

strawberry vine leaping from grave to grave unites the three in one, seeming to typify the reunion of the dead in Heaven.

The escape of little Paul was passed over quietly; indeed some said there was a secret understanding between the kind hearted jailor and the good judge—certain it is no search was made for the boy, nor has he ever again been seen in the village. True, a tall handsome young man has several times visited the jailor, now very old and infirm. Some say he is a beau of pretty Jesse the old man's only daughter, and some have been heard to affirm that he bears an astonishing resemblance to poor widow Gray—but for my part I shall betray no secrets.

From the Columbian Magazine.

RIGHT SIDE UP.

My Christian friend, don't fret. Possess your soul in patience. Please to remember that, after making the necessary deductions, you have but a short time to live in this world, compared with the mountain of things it behoves you to do, and that you cannot afford to waste any of it in grumbling and growling. Even supposing that the fatal sisters three are bound to measure you off your full tale of three score years and ten, you must bear in mind that from fifteen to twenty of them are to be or have been consumed in getting yourself ready for the work that lies before you. When you came into the world you were but a helpless, useless half-made up little lump of humanity, capable of doing but one thing under the sun—squalling—and that if there had been nobody put yourself to take care of you—if it had not been for the patient love of your mother, and the careful diligence of your father, and the pottering assiduity of a good-tempered old or young nurse, and perhaps the frolicsome attentions of three or four elder brothers and sisters—your stay among living things would scarcely have been long enough for one of your squalls to reach its climax. Consider how many days and weeks and months you had no more useful motion or volition in you than a handful of new putty; when your little bones were not much better than as many pipes of boiled macaroni, and if you had been set on your feet you would have squashed down upon the floor like a dropped apple dumpling; when your fists were not much bigger than nettles and the grasp of your tiny fingers had not strength enough to imprison a grasshopper with the least pretensions to liveliness. What were you good for, all that time? What use was in you or could be made of you? None whatever. You could boast of nothing but promise, to be redeemed somehow nobly perhaps, perhaps after a fashion—many long years after. And consider again that in all probability you did not even begin to redeem that promise until there had been a world of time and money and effort expended on you; until you had eaten your head off five hundred times over in roast beef, and boiled mutton and turnips, and bread and butter, and mince pies innumerable, in the production of which scores of men and women—every one of them worth a dozen of you—had put forth the toil of their hands or the cunning of their brains; until you had worn into rags whole bales of broad cloth and cassimere and corduroy—linens and drillings and flannels—Summer clothing and Winter clothing—boots, shoes, hats, stockings—which somebody had to pay for; to say nothing of the little universe of machinery, human and otherwise, that had been put in motion for the making of them all. All this and a great deal more—schooling, for instance, and school-books and other books—for twenty years or thereabout, be the same more or less, were expended on you while you were getting ready, and taking your time about it moreover, to do something in return. All this time you were a consumer of many things, a producer of nothing; except, perhaps, many a heart-ache to your mother, many a wakeful night of anxiety to your gray-headed old father. It was time you set about doing something, for yourself at least, if not for mankind.

And suppose you began at twenty or thereabout; yes, we will even suppose that all this costly preparation had been well bestowed, and that you came into the great universal workshop ready to do the part of a skillful and industrious workman. Consider then how many hours out of the twenty-four were expended in sleep, in eating and drinking, in putting on and off your clothes, in cutting away the superfluous hair from your face, or perhaps in coaxing it to a greater luxuriance of growth and trimming its shapeless mass into whisker and imperial moustaches; how many were devoted to miscellaneous pleasures, such as kicking up your heels in a ball-room, dangling after pretty girls and the like; how many were wasted in stringing rhymes together, or reading the rhymes strung together by others; just reckon up all these, if you can, and tell us how much of your fifty remaining years you can conscientiously afford to throw away in fretting and making yourself uncomfortable.

I say nothing about illness, though a considerable allowance ought to be made too; it is not every man, or every tenth or fiftieth man, who is fortunate enough to pass through life after the manner of those apocryphal persons we sometimes read of in the newspapers, without ever passing under the horrid hands of the doctors; without once shuddering at a nauseous draught or wincing under the infliction of a cup or a blister. I will not insist on making any allowance for illness; but what say you, my Christian friend, to old age? You may shun rheumatism, but the burden of sixty years will be as efficient in making your joints stiff.

