L. D. Teackle

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BY G. W. CALLAHAN.

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TERMS:

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SOME MARVELLOUS THINGS RECORDED BY THE ANCIENTS.

Writing Elephants.—Cœlius Rhodiginus says, that elephants have been sometimes known to write.

Large Tortoises.—Diodorus Siculas tells us, that the tortoises in the India Sea are so large that people sail in their shells on the rivers, even as well as in little cockboats.

A Bull changing his color like the camelleon.—Macrobius describes a wonderful bull in the city of Hermynta, that the people worshipped, which changed its color every hour of the day.

Large Ants.—Rhodiur says, the ants in India are larger than foxes.

Men whose hearts have been covered with hair.—Pliny tells us that men have been found with their hearts rough or hairy, and he that hath it so is a valiant man, and stoutly disposed, as was experienced in the dissection of Aristomenes, who, with his own hand, slew three hundred Lacedemonians in one battle.

Some men walk after their heads are cut off.—Averoe de Med, saith that he saw a poor unfortunate patient, who, having his head taken off, walked to and fro, for a small while, in sight of all the people. It is also written of Dyonysius Acropagita, that, after his head was smitten off, he walked certain paces. Some say it was a league and more from the place of his execution. St. Denys did the same.

A man losing fifty-seven years of his life by sleep.—Pliny tells of Epimenides, the Gnostic, who, when a boy, being wearied of heat and travel, laid himself down in a certain cave, and there slept fifty-seven years, then waxening, he very much marvelled (like a modern Rip Van Winkle) at the great changes he observed in this world.

People living to two hundred years.—Pliny says that there is a race of Indians, inhabiting certain valleys, who live to the age of two hundred; that, when young, their hair is white, but blackens as they grow old. Sir John Sinclair speaks of a *too* salubrious valley, which people are obliged to move *from*, for fear of living forever.

Men with dogs' heads, tails, and fountains of liquid gold.—Pliny tells of men in India with dogs' heads; others with only one leg, though perfect Achilles for swiftness of foot; of a nation of pigmies; of some who lived by the smell; of tribes who had only one eye, in their forehead; and of some whose ears hung down to the ground. Ctesias, as cited by Phosius, talks of fountains of liquid gold, and of men with tails in India—true, we ought to remember, that Fernando Alarchon, a Spanish voyager, of undoubted credit, saw men with tails on the coast of California, and that several others have seen them with dogs' heads. Nonboddo rejoiced at this testimony, although Alarchon tells us that these tails were discovered to be fictitious: and we are also assured, that the dog-headed men were found to wear vizards. As to the fountains of gold, the Indian legends say so metaphorically, and so they are credited as real.

A Serpent one hundred and twenty feet long.—Valerius Maximus says, that the artillery of Regulus, in Africa, had to contend with, and at length killed, such a serpent, by stoning him. The serpent's hide was sent to Rome.

Man born laughing.—Pliny says, that Zoroaster laughed the same day wherein he was born; and that the brain of this young philosopher so panted and beat that it would raise up the hands of those who laid them on his head, and which Pliny pronounces an excellent presage of the great learning Zoroaster afterwards attained to.

Five hundred thousand wild beasts killed in the Colosseum.—Historians say, that on the first day of the opening of the Colosseum, at Rome, Titus produced five hundred thousand wild beasts, which were killed in the arena.

Colossal Bones.—St. Augustine tells us, that he found on the sea shore, near Utica, a fossal human tooth, which was a hundred times the size of the tooth of any person living. Pliny says, that by an earthquake in Crete, a part of a mountain was opened, which discovered a skeleton sixteen or twenty feet long, supposed to be that of Orion. At a much later period, Kircher tells us of a skeleton dug up near Rome, which, by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of Pallas, (slain by Tarnus,) and was higher than the walls of the city. The same author tells us, that another skeleton was found near Palermo, that must have belonged to a man four hundred feet high! Another Polyphemus, we suppose.

