

Old geographers call the Scandinavians Teutons, Teutch, or our Dutch. The Estions (now Prussians) were Celts. That the people of Great Britain were Celts—first named Albion, then Britain, because the word *bratton* a Celtic word, signifies to paint, or to brighten. The Britons and Gauls had the same usages, religion, names of princes and cantons, (or counties) and the same tongue.

There is a little more difficulty with regard to Ireland. But Diodorous Siculus (A. C.) said that the inhabitants of Ireland were the most ferocious of the Gauls. The Getæ, (Goths) Dacians, Bastarnes, Visigoths, Gepides, Vandals, Heruli, were all Celts. They are supposed to be descended from Japhet, through his son Gomer and his grandson Assenar. This belief is of high antiquity—that the Parthian Celts, or Gomerites, are Saces or Saxons.

Cuvier has demonstrated that the Celts anciently occupied Italy, Germany, France, Spain, and Great Britain. He should have added part of Poland and Russia, Thrace, Macedonia. Greece, Italy, and Sicily, that Asia Minor was full of Celts.

The German language is the remnant of the Celtic language. The Celts were famous for their valor, their ferocity to enemies, perfect hospitality, fidelity to their friends, and to their word, love of liberty; they lived simply, and never had been long subjected. They met in assembly, and decided all questions by the vote of the majority. For fear of some one acquiring undue power, they refused to have cities or fortresses. The climates which they occupied were, for the most part mild. The men were of great stature, fleshy, white skin, bright blooming cheeks, blue eyes, hair flaxen and thin, their looks fierce and menacing, of a robust temperament, resisting hunger, thirst, heat, cold, fatigue and labor.—They appeared to the Greeks so tall and stout that the German poets described them as monstrous giants.—The Latin writers do so too. Sidonius said that the Burgundian Celts, were seven feet high. The ancients thought the great stature and flesh of the Celts were owing to their great eating, and more especially to their great drinking, particularly of beer. Aristotle says that their blue eyes are caused by the excessive cold of their countries. Historians agree in their having fair and often reddish hair. Aullius Gellus says that the children of the Celts, when first born, have hair as white as old men precisely. The Celts were great sleepers, and very neat in every thing. They painted on their skins the figures of all sorts of animals. One distinctive custom was to wear their hair very long. They often dyed the hair reddish. They have no money whatever. They kept herds of cattle and slaves. They deemed all labor, agricultural or mechanical, base. More Celts died of drunkenness than by war. Their fidelity and courage were such, that the Emperor Augustus fortified his body-guard of them, his successors did the same, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and many others. Caracalla confided in them, not in Romans. Juba, King of Maunania, was guarded by them. Herod the great also, Cleopatra too.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE LESSONS OF LIFE.—Great calamities teach us many beautiful lessons, and reveal to us much we should never have seen from the common level of life. A flood, a famine, a conflagration, or some great desolation, shows us how much real goodness there is under the surface of every-day life, how many generous feelings and kindly sympathies, and points of union and practical fellowship, lie below the differences of political opinion and religious faith, and the prejudices and antagonisms of party and sect show us that beneath all the noblest elements of our human nature still live, and wait only the impulse of occasion to spring into life and action, and to discover to us how much more there is in a man to honor and love, than the ordinary aspects of life led us to suppose. The world, after all, is better, in many things, than we take it to be.

If you would enjoy good health, wear flannels, and attach yourself to thick shoes. As our statesmen say of the snakes of the Mississippi—remove them and away goes your constitution.

Carrying pointiness to excess, is said to be raising your hat to bow to a young lady in the street and allowing a couple of dirty collars and a pair of socks to fall out upon the sidewalk.

SINGULAR COMBAT.

DESIROUS of seeing a combat between a snake and its inveterate enemy, the mungooze, an animal some what similar to the ichneumon of Egypt, I requested the charmer to exhibit a fight of the kind. He instantly consented, as these men generally carry snakes and mungoozes with them, and led us out into the compound a field which is attached to almost every house in the cantonment.

Having expressed our fears that some one in the party might be injured by the reptile, he proposed that the exhibition should take place under an enormous pheasant coop of worked wire which stood unused in the court-yard. This arrangement was acceded to, and, as our suggestion, the first snake taker in the morning was selected for the encounter.

The mouth of the vessel in which he was enclosed was placed under the edge of the coop, and the cover suddenly withdrawn.—In a moment after, the snake, a cobra capella, the most poisonous and deadly of the serpent tribe, darted out. The hedgegry pot was then taken away, and the edges of the coop let down. For two or three minutes the monster poked his nose all around the enclosure, evidently wishing to escape, but, finding this impossible, he most philosophically coiled himself up; freeing however, his insignificant head from the fold, and remaining in a listening attitude.

Presently the man produced the mungooze, and let him at his adversary. Never was I so astonished. This was the first time I had seen a mungooze and I expected to see a somewhat powerful opponent. Never would I have fancied that so small an animal would venture to cope with serpents of the largest and deadliest kind. Such, however, was the case. The little creature who now snuffed around the edges of the coop was about half as large again as a rat, of motley color, with small red eyes, and would have been a very ugly animal, had it not been for his tail, which was large and bushy, and near the centre almost as large round as the little body to which it was attached.

