

A FEMALE CRUSOE.



HOSE of our readers who are following the lonely career of "Robina Crusoe," will be interested in knowing that one of our earliest travellers on the overland route, in search of the north-west passage, was Mr. Hearne, who, during the years from 1769 to 1771, made three several journeys towards the Copper Mine river, in full expectation of finding a northern ocean, the existence of which, it was inferred, would establish the fact of a sea

route north of the great American continent. In those journeys he encountered the most frightful perils and underwent astonishing hardships, not a whit less cruel than the worst of those endured by modern travellers, and he manifested unparalleled fortitude in contending against them. The third journey to some extent established the fact, the verification of which was the chief object of his expeditions, and moreover corrected some important errors in the reports of preceding explorers. But we have nothing to say on that subject here. Mr. Hearne's expeditions have long been a dead letter; and we refer to them only for the purpose of introducing an episode in his adventures which strikes us as affording, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of female resources and self-reliance ever recorded.

When Mr. Hearne, with a company of Indian guides, was travelling in the arctic circle, not far from the Lake Athapuscow, one of the guides came suddenly upon the track of a strange snow-shoe. Astonished at the sight, in a region supposed to be hundreds of miles from any human habitation, the Indians followed up the track, and after pursuing it for some distance, arrived at a small hut or cabin, formed of snow and driftwood, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. She understood their language, and did not need much persuasion to induce her to return with them to the traveller's tent. Here on being interrogated, she told her story; when it came out that she was a native of the tribe of Dog-ribbed Indians, who were, or had been, at feud with the Athapuscans, and that at an inroad of the latter, during the summer of 1770, she had been taken prisoner and carried off to slavery. In the following summer, when the Athapusan Indians were travelling the country, she watched her opportunity, and, on arriving near the place where she was found, managed one night to give them the slip, intending to find her way back to her own people. In this, however, she was disappointed. She had been carried away in a canoe, and the twistings and windings of the river were so many and intricate, and so often intersected each other, and there were so many lakes and marshes, that she found it impossible to pursue her route. In this dilemma, instead of resigning herself to despair, she set about building a dwelling for a shelter during the winter, and having completed it, she calmly took up her abode and commenced her solitary housekeeping.

She had kept an account of all the moons that had passed; and from this it appeared that for seven months she had not seen a human face, and had subsisted in this desolate region entirely by her own unaided exertions.

How had she contrived to sustain life? When asked that question, she said that when she ran away from her captors she took with her a few deer sinews. With these she made snares, and caught partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed a few beavers and porcupines, and was not only not in want of food at the period when she was discovered, but had a tolerably good stock of provisions laid up for future use. When the snares made of the deer sinews were all worn out, she was ready with another stock manufactured with sinews drawn from the legs of the rabbits and squirrels which had fallen victims to her cunning. But this "exemplary female" had not only well stocked her larder by the exercise of industry and forethought, but had also taken equal care of her wardrobe. From the skins of the various animals she had caught she had made up an excellent winter suit, which was not only warm and comfortable, but, according to Mr. Hearne, was put together with great taste and exhibited no small variety of ornament. "The materials, though rude, were curiously wrought, and so judiciously arranged as to make the whole garb have a pleasing though somewhat romantic appearance." Her working implements consisted of the broken shank of an iron arrow-head, and a few inches of iron hoop roughly sharpened into a knife; and with these she had constructed not only her dress, but a pair of substantial snow shoes, and several other useful articles.

The keeping up the fire had given her most trouble. With two sulphureous stones she could, by dint of violent friction and continuous pounding, raise a few sparks so as to kindle a handful of loose fibres of wood carefully picked small; but the labour was wearisome and long; and to avoid the necessity of it, she had not suffered her fire to be extinguished for many months. She was never idle. When fatigued with the toils of the chase, or when she was not under the necessity of hunting, she occupied herself in peeling off the thin inner bark of the willow trees with which the spot abounded, and twisting it into a species of twine. Of this sort of line she had already accumulated several hundreds of fathoms in length; and it was her intention to make of them a capacious net for fishing, as soon as the frost should break up and the streams become practicable.

Of this remarkable female, Mr. Hearne, in his journal, says: "She was one of the finest women I have ever seen in any part of North America." It would seem that his Indian guides were of the same opinion; and that, while they admired her for the comeliness of her person, they were by no means insensible of the value of her multifarious accomplishments. There was not a man among them who did not desire to have her for his wife; so, according to the custom of their tribe, they put her up to competition, and wrestled in the ring for her—the strongest of the party, after he had overthrown all the rest, having her duly assigned to him.