Among the Organic Remains found in the Marl pits of Lucas Benners, Esq., in Craven county, North Carolina, are the following:

"Several pits have been dug, some of them to the depth of 25 feet below the surface of the earth, and ten feet below the present surface of the river. In the course of these excavations a great variety of interesting organic remains has been found, consisting of sea shells, bones and teeth of fishes, and the bones of land animals of prodigious size. Mr. B. mentions that the following is the order in which these remains have been found:—1st. Sharks' teeth, and the fragments of bones of marine fishes mingled with sea shells. 2d. Teeth, horns, hoofs, ribs, vertebræ, &c. of quadrupeds that inhabited the land, mingled with sea shells of great variety. These remains of land animals are found at the depth of from 20 to 25 feet below the surface of the earth. Among them are recognized with certainty the teeth of the great mastodon, (Mastodon giganteum of Cuvier,) the hoofs, horns, and vertebræ of an elk of great size, and the teeth of an animal supposed to be the hyena.

"That was certainly a strange world in which such animals as these browsed and prowled; and, it might seem, scarcely compatible with the co-existence of man in his rude state, armed only with the bow and the club."

THE CHASSEUR ANTS AND THEIR PREY.

From Mrs. Carmichael's Domestic Manners and Society in the West Indies.

One morning my attention was arrested at Laurel Hill, (Trinidad,) by a number of black birds whose appearance was foreign to me—they were smaller, but not unlike an English crow, and were perched on a calabash tree near the kitchen. I asked D——, who at that moment came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many black birds. She said, "Misses, dem be a sign of the blessing of God—dey are not de blessing, but only the sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Misses, you'll see afore noon time, how dem ants will come and clar de houses." At this moment I was called to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of D——'s, I paid no further attention to it. In about two hours after this I observed an uncommon number of chasseur ants crawling about the floor of the room; my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table, where their legs did not communicate with the floor.

They did not crawl upon any person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this the walls of the room became covered by them, and next, they began to take possession of the tables and chairs; I now thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied, and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship, for, had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the step of the stair, but they were not near so numerous as in the room we had left; but the upper room presented a singular spectacle; for not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cock-roach, but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur-ants, as if trained for battle, ascended in regular thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cock-roaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of the cock-roaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cock-roaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed it all to their store-house. The windward windows of the room were glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and the jack-spaniards on the panes of glass. The jack-spaniard may be called the wasp of the West Indies: it is twice as large as a British wasp, and its sting is in proportion more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack-spaniards were not quite such easy prey, for they used their wings, which not one cock-roach had attempted. Two jack-spaniards, hotly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit still and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivably short space of time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two jack-spaniards, and crawled down again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm. From this room I went to the adjoining bed-chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chasseurs. I opened a large military chest of linens, which had been much infested; for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters; I found the ants already inside; I suppose that they must have got in at some opening in the hinges. I pulled out the linens on the floor, and with them hundreds of cock-roaches, not one of which escaped.

We now left the house and went to the chambers, built at a little distance; but these were also in the same state. I next proceeded to open a store-room at the other end of the house, for a place of retreat; but to get the key I had to return to the under room, where the battle was now more hot than ever; the ants had commenced an attack upon the rats and mice, and, strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them, as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of strength that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one mouse or rat escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off during a very short period.

We next tried the kitcken—for the store-room and boy's pantry were already occupied, but the kitchen was equally the field of battle, between rats, mice, cock-roaches, and ants killing them. A huckster negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said—"Ah, Misses, you have got the blessing of God to-day, and a great blessing it be to get such a cleaning." I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants, and about 12 the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock the great strife commenced with the rats and mice; and about three the house was cleared. In a quarter of an hour more the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors, but the grass round the house was full of them; and they seemed now feasting on the remnant of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests—and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the blackbirds, who had never been long absent from the calabash and pois deux trees in the neighborhood, darted down among them and destroyed by millions those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock the whole was over; before sundown the negro houses were cleared out in the same way—and they told me they had seen the black-birds hovering about the almond-trees close to the negro houses as early as seven in the morning. I never saw those black birds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen but at such times.

WORTHY SENTIMENTS.

"This is an agreeable world after all.—If we could only bring ourselves to look at the objects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where we before beheld deformity, and listen to harmony where we could before hear nothing but discord. To be sure there is a great deal of anxiety and vexation to meet—we cannot expect to sail upon a summer sea forever; yet if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm, as to avoid the quicksands, and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one grand family; we are all travelling the same road, and we shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same free air, we are subject to the same emotions: we live on the same bounty, and we shall all lie down on the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming then that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend—it is not right that neighbor should injure neighbor.—We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half of the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence; let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to the tale of scandal;—breathe the spirit of charity from our lips; and from our hearts let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as from a fountain;—so the 'Golden Age' will become no fiction, and the 'Island of the Blessed' bloom in more than Hesperian beauty."

