ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 24. ERIE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1853. NUMBER 19.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DR S. C. BROWNEL,
Dentist, South side of the Public Square, between Sixth and Peach Streets, Erie, Pa.
GOLD PLATE LIKENESSES FOR 1 DOLLAR.

E H ABELL,
Daguerreian Artist, Rooms over the Erie Bank, South side Diamond, Erie, Pa.
Pictures taken in the best style of the art, and warranted to give satisfaction.

T D EDWARDS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Warren Pa. Professional business and collections will receive prompt attention.

D D. WALKER & CO.,
Forwarding, produce and Commission Merchants, fourth house West of the Public Bridge, Erie Pa.
Dealers in Coal, Salt, Plaster, Stucco, Fish, Lime Lake Stone, Iron, Nails, Stoves, Castings, &c., with unequalled facilities for shipping either by steamboats, propellers, schooners, or by Railroad.
D. WALKER. L. DOBBINS.

CARSON GRAHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office on French St., first door west of the Park, Erie.

T W MOORE,
Wholesale and retail Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candies, &c., One door below Booth & Stewart's State-st.

VINCENT, HIMROD & Co.,
Forwarders of Stoves, Hollow Ware, Engines, Machinery, Railroad Cars, etc., State St., Erie Pa.

THOMAS M. AUSTIN,
Agent for the firm of G. Loomis & Co., Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver spoons, Musical instruments, Looking Glasses, Lamps and Fancy goods, wholesale and retail.

H. JARECKI,
Cigars, west side of State Street, Erie, Pa.

L. N TIBBALS, & CO.
(Successors to the firm of WALKER & TIBBALS,)
Commission and Shipping Merchants, and dealers in Coal, Flour, Fish, Salt, Water Lime, Plaster, &c., Dock, Erie, Pa. Packages intended for our care will receive market rate.
L. N. TIBBALS. D. WALKER.

J B GUNNISON,
Dealer in Books, Stationary, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publications, Sheet Music, Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Books, &c. First door west of the Reed House, Erie.

BOOTH & STEWART,
Importers and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Hats and Millinery, No 6, Poor People's Row, opposite Reed Hotel.

LIDDELL, KEPLER & CO
Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing, Steam Boilers, Doors, Fire Proof Shutters, and all kinds of Machinery and Fancy Castings, &c., done to order.

JOHN GOALDING,
Fashionable Tailor, and Habit Maker—Shop on the east side of State Street, two doors north of Eight, and adjoining H. Biblet & Co's Cabinet Ware-Room, Erie, Pa.

CLARK & METCALF,
Wholesale and retail dealers in Dry Goods, Carpets, and Groceries, No. 1 Reed House.

JOHN B COOK,
Dealer in Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, and the greatest variety of any store in the city, Cheap side, Erie, Pa.

STERRETT & GRAY,
Commission Jobbers and retail Dealers in wet and dry Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Iron, Willow and Stone Ware, Flour, Fish, Salt, Glass, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, &c., &c., French Brandies, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.
Steamboats and Canal Boats, Vessels, Hotels, and Private families supplied with any of the above articles on the shortest notice and very cheap.

WM. S. LANE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.—Office over Jackson's Store, North-East corner of the Public Square.

ARBUCKLE & KEPLER,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. Perry Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

DR C. BRANDES,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Eighth st. between French and Holland, Erie, Pa.

M SANFORD & CO.,
Brokers, Gold Silver, Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Deposit & Sight Exchange on the principal cities for sale. Erie.

T HERON STUART,
Physician—Residence on Fourth street, one door west of Apothecary Hall.

