—As we emerged from that gate, sir, Kate by my side and the gallant Captain before me, my infernal beast stopped! I attempted to urge him on, but to no purpose. Crimson with shame, I frantically applied my whip to his insensible shoulders. He did not move. I might as well have bestrode a whipping post. He stood there, grim, impassive, immovable as the nightmare, only he was a dreadful fact! I dismounted and the cavalcade halted, my own Kate among them, and eyed me, I felt, critically. I remounted him, and a like scene ensued. I looked appealingly at the elder Trotter.

"He won't go?" said that venerable parent, inquiringly.

"Staky!" said Master Tom.

"Perhaps Mr. Boggs had better let Miss Trotter lead him!" said somebody. I looked at Captain Echellon—that gentleman was busy in fixing his stirrup, just then, but our eyes met, and we knew we were deadly rivals henceforth and forever.

"Oh, papa! papa! I've just thought of it—it would be a pity to lose any of our company—let Mr. Boggs have Selim; do, pa!" and the dear girl made up an enchanting mouth which might have softened the heart of a chancery lawyer.

The old gentleman eyed me dubiously for a moment, and a half-intelligent half-suspicious glance passed from father to son as the latter proceeded to obey the paternal command.

In the meantime I proceeded to extricate my beast from Miss Trotter's geraniums, among which he had been impelled by his extraordinary voracity, which was one of his least objectionable qualities—and had silently and sadly removed the saddle, when Master Tom reappeared leading my intended charger.

I looked at him anxiously. I know nothing of the points of a horse, and detest the mention of such details as flank, fetlock, pastern, gambrel, &c. I did not look at anything but his face, and as I looked I made up my mind to lose a leg or an arm for Miss Trotter. His eyes had a dim, forge-like glow, and revolved in eccentric orbits, with occasional white flashes of heat-lightning, but with a fixed expression of deviltry that their wanderings could not conceal.—"He was gay," said Master Tom; "feels his oats, and you have but to hold his head up and let him slide." I mounted him carefully, Master Tom holding his head, and he acknowledged the act by a sinuous, snake-like contraction of the dorsal muscles, which at once had the effect of destroying whatever preconception I might have had of the solidity of the saddle. I then followed my charmer out of the gate with the solemnity of a chief mourner. We had not proceeded many rods before the exuberant gayety of Selim manifested itself with most marked and painful distinctness. First he proceeded up the road sideways, occasionally preferring the green path to the dusty road; then he displayed the most charming hesitation, backing from Trotter senior to Trotter junior; then he persisted in carrying his head up and his tail down, and then changing his mind he surveyed the road, backward, from between his fore-legs.

It was a hot day. I at least suppose so, for the perspiration rolled down my cheeks as I worked away at my cursed brute.—Kate directed a few words to me, in hope, dear girl, to change the current of my thoughts; but I had no devotion for anything but the vicious quadruped beneath me. She finally joined the Captain ahead.—Master Tom attended me, occasionally issuing orders as to "holding his head," and "giving him the spur," and otherwise "putting it to him," but he soon rode forward, and I was left alone with my four-footed devil. Whatever love I might have had for the dear girl who placed me in this diabolical situation, had vanished when I mounted the malevolent Selim.

So I watched her retreating figure with a dogged feeling of dislike, and saw her bending to the gallant Captain's compliments. Then my fear grew wrath, and my wrath waxed fierce.

I dashed my spurs into the sides of the revolting beast, who acknowledged the act by two or three bounds, which brought my heart to my throat and my head between his ears; and Kate—oh, Kate!—turning back, looked at me and laughed! Had it been a smile, a tender smile, such as love may wear—had it been arch or playful—but a laugh at such a moment, a distinct, palpable grin, an audible cachination, was too much for my excited nerves.

I had the remembrance of that laugh in my "mind's eye" long after she and her companions had disappeared at the entrance of the green lane which led to the pleasant town of Pumpkinville. I and Selim were alone.

I checked him gently, and walked along the green sod, my mind occupied with horrid thoughts of vengeance on the Captain, and incomprehensible hatred for Kate. Perhaps the stillness of the warm summer air and the absence of embarrassing spectators caused me to make a last attempt at gaining the mastery of my quadrupedal enemy. To go back I could not; to go forward in my present condition, was impossible; and so, gathering the reins and the remnant of my self-possession, I braced myself for a final struggle.

I sunk the spur into his flank rowel deep, at the same moment bringing down the whip over his haunches. He balanced himself for a single instant on his hind legs, gave a sickening leap, and the next moment was off like a sky-rocket.

The first shock threw me forward on his neck, and grasping his mane with both hands, I dropped the hollow mockery of a whip, and clung to him as the shipwrecked mariner clings to a tossing spar. The stones flew from the track and the fences twinkled by us as the clattering hoofs trampled down the road. I had no control over him, but I was prepared for the worst.