WANTS OF THE AGES.

It is man's destiny to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes, but prepares the unsatiated soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep, and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of these very excellent things, than he begins whimpering, or yelling, it may be, for the other. At three the young urchin becomes enamored of sugar plums, apple pies and confectionary. At six his imagination runs upon kites, marbles, and tops, and abundance of playtime. At ten the boy wants to leave school, and have nothing to do but to go a bird-nesting and blackberry-hunting. At fifteen he wants a beard and a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At twenty he wishes to cut a figure and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks into dandyism, and sometimes into poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it: about this time also he dabbles in politics and wants office. At fifty he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensable. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business, with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousand; to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.—*N. Y. Traveller.*

From the London Court Journal.

THE BATHS OF TŒPLITZ.

JULY 18th, 1833.

One of the most striking features of German life, is the universal mania that pervades every class of society for the pleasures of a watering place. The *Curzeit* (the curious season, as it is emphatically called) has the same effect upon the system of town life throughout Germany, as the prorogation of Parliament and the grouse season upon the fashionable circles of our own metropolis; it is the signal for a general migration. At present every capital in Germany is literally deserted. The statesman leaves his *chancellerie;* the diplomatist throws aside his *portfueille;* the rich banker of Frankford or Leipsic quits his country house; the soldier his gloomy garrison; the professor his academic chair; the student his college; and even the artisan his workshop. One and all take flight to some of the beautiful watering places with which Germany is studded. During the three summer months all that is *distingue* in the country may be found busy in the pursuit of health or dissipation, either at Tœplitz, Baden Baden, Carlsban, Pyrmont, Baden Schwalbach, Ems, and Wisbaden. Pleasure and festivity are the order of the day. State ceremony and titled *hauteur* are laid aside, and all ranks are seen mingled at the ball, the concert, the *salon*, and the wells. The Prince and the *marchande* stake their money at the same roulette table; a princess may be seen taking her donkey rides on the mountain side, delighted with her humble *monture;* and sometimes a Sovereign Duke seated at the same table with one of his own subjects, and not of the highest class. The whole machinery of amusement has received the most complete organization, and affords all that can gratify the follies and enjoyment of luxurious and refined indulgence. Viennese actors, Parisian cooks, Berlinese prima donnas, Frankfort money-lenders, Swiss watch-makers, Tyrolean glovers, Italian jugglers, *vouturiers* and donkey men, dancing masters and *couturieres*, blacklegs and mistresses, all assembled for the laudable purpose of "victimizing" the votaries of pleasure and dissipation during the short season. Add to this the daily arrival of visiters from every part almost of Europe; the variety of equipage, costume and national physiognomy; the crowded promenades, the tables, the balls, the concerts, the *fetes champetres* and the theatres, and you may then, perhaps, be able to form some faint idea of a German watering place.

Tœplitz, whence I now write, is, *sans contradiction*, the most ultra-fashionable "*place de Bains*" in Germany. It vies with Baden Baden in the picturesque beauty and variety of its scenery, and greatly surpasses it in the composition of its company. The town is elegantly built, the houses large and spacious, and remarkable for their cleanliness, while the palace of Prince Clary, the sole proprietor of the place, gives it an *ensemble* of grandeur, which, by one not over fastidious, might be styled imposing. The baths are all of white marble. The most fashionable are those of the King of Prussia and Prince Clary. So high is the temperature of the water, that it is exposed for a day to the action of the open air before you can use it. Its medicinal qualities, I am told, are, by the faculty, considered superior to those of Wisbaden and Aix-la-Chapelle.