RUFUS REED,
Importer and dealer in English, German and American Hardware and Iron, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel No. 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

CADWELL & BENNETT,
Jobbers, and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Spikes, &c. Empire Stores State Street, below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
Also, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a large assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings

S MERVIN SMITH,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company.—Office in the west of Wright's store, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Agent for Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding and Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, foot of State street.
Agent for Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

J. G. & W. I. MILLS,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars.—Also Foreign Fruit, Nuts, Pickles and Sauces, Lobsters, Preserves, and Hermetically Sealed Meats of every description always on hand, No. 2 Commercial Block, State-st., opposite Brown's New Hotel, Erie Pa.
J. G. Mills, New York. W. I. Mills, Buffalo.
Oysters in their season, Oysters in shell, from J. Depew Street, New York, which will be sold wholesale at low prices. A. G. Jackson, Agt. Erie, Pa.

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors South of State street, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON & CO.
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, &c., No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

DURLIN & SLOAN,
Dealers in Classical, School and Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Stationery, and Printer's Cards, No. 9, Reed Hotel, Erie Pa.

DOCTORS BEEBE & STEWART,
Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residence, Sassafras Street.
Office hours from 7 to 8, A. M; 1 to 2, and 6 to 7, P. M.

JOHN HEARN & CO.
Forwarding and Commission Merchants, dealer in in Coal, Salt, Lime, and agent for a daily line of Upper Lake Propellers, Public Dock Erie, Pa.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY,
Office Removed to No. 5 Reed Block, State Street.
Mails for Express closes at 11½ o'clock, A. M.
" " " 3½ o'clock, P. M.

GEORGE J. MORTON,
Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie.
Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and Plaster.

I ROZENSWEIG & Co.
Manufacturers and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic ready made clothing, Boots and Shoes, Reed Block, Wright's Block, State street, Erie.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law Office over William Wright's, entrance one door west of State street, Diamond, Erie.

TIBBALS, & HAYES.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 1, Brown's New Hotel.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, hardware, Queens-Ware, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT,
Brokers, Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver coin, Current Money, Land Warrants and certificates of Deposit. Also sight Drafts on the principal cities of the West, and all parts of the Old Country for sale. Office, Reed Block, corner of State-st. and Public Square.

M. CHAPIN, Resident Dentist—Office in the Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth Street, up stairs. Prices reasonable, and work warranted.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist: Office and dwelling on the South side of the Public Square, I door East of the Erie Bank Building. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to have them of pellucid cleanness. All work warranted.

Select Poetry.

THE FORSAKEN HARP.

BY RAY HADDOCK.

Beside a crystal rivulet that rolled
Its sparkling waters o'er a bed of gold,
And to the lone Dove's melancholy song,
Breathed its soft murmurs as it swept along,
There hung a harp—a moss-clad harp of yore,
Whose witching tones of music never more
Might be aroused by the fair hand that played
Amid its quivering chords in evening's tranquil shade.

And yet at times when autumn winds came sighing
Amid the falling leaves and flowers dying,
The broken strings of that lone harp would give
An echo of such strains as once did live
In lighted hall and summer's rosy bower;
Where love and beauty spent the festive hour,
Breathing a low and melancholy moan
Amid the sighing winds and that deep forest lone.

Ev'n thus in years a look will "dart
An instant sunshine" through the sorrowing heart,
And feelings long forgotten will arise
In the lone soul, and sparkle in the eyes,
And hopes long buried will revive again,
Weaving anew affection's broken chain.
And kindling on the altar of the soul
Love's pure, undying flame; which earth can ne'er control.

[*Cleveland True Democrat.*

Choice Miscellany.

THE HERMIT OF ST. PAUL'S;
A TALE OF THE SEA.

FROM BENTLEYS MISCELLANY.

By virtue of our *press*-warrant we propose to transport the courteous reader's imagination on board an English sloop of war But in so doing we disclaim all further interference with his freedom We will leave him in perfect liberty to roam about her decks, while we merely draw his attention to her "whereabouts." He will observe, then, that she is skimming along before a steady breeze, well down in the southern latitudes of the great Indian Ocean; that the quartermaster has just made it six bells in the middle watch, and being translated into shore going time, tallies with three o'clock in the morning, and, as it happened on this occasion, to be about an hour before sunrise. Not a sound breaks the monotonous roll of the sea, save an occasional "Steady boy!—Steady!" from the quarter-master, to which a juvenile, of about fifty, at the wheel, with the quid side of his cheek as big as a cobler's lapstone, echoes, "Steady it is—stea-dy—ah!" in tones deep enough for the bass notes of an organ.

