

'There now,' said Ben, 'our chronometers could not have been far from right, for the island was due 'cording to our reckoning by sunrise' and there is St. Paul's, sure enough, broad off upon the lee bow.'

'Fok'sel there!' hailed the officer of the watch.

'Sir.'

'Shorten sail for'ard.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

The necessary duties of the vessel now called forth the exertions of old Ben and his auditory, and as the sun rose in splendid majesty, the beautiful sloop moved rapidly toward the two islands, which, like twin giants, seemed to rise out of the ocean, rearing their lofty heads far above the turbulent billows that surround them. The vessel's canvas was soon reduced to that handy condition best suited for working into an anchorage, into which she was steered by Ben, the lead bringing up from the bottom the singular black sand, like wet gunpowder, which he decided upon as being the proper holding ground.

The cutters were soon lowered and the lagoon entered; and we confess it was with a strange medley of surprise, curiosity and animal gratification that we caught the delicious fish of the crater from the bow of our boat, and then by merily walking aft, selected our own fish-kettle in the boiling sea, and cooked them, woodcock fashion, with the trail dangling from the hook. Old Ben now had the laugh all his own way, and many a greenhorn repeated the experiment again and again to satisfy himself of the truth of his statement, and his own appetite into the bargain.

While thus busily occupied, we had but little leisure to admire the sublime but melancholy grandeur of the place, but gradually its beauty and singularity forced itself upon the attention of the most indifferent observer. It was impossible to behold the vast rotund form of the crater its towering concave cliffs, the seething of the sea, and of detect the sort of *no-fishes-water*, where it was neither hot nor cold, without feeling that such a combination of grand and curious phenomena are to be readily found. Under any circumstances, even in torpid Iceland, such a scene would be full of interest, but when lit up by the brilliancy of the sun, in this beautiful climate, flashing through the feathery foliage of the palms, which, like warriors' plumes, bent gracefully before the passing breeze, it receives an additional charm, that no pen can describe. Neither must that soft babbling, the wind, be forgotten, with its cool murmurings, as it gently ruffles the surface of the water in the crater, nor the brilliant intensity of the hues of the myriads of fish of every size and form that floated literally in crystal beneath. To these must be added the charm of primeval solitude, solemn and unbroken, which, although producing a feeling akin to melancholy, yet cannot prevent one's regretting that so much exquisite beauty should be placed in a quarter of the world so remote from the abodes of civilized man.

And now hurrah for the Hermit's Cave. Old Ben knew the way, and leaping ashore on the beach of the lagoon our party followed him. A few steps through a clump of palms growing on the starboard head of the crater brought us to a natural cavity in the cliff; its aperture was curtained with the tattered remnant of an old sail, that flapped about loosely in the wind. With some hesitation we drew it aside and discovered that the hermit was not within, and that he appeared to have deserted it for some time. A bit of rotten rope, a rude shaped seal skin jacket, a fragment of a net, a rusty ship's musket, and a few rushes that had served the recluse for a bed, were evidences that he had once chosen the spot for his home. But now we concluded that he had grown tired of his solitary existence, and found means to quit the island, which, strange to say, was a disappointment to many. We consoled ourselves, however, by rambling about shooting pigs, picking up geological specimens, bottling off some of the boiling sea water, and, indeed, in using up the brief space of time allowed us for our land cruise after the most approved nautical fashion.

In the midst of our mirth, the attention of our party was directed to something fluttering down upon the sea beach. At first it was mistaken for the flapping of some sea bird's wing, but a glance through a Dollond soon settled the matter. It was a piece of canvas fastened to a pole. To seamen this was enough—a signal of some sort, and as the distance was not more than half-a-mile, the whole party, actuated by one common impulse, moved towards it. Some news of the hermit, no doubt—shifted his quarters perhaps—found the cave in the crater too hot in the summer, and so moved more into the sea-breeze. Yet, it was not his habit to court

observation, for he was known to be a misanthrope. But the mystery was speedily explained.

As we approached the spot we saw some object lying at the foot of the signal-staff. Presently it moved, raised its head, surveyed us for an instant, and then shuffled itself along down the sloping rock upon which it was lying, and plunged into the sea. Its movements were so sudden, and altogether so singular that at first it was impossible to say what it was, and it only after three or four more little round bullet heads were raised, followed by the same sort of shuffling gait and plunges into the sea that we discovered them to be so many large seals that we had discovered while basking in the sun.

But yet there still remains a seal at the foot of the staff, and even though we approached it continues motionless. We come even closer, but it lies there still. There can be no mistake, for we can detect the peculiar color of its fur. One of the party raised his musket to his shoulder—he hesitated—why does not the man fire? He lowers his piece and walks strait up to the object, having conjectured during the momentary glance, while taking aim, that it looked human. It turned out to be so. It was the hermit of the crater in a seal-skin dress, but he was dead, reduced to a mere skeleton, and rotting in the sun.

