

Then the boa let its prey fall, descended the tree, and prepared to swallow what it had slain. This last operation was much too lengthy for us to await its end. To simplify matters, I sent a ball into the boa's head.

Then the Indians took the snake-skin to dry (buccaneer) it, and the skin for daggersheaths; and the wild boar, instead of being engorged by a serpent, was cooked and eaten by Christians. One day an Indian surprised one of these reptiles asleep, after he had swallowed an enormous doe-deer. Its size was such that a buffalo-cart would have been necessary to transport it to the village. The Indian cut it in pieces, and contented himself with as much as he could carry off. M. de la Gironiere sent for the remainder. They brought me a piece about eight feet long, and so large that the skin, when dried, enveloped the tallest man like a cloak. I gave it to a friend. The lord of Jala-Jala had not yet seen any of these largest sized serpents, when, one afternoon, crossing the mountains with two of his shepherds, his attention was drawn to the barking of dogs, who seemed to be assailing some animal that stood upon its defence. He at first thought it was a buffalo, and approached the spot with due caution. The sight he beheld was a very strange one, particularly striking to European imaginations.

My dogs were dispersed along the brink of a deep ravine, in which was an enormous boa. The monster raised his head to a height of five or six feet, directing it from one edge to the other of the ravine, menacing his assailants with his forked tongue; but the dogs more active than he was, easily avoided his attacks. My first impulse was to shoot him, but then it occurred to me to take him alive and send him to France. Assuredly he would have been the most monstrous boa that had ever been seen there. To carry out my design, we manufactured nooses of cane strong enough to resist the most powerful wild buffalo. With great precaution, we succeeded in passing one of our nooses round the boa's neck; then we tied him tightly to a tree, in such a manner as to keep his head at its usual height—about six feet from the ground. This done, we crossed the other side of the ravine, and threw another noose over him, which we secured like the first. When he felt himself thus fixed at both ends, he coiled and writhed, and grappled several little trees which grew within his reach along the edge of the ravine. Unluckily for him, everything yielded to his efforts; he tore up the young trees by the roots, broke off the branches, and dislodged enormous stones, round which he sought in vain to obtain the hold or point of resistance he needed. The nooses were strong, and withstood his most furious efforts. To convey an animal like this, several buffaloes and a whole system of cordage were necessary. Night approached; confident in our nooses, we left the place, proposing to return next morning and complete the capture; but we reckoned without our host. In the night the boa changed his tactics, got his body round some huge blocks of basalt, and finally succeeded in breaking his bonds and getting clear off.

Human beings rarely fall a prey to these big reptiles. M. de la Gironiere heard various stories from the Indians, of men being killed and swallowed by them; but Indian stories are not to be implicitly credited, and he was unable to verify more than one instance—that of a malefactor who hid from justice in a cavern. His father visited him, occasionally, to supply him with food. One day he found, in place of his son, an enormous boa, sleeping. He killed it, and found his son in its stomach. The poor wretch had been surprised in the night, crushed to death, and swallowed. Upon the whole, however, the boa is one of the least terrible of the Philippine serpents. There are small ones whose bite proves mortal within a few hours. Of an exceedingly venomous description is one which the Indians call *dejon-palay* (leaf of rice.) Burning with a hot ember is the only antidote to its bite; if that is not promptly resorted to, horrible sufferings are followed by certain death. The *alin-morani* is another sort, eight or ten feet long, and, if anything, more dangerous still than the 'rice-leaf,' inasmuch as its bite is deeper, and more difficult to cauterise. Although so much abroad in forests and mountain, and taking few precautions, M. de la Gironiere was never bitten. He tells us of some narrow escapes. Once he trod upon a *dejon-palay*. I was warned by a movement under my foot. I pressed hard with that leg, and saw the snake's little head stretching out to bite me on the ankle; fortunately my foot was on him at so short a distance from his head, that he could not get at me; I drew my dagger and cut off his head. On another occasion, I noticed two eagles rising and falling like arrows amongst the bushes, always at the same place. Curious to see what manner of animal they were attack-

ing, I approached the place; but no sooner had I done so, than an enormous *alin-morani* furious with the wounds the eagles had inflicted on him, advanced to meet me. I retreated; he coiled himself up, gave a spring, and almost caught me on the face. By an inverse movement, I made a spring backwards, and avoided him; but I took care not to turn my back and run, for then I should have been lost. The serpent returned to the charge, bounding towards me; I again avoided him, and was trying, but in vain, to reach him with the edge of my dagger, when an Indian, who perceived me from a distance, ran with a bough of a tree, and rid me of him.—*Blackwood.*

CRANMER.

From D'Aubigne's Fifth Volume.

As Wolsey's star was disappearing in the West in the midst of stormy clouds, another was rising in the East, to point out the way to save Britain. Men, like stars, appear on the horizon at the command of God.

On his return from Woodstock to Greenwich, Henry stopped full of anxiety at Waltham in Essex. His attendants were lodged in the houses of the neighbourhood. Fox, the almoner, and Secretary Gardiner, were quartered on a gentleman named Cressy, at Waltham Abbey. When supper was announced Gardiner and Fox were surprised to see an old friend enter the room; it was Thomas Cranmer, a Cambridge doctor. "What! is it you?" they said, "and how came you here?" "Our host's wife is my relation," replied Cranmer, "and as the epidemic is raging at Cambridge, I brought home a friend's sons, who are under my care." As this new personage is destined to play an important part in the history of the Reformation, it may be worth our while to interrupt our narrative, and give a particular account of him.