Aft, on the poop, the officer of the watch is lounging away the time in solitude, while, down in the waist, knots of men are lolling about, luxuriating in the cool of the early dawn, secure for a brief period from the scorching rays of a December's sun. On the forecastle a confused group of the best hands in the ship are nestled round a tough old Triton, some lying on the deck, others on gun-carriages and spars, or stowed in coils of rope. The breeze is steady, and, as we are at the antipodes of course, we naturally expect to find, not only the seasons, but every thing else reversed Accordingly the wind, which in England is proverbially fickle, becomes in those happy climes, a symbol of constancy, to which a lover may compare his mistress, and convey a complement by the comparison. This fact appears to be well understood on boad the sloop, for neither officers nor men seem to be solicitous about the weather, but surrendered themselves up to "taking it easy" for the remainder of the watch. Two keen eyed topmen, however, are perched on the fore and maintop gallant yards, peering into the gloom just as though some anticipated event was expected with the early streak of dawn, and, as will appear, the cause of their vigilance, occupied the thoughts of the watch on deck as well the "lookers out" aloft.

"Come, come, Ben," said a brisk young topman to the old Briton before alluded to.—"overhaul your news bag, old boy; tell us summat about this queer island we're a running for. Is it true, you've touched there afore, eh?"

"True enough, mate."

"Let's see," chimed in the captain of the forecastle, "how do they call the outlandish place?"

"St. Paul's.

"Ah! St. Paul's. It's a rum berth for a ship to run for, I'm told."

"I b'lieve ye," replied old Ben. "Once put toe and heel ashore there, and you've logg'd the fact in your mem'ry for the rest 'o the cruise, I'll warrant ye."

"Deed!" said two or three listeners, gradually drawing within ear-shot.

"There's two islands, ain't there, Ben?"

"Yes, 'bout twenty mile apart."

"And no other land near?"

"Not for thousands of miles," replied the veteran.

"Well, but Ben," continued the young topman, "did'nt you fall in with a rum sort of customer when you landed there? Come, come, tell us all about it," said he impatiently, "or else the look-out at the mast-head will report the island in sight afore you've had time to ball off your yarn."

"It's no yarn I'm about to spin," replied old Ben, "leastways you may call it a yarn, if ye like, but 'member every strand in it is laid in truth; true as the log; and the log, ye know, never lies."

"Well, well, we know that," replied half a dozen voices; "go on."

Old Ben continued. "You see, it's now about four years ago, that I signed articles in a Botany-bay-man, bound for Sydney. On our run out, our barkey and her consort sighted these very island we're now running down upon for the same purpose as brings us among 'em."

"And what's that, Ben?"

"Why, to c'rect our thermometers, to be sure," he continued. "Ye see they're sometimes sighted by vessels for that reason, and by ships bound for the Australian ports. Howsoever, the captains 'o our two craft never could agree about our blessed time-keepers, so they determined to make the nearest land to make their selves right, get a cargo of fresh vegitables and a live pig or two into the bargain. Well, in course, if ye keep a bright look out, ye may find the sea-serpent in time, and, at last, we made this bit of an island of St. Paul's, and drope our anchors, on its eastermost side, in a gritty sort o' black sand as like west gunpowder as one marine's like another."

"And did you go ashore, Ben? eh?"

"In coorse, mate, I did. There was the first and second cutters, and the jolly boats, and I was the capt'n's cox'sun. My eyes! I 'members the fun we had a pullin ashore, right through shoals o' seals and thrashers, for a 'ticing sort o' bay. There, I tells ye what it is, my lads, the view o' that bay, or lagoon, or whatever they calls it, is the most suprisin' in all creation It reg'larly takes a fellar's breath away, like the sight of Bet Sponson in full toog on the sunny side o' the common hard at Porsmouth. I've cruised in all parts o' this mortal earth," continued he, elevating his arm to give additional force to his remarks, "seen the Bay o' Naples, Sandy Hook, the Golden Horn, and all sich like show shops, but they're no more to be compared to the lagoon we're a talkin' about than a Jew's eye is to a dubble piece of pork."

