

ere." "Well, then, at Rosarno" "But I am chained here: I cannot leave Naples." "Not for a week?"
[Conclusion in our next

SWIMMING.

The art of swimming appears to be as natural to man as it is useful, and, in some cases, necessary for the preservation of his life.

Cleanliness and exercise, both so necessary to health, are combined with a high degree of enjoyment in the practice of this art.

The importance of frequent ablutions can scarce be overrated. In fact, the Water Cure has become a popular remedy for most of the diseases to which humanity is liable. But, however excellent the various kinds of bathing may be for curing diseases, there can be no doubt that in preventing them they are still more efficacious.

They who swim daily in summer, and continue the use of ablutions in some form in winter, are not liable to sudden colds, or inflammatory diseases, and rarely, if ever, suffer from chronic complaints. Their bodies become indurated, the skin is healthy, and all the functions of life are carried on with healthful vigor.

The most beautifully developed forms now to be found in the human species, are those of the South Sea Islanders, who bathe at least twice a day, and they are almost as much at home in the water as upon the land; and where the vices and diseases of civilization have not been introduced, it is rare indeed to find among them a case of sickness, of premature death, or of decrepitude, excepting from extreme old age.

The capability of the human race, civilized or savage, for swimming is generally understood. The human form is better adapted to it than any animal not absolutely aquatic; and the inhabitants of warm latitudes excel most amphibious animals in the water, fighting with the shark, diving with the alligator, and remaining for long periods in profound depths in search of coral, pearls, and other treasures of the sea.

The pearl-divers of Ceylon will descend to the depth of sixty feet; and although such diving is accompanied with great pressure of water and violent exertion, they do not seem to suffer from it, as they make forty or fifty plunges a day, and at each plunge bring up about a hundred oysters.

The swimming couriers of Peru cross the continent, hundreds of miles, swimming down the rivers, their despatches enclosed in a turban on their heads. They swim day and night, aided only by a light log of wood.

In Prussia, swimming has long been a military exercise, whole regiments being instructed to swim in line, fully equipped, to wheel in column, and even to load and fire in the water.

A few years since Viscount de Courtivron exhibited some experiments of this character in the Seine at Paris. He went into the water, accoutred as an infantry soldier. After swimming thirty fathoms from the boat, he raised himself in the water and fired a musket, at which signal one of his pupils sprang from the Pont Royal, a bridge into the Seine, from a height of sixty-four feet, and carried to M Courtivron a tin box containing despatches.—He read the papers, gave a signal, and was joined by a class of sixty-four pupils, who, in the water, executed a series of military movements.

Dr. Bedall, an English gentleman, swam for a wager, between Liverpool and Runcorn, in 1827, a distance of twenty-four miles, which he performed at the rate of six miles an hour, with the tide, probably!

How important it is, in a country like ours, that every man should learn to swim! Storms strew our vast sea-coasts with wrecks—steamboats are liable to accidents from collision, explosions, or fire, on our rivers and lakes—pleasure-boats frequently upset, and numerous accidents occur from the sudden breaking of ice in winter. The necessity of saving one's own life by swimming, or the opportunity of saving the lives of others, may happen to any one, and to many these things must often occur in the course of their lives.

At the burning of the steamboat Erie, on Lake Erie, of the eight hundred or more persons lost, every one might have been saved, had they been able to swim. The captain of the boat was indebted to a negro, who could swim, for an oar, which saved his life. In a hundred such melancholy disasters on our great lakes, rivers, and the ocean, valuable lives might have been saved by a little pains in learning to swim.

JOE'S FAILING DISCOVERED.—Our old friend Joe is what is generally termed a bad boy, and succeeded in blinding his mother for some time, as to his imbibing propensities, and one morning she said to him after he had swallowed some half dozen cups of coffee, and as many glasses of cold water:

"Joseph, thee should drink something before thee goes to bed at night—there is always so thirsty in the morning."

But one night, one fatal night, Joe came in before the old lady had retired. He sat down, and, with a look of semi-intoxicated wisdom, began conversing about the goodness of the crops, the late unfortunate outbreak in the meeting, and was getting on very well until he espied what he supposed to be a cigar on the mantelpiece; he caught it, and placing one end in his mouth, began very gravely to light it at the candle. He drew and puffed until he was getting red in the face. The old lady's eye was opened, and she addressed him—

"If thee takes that tenpenny nail for a cigar, it is time thee went to bed."