Palsy may not shake you, but time will. Your lungs may escape coughs and consumption, but they will not play so freely at fifty as they did at fifteen. In short you may set it down for certain that the last ten of your three score and ten will be of no more substantial value than the first twenty. And now let us reckon up a little.

Twenty years gone at the start, consumed though not absolutely wasted in preparation. At least half the remaining fifty used up in sleep, in folly, in pleasure-seeking, in making abominable mistakes and trying to rectify them. And from the other twenty-five ten to be deducted for gray hairs and tottering limbs and dim eyes and all the other concomitants of age, which do not comport with active usefulness—which indeed have a right to demand repose, and retrospection, and such enjoyment as there may be, and preparation for that which lies beyond. Fifty five years of your seventy, then, are clean gone—evanished—whistled away into thin air—and you have but fifteen in which to work. Can you afford to throw away an hour of them in idleness, or in any thing worse even than idleness?

Suppose you bestow a thought or two upon what you have to do. I take it for granted that you do not suppose this great, busy, bustling world of ours a place, or this wondrous life of ours a time, in which you have only to amuse yourself. I daresay you will admit that there is somewhere a place which you ought to fill—something which you ought to do toward completing the universal movement. It may be to govern an empire or it may be to hammer out horse-shoe nails; no matter what it is. I suppose you were not brought into the world for nothing; that there is some do-able thing which the good of mankind requires to be done and which will be left undone unless you see to it. Now it may seem to you that for the great things you have no fitness—such as governing empires, or making constitutions and laws, or guiding the intellect of nations, or even commanding armies and fighting tremendous battles; and you may think, as to the little things, that it is no great matter whether they are done or not. How do you know? How will you go to work to demonstrate that the manufacture of a good, trust-worthy iron screw is not or may not be as important to the whole human race as the writing of a big book or the gaining of an imperial crown? Napoleon was slightly wounded at the bridge of Lodi; how do you know that if the musket from which the ball was discharged had been a better one the slight wound would not have been mortal? Richard Arkwright's invention of the spinning jenny was a notable thing in itself, but who can tell how much more notable in its consequences? Suppose, for instance, that it had not been invented, and had not been the means of enriching old Sir Robert Peel, the father of the great English statesman. Then the great English statesman would perhaps never have entered Parliament, would never have become Premier and the corn laws would not have been repealed. No man can determine the consequences that may follow the doing of the not doing of any thing, however apparently trivial. Suppose Cromwell's horse, from being badly shod, had fallen and broken his rider's neck, say a year before the battle of Naseby!

Once more then I say, my Christian friend don't fret. Pick out your right place in the world as soon as you can, and whatever work belongs to it, at that work away with a steady mind and a cheerful heart. Our time is indeed short, but the way to make it long is to fill it full of things done which ought to be done, and those things done well. The more of such we have to look back upon the more nearly will our retrospect of the vanished years approximate to the amplitude in which they lay before us when our gaze at them was in the future.

From the New York Knickerbocker.

A MADEIRA BELLE.

LET us premise that on 'a very charming day in that charming climate,' our correspondent encounters, under the shade of an ornamental verandah, four love-inspiring maidens, to each of whom he offers a cigar; and while they are smoking them, which the reader is to understand they are doing with the utmost *gout*, we will listen to his description of one of them:

"She was without exception the most beautiful girl I ever saw. Her form was fairy-like, and her stature rather small than otherwise. However, not more than fifteen years had rolled their summers over her head, and her height was therefore well-proportioned to her age. Half an inch more would certainly have detracted from the perfect symmetry of her person. She was a most lovely being, and was christened and known by the euphonious name of 'Louisa.' Her face was oval and full, and her countenance indicated the possession of the finest feelings and most tender sentiments of human nature. Never, never had I beheld such a pair of lips!—so prettily formed, so ruby-like, so tempting! The emotions of the poet, who, though dead, still lives in his works, arose in my mind:—

'Oh! might I kiss those lips of fire!

A thousand scarce could quench desire!'