But, oh! not such a denouement! We had already rushed into the wooded lane with the speed of an express train, which was momentarily increasing, for the reckless combination of bone and sinew beneath me was beginning to "feel his oats" with a vengeance.

Not far ahead of us the Captain and Kate were riding together. The road was narrow, scarcely permitting two to ride abreast, and was fenced to keep out the rank underbrush. I comprehended the danger instantly, but was powerless to help it; my shout would not have been heard in time, and I was too much exhausted for a protracted effort of any kind. They did not hear me till we were upon them! I saw the Captain hurriedly rein in his steed, and his placid, self-satisfied expression gave way to a look of alarm. I saw the blood depart from poor Kate's cheek and her happy smile vanish as she urged her Bonnie Bess forward. I remember experiencing a wicked satisfaction as Selim and I dashed down upon the gallant Captain. The shock was terrific! The Captain was a good rider, his steed a gallant one; but Selim "felt his oats," and down they went, rider and horse, at my resistless charge, and Selim, with a neigh like a trumpet call, sped onward.—And now I was Kate's side. Bonnie Bess was doing her best, but I swept past them. There was a momentary struggle; I felt myself entangled in the folds of Kate's riding skirt. My heart grew sick as the poor girl was almost dragged from the saddle as she clung in terror to her pony's mane; but, thank God! strings are fragile and hooks and eyes will break, and I shot ahead at last with the poor thing's riding skirt fluttering entire—a trophy of victory—from my dangling stirrup!

I had expected a fatal termination to this day's mishaps; and after this last catastrophe I looked upon death—utter annihilation—as a welcome relief. I was destined to another mortal shame, however; for as Selim and I, with unabated speed, entered the long street of Pumpkinville, I heard a faint familiar voice imploring me to stop.—I looked around, and—oh! why didn't the earth open a terrible pitfall in my cursed brute's track?—there was Kate, poor Kate, scarce a length behind me, Bonnie Bess putting her best foot foremost and perfectly uncontrollable, with her blushing mistress cowering over her mane, and striving, oh! how vainly, to cover her pretty ankles with her all-too-abbreviated—well, I must say it—petticoat.

Church had just been dismissed, and the youth, beauty and fashion of Pumpkinville, lounged down its one broad street. The Rev. Jedediah Higgins, his wife and six lovely daughters, were standing at the church door; the parson engaged in post-sermonial explanation, the daughters consoling themselves for three hours' past vacuity by the most violent flirtation with youthful Pumpkinvillians. I closed my eyes as I swept by the sacred edifice, and wished myself quietly "inurned" in one of the grassy vaults beside it. I dared not look at Kate, but oh, they did!

The Pumpkinville hotel affords entertainment for man and beast. There were a number of both species scattered about its vicinity. I remember papa and mamma Trotter rushing out frantically as we dashed up to the horse trough at the door. I am not quite certain, but I think I won the race down the Pumpkinville road about a length. I remember nothing more until I was found the next morning lying in my bed—drunk.

I was some time recovering. When I got able to be out, I found a challenge from Captain Echellon lying on my table. Unless some person connected with the establishment has removed it, it lies there yet.

I never saw Kate afterward.

I have not ridden since.

Ten years after, walking down Broadway, my attention was attracted by a crowd of people standing around an omnibus that blocked up the thoroughfare. Making my way through the crowd, I found that one of the horses had been vicious and uncontrollable, and had now persistently refused to budge an inch. He was a wicked looking brute, standing over the omnibus pole, surveying the crowd with a dogged look, while two men were engaged in beating him over the head with clubs. I think some foolish persons endeavored to interfere.—Why did I suddenly dash forward, seize the weapon from the assailant's hand, and myself frantically break it over the animal's devilish forehead? In that moment, sir, I saw only retribution and my old never-to-be-forgotten enemy and blaster of all my happiness on earth, the incorrigible Selim! I was avenged!

Snakes I Have Met.

If there is anything in the world of which I entertain a deep-rooted hatred and an uncontrolable dread, that object undoubtedly is a snake, and next to a snake, anything in the shape of a lizard, scorpion, toad, or other reptile; nevertheless, it seems to have been decreed that from my earliest infancy upwards, I should be doomed to be exposed to perpetual encounters and adventures with these loathsome creepers upon the earth. The first clear, tangible object that fixed itself upon my memory—I could have been very little more than two years old at the time of the occurrence—was a hideous cobra coiling itself under the pillow of my Indian nurse, who slept on a mat on the floor; and the first word I could distinctly articulate was "*Pamboo*," (tamul-snake,) with which cry, and pointing with my finger, I drew attention to the unwelcome intruder, and forthwith got him dispatched. Then a long blank intervenes, reaching over nearly three years; after which my adventures may be termed legion. The next incident relating to reptiles which I can recall to mind is connected with my brother Bill—who was older than myself—and a small white scorpion. Bill had been trying to unlock a large padlock on the fowl house; and being unsuccessful, poked his little finger into the keyhole, and immediately, to my immense astonishment and amusement, performed a most extraordinary dance round the yard, accompanying the same by the most hideous howls, contortions and grimaces. But I had no idea at the moment, of course, that he had been stung by a venomous reptile.