"What you means for beauty, I s'pose?" said the young topman.

"Sartainly, and for cur'osity too," added the old man.

"How big's you very wonderful bay, eh, Ben?"

"Well, I tells ye, it aint exactly a bay," replied the veteran, "for it's as round as the drumhead of a capstan, leaving only a bit of an opening, about a pistol shot wide next the sea. But fortunately we had a doctor aboard, one of the 'cutest fellars in the world. Lor' bless ye, he'd still 'bacca or rum in a minit, out of any pison in his medicine chest, and bring a chap to life whenever he liked; and he and the captain 'greed that this here bay or lagoon was the crater of a burnt-out volcano; and it's likely they're right, for though it's at least three miles round and thirty fathom deep, yet the water near the shore of the lagoon reg'larly biles, and steams away like the galley coppers on pea-soup day."

"Capital mermaid's bath," said one of the seamen.

"Precious soon made lobscouse of 'em," said Ben. "Don't I tell ye the sea's hot enough to blister a wooden leg within twenty yards of the shore, and yet—it's as cool as an iceberg a couple of boat-lengths further off from the land."

"No fish there, then, I spose?" asked the topman.

"Never seed such a place for fish in all my life—ketch them without bait, too—why, they'll run after a bit of red rag as keen as a girl will run after a so'ger; we filled our jolly boat with all sorts and sizes of the handsomest rockfish, with nothing but strips cut off the corners of a red ensign twisted round our hooks."

"What, they'd got used to living in biling water, I spose? said the topman," jeering

"Not exactly," replied Ben.

"Though the sea was hot enough to cook a mermaid; why, Ben—hollo! small helm Bo—don't work to wind'ard o' truth, old boy."

"Don't mean to," replied the veteran coolly; "water, shot thar, and [illegible] hook. Ah! I tells ye, St. Paul's is a queer sort of a place. It's strange fishing ground where a fellar can stand in the bow of a jolly boat and ketch fish in cold water, and then by merely slueing hisself round, drop 'em into bilin water and cook 'em."

"In course, Ben, you did'nt forget to peep into the koker nuts ashore?" demanded the topman, with a sly look.

"Peep into the koker nuts?" said Ben, puzzled at such a question. "What for?"

"Why, you see, mate, I did'nt know what might happen in such a strange country, so I thought p'r'aps the same fire as cooked your fish might a' simmered the milk in the koker nuts into slapup melted butter, that's all."

"Ha! ha! ha! roared the group of seamen in a chorus.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said old Ben, mocking, "why, ye d—ned grinnin hy-he-nahs, every word as true as the sloop's log—only wait till we make the land, and I'll prove it, or forfeit a week's grog;* 'sides, a man that would play and loose with Dame Nature, and make her keep a false recknin isn't fit to be trusted with a sight of her beauties."

"Well—well," said the laughing seamen, but still evidently disbelieving the old man. "Go on—go on."

Ben gave a severe gripe at his quid, and proceeded. "After our feast in the crater, we scrambled up the volcano and gained the top of the land, where we found patches o' verdure, mingled with jagged lumps o'rock, and groves o' palms; and, over head, there was acres o' sea-birds screamin' and wheelin' about, and these wos the only signs o' life about the place. But the sight than won all our hearts wos the view lookin' down into the crater we'd just left. You might 'a fancied 'twas a large green bowl, with one of its sides chipped off, and through this opening the sea had run in and half filled it with water, that glistened in the sun, and looked as moist and bright as a widow's eye. Then it was so calm and transparent, that the rocks and cliffs, the groves of palms, and the sky that was the color o' blue steel, and looked as hard, wos reflected on its smooth surface with all the truth of a mirror. Well, I don't know," continued the old seaman, with considerable feeling, 'but, somehow, I could fancy the landscape had features, that looked solitary and sad, as if it mourned the desolation of the fires that had spread such havoc about."