For a time the mungooze ran about without appearing to see the snake, which, however, on perceiving its tormentor, had prepared to give him battle. Suddenly the tiny creature, which seemed to be little more than a mouthful for his adversary, saw the snake, and without hesitating, ran at him. So apparently an unequal a contest I never beheld. The cobra capella had reared itself and spread out its hood, a sort of fleshy cape or collar, which it inflates when irritated, and which has given rise to its designation. The marks about its eyes resemble a pair of spectacles. Its marble stained scales seemed all alive, as it raised itself some three feet high to meet the attack of the little savage whose fiery eyes seemed suddenly to glow like red hot cinders, as it rushed towards its mighty enemy and bit it.

The snake darted at it, squeezed it, inflicted its dreadful wound, and then drew itself back. The mungooze was evidently disabled. Faint and almost dying, it retreated. Many of us supposed that the battle was ended, and regretted the untimely fate of the courageous beast. After limping about for some minutes and even lying down faint with exhaustion, the mungooze began to pook his nose on the grass. What it swallowed none have ever been able to trace, though large rewards have been offered for the discovery. What the herb is which the animal takes as an antidote to poison no one can tell, but its effects are, certainly, almost miraculous; for no sooner did the little creature imbibe the sought for antidote than it suddenly recovered its pristine strength, and again attacked the serpent.

This scene was enacted no less than seven times; and each time the cobra capella appeared weaker and weaker, till actually tired out. The mungooze at length succeeded in catching the monster by the throat and destroying it, to the surprise and admiration of all present.

THE PROCESS OF TATTOOING.

The Samoan Reporter from which the following description of the process of Tattooing is copied, is a periodical issued half yearly by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, in this group of islands in the great Pacific.

Until the young man is tattooed, he is considered in his minority. He need not think of marriage, and he is constantly exposed to taunts and ridicule, as being poor and of low birth and as having no right to speak in the society of men. But as soon as he is tattooed,

he passes into his majority, and considers himself entitled to the respect, and privileges of mature years. When a youth, therefore, reaches the age of sixteen, and his friends are all anxious that he should be tattooed. He is then on the lookout for the tattooing of some neighboring chief, with whom he may unite. On such occasions, six or a dozen young men may be tattooed at one time; and for these there may be four or five tattooers employed. Tattooing his a regular profession just as house-building, and well paid.

The instrument used is an oblong piece of bone (*os ilium*) about an inch and a half broad, and three inches long. A time of war and slaughter was a pretext for the tattooers to get a supply of instruments. The one end is like a very small toothed comb, and the other is fastened to a piece of cane, and looks like a little serrated adze. They dip it into a mixture of candle-nut ashes and water, and, tapping it with a mallet, it sticks into the skin; and in this way it punctures the whole surface over which the tattoo extends. The greater part of the body, from the neck down to the knee, is covered with it, variegated with which, when they are well oiled, makes them appear in the distance, as if they had on black silk breeches. As it extends over such a large surface, the operation is a tedious and painful affair. After tattooing and bleeding for a while under the hands of the tattooers, the patience of the youth is exhausted. They then let him rest and heal for a time, and then returning to him again, do a little piece on each of the party. In two or three months the whole is completed.

"KING'S EVILS," OR TWO IN A BED.

Good stories are now so scarce, none should be told, and the following, told us by Mr. J. H. M'Vicker, the Yankee comedian, is among the best we have heard:

At a small village, not a thousand miles off, a number of stages arrived, filled with passengers, who were obliged to stop at a small tavern, in which there was no great supply of beds. The landlord remarked that he should be obliged to put two or three gentlemen (who were, by the way, nearly all strangers to one another) together, and requested that they would be partners. Stage coaches are filled with all sorts of people, and a bed-fellow should be selected with care. Mr. M'Vicker, who was one of the passengers, had made up his mind to snooze in a chair, or have a bed himself. He saw that his only chance to get a bed himself was by his wits, and, walking up to the Register, he entered his name, and remarked, "I am willing to sleep with any gentleman, but have the King's Evil, and it is contagious." "The King's Evil!" said one; and the landlord, looking "thunder struck," remarked, as he eyed Mac rather closely, "I'll see what I can do for you by yourself." In a short time Mac was ensconced in the landlord's bed, who stepped on the floor to accommodate strangers.

In the morning, while all were preparing for breakfast, a fellow-traveller accosted the comedian with "What, sir, what is the nature of the complaint of which you spoke last night."

"The nature!" drawled out Mac, a little nonplussed for an answer.

"Yes, sir. I never heard of such a disease before."

"Why said Mac, brightening up, "I thought you one knew. It is a disease of long standing. It's appearance in America was during the Revolutionary War, when it took off some of the best men of the country ever contained. At the battle of New Orleans it amounted to an epidemic; and since the arrival of Kosciuszko in this country, it has broken out in many places."

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "I confess I have never heard much of it."

"Perhaps not," said Mac, "for it generally goes by another name."

"and what may that be?"

"REPUBLICANISM!" laughingly replied Mac, as he turned away to arrange his toilet for breakfast.

A simple Hibernian tar, a great favourite with the people, used to pray in these words every night when he was in his hammock.—God be thanked I never killed any man nor any man killed me, God bless the world and success to the British Navy.