One very heavy monsoon at Madras, when the rain had swollen the river to such an extent that it flooded the country for miles around, I was standing in the billiard-room surveying the dreary aspect out of the windows, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the moribund groans of a frog, and turning round, I saw a huge snake under the billiard-table in the very act of engorging it. Sliding in at the opposite door was Mrs. Cobra and her young family, driving before them some wretched little frogs, which were vainly endeavoring to escape from their relentless pursuers. One bound on to the billiard-table, and another off it, and into the veranda, cleared me of my disagreeable neighbors; but, before nightfall that day, twenty-seven snakes of all descriptions and sizes were killed in that billiard-room by the servants. The waters rose so high that every house in Madras suffered from a perfect visitation of reptiles, and not only reptiles, but jackals and birds, sought an asylum in the homes of men, with bandicoots, rats, scorpions—in short, sufficient reptile material to fit a very decent museum of natural history.

I was sitting in a traveler's bungalow once at a place called Ootagherry, between Madras and the Malabar coast, and my friend was sitting near the door, so as to catch as much daylight as possible, reading some work from the little library with which government and voluntary contributions furnish those bungalows. Suddenly, I perceived that a large snake had coiled itself round the back of his chair, and was poking its head between his arms and his body, as though seeking for some other hold. For a moment I was paralyzed, and the next the snake had shifted its search, and was rapidly coiling round the young officer's neck.—At the same instant a servant made his appearance opposite the door, and got so frightened that he fell to the ground in a fainting fit, My friend was luckily a man of immense nerve and great presence of mind; he saw at a glance that his only chance was to remain as still as a statue; the slightest move would have alarmed the snake, and then nothing could have saved him. I, on my part, sat motionless, with my heart frozen through and through. In a very few seconds, fortunately, the servant and palkee-bearers returned from the *tope*, where they had been having their curry and rice, and the noise of their approach alarmed the snake (then coiled round and round the body of S——) so much that it unwrapped itself rapidly, and slid as rapidly away to its hole. S—— fainted instantly he found himself safe; and my anxiety had been so intense that I felt ill for many days afterwards. On relating this adventure to Major W——, whom we met at the very next station, he told us one of his own serpent experiences.

"I commanded," said the Major, "the detachment of foot-artillery stationed in the fort at Masulipatam—a horrid place, as you know, gentlemen, for any Christian to be quartered. Mrs. W—— was just recovering from a severe illness, and, for the first time for many a day, was able to join me at the tiffin-table. Most fortunately I was on a garrison court-martial that day, and had my sword hanging by its belt to the chair-back. Our bungalow was a tiled one, with no intervening platform or other roof; and suddenly there dropped upon the table between us an immense cobra, who had been most likely hunting for squirrels' nests amongst the conical tiles. Raising its hooded head, and hissing horribly, the reptile threatened alternately to dart at one or the other of us, its venomed fangs protruding a full inch. As for Mrs. W——, she had fallen back in her chair perfectly unconscious; and never for a second removing my eye from the snake's, I gradually unsheathed my sword, and suddenly bounding aside at the same instant, severed its head from its body. It was a hairbreadth escape, I can assure you, for both of us."

Some time afterwards, I was residing at Chittoor, in North-Arcot, and there was a little detached store-house or *go-down*, as they are called, where I kept my supply of beer and other European luxuries. I always kept the key of this place myself, and one morning, as was my wont, went in to get out some articles for the day. The door was the only place of ingress or egress, and the go-down, which was thatched with palm-leaves, could not boast of a single window, darkness being a requisite in those hot countries for that kind of store house. What I required took me to the very further extremity of the room from the door, and I was just stooping down to select what I wanted, when I heard a tremendous flop behind me, and then a scuffle. Turning round I saw a cobra and a rat having a regular pitched battle. The cobra had been after the rat's young ones, and the infuriated mother was thirsting for revenge. Though much alarmed for my own safety—for I had no means of escape without passing the cobra—I soon became intensely interested in the combat. At first, the rat fought with the greatest caution, hopping from side to side with remarkable agility, and avoiding the poisoned fangs of the cobra; at last, however, the snake—which in the interval had received many severe bites—stung his adversary, and then the rat, apparently aware that its case was now hopeless, grew reckless, and closed in with its opponent.—In less than two minutes it succeeded in killing the snake, and then crawling aside upon some straw, the victor died, apparantly in the greatest agony.

