

## A SLEEP OF HORROR.

The following extract, from a stirring volume published abroad, presents us with a truly thrilling description of a sleep among serpents at Turtle or Snake Island. The hero of the scene is a sailor, who, with his companions, were preparing to leave, but could not finish a sail they were fitting. He says:

"We worked hard, and being bunglers, much of the work had to be done over again three or four times. We were, however, pretty near the end of the job when an adventure befell me, the recollection of which, reproduced in dreams, often makes me start up in bed in a cold sweat of terror. I have seen it told, not quite correctly, in a popular periodical, probably by some who had heard it directly or indirectly from me. It thus fell out: The sail, a lug-sail did not set well, I having, or believing I had, more knowledge of the subject than the others, remained by the boat whilst my mates returned to the ship, turned in, and made themselves comfortable. I worked till I had thoroughly wearied myself, for the Southern night, with its glorious moon and patines of splendid stars, was brilliant as the day, though cold for the clime, a chill wind having set in immediately after sunset. This, with, no doubt, the work I was engaged in—cutting and stitching the sail—did not induce warmth, so that I partook more freely than it was my want to do of the excellent brandy I had provided myself with. At all events, tired, vexed—for I could not so set the sail as to bend it on ship-shape—and perhaps more than half seas over, (I was not an abstemious man in those days) I lay down just under the lee of the boat, took a few pulls at the brandy-flask, and dropped off to sleep. Sleep! yes, the sleep of devils! Frightful, horrible dreams oppressed me. I was stifled, crushed with night-mare. That was the impression on my half-unconscious mind. At last I fully awoke. Good God! the icy chill which ran through my veins when I, by brilliant moonlight, discerned the cause of the night-mare which was stifling me. The fetid, horrible smell of serpents was in my nostrils, and I saw that two cobras, one the largest I had ever seen, were lying on my breast—where they had no doubt crept for warmth—twined together, and being quite motionless, were, I judged, asleep. To stir, to awake them, was certain death. In less than an hour, if I was bitten ever so lightly, I should be a mass of corruption. Paralyzed, fainting with fear, I lay perfectly still, but feeling that the dreadful suspense could not be long endured; that I must soon start up and cast off the horrible reptiles at any risk. They were evidently asleep, and might be flung to a distance before being able to make use of their fatal fangs. But, merciful God! they begin to stir, to wriggle from each other. I am lost! Ha! is that the snapping, chirping bark of our pet mongooses (ichneumons) which alarm the reptiles. Let me explain. A mongoose is the natural enemy of snakes, and in a combat with one is sure to be victor. The bite of the snake produces but a momentary effect upon the little animal—appears to make it giddy for a few moments, when it seems to recover itself by eating some herb growing amongst the grass. This, however, is a disputed point. However it may be, the mongoose swiftly returns to the attack, and the snake, as I am told, is invariably killed. The Island furnishes ichneumons almost as plentifully as snakes. Lafranc and Dupont managed to tame and domesticate three of them—not a very difficult task—knowing that none of the serpent tribe will approach where they are or have been recently, no more than a cock-roach will venture out of its hole, where a hedgehog keeps watch and ward. Our ichneumons were special favorites of mine, and they scenting the serpents and missing me and the evening meal I always provided for them, were coming to the rescue. Yes, by Heaven! the quick ears of the serpents have recognized the rapid approach of the dreaded mongooses; their horrible snake glances glow with fear and rage, their hoods dilate as they untwist themselves, glide off me in the hope of escape, but finding that impossible, turn to fight. The ichneumons desire nothing better. They spring upon the serpents, bite them on the back part of the head, and carry on the battle, of which I am a delighted spectator, with a spirit, a cheerful chirrupy vigor, which is, I feel, though I have never actually witnessed such a combat before, a sure augury of success. The battle is not a protracted one—the snakes are dead, and my pets, running after and leaping up at me, appear to know they

have rescued me from death, and will have in reward an even more plentiful supper than usual. They are not mistaken. Our French friends and my fellows were excited by the incident, which had, however, so happily terminated; and, for my part, I was not myself again for several days, I never slept in the open air again."

## TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.

During the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat and liver are perhaps the most frequent sufferers.

The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body, they are not in great mass, like the trunk, but extended enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides they are near the damp, cold earth.

For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We men wear upon our legs in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body at least six. Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various coublings, furnishes several more—then over all, thick, padded furs; while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and cogestion of the liver. Yesterday one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes pumbety-bump, my heart goes bumbety-bump." I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the head and chest must have an excessive quantity. So they go 'bumbety-bump' and so they must go, until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year, I leave Boston for a bit of tour before the lyceums—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather, men may wear, in addition to their usual drawers, a pair of chamois-skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs, of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat."