A sailor soon read the meaning of the piece of canvas tied to the staff; it told him of calamity, 'sickness perhaps, overtaking the poor solitary, and that here he had crawled in his hour of distress. A nautical eye readily detected also that the shelving rock upon which we found the hermit's bones was a prominent one, and paced upon the side of the island which ships generally pass. His only hope consisted in the chance of attracting the attention of some passing vessel. Here he had with his dying efforts raised this signal, sighed his last sigh, and died a death that sickens the mind to dwell upon. And here, too, just out of the reach of the sweep of the breakers, a rude grave was hastily scooped by the silent mariners, and the few bony fragments that were left of the Hermit of St. Paul's were buried in it.

From Godey's Lady's Magazine for July. MY MOTHER'S MINATURE.

BY ISA L. JENKINS.

FAINT picture, far more dear to me
Than all the treasures earth can give,
Since she, my all hath ceased to be,
For whom it was my life to live.

Here I behold that faded cheek,
That calm, smooth brow and flowing hair,
The lips that spoke in tones so meek,
And breathed to heaven their fervent prayer.

O, she who ceaseless virgils ket
Above my path in faded wept,
And o'er my waywardness hath wept,
Now soars beyond this vale of tears.

Yes she who sought my heart to mould
For brighter climes and purer skies,
Now dwells where countless suns hath rolled,
Unmarked by years or centuries.

You moon, whose track the milky way,
Whose light still glimmers on the wave,
Through months hath cast its mellow ray
Upon her lone and dreary grave.

Thou sweet moment of the past,
A priceless treasure now thou art;
Through years to come, while life shall last,
I'll keep and wear thee next my heart.

From Godey's Lady's Magazine for July. HINTS ABOUT FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY MRS. CHILD.

The difficulty is, education does not usually point the female heart to its only true resting-place. That dear English word "*home*" is not half so powerful a talisman as "*the world*." Instead of the salutary truth, that happiness is in duty, they are taught to consider the two things totally distinct; and that whoever seeks one must sacrifice the other.

The fact is, our girls have no home education. When quite young they are sent to schools where no feminine employments, no domestic habits, can be learned; and there they continue till they "come out" into the world. Few find any time to arrange, and make use of, the mass of elementary knowledge they have acquired; and fewer still have either leisure or taste for the inelegant, everyday duties of life. Thus prepared, they enter upon matrimony. Those early habits, which would have made domestic care a light and easy task, have never been taught, for fear it would interrupt their happiness; and the result is that, when cares come, as come they must, they find them misery. I am convinced that indifference and dislike between husband and wife are more frequently occasioned by this great error in education than by any other cause.

The bride is awakened from her delightful dream, in which carpets, vases,

sofas, white gloves, and pearl ear-rings are oddly jumbled up with her lover's looks and promises. Perhaps she would be surprised if she knew exactly how much of the fascination of being engaged was owing to the aforesaid inanimate concern. Be that as it will, she is awakened by the unpleasant conviction that cares devolve upon her. And what effect does this produce upon her character? Do the holy and tender influences of domestic love render self-denial and exertion a bliss? No! They would have done so had she been properly educated; but now she gives way to unavailing fretfulness and repining; and her husband is at first pained, and finally disgusted, by hearing "I never knew what care was when I lived in my father's house." "If I were to live my life over again, I would stop single as long as I could, without the risk of being an old maid." How injudicious, how short-sighted is the policy which thus mars the whole happiness of life, in order to make a few brief years more gay and brilliant! I have known many instances of domestic ruin and discord produced by this mistaken indulgence of mothers. I never knew but one where the victim had moral courage enough to change all her early habits. She was a young, pretty, and very amiable girl, but brought up to be perfectly useless; a rag-baby would, to all intents and purposes, have been as efficient a partner. She married a young lawyer, without property, but with good and increasing practice. She meant to be a good wife; but she did not know how. Her wastefulness involved him in debt. He did not reproach, though he tried to convince and instruct her. She loved him; and, weeping, replied, "I try to do the best I can; but, when I lived at home, mother always took care of everything." Finally, poverty came upon him "like an armed man," and he went into a remote town in the western States to teach school. His wife folded her hands and cried, while he, weary and discouraged, actually came home from school to cook his own supper. At last his patience, and her real love for him, impelled her to exertion. She promised to learn to be useful, if he would teach her. And she did learn! Had the change in her habits gradually wrought such a change in her husband's fortune, that she might bring her daughters up in idleness, had not experience taught her that economy, like grammar, is a very hard and tiresome study, after we are twenty years old.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1800 miles from its mouth, only about 800 feet above the level of the sea—about twice the height of St. Paul's in London, or the height of Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh—and to fall those 800 feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; about the commencement of the 1000 miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that, in Paraguay, 1500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the force of the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest epires. *Arnott's Physics.*

HUMAN BODIES FOUND IN GUANO.