I had another illustration of the enmity existing between rats and snakes, many years afterwards in Syria. I had sat up late reading a file of the *Times* newspaper; the servants had all been in bed for hours, and when I withdrew to my own, it wanted only a few hours till daylight. As I closed my bedroom door, I was startled by a tussling under a chest of drawers close by, and the next instant a rat darted out, followed by a huge black snake, and these two set to work fighting right against the door. In my alarm, I upset the chair on which I had placed the candle, and found myself at once in utter darkness, locked in with a snake and a ferocious rat. To jump upon my bed was the work of an instant, and loudly did I bellow for assistance out of the window. I might as well have called to the winds to aid me. I had neither match nor weapon of defence save a bolster, and the room was so dark that I could not distinguish my own hand though held close before my nose.—When the scuffle ceased, I expected every instant to feel the horrid clammy snake twisting itself round my legs, and in that unenviable anticipation, I remained three long hours, till broad daylight relieved me of my fears, and I found both combatants dead before the door.

I have never, in all my experience, found snakes to be the aggressors, unless you get them into a *cul de sac*, or during their period of breeding. Then the cobra is indeed terrible, and I was chased by one at Tellicherry for nearly half an hour, escaping the brute only by doubling quickly around until I stumbled over a stout bamboo, armed with which weapon I soon dispatched it. At the best of time, it is nervous work coming to close quarters with the cobra: one false aim and you are a dead man. People have a notion that the green snake of India—which is certainly a pretty specimen, if any thing in the shape of a snake can be pretty—is harmless; I can prove to the contrary. One day I saw a beautiful mango bird dangling from a bough of a bamboo-bush; the glare was intense, and I wore blue spectacles, for which reason, perhaps, I could not well distinguish the cause of the phenomenon, and supposing it to have been trapped by some wile, I seized the bird as a great prize, for I was making a collection to bring home with me. In a second afterwards the glass of my right eye spectacle was shattered to pieces, and I hardly recovered from my amazement, when the snake, disappointed of his aim, wriggled off into the thickest of the bush. The glasses saved my eye and my life, for the poor mango-bird was riddled through and through the head, from one eye to the other, and every atom of brain had been abstracted. They are dainty gentlemen, some of these snakes, and I was well acquainted with one that preferred turkeys' eggs for his breakfast to any other. I used to watch my turkeys as they strayed about the grounds and mark their nests, leaving them undisturbed until they began to set. One hen had fixed upon a myrtle bush, round which she used to flutter and scream every day, poking her stupid looking head out in so strange a fashion that I was once induced to watch her. No sooner had she deposited her egg than a cobra made his appearance, and with the greatest dexterity sucked the egg. With greater wisdom than the fabled destroyer of the goose and the golden eggs, the cobra spared the turkey to supply his dainty breakfast.

But if the reader wishes to study the natural history of reptiles to perfection, I recommend him to live a month or two at Bang-kok, in Siam. He will have the satisfaction, when he wakes of a morning, to see a snake peeping out of a hole in each corner of the room, and two or three little ones amusing themselves at hide-and-seek on the floor. If he looks up at the ceiling, he will perceive a specimen of the lizard tribe, called the *Toquay*—from its peculiar cry—a lizard that looks as if it was afflicted with leprosy, and which has the astonishing faculty of throwing itself ten yards across from one upright wall to another. If he carry his inclination for study still further, he can investigate the mysteries of a Siamese stew, and find alligator the chief ingredient. He will find ample opportunity of collecting out of his soup-plate, tea-cup, wine-glass, or the hair of his head, or from off the back of his hand, specimens of the mosquito-fly, ant, green-bug, grasshopper-bug, vulgus, earwig, flea, in all the diversified branches of each genus. Nor when the fatigues of day are over, and he dons his slippers for ease and comfort, need he be surprised to find a scorpion in one, and a centipede in the other, while a colony of white ants are investigating the merits of literature in his book-case.

How Apes Catch Crabs.

In "Frank Wildman's Adventures" is the following amusing account of the manner of catching crabs practiced by apes:

"At length they reached the boundary of the former settlement—a dry sandy soil and strip of beach, where all vegetation ceased, and only a single tall pandanus tree, whose roots were thickly interlaced with creeping plants, formed as it were the advanced post of the vegetable kingdom. Behind this they crawled along, and cautiously raising their heads, they saw several apes, at a distance of two or three hundred paces, some of whom were looking for something as they walked up and down the beach, while others