We might add a whole volume of reflections upon the cheerful, active, womanly spirit of this female Crusoe, uncivilized as she was, as contrasted with the desponding helplessness which we too often witness among women, and men too, who, with every motive to industry and activity, and every encouragement to exert both, lose all self-reliance under the first shock of adversity, and pass their days in useless indolence and repining. We forbear, however; such a history as this, or that of "Robina Crusoe," is better without a set moral, and carries its own comment.



NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE.

GODDARD AND Co.

Happy Love. Quadrille. By Louis F. Goddard.—A simple and pleasing arrangement; very good as marking time and rhythm.

Fairy Freaks. Schottische. By Louis F. Goddard.—The fact of this schottische having reached a third edition speaks well for its reception by our pianoforte-players. The time is well defined, and the melody bright and inspiring; no serious difficulty to overcome in reading or playing.

B. WILLIAMS.

Tel-el-Kebir. Valses. By H. J. King.—These valse are dedicated, by special permission, to General Lord Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. The air is well marked, and the arrangement very easy; quickly learnt and committed to memory.

ALFRED HAYS.

Le Rossignol. Nocturne for pianoforte. By H. J. King.—A smooth little warbling nocturne, with plenty of light and shade; not at all difficult, but requiring careful attention to the character and use of pedals. The *finale* depicts the soaring of the bird, whose voice is lost in the distance. Our young friends will be pleased with this pretty little nocturne.

WEEKES AND Co.

Un Echo d'Ecosse. Fantaisie de concert sur l'air, "Charlie is my darling." Par C. A. Ehrenfechter.—Very stylishly arranged. The air is well sustained throughout. A moderately advanced performer, giving proper attention to the carefully-marked expressions, will find this fantasia a most suitable piece for drawing-room entertainment. The pages of octaves at the end are brilliant and showy, easily played by a lissom wrist in good practice.

VOCAL.

W. MORLEY AND Co.

The Sprig of May. Song. Written by Helen M. Burnside. Composed by Jacques Blumenthal.—The music of this song (founded on a Hebrew melody) has been most feelingly expressed by the composer in his usual artistic style. The words are most touching, telling of a little street arab—cold, hungry, and neglected—tenderly raising a sprig of may carelessly dropped by a passer-by.

"Poor little lad! he is ten years old,
He sleeps in a cellar alone at night,
Always hungry and often cold,
And dreams of a mother with wings of white."

J. B. CRAMER AND Co.

Boots and Tramps. Song. Words and music by Walter Spinney.—We were not prepared by the title of this song to find it wedded to such a pretty and pleasing melody. We think the words are totally unsuited to the drawing-room.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand. Song. Written by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—In some respects this song is not equal to many of its predecessors; at the same time, it develops much pathos and feeling. The delicate arpeggio accompaniment comes in most beautifully to the words:—

"And sweet as an echo from heaven,
I heard its music once more;
And the burden of life was uplifted,
And the pain of parting was o'er."

Nap. Polka. Composed by J. Lees.—A danceable polka, with introduction, trio, and winding-up with brilliant coda, by no means difficult.

valance of black and gold brocaded rep (such as is used for furniture), edged with black fringe. The Christmas cards on the top brightened it up, and altogether the tables were a great success, being much admired; they also sold for a good price. I must now close, and with very many good wishes for your paper, I remain, yours truly,

RIVER MURRAY BUSH GIRL
(Australia), No. 2. (aged 15).

ANOTHER FEMALE CRUSOE.



THE San Francisco *Call* contains an interesting account of an Indian woman who was accidentally abandoned on

San Nicholas Island, off the coast of Southern California, and spent 18 years alone there before she was rescued. The fact of her existence was discovered by a man who went from the mainland to hunt for otters, and who found footprints sunk deeply in the ground. He was unable to follow up these indications for nearly three years, when one of the party who accompanied him came suddenly upon the object of their search. She was in a small circular enclosure made of brushwood, about 5 ft. high and 6 ft. in diameter, with a small opening on one side. She was clothed with a garment made of skins of the shag, a species of duck that can neither walk nor fly. This garment reached almost to her ankles when she stood erect. She was sitting cross-legged, skinning seal blubber with a rude knife made of a piece of hoop iron driven into a piece of wood. There was no covering on her head, except a thick matted mass of hair of yellowish brown colour, probably owing to exposure to the sun and the weather; it was short, as if the ends had rotted off. There were some wild dogs on the island, a few of which kept near her, and seem to regard her as a mistress. She had lived on a plant resembling cabbage, called by Californians *palo santo*, and a root known by the name of *corcomite*, also blubber of the various kinds of seals, etc. She had a rude apparatus for catching shell-fish, and strong fishing lines made of seal sinews, which seemed to indicate that she fished in the ocean. The expression of her face was pleasing, her features were regular, her complexion much fairer and her form more symmetrical than that of the Indian women on the adjoining mainland. Some suspect that she belonged to a tribe much farther north. She could not understand anything that was said to her in any of the Indian dialects of South California, but she had a wonderful capacity for conversing by