"Well, my lads," continued Ben, after delivering himself of his bit of sentiment; "we did not get away from this pleasant spot without a sigh, but, of course, when the order wos given, 'twas obeyed; so we separated into two divisions to explore the island, pick scurvy-grass, fresh vegetables, and shoot pigs."

"Shoot pigs!" cried the topman, "some none o' your gammon, Ben—why, where could they come from?"

"Turned adrift by Capt. Cook, I b'lieve, to feed any poor devils that might chance to be wrecked upon the island. Well, we found plenty, for the'd multiplied wonderfully, and gave us lots o' fun. Only fancy twenty or thirty sailors sent ashore anywhere after a long, cruise, and you're sartain to have a nitty. But just s'pose 'em on an uninhabited island, half sprung with grog, free from the control of their officers, and out a pig shootin."

"What, you'd guns, then?" said the topman.

"We'd all sorts o' weapons, rusty ship's muskets, old pistols, and cutlashes," replied Ben.—"Well, away we goes, swellin' and lolloping about, poppin' at a pig here, and slashin' at another there, as they darted out of their hidin' places. Presently somebody wounds a hog p'r'aps, and away he scampers, squealin' with the lungs o' forty bo'suns, and cuttin' for his life to a hole in the rocks, or else into a tope of palms, with a couple o' sailors holding on by the slack of his tail—the pig pullin' for his life, and Jack pullin' for his dinner, and all three every now and then swearin', and gruntin', and pitchin', and rollin' over one another, like so'gers in a breeze. For, mind, it's no joke shootin' a hog, 'ticularly a wild 'un. You must knock him over, as dead as a herring, or else you don't bag him. No, no, he's clean gone if he's only a leg left, I can tell ye. Into the rocks he bolts, and you might as well whistle a jig to a milstone as try to get him out."

"Well, mates this sort of sport melted the time away as fast as the sun does butter upon the Guinea Coast, so that, by about noon, we found ourselves broilin' along under a load o' game about the centre of the island, and then we got 'tangled in a stony pass, where Dame Nature had certainly been trying her hand at a game o' nine pins, for the rocks are just like skittles.—Howsomever, it was a sort of a place, and we played Tom Coxe's traverse, and lost and found ourselves a dozen times, before we entered the open country again, and then what d've think wos the first thing we seed?"

"A Mermaid, p'r'aps, out for a 'stroll," said the topman.

"No," said Ben.

"What wos it, then, eh?"

"A man," replied the veteran.

"Only a man!" echoed Ben, "why, who'd 'a thought of findin' one in a solitary island like St. Paul's eh?" and, what's more strange, that he should 'a tried to shun a meetin', for he'd 'a slipped his cable and run if he could; but, you see, that wos impossible, because we'd a clear view afore us right away, to the sea, and we wos between him and the only hidin' at hand, the rocky defile, through which, as it afterwards turned out, we'd driven him. Well, you may be sure, that finding a man on a bit of a uninhabited island hoisted up a precious hobbing, and we asked him as many questions in a minit, as would 'a took an hour to answer."

"What countryman was he, then?" inquired the captain of the forecastle.

"An Englishman; he'd been left there to catch seals, by a whaler, and he was to be called for on the ship's return to Hartsger, where he'd fished four years when we found him.

"And all alone, eh?"

"Not at first," replied Ben, "he'd one companion."

"And he died, I s'pose?" said the topman; "how lonely for the survivor!"

"You're wide o' the truth but p'r'aps," continued Ben, musing, "you would'nt guess in a blue moon what become of him."

"Tried to escape, p'r'aps, and was lost," said one.

"Boiled himself to death in the crater," said another.

"No," said Ben slowly. "Ah! you'd never guess, so here's tell ye—they could't agree."

"What, and so liv'd on different parts o' the island?"