TWO IN A BED.—Ned and Charley were two room mates but they occupied different beds. Ned's sleeping apparatus was so situated that he could get into it on either side—that is to say there were two fore sides to his bed, and no back side,—which Ned found very convenient on some occasions.

One night Ned and Charley had been out, and on returning, which they did near morning, both were considerably elevated. However, they walked up to their

rooms with an air that seemed to say, 'not so very darned drunk after all,' and sought long and patiently for matches and a lamp. After knocking the pitcher off the washstand and smashing the looking glass they finally gave up the search and went to bed.

Went to bed—yes, that's the word, but owing to the darkness, and the confusion of their senses they made a slight mistake. In short, Ned's bed had the honour of receiving the two friends—Charley getting in on one side and his companion rolling in on the other.

"I say, Ned," cried Charley touching somebody's call, "there's a fellow in my bed!"

"Wonderful coincidence," exclaimed Ned, feeling a strange elbow in the region of his ribs, "there's somebody in my bed too."

"Is there, though?" cried Charley, "let's kick 'em out!"

"Agreed," said Ned.

And accordingly the two friends began to kick. It lasted about a minute and a half, and Ned was sprawling on the floor; Charley was left in possession of the bed.

For a moment all was silent. "I say, Ned," cried Charley, "What?" asked Ned sulkily. "I've kicked my fellow out!"

"You're luckier fellow than I am, then," said Ned, "for mine has kicked me out."

RULES FOR THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—The following rules, from the papers of Dr. West, were according to his memorandum thrown together as general way-marks in the journey of life:—"Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others might esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to be. Never to show levity when people are professedly engaged in worship. Never to resent a supposed injury, till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Nor on any occasion to retaliate. Never to judge a person's character by external appearance. Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.—Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions. Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor an enthusiast. Not to affect to be witty or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.—To say as little as possible of myself, and those who are near to me. To aim at cheerfulness without levity. Not to obtrude my advice unasked. Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanity or their vices. To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate. Frequently to review my conduct and note my failings. On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life and future state."

PROUD AND POOR.—The family of Mrs. Brown, a good widow, consisting of six daughters, had the misfortune to be poor and proud. Above the gross vulgarity of manual labor, though not above its necessity, they lived in "stuck up" idleness, and depended on the hard earnings of the mother for support. Finally Maria, who was the youngest and rather pretty, managed to win the heart and hand of the village physician, and got married. The alliance being considered as a decided step "up in the world" by all the family, the single sisters grew prouder and lazier than ever, while the doctor's wife took a set of airs to match her advancement in the scale of "good society." Being comfortably bestowed in her new house, she began to feel the need of somebody to mind the pots and kettles; and seeing a neighbor (a thrifty mechanic, who used to be "boss" to her father in the same shop) going past the door, she called out to him in affected manner, to know "where she should get a servant?" expecting to get an offer of one of his daughters. "Well, I don't know," said the carpenter, "help is a little hard to be got just now, but there is the widow Brown's girls, who I should think you might get, as they are dreadful poor, and seem to be always out of work?" Some neighbors who overheard the colloquy say that madam retreated into her house with a precipitancy quite alarming to behold, and never spoke of the carpenter afterwards, but as a "vulgar fellow who knew nothing of the proper distinctions of society."

DEATH BED REPENTANCE.—A Scotchman who was at mortal enmity with one of his neighbors, fell sick and being given over, sent for his enemy that he might be reconciled.

"Oh," said he, when the man entered the room, "I am very bad, very bad indeed—do you think I shall die?"

"I hope not," replied the visitor.

"Yes, I shall, I know I shall die, so I sent for you to be friends, that I may not go out of this world at enmity with any one!"

The token of reconciliation was granted; but when his visitor was about to take leave, the sick man cried out, "Stop, if I should not die this time, all this goes for nothing—mind now, it is to be just as it was before, 'if I don't die.'"

THE MINISTER AND HIS MAN.—"Sam" said a late minister of Drumblade one day to his man of all works, "you must bottle that cask of whiskey this forenoon; but as the vapour from the whiskey may be injurious, take a glass before you begin, to prevent intoxication." Now Samuel was an old soldier, and never was in better spirits than when bottling whiskey, and having received from his master a special licence to taste went to work most heartily. Some hours after the minister visited the cellar to inspect progress, and was horrified to find Sam lying his full length on the floor, unconscious of all around.—"O Sam" said the minister "you have not taken my advice, and you see the consequence—rise, Sam, and take a glass yet, it may restore you." Sam, nothing loth took the glass from the minister's hand, and having emptied it, said, "O, sir, this is the thirteenth glass I have taken, but I'm nae better."