But the passion of the moment was suppressed, and I conversed with her as I would have talked with a sister. Her head was decorated with luxuriant hair, which hung in dishevelled wavy tresses upon her white symmetrical neck and well-developed bosom. A few flowerets were entwined in her hair, which indeed were all the ornaments she wore. Her exquisite simplicity was itself a charm; a charm which

jewels and precious stones would inevitably have destroyed. Beautiful girl! she did not need them! Innocent as childhood, she used only that garb which necessity and custom had compelled. Her dress was so low in the neck that it distinctly disclosed those charms which it is customary for females to conceal in more civilized countries, and terminated so high above ground as to 'expose the smallest and most symmetrical foot and ankle ever beheld by mortal man.' Such was the beautiful maid of Vigia. My conversation with the *Senhoritas* was abruptly brought to a conclusion by the announcement of the morning meal. So commending them to God till by and by, I hastened away."

But this was not the last of the beautiful maid of Vigia. Our friend sees her daily promenading in the garden, and on the balmy moonlit evenings he would often converse with her through the lattice-work of her window. And as he is about to depart from Vigia for the United States, look you what a pretty love incident he records:—"A few hours before my departure, as I was walking in the rear court yard, I heard the sound of a gentle voice. Looking in the direction whence it proceeded, I beheld the lovely maiden peering with her large bright raven eyes through a narrow aperture of the fence, and holding a solitary rose in her hand. 'Senhor,' said she, in a melodious rich whisper, 'take this rose—and remember me!' I cannot say that I truly loved the girl, beautiful as she was; but being addressed at such a time in so affectionate a manner, by so charming a creature, who appeared then if possible more lovely than I had ever seen her before, had a most favorable effect upon me. Who then will blame me when I say that I accepted her fragrant tribute, and that our lips met while I was breathing to her my last adieu? 'If any, speak; for him have I offended!' No offence in the world, dear Sir, and we should like to hear the first man 'speak' to the effect that there was! His popularity with the ladies (God bless them) would be gone forever.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and not be dependant upon servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all things, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who maintain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you care for and receive into your company these lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves, as long as they can keep body and soul together and get sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject as we do; and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, 'Such a young lady has married a fortune,' we always tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents often turn a curse instead of a blessing. Young women remember this; and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers, and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark if they have trades, and can depend upon themselves; see if they have minds which lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin, and the soft, delicate hand—the splendid form and the fine appearance of the young gentleman. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

GENERAL MAXIMS FOR HEALTH.

Rise early. Eat simple food. Take plenty of exercise. Never fear a little fatigue. Let not children be dressed in tight clothes; it is necessary their limbs and muscles should have full play, if you wish for either health or beauty.

Avoid the necessity of a physician if you can, by careful attention to your diet. Eat what agrees with your system, and resolutely abstain from what hurts you, however well you may like it. A few days' abstinence, and cold water for a beverage, has driven off many an approaching disease.

If you find yourself really ill send for a good physician. Have nothing to do with quacks; and do not tamper with quack medicines.—You do not know what they are; and what security have you the know what they are.

Wear shoes that are large enough. It not only produces corns, but makes the feet misshapen to cramp them.

Wash very often, rub the skin thoroughly with a hard brush.

Let those who love to be invalids, drink strong green tea, eat pickles, preserves, and rich pastry. As far as possible, sleep at regular hours.

Wash the eyes thoroughly in cold water every morning, do not read or sew at twilight, or by too dazzling a light. If far sighted, read with rather less light, and with the book somewhat nearer to the eye than you desire. If near sighted read with the book as far off as possible. Both these imperfections may be diminished in this way.

Clean your teeth in pure water two or three times a day; but, above all, be sure to have them clean before you go to bed.

Too frequent use of an ivory comb injures the hair. Through combing, washing in suds and thorough brushing will keep it in order and the washing does not injure the hair as is generally supposed and is better for health and the beauty of the hair. Do not sleep with hair frizzled, or braided. Do not make children cross-eyed, by having hair hang about their foreheads, where they see it continually.

BACHELORISM UNNATURAL.