"My dear madame, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two, or three pairs of warm woolen stockings, and thick, warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently, that you would derive temporarily from a warm foot-bath."

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India-rubber cemented upon the foot sole will do much to keep the bottom of your feet dry and warm.—[Dio Lewis, M. D.]

**TRIAL OF RIFLES.**—A very interesting trial of rifles took place, Saturday afternoon, at Flatbush, the object being to test the merits of Col. Berdan's new breech-loader, in competition with the best rifles now in use. The trial drew a large company of experts, amongst whom were a number of American and English army, and ordnance officers.

Col. Berdan's new rifle, is the Springfield rifled musket converted into a breech-loader. He claims for it, that by the use of a new form of cartridge, invented by him, it becomes equal or superior to any other rifle known for low-range firing, while by using a modified cartridge, it is rendered the most effective weapon in existence for short-range or valley firing.

The gun has once before, been publicly tested at Utica, in competition with the well known telescopic rifle of Mr. James, who, after a thorough trial, admitted its superiority at long range to his. In order that none of the gunshod would owe anything to superiority of marksmanship, a stranger to all parties was brought upon the ground by one of the ordnance officers present, and was intrusted with the aiming, and firing of them all. The target, three quarters of a mile distant, was fairly struck by the Berdan rifle seven times out of twenty shots. Sharp's, Whitworth's and Wesley Richard's rifles were then tried without success, owing in part perhaps, to the high wind which prevailed, and which affected the balls used in these guns more than those employed by Col. Berdan.

A test was then made of the penetrating power of the rifles, upon a target composed of thirty-two 1-inch boards, fixed in a frame, one behind the other, with intervals of one inch between, with the following results:

The Enfield regulation rifle penetrated.....	16 in.
Steeves's breech-loading carbine.....	14½ in.
Whitworth.....	26 in.
Mount Storm Enfield (breech-loader).....	15½ in.
Clark's patent target rifle.....	18½ in.
Swiss federal target.....	15 in.
Sharp's.....	18 in.
Springfield regulation.....	17½ in.
Berdan's carbine.....	26½ in.
Berdan's infantry rifle.....	31 in.

The Withworth rifle was afterward tried with one of Berdan's cartridges, and penetrated 32 inches; the target, however, had by this time been much splintered and weakened.

The new rifle was then taken to a point two hundred yards distant from the target, and fired with the short-range cartridge, containing three round balls. The target was struck with great accuracy, the balls spreading in every instance so as to cover a space of about five feet. This experiment seemed to strike the military men present, with surprise. The same gun which had proved itself the most accurate at long-range, was shown to be equally sure and deadly in volley firing at short-range. One officer pronounced it the very perfection of ball and buck firing.

The gun is simple in construction, light and economical, and seems to be what is claimed for it by the inventor; and while fully equal at long-range to the Whitworth, which in the hands of rebel sharpshooters has proved so fatal to our best officers, it may be loaded and fired as rapidly as any other breech-loader, and at the same time is most effective in the hands of ordinary infantry at close range.—[N. Y. Tribune, Nov., 14th.]

**A BOY WITH WONDERFUL POWERS.**—The people of Herkimer listened, last Monday evening, with the greatest delight and surprise, to the recitation of Master Dudley Waller, the "Infant Orator," and never have we seen so great enthusiasm created by the presence of any individual in our place as was manifested on this occasion: Master Dudley, though only eight years of age, professes the highest gifts and powers of the elocutionist, and that, too not as the result of training, but as the endowments of nature.

Nature herself has made him a master of the art. His power over an audience is wonderful, alternately compelling tears, and convulsing with laughter. We have seen him hold an audience in a breathless suspense, which became really painful. Besides, Master Dudley is a wonder in himself, possessing, as we believe, powers of mind unequalled in our nation. He has committed fifteen hundred themes, embracing among them orations, lectures, addresses, and prose and poetry from nearly all authors, and such is his power of memory that he never has recourse to the written pieces again, but recalls them at leisure, and gives them without any hesitation.

We were present with him each day previous to his recitations here, and at Ilion, and we found him gleefully engaged in play and sport up to the last, and then go before an audience, and thrill them for over an hour with the most difficult recitations. At four years of age he recited "Robert Emmet's Defense" to an overcrowded house at Cooper Institute, and at the age of five, he committed the whole of "Pope's Essay on Man." On the whole, we take him to be the most wonderful person to whom we have ever listened, and only regret that his stay among us was so short.—[Utica, (N. Y.) Morning Herald, Sept., 22.]