Cranmer was descended from an ancient family, which came into England, as is generally believed, with the Conqueror. He was born at Aslacton in Nottinghamshire, on the 2d of July, 1489, six years after Luther.—His early education had been very much neglected; his tutor, an ignorant and severe priest, had taught him little else than penitently to endure severe chastisement—a knowledge destined to be very useful to him in after life. His father was an honest country gentleman, who cared for little besides hunting, racing, and military sports. At this school the son soon learned to ride, to handle the bow and sword, to fish and to hawk, and he never entirely neglected these exercises, which he thought essential to his health.—Thomas Cranmer was fond of walking, of the charms of nature, and of solitary meditations; and a hill, near his father's mansion, used often to be shown where he was wont to sit, gazing on the fertile country at his feet, fixing his eyes on the distant spires, listening with melancholy pleasure to the chimes of the bells, and indulging in sweet contemplations. About 1504, he was sent to Cambridge, where "barbarism still prevailed," says an historian. His plain, noble, and modest air conciliated the affections of many, and in 1510 he was elected fellow of Jesus College. Possessing a tender heart, he became attached, at the age of twenty-three, to a young person of good birth. (says Fox,) or of inferior rank, as other writers assert. Cranmer was unwilling to imitate the disorderly lives of his fellow students, and although marriage would necessarily close the career of honors, he married the young lady, resigning his fellowship (in conformity with the regulations) and took a modest lodging at the Dolphin. He then began to study earnestly the most remarkable writings of the times, polishing, as it has been said, his old asperity on the productions of Erasmus, of Lefevre, of Etaples, and other great authors; every day his crude understanding received new brilliancy. He then began to teach in Buckingham (afterward Magdalene College,) and thus provided for his wants.

His lessons excited the admiration of enlightened men, and the anger of obscure ones, who disdainfully called him (because of the inn at which he lodged) *the Hostler*. "This name became him well," said Fuller, for in his lessons he roughly rubbed the backs of the triars, and famously curried the hides of the lazy priests." His wife dying a year after his marriage, Cranmer was re-elected Fellow of his old College, and the first writing of Luther having appeared, he said "I must know on which side the truth lies. There is only one infallible source, the Scriptures; in them I will seek for God's truth." And for three years he constantly studied the Holy Books, without commentary, without human theology, and hence he gained the name of the *Scripturalist*. At last his eyes were opened; he saw the mysterious bond which unites all Biblical revelations, and understood the completeness of God's design. Then, without forsaking the Scriptures,

he studied all kinds of authors. He was a slow reader, but a close observer; he never opened a book without having a pen in his hand. He did not take up with any particular party or age; but possessing a free and philosophic mind, he weighed all opinions in the balance of his judgment, taking the Bible for his standard.

Honors soon came upon him; he was made successively Doctor of Divinity, Professor, University Preacher and Examiner. He used to say to the candidates for the ministry: "Christ sendeth his hearers to the Scriptures, and not to the Church," "But," replied the monks, "they are so difficult."—"Explain the obscure passages by those which are clear," rejoined the professor, "Scripture by Scripture. Seek, pray, and he who has the key of David will open them to you." The monks affrighted, at this task, withdrew, bursting with anger; and ere long Cranmer's name was a name of dread in every convent. Some however submitted to the labor, and one of them, Dr. Barrett, blessed God that the Examiner had turned him back; "for," said he, "I found the knowledge of God in the Holy Book he compelled me to study." Cranmer toiled at the same work as Latimer, Stafford and Bilney.

THE ELECTRIC LADY.—During the last year (says a German paper) a new phenomenon in electricity has come to light in Vienna, Austria. A lady on the evening of the 25th of January, 1852, became so highly charged with electricity as to give out vivid electric sparks from the end of each finger to the face of each of the company present. She was constantly charged, and giving off electric sparks to every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious, as she could not touch the stove or any other metallic substance without first giving off an electric spark, with the consequent twinge. The state most favorable to this phenomenon was an atmosphere of about eighty degrees Fahrenheit, moderate exercise, and social enjoyment. It disappeared in an atmosphere approaching zero, and under the debilitating effects of fear. When seated by the stove, reading, with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or four a minute, and under the most favorable circumstances, a spark that could be seen, and felt, passing every second. She could also charge others in the same way, when insulated, who could then give sparks to others. To make it satisfactory that her dress did not produce it, it was changed to cotton and woollen, without altering the phenomenon. The lady is about thirty, of sedentary pursuits, and a delicate state of health, having for two years previous suffered from acute rheumatism, and neuralgic affections, with peculiar symptoms.

THE DEAD WIFE.—In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, She who is busied, so unwearily—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her clay. You stand beside her grave and think of the past; it seems an amber-colored pathway where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwillingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty, and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that so often laid upon your bosom, now rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that ministered so untiringly are folded, white and cold beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulder now; no speaking face to look up in the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur—'Oh, it is too sad!' There is so strange a hush in every room! No smile to greet you at night-fall—and the clock strikes and ticks!—It was sweet music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words and deeds registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is in a happier world, but feel that she is often by your side, an angel presence. Cherish these emotions; they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she loved you. Be tender of her memory.

If Satan reigns by means of an ignorant idolatry, he reigns by means of a corrupt refinement, also.