And now for the '*Mores Loci.*' You rise about seven. The use of the bath is generally followed by the more luxurious part of the visiters, by a siesta. After breakfast comes a lounge in the bazaar, or a stroll through the town till dinner time. At three o'clock, a sumptuous repast is served up in the Grand Salon, situated in a large garden. There are other refectories in the town, for the place is built in that accommodating way, that you may regulate your expense at pleasure. But I would certainly advise all those who are fond of good society, to dine at the *Garden Salon*. The company consists of the highest nobility; Hungarian magnates, Russian Princes, Polish Palatines, Bohemian and Austrian Counts,—all attended by their heydoes in splendid uniforms, which greatly heightens the interest of the scene. The dinner combines all the various excellences of the French and German schools of gastronomy, prepared by first rate *artists*. In fact, every sense is here gratified to the utmost.—The eye feasts on a blaze of female loveliness; the palate revels on the richest wines of Hungary, Germany, and France; and as you sip your Tokay or your Johanisberg, the ear is delighted with the delicious strains of a band, such as only Bohemia can produce. After dinner you take a drive to some of the neighboring villages, or lounge in the park which is laid out in the English style. The evening amusements are balls, concerts, and the usual attraction of the gaming tables. In fact, every thing is regulated on the most noble footing. The society is, as I have already said, '*Aristocratique on n'y peut plus,*' and distinguished by the most fascinating polish of exterior, and exquisite refinement of mind and manner.

The country about Tœplitz is a perfect paradise, and studded with noblemen's seats, which, during the summer months, are the residence of all the Bohemian *noblesse*.—Some of these seats are splendid, and would stand a comparison with any thing of the kind that England can produce, particularly the Castles of Ravinitz, Fisenberg, and Pastilberg. The first belongs to Prince Schwarteenberg. The country abounds with game. The *battues*, in the season, I am told, are glorious; besides the more noble and exciting sport of boar hunting.

Tœplitz is, at present, literally crowded to an overflow. The ex-monarch, Charles X. has been here for some weeks; but he lives in a state of perfect seclusion. Not so his grandson, the young Duc de Bordeaux. He is daily seen in all the fashionable promenades. He is a tall slender youth, delicate, with a fine intelligent expression of countenance. They say he is passionately fond of military exercises. The ex Royal Family are very poor, and constantly embarrassed by their creditors, who, it appears, are going to institute legal proceedings against them in the Austrian Courts.

FEMALE TACT AND COURAGE.

The editor of the New York Register, having recently visited the lunatic asylum at Hudson, relates the following anecdote: A professional gentleman of some distinction, of giant size and great strength, who could fell a man with a blow, escaped from his room, and on his way through the entry, fell in with another gentleman, in the same state of mental alienation, and proposed to him that they should make a tour through the Union together. He said he would draw on the United States Bank in the city of New York for $100,000; he would draw on the bank in Philadelphia for half that sum, and on the branches in one or two other cities for the same amount; and they would procure the necessary vehicles, and make an excursion through all the United States. The proposal was agreed to readily, by the afflicted gentleman addressed, with the utmost pleasure and confidence as to its execution. The keepers became alarmed by the determination manifested, and on their interference with their further progress, the athletic gentleman insisted upon it, that a positive contract had been made in the matter, and it could not be broken. The keepers, knowing his strength, and apprehending it would be no light affair to grapple with it, sent for Dr. White.

The lady who manages the interior department, seeing the alarming state of things, and the firm purpose of both gentlemen to escape, walked up politely to the largest one and asked him for his arm; to this his gallantry soon yielded, and after walking off a little way with him, she remarked that he had never given her a history of his interesting family, which she was quite desirous of hearing.

This took with him, and she proposed accompanying him up to his room, and hearing an account from his own lips of his wife and children. They accordingly ascended the stairs together, she entering the room on his arm. Here she seated herself, and he commenced the narration. In a few moments the doctor arrived, and despatched her little daughter to call her mother. The child went up with haste, and told her the doctor wanted her immediately. She politely apologised for leaving him a few moments, and proposed that the story would be resumed on her return. This, of course, was acceded to, and she left the room and closed the door behind her, which, being fastened with a spring lock, effectually secured him in his apartment, and ended the alarming difficulty.