"Bless yer heart, no," continued Ben, "each man must have a whole island to himself, so after a reg'lar fight one mornin', with knives, down on the shores of the lagoon, when they both lay stabbed and helpless, they detarmined to separate for the future, and to settle which should emigrate himself to the neigboring isle of Amsterdam; they tossed up and our friend won, and his mate, true as steel, took the boat left 'em by the whaler, and sailed for his new home, and he'd never heard on him from that hour."

"Can't think what they could 'a fought about."

"Well, you see;" replied the old seaman, "the yarn he spun to us wos, that soon after the ship had left 'em on the island, they quarreled about the division o' the seal skins they'd took, and our hermit said he went in fear of his life, for he'd found his mate on two or three occasions creeping into his hut, with the intention, as he thought, of murdering him in his sleep."

"But what should he murder him for?"

"Well, 'twas s'posed he intended to claim the whole of the skins as his own, when the ship called for 'em on her homeward vi'age. Dead men tell no tales, you know, and in coorse he could 'a made his story good to the captain.—Be that as it may, however, the suspicion wos onbearable; they felt that neither wos safe; if they met they scowled and then passed on in silence; for it appeared they wos afraid of one another, and so they wos obliged to sleep as cunning as foxes, in hollows, thickets, and caves, and out-of-the way places, never letting their secret haunts be known, for if one had ketched t'other asleep, he'd never walked again."

"I should 'a thought they would have lived together for the sake of company," said the topman.

"Ah!" said Ben, "so should I; but there's no 'counting for taste, ye know—'sides, it's my 'pinion that neither on 'em wos much good, You may be sartain the captain of the whaler didn't part with the very best hands in his ship—p'r'haps they wos but a couple of mutinous fellars, and left there on purpose to get rid of 'em. But solitude suited him, for, long as he'd been without society, he didn't wish to meet us, He'd seen us heave in sight, make for the land, drop our anchor, send boats ashore, land in the lagoon, climb up the sides of the crater, scour the island a pig-shootin', and retreated before us into the rocky defile, where we found him."

"But how did he live?"

"Live!" replied Ben, "very well. Is'nt the lagoon chock full of fish?"

"And then the biling water is always laid on at the main," said the topman.

"'Sides there's wild hogs, koker nuts, and vegetables. Ah!" said Ben, sucking his quid, "a feller might 'a been as happy there as a troop o' monkeys in a nut grove, with a few companions of the right sort. But I tell ye mates, it's my opinion a chap must 'a had some reason for shunnin his species, if he shut hisself up in such a reg'lar built Paradise as St. Paul's without wishing to share it with another."

"True, mate; but I spose you humored him and left him there," said the topman.

"Why, yes," said Ben, "he would not come away."

"Perhaps he is there now," said one of the seamen.

"Like enough," replied the old tar, "for though the islands are often sighted they're seldom landed on, and it's my belief the captain of the whaler never meant to call for him, after being away for four years. But we shan't be long in suspense, for here comes the morning sun, and the sloop's now flying through the water like a dolphin."

"Land ho!" bowled the look-out on the fore-top-gallant-yard.

"Land ho!" shouted the man at the main.

"There now" said Ben, our "chronometers could'nt have been far from righ, for the island was due 'cording to our reck'ning by sunrise, and there's St. Paul's, sure enough, broad off upon the lee bow."

"Fo'k'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 towards the islands, which, like twin giants, seemed to rise out of the ocean, rearing their lofty heads 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 merely walking aft, selected our own fish-kettle in the boiling sea, and cooked them, moodsack fashion, with the *cavil* 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 time to spare for the contemplation 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 to 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 not 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 warrior's plumes, bent gracefully before the passing breeze, it receives an additional charm that no pen can describe. Neither must that soft babbler, 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 hand of the crater brought us to a natural cavity in the cliff; its aperture was curtained with a 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 thematter.—It was a piece of canvass 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 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, it was not his habit to court observation, for he was known to be a misanthrope. But the mystery was speedily explained.