From the Ship Banerompt, unloading Peruvian guano, and which had apparently not been disturbed in the process of loading the ship. The remains illustrate a curious property in the guano in preserving bones, hair, and clothes, while completely decomposing flesh. It is not known when the bodies were originally interred, but the bones were all found as entire as if they had been preserved in a museum, the hair remained upon the skull, and the clothes were very little decayed.—*North British Mail.*

You may talk of modes, and methods, and systems, of "Education" as you like: their importance is of a very secondary sort! No great man was ever educated, save by himself.

Anger is the sinew of the soul; for that it serveth to increase valour being moderate and temperate.

From Chambers Edinburgh Journal. SEA ROUTE ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

THE latest project of this projecting age, is the proposition to form a neck of sea across the Isthmus of Darien, so as to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The scheme goes very much beyond that of a canal. The neck is to be clear tide-way throughout, at least 150 feet wide 30 feet deep; thus affording ample sea-room for vessels of the largest size to pass each other at full sail, or when drawn by steam-tugs. There are to be no locks; the sea, uniting with certain rivers, is to form a fifth open at all times, and kept clear by the daily action of the tide from one side to the other. Will not this be one of the grandest triumphs of practical art in modern times? Its influence on the commerce of the world, who can calculate upon!

A proper understanding of the line to be traversed by this great work, may be obtained from the account given by Mr Gisborne of his exploration of the Isthmus; and to this we beg to draw attention.

Lionel Gisborne is a civil-engineer, who went out last year, at the request of Messrs Fox, Henderson, and Brassey, to examine and report on the practicability of a canal across this celebrated Isthmus. Such a work has, it is well known, been meditated for centuries, but has hitherto been forbidden by the elevation of the country and the savage condition of its inhabitants. Within the last few years, the need of a readier communication between the Atlantic and Pacific than that by the Straits of Magellan, has received such an impulse from the discovery of the gold of California, that the project has been revived; but the old difficulties being still great, it has been found necessary to form, in the mean time, a kind of provisional communication by means of a railway, and part of this line is now actually in operation, extending about twenty-one miles inland from Navy Bay, on the Atlantic, while the remainder of the journey (32 miles) is performed along on an execrable road, terminating at the city of Panama, on the Pacific. Nor has this satisfied our American friends, but they have arranged matters for a similar but longer communication across the Isthmus, at a point much more convenient for them, being several hundred miles less to the southward—namely, from Campeachy Bay, in the Gulf of Mexico, to the Gulf of Tauntepeque, on the Pacific. Many of us here are not dreaming that the Americans are making or going to make two railways across their continent. In England, however, the idea of a canal by which ships of all burdens might pass between the two oceans, has been at the same time kept in view, notwithstanding all obstructions, and in the present volume we get an interesting glimpse of the movements.

The favourite line for a canal as heretofore planned, is one which occurs about the 11th degree of north latitude, and is partly composed of the Juan River, and a lake (Nicaragua) out of which that river issues, the remainder of the space being occupied by the chain of mountainous grounds which extend along the whole Isthmus in greater or less prominence. American and British capitalists have been seriously contemplating this line, which it was thought possible to realise on a scale of twelve feet of waterway for £4,000,000 sterling, or on a scale of twenty feet of waterway for £10,000,000. But it has been seen that this plan, involving 100 miles of canalised river, and some serious difficulties in the lake, and yet affording a passage for only a limited class of vessels, not to speak of its twenty-eight locks, and the unhealthiness of the 195 miles of country through which it passes, was too seriously objectionable to be entertained, and it was then that Sir Charles Fox resolved to have another line of passage surveyed. The results are described in the volume before us.

The spot pitched upon by Mr Gisborne, has a melancholy interest for us, in Scotland, on account of its being the scene of the disastrous settlement effected by the Darien Company in 1695. Caledonia Bay and Port Escoeces are names which still commemorate that sad affair, in which poor Scotland lost £400,000 and the lives of many of her children—something like national ruin then depending on the loss of an amount of which would now scarcely be missed out of the bank-account of not a few of her individual capitalists. After making some preparations at Carthage, Mr Gisborne, with his assistant Mr Forde, reached Port Escoeces on the 15th of June, in a small schooner. It was strikingly a case of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The Isthmus at this part is occupied by tribes of Indians, who, knowing well the usual consequences of the intrusion of the white man, are determined to keep him out by all means in their power.