Men may say what they will, but we know that there can never be a Paradise without some daughter of Eve within it; and home is only a place to eat and drink, and sit and sleep in, without the hallowing charms of a woman's presence. Men may say what they will about the jovialities of their Liberty Halls; but many a weary, joyless hour passes within them; many a discontented, peevish, snarling feeling is experienced, many a vacuum of heart and thought, many a comfortless rainy day, many a long winter's evening, when the ticking of the clock is the only sound, and that but echoes like the knell of departed moments that might have been joyous if spent in cheerful companionship. And then for the lonely old bachelor to come into his dwelling wet and weary, without a creature to welcome him with either a word or a smile, or a single gleam of pleasure to brighten the place; no body to consult his tastes and his comfort, nobody to prattle to him, to tell him the gossip of the neighbourhood, and to link his sympathies and his interests with surrounding people; nobody to double his joys and to halve his sorrows; nobody to nurse him if he be sick, to console him if he be sorrowful; and then, as time creeps on and age overtakes him, to hear no joyful prattle near him, no dimpled smiling girls, no stalwart hopeful boys, in whose youth and enjoyment he might be young and happy again; and at last to leave none behind to lament him—heigho! Nature will not suffer her laws to be violated with impunity, and nature never designed that men should be old bachelors.

CAVES IN GIBRALTER ROCK.

The largest, called St. Michael's Cave, is situated about the middle of the rock, and nearly eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea; perhaps there are few caves in similar formations equal to this in picturesque effect, though there are many of larger dimensions. The interior is shown to the public when the rock is visited by some distinguished personage, or a particular friend of the Colonels of Artillery or Engineers: it is then seen to the best advantage; a host of people is assembled near the entrance of the cave at the hour appointed. Martial music sounds. The gates are opened and the cavern is entered with the utmost degree of caution, the ladies of course assisted by gentlemen, the descent being very slippery from the accumulated moisture. Wax tapers burning at distant intervals, cast a dim light all around; as you proceed, a little stream is passed, and you enter a beautiful grotto sixty feet high, adorned with many stony petrifications and supported by colossal stalactite pillars resembling the most elaborated architecture; the splendid roof looks as if it were chiseled by the hand of the finest sculptor, the whole illuminated by coloured lights. Within the last few years this cavern has been explored by several enterprising gentlemen; and I gathered from one of them that the party penetrated the cavern to more than three hundred feet below the level of the grotto just described, and that in their progress they went down from one cavern to another, passing thus a series of caverns of various dimensions till they arrived at one, in the centre of which was a small pool of water.

Aided by candle light, they saw stalactite formations very far surpassing in beauty those of the grotto above; the specimens they brought up were almost pure white, the action of the atmosphere darkening the shades of those found in the upper cave. The tortuous narrow passages through which the explorers had to pass, rendered the adventure rather dangerous; ropes and ladders were in requisition, with the help of which, and stout hearts, they accomplished what few would like to try.—*Dr Kelaerts' Contributions to the Ethnology and Topography of Gibraltar and its Neighbourhood.*

TENACITY OF ORGANIC LIFE IN AN ALLIGATOR.

Some weeks previous to the period of which I am now speaking, a solitary alligator made his appearance in Galveston Bay nearly opposite the doctor's house, and had been so far petted by the men, who threw him waste fish, as to have secured his residence apparently, in that quarter. Feeling anxious to obtain the skin of one of these reptiles, I one day went out to shoot him, if possible, having loaded my gun with ball instead of shot. At about fifty yards' distance I got five discharges at the mark formed by his eye, which just rose above the sea sufficiently to enable him to look along the surface. The visible portion was not larger than the centre of a target, and, as my fowling piece was not adapted for ball, it is no marvel that so small a mark was missed. When the ball passed within an inch or two above his eye, he took no notice; when it hit his head or body, he sank for a few minutes and came up again as coolly as ever. At length the doctor brought down one of Colt's six-chambered rifles, and, at the second shot, hit him. I sent a man into the water to fetch him out, when it was found that half the upper part of his head was carried away, leaving the brain bare. Still, his muscular power was excessively strong, and rendered it no easy task to meddle with him. Under these circumstances, as well as in order to free the creature from pain, I cut the head quite off, and proceeded to skin the carcass.

This operation lasted nearly five hours, and even when, after that lapse of time, I threw the remains into the sea, the vitality had by no means ceased. This amazing tenacity of life could never have been believed unless it was seen; but, of course, all sensation must