As we approoched 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, although so singular, that at first it was impossible to say what it was, and it was only after three or four more little round bullet heads were raised, followed by the same sort of alarmed shuffling gait and plunge into the sea, that we discovered them to be so many large seals that we had disturbed while basking in the sun.

But yet there still remains a seal at the foot of the staff, and even though we now approach 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 raises his musket to his shoulder—he hesitates—why does not the man fire? He lowers his piece, and walks straight up to 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 bit of canvass tied to the staff; it told him of some calamity, sickness, perhaps, overtaking the poor solitary, and that there 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 placed upon the side of the island upon which ships generally pass. His only hope consisted in his chance of attracting the attention of some passing vessel. Here he had with his dying efforts raised his signal, sighed his last sigh, and died a death that sickens the mind to dwell upon. And here, too, 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.

* If the reader should feel disposed to doubt the veracity of the old tar, we beg to refer him to Horsburgh's Sailing Directory to the East, for a description of this remarkable lagoon.

Another Wonderful Island.

The account of "Pitcairn's Island" was almost too marvelous for belief, but we have just met a description given by Capt. Gibson—whose wonderful escape from a dungeon in the island of Java we published lately—of the very curious island of Tristan d'Accunha, a mere rock in the Southern Ocean. Capt. G. says:

This island is situated about midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. In the year 1811, the British frigate Pandora struck on a ledge of rocks near this island, on her return home from Bengal, laden with troops. One of their number, Sergeant Glass, while the troops were being landed, preparatory to getting the ship off the rocks, took advantage of the confusion attendant thereon, and secreted himself on the island, and the ship sailed without him.—Glass remained here three years, subsisting in the meantime, on the flesh of goats, which here abound, and also on shell fish and roots. By the expiration of this time he had succeeded in constructing a boat from drift timber and other materials, and proceeded with a cargo of goat in this frail craft was during the prevailing the westerly winds. He accomplished his perilous voyage in safety.

After a short residence at Cape Town, he married the widow of a soldier who had died at the Cape; and with his wife and a negro man returned to his solitary island again, taking with him various implements, seeds, arms and ammunition, together with other necessaries, which were liberally furnished him by the merchants of Cape Town. Here the good couple carried out the injunction of "increase and multiply." The result of their marriage was seven daughters, who, in the course of time, were married to men from American whalers who occasionally touched at the island. These sons-in-law of the old man, in compliance with a law that he had made that "no son-in-law of his should leave the island," settled down, and proved as prolific as did the original couple, so that the population now amounts to 84 children, grand-children, and great-grand-children.

The old Patriarch, Glass, is now 82 years of age, and as hale and strong as a youth of 20;—indeed, he says he means to live for 80 years longer, and, so far as personal appearance would warrant the judgment, he will do it.

A remarkable fact should here be mentioned, that since the island has first been settled by Glass, death has never visited one of its inhabitants.

The amount of land at present available for cultivation on the island, is a mere strip of about 250 acres, which is entirely devoted to the cultivation of potatoes and other esculents. But, as the spade is used, and every attention paid to enriching the land, it is even now capable of furnishing support to about 500 persons; and there is no doubt but that in the course of a few years, large tracts of other land on the side of the mountain will be brought into a productive state.

The island is an extinct volcano, rising almost 1,100 feet above the level of the sea. The edges of the crater of this volcanic mountain are eternally covered with snow. Within the crater is a magnificent lake of pure fresh water, about one third of a mile in diameter.

This lake is fed by the melted snows, and it overflows in several torrents and escapes down the side of the mountain, supplying the inhabitants of the island and ships which sometimes touch there, with excellent water. The lake sometimes abounds with a very peculiar kind of fish, of excellent flavor, and totally unlike any other species found in the surrounding ocean, so that their origin is an interesting subject for the investigation of the ichthyologist.

Capt. Gibson stayed at this island for three days, and only left it and its interesting inhabitants, sooner than he wished from compulsion, as a dangerous storm was brewing, and the coast afforded no safe anchorage. The grand-daughters of old Glass are described as remarkable for their health and beauty, and it would not be strange if many adventurous Yankees should be inclined to settle there and marry into this patriarchal fraternity. The women are equally expert with the men in the use of the rifle, fishing rod and oar, and find no difficulty in obtaining husbands, for whom they make excellent wives.