SATISFACTORY DEFINITION.—A little girl asked her sister, "what was chaos, that papa read about?" The elder sister replied, "why it is a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—A negro who had run away from his master in South Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he landed, he got acquainted with a poor laundress at Wapping, who washed his linen. This poor woman usually wore two gold rings on one of her fingers, and it was said she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her, and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in a humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the circumstance, thought this would be a favourable opportunity for executing his bloody design. Accordingly, he climbed up to the top of the house, stripped himself naked and descended through the chimney to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise of which awoke her drunken nephew in the adjoining room, who got up and hastened to the rescue of his aunt. In the meantime the villain had cut off the finger with the rings; but before he could escape, he was grappled with by the nephew, who, being a very powerful man, though intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him; when by the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he discovered the complexion of the villain, whom (having seldom seen a negro) he took for the devil! The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had subsequently flown into the air and disappeared. The negro in the course of the struggle, had besmeared the young man's shirt in many places with the blood of his victim; and this joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbours to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison, though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight visitor which appeared not only improbable, but ridiculous in the extreme. He was tried, convicted, and executed, protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan. The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with his little booty; but he after a wretched existence of three years, on his death bed confessed the murder, and related the particulars attending it.

A FAIR UNDERSTANDING.—Some years ago, a young man from just across the Connecticut, who was attending our village academy, became sadly infected with the notion that all your maidens were in love with him.—While in this state of mind, it fell to his lot one evening to see Miss H———sately to her father's domicile. On arriving at the door, the lady invited him to enter. He did so. After a few moments' conversation he arose to leave, and as Miss H———was showing him to the door she innocently enough remarked that they would be pleased to see him again. Here was an occasion for the exercise of Jonathan's courage and moral principle.—Expanding himself to his tallest height, with a graceful but determined inclination of the head, he replied, "I should be happy, Miss, to call as a friend, but not as feller!"

A NEW PROOF OF INTOXICATION.—"How," said a Judge in Missouri to a witness on the stand, "how do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?"

"Because I saw him a few minutes after the muss, trying to pull of his trousers with a boot jack!"

Verdict for the defendant. See Blackstone—page 37, vs. Gin and Sugar.

Swift once attempted in a humorous mood, to prove that all things were governed by the word led. Said he, Our Noblemen and hard drinkers are pimp-led—physicians and pulses are fee-led—their patients and oranges are pil-led—a new married man and an ass are bride-led—an old married man and a pack-horse are sad-led—cats and dice are rat-led—swine and nobility are sty-led—a maiden and a tinder box are spark-led.

BEING SURE.—"Look out, Patrick, and if you see any rocks ahead of the boat, let us know. Keep a sharp eye." "Yes, your honor."

The next moment bang goes the boat on a reef. "You blunderhead—didn't I tell you to sing out when you saw a rock?"

"Oh, please, sir, I wasn't quite sure it was a rock I saw—so I waited till wa struck before I could ye!"

SMILES OF PROVIDENCE.—Farmer Dobbs was an unpoetical man, besides being a little deaf. Sally, his daughter, got married one day. On the following morning a neighbour called in to felicitate the farmer. "Well, neighbour, Providence smiles on you." "Ha, how?" said the farmer, who only knew it was something about the wedding. "I say," said the neighbour, "Providence smiles on you." "O, ah! why yes; she snickered right cut!" The farmer was thinking of Sally, at the altar.

TURKISH GALANTRY.—A Mexican, when you praise his horse, immediately replies that the horse is at your service; which means no more than when in this country you write to a man that you are his obedient, humble servant. A late Turkish ambassador in England actually did what the Mexican phrase professes to do. When any lady happened to praise one of the handsome shawls, and in consequence to a very great diminution of the ambassadorial wardrobe. At last, when his excellency's stock was reduced to the one he wore, upon a lady's loudly expressing her admiration of its beauty, instead of his former reply, "Madam, it is at your service," he said with Turkish composure, but with more than Turkish gallantry, "Madam, I am glad you like it; I shall wear it for your sake."

A man was boasting about his knowledge of the world, when a wag in company asked him if he had ever been in Algebra. "I cannot exactly tell," said he, "but I think I once passed it on the coach."