**THE UPPER AMAZON.**—The Lima Tiempo of October 27, says:

The most flattering news has been received from the district of the Amazonas. The Peruvian steamers, which have been built in England, in purpose for the navigation of the Amazon, and its affluents, have fulfilled their mission, having all entered into the Amazon at Para, and thence penetrated into the large tributaries whose waters augment those of the king of rivers. These Peruvian steamers, of very light draught, came up the Pachitea, one of the great tributaries of the Amazon, as far as to be only a distance of twenty leagues from the German settlement Pozuzu. This is a very important occurrence, and of the greatest transcendence to the commerce of the whole world. The reports coming from the Peruvian establishments at the Amazon are very promising. An active trade is going on in cochinitas, cotton, coffee, and other in tropical articles. The opening of the Amazon will doubtless be attended by

the most happy results, and will benefit the whole of mankind.

## A COUNTRY LAWYER AND HIS CITY FRIEND.

Five-and-twenty years ago, when the Western region was sparsely settled, when the country, bar-room was the place of common resort, and before those old-fashioned bar-room stories and songs had yielded to the gossip now generally heard in every drinking saloon, there was a certain set of good humored free-and-easy individuals, whose custom it was to "for gather at the inn" of old—, in Ellicottville, Cattaraugus County, N. Y. State. Conspicuous among the set was Counselor G—, whose rough yet ready wit had spread his fame throughout all that region of country. Another member was a gentleman whom we will call X—. These, with others, whiled away many a winter evening, telling stories, smoking pipes, and quaffing mugs of hot flip, a "fluid" now almost forgotten.

But time separated this jolly company as it does others, and subsequent history of the Counselor and worthy Mr. X. were as diverse as their fortunes. G. plodded on with his "Capiasis" at Ellicottville, X. in due time became engaged in respectable duties in Buffalo.

Legal business, at distant intervals, called the lawyer to Buffalo, and he was of course glad to see his old friend, but X., engrossed in business, or for reasons of his own, had not much time to talk over old times, and without intending it, probably, gave him the cold shoulder. The man of law noted this indifference, and possessing in wit, what the other did in rhino, determined to ascertain whether X. really meant to cut him or not. Meeting him in the street next day, he said:

"X., my old friend, how d'you?"  
"Well, very well; how are you?"  
"I say, X., I've noticed several times lately that you have rather avoided me than otherwise. I ain't going to stand any such gammon."

"Why, what—?"  
"We used to be mighty good friends up in Ellicottville, and I don't know why we should not be here."

"But, my dear sir—"

"Oh, it's no use talking; just go in here now and treat, as you used to."

"Why, I've just had my breakfast, and don't want anything, besides, I am in a hurry to get to my business; but I'll treat if you want me to."

"Well, let's go in."

And they entered a small "one-horse grocery," where the "cheap and nasty" was dealt out by the small quantity. X. gave a nod to the "mixer" behind the bar, and said:

"Just give my friend here some beer, and what crackers and cheese he wants, and charge it to me." Turning to G., he remarked: "You must excuse me; now, I've a great many things to attend to, and I can't stay here any longer." After which he left.

"Well, if that isn't cool," says G., "then I'm no judge. Having dispassionately imbibed his beer, he stopped a moment to consider."

"I say bar-keeper."

"What'll you have sir?"

"Have you plenty of crackers and cheese?"

"Yes sir."

"How much will the cheese weigh?"

"About sixty pounds apiece."

"Full sixty?"

"Sixty, and no mistake."

Well, just send over to the Farmer's Hotel, where I stop, four of these cheeses, and three barrels of crackers, and charge them to Mr. X., will you?

You heard him say I was to have what crackers and cheese I wanted?"

"Yes sir."

"And send them down soon, because I expect my team'll be there in a little time, and I shall want them all ready."

"Certainly sir."

The four cheeses and the three barrels of crackers were sent down, and in the course of time Mr. X. was presented with a bill for the same, which he paid, confessing at the same time, that although rather expensive, the joke was nevertheless a good one. He never afterwards gave the cold shoulder to Counselor G.

—A place for "woman's rights."—In Idaho, if a woman becomes dissatisfied with her husband or finds some one she likes better, she states the case to the President of the mining district where they reside; he calls a miners' meeting; they untie the matrimonial knot and she is at liberty to take whomsoever she pleases, in case she can get him.—[Am. Flag.]

—A woman in Chicago struck her son for some misdemeanor while he was eating, and he choked to death.