The Post-master of Orangeburg, S. C. writing to the editor of the Charleston Mercury, says, that Major Barry has made an attempt to turn him out, but nobody will take the appointment; and after making divers complaints of the Post Master General's own short-comings, he adds, that unless Major Barry resigns, he intends to *continue* in office himself, maugre the whole Kitchen Cabinet; and he signs himself—"*John A. Taylor, Post Master, in spite of 'em.*"

A Bad Memory.—A village pedagogue in despair with a stupid boy, pointed at the letter A and asked him if he knew it. "Yes, sir." "Well, what is it?" "I knows him very well by sight, sir, but rot me if I can remember his name."

From the Fredericksburg Arena.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

We need hardly tell our readers, that we have been uniform and very decided in our opposition to Gen. Jackson; that we did what we could to prevent his election and re-election; that we have condemned many of the measures of his administration; and that we shall, probably, continue to say hard things of him as occasion offers. We take not the less pleasure, however, in giving publicity, for the first time, to an anecdote, which reflects signal honor upon General Jackson, and indeed upon the American character. The authenticity of the story is unquestionable—We heard it from a gentleman of distinguished literary eminence, whose writings have placed him among the first of living authors, and of whom any country might be, as his own is, justly proud. It was related in a company, of whom was another distinguished individual, now representing his country abroad, but, at the time to which the anecdote refers, holding a situation near the person of its hero, which enabled him to bear testimony, from personal knowledge, to its truth.

In the year 1824, our informant met, at the table of General Sir George Airey, many distinguished Englishmen, then in Paris. The conversation turned on the pending Presidential election, and fears were expressed that, should General Jackson be elected, the amicable relations between the two countries might be endangered, in consequence of his implacable hostility to England, and his high-handed exercise of power, as evinced during his command at New Orleans. The necessity, on the part of our informant, of replying to these observations, was superseded by the prompt and generous outbreak of one of the guests—Col. Thornton, of the 85th—an officer well-known for his rank and gallant character, and whose regiment suffered severely in the attack of the 8th of January. He testified, in the handsomest terms, to the conduct of General Jackson, as an able and faithful commander on that occasion, and declared, that, had he not used the power confided to him in the "high-handed" way alluded to, New Orleans would infallibly have been captured. As to the charge of implacable hostility, Col. Thornton declared that, in all the intercourse, by flag or otherwise, between the hostile commanders, General Jackson had been peculiarly courteous and humane, and, to support this assertion, begged leave to mention one circumstance. He then proceeded to state, that, on the day after the attack, the British were permitted to bury their dead, lying behind a certain line a hundred or two yards in advance of General Jackson's entrenchments—all within that line being buried by the Americans themselves. As soon as this melancholy duty was performed, the British General was surprised at receiving a flag, with the swords, epauletts and watches of the officers who had fallen, and a note from General Jackson, couched in the most courteous language, saying that one pair of epauletts was still missing, but that diligent search was making, and when found it should be sent in. These articles—always considered fair objects of plunder—were rescued by General Jackson, and thus handed over, with a request that they might be transmitted to the relatives of the gallant officers to whom they had belonged.

This anecdote, and the frank and soldier-like style in which it was given, turned the whole current of feeling in favor of the General, and drew forth an expression of applause from all parts of the table. "For myself," said our informant, "I felt a flush on my cheek, and a thrill of pride through my bosom, and in my heart I thanked the old General for proving, by this chivalrous act, that the defenders of our country were above the sordid feelings of mercenary warfare."

Nothing galls the national pride of a true blue Scot more than the liberties that have been taken with that article of the Union, which expressly declared, that Britain should be the only recognised designation of the United Kingdoms of Scotland and England. The King of England, the English Embassador, the English Army, the English Fleet, &c. are therefore terms particularly offensive to a Scottish ear. An instance of this feeling occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the celebrated intimation was displayed from the Admiral's ship. "Look up, and read you, Jock," said the one to the other: "'England expects every man to do his duty;' no a' word frae puir auld Scotland on this occasion." Jock cocked his eye at the object for a moment, and, turning to his companion, thus addressed him—"Man Geordi, is that a' your sense?—Scotland kens well enough that her bairns will do their duty—*that's just a hint to the Englishers.*"

"What is the matter with you?" said a gentleman to an old Dutchman, as he was crossing Johnson's Square a short time since. "I got de rhumatis." The gentleman advised him to rub his leg with brandy until it penetrated well. "Oh, man, I dosh petter as dat," replied Mynheer; "I trinks de prandy, and den I rubs my leg mit de pottle."