With the men of the original stock, however, the case is different as women are not in the habit of going "a whaling;" therefore no women come to this island. We are informed that there are now about nineteen young men who would feel under great obligations to some charitable Mrs. Farnham.

One of the young men took his father's boat, and with two of his cousins proceeded to the coast of Africa, and made bold to introduce himself to a young Caffre woman, who, not being affected with any of the punctions of civilized life, readily accompanied him home. By her he has three interesting children, and she makes him an excellent wife. She is described as of a bright brown complexion, thin-lipped, with fine straight nose, most interesting cast of countenance, and a slender agile figure. She has readily acquired the English language, and speaks it with remarkable fluency.

TAKE YOUR COUNTY PAPER.—We take the following sensible article from that excellent paper, the Boston American *Union*:

"People hardly know how much they lose by not subscribing for their county paper. There are always certain matters of local interest, in which it behooves every good citizen to keep duly 'posted up.' Instead of sending away fifty or a hundred miles for a miscellaneous paper, suited only for the general reader, every man should take first the paper published in his county, and pay for it in advance; then if he has any money to spare for mere amusement or gratification of his own taste, let him subscribe for a good city paper, containing able reports of scientific lectures, legislative and congressional intelligence, with a domestic summary of foreign and domestic news to the latest moment of going to press. Now if this is not good advice, we hardly know what is. It is the way we should do; and we are not so selfish as to mourn the loss of a dozen subscribers—if it should come to that—who are perhaps leaving a fellow townsman, some poor, but worthy printer, to work on in weariness of spirit, for want of that generous support which would not only cheer his heart, but enable him to make his paper all that his patrons could desire. We know something of the sad experience of those who have control of country papers, from our own connection, in years bye gone, with a journal of that class. It becomes a man to be just before he is generous, and to remember, that 'charity begins at home.' Never subscribe to a newspaper without paying for it in advance. The man who does his duty in this respect, reads his paper weekly with an increased satisfaction. Every one knows that his greatest comfort is derived from the consciousness of having done or tried to do right, and it is certainly no more than right to pay the printer who is constantly incurring large outlays for paper and composition, and who, almost invariably, pays for every article 'set up' for his paper, even before it passes into the hands of the subscriber, says a good writer, that goes to encouraging people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or parlor, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon waste cries "More!" like the horse leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family and amid her children, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he can in the counting room or the work shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy; it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance; the second, fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils in its train.

☞ Mr Kendall, one of the editors of the New Orleans *Picayune*, in a recent letter from Paris, says:—"I feel a disposition to crow this morning. Do not our clippers outsail them all, our steamers outrun them all, our Colt's revolvers outshoot them all, and our thrashing machines outthrash them all—or thrash them all out, if you will? If a man on this side wishes to keep his throat moist, does he not swallow an American julip, cobbler, or cocktail? If he wishes to keep his feet dry, does he not wear an American overshoe? If he wishes to keep his blood purified, does he not use American sarsaparilla and pills? If he wishes to keep ahead on the road, does he not buy an American trotter? If he wishes to keep warm, does he not procure an American stove? If he wishes to keep cool, does he not send for American ice? If he wishes to keep his money and effects safe, does he not purchase one of Hobb's American locks? If he wishes to keep himself and family from want or starvation, does he not go to America, or turn his eyes or thoughts in that direction? I tell you that I feel Chapmanish this morning—I repeat that I have a desire to crow, and lustily, over the handiwork and advantages of my own countrymen."

THE MIDDLE AGES.—Rude were the manners then: man and wife ate off the same trencher; a few wooden-handled knives, with blades of rugged iron, were a luxury for the great: candles unknown. A servant girl held a torch at supper; one, or at most two, mugs of coarse brown earthenware formed all the drinking apparat