signs. She retained all her teeth, but they were worn low, supposed to be due to her chewing tough and hard articles of food. Her age appeared to be about 50 years. She bowed to all who came near her, greeting them with a smile. She freely accompanied her discoverers to their vessel, but her conduct at once convinced them that she retained the virtue of female modesty. She showed singular dexterity for making water vessels from grass and asphaltum, a substance which is plentiful both on the island and the mainland. She seemed to recognise several of the appliances of civilisation. She died about seven weeks after reaching the mainland, partly from the effects of a fall, partly from dysentery, brought on by eating fruits and vegetables. Padre Gonzalez, the superior of the mission of Santa Barbara, has sent her dress of shag-skins, her baskets and implements, to Rome, to the Museum of the Propaganda.

SLEEP.

By MEDICUS.

"SURELY," I said to myself, "I must be dreaming, and yet it hardly seems or feels like a dream. Here I sit in my study chair pen in—no, the pen has fallen on the floor. But I'm in the room that I entered but a short half hour ago. I had no companions then, all was as still as summer evenings ever are in the country; there was the rustling of the west wind through the rose bushes, that trail over the verandah, the fluting of the blackbird and the wild joyous notes of the nightingale. There was one large bright-winged butterfly in the room, who had lost himself, and a great velvety bee who had come in through the French window, and was examining, with his thousand eyes, the pattern of the carpet. "Dead sea fruit," he was singing, "flowers without perfume! blossoms without honey!"

But now what a change! No wonder that I rubbed my eyes and looked, and rubbed my eyes and looked again. Had my study, which as a rule bears an aspect of almost austere respectability, been suddenly crowded with lovely little elves, male and female sprites? Some seemed to be sitting, some lounging, some promenading about, but all apparently perfectly at home and on the very best of terms with themselves. They used my books as chairs or lounges with the utmost sang froid; one little imp had got astride of the guitar to play, half a dozen were chasing the butterfly, another half dozen had got the big bee on his back, and were tickling him to make him laugh.

"In the name of mystery," I exclaimed at last, "what means this—this—?"

I did not like to say "intrusion," so hesitated.

"Most learned sir," said one little sprite, strutting towards me and twirling an imaginary moustache. He was dressed like a midshipman or a midshipmite, and toyed with his dirk as he gazed audaciously up into my face—"Most learned sir. We are a band of quotations from the poets."

"Oh! indeed," I answered, "are you now?"

"Yes, we heard you were going to write a paper for your fair readers on the subject of 'Sleep.'"

"I am," said I; "that is my present intention."

"And no doubt," said the sprite, "it will, like all your other lucubrations, scintillate with wit, and sparkle with genius."

I here stretched out my hand to seize this sailor elf, with the intention of throwing him out at the window, but he stepped nimbly back.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but we know

what girls are—at least I do;" here he stroked his upper lip. "They must have poetry, sir, and in a paper on 'sleep,' you must have quotations. Now, sir, I am the sailor boy who sleeps on the 'giddy topmast,' you must have me to begin with. Step forward, ladies and gentlemen, and let me introduce you to the erudite doctor.

"There," he continued, presenting a pretty little female fairy, "is a quotation from Young, 'Nature's sweet restorer'—you know you can't do without her. And here," handing up another, "is a gentle thing from Coleridge, and here is the 'Balm of hurt minds,' and here, 'The chief nourisher of life's feast,' a very pretty pair from Shakespeare, they will come in handy. There is a quotation from Thomson, and here is one from Tupper. This gentleman is 'The Scarlet Prince of Poppies,' this is the 'Lady of the Lotus Leaf,' and here is 'Dreamland's Queen,' and here—"

"Stop, stop!" I cried. "Beautiful you are, every one of you; but I cannot have you—practicability, not poetry, must be my motto to-day. Fly, elves, vanish, avaunt, evaporate!"

Next moment I was alone. But my pen had fallen on the floor—that was true enough—so I might have been dreaming, you know, and

"It is a happy thing to dream

When rosy thoughts and visions bright
Pour on the soul a golden stream
Of rich, luxurious delight."

In writing to-day, then, I shall try, as I have hinted above, to be really practical, so that my discourse may be useful to all my readers, old as well as young, strong as well as weakly. I shall keep the latter, however, more particularly in my mind's eye.

I should like to begin by saying a few words about the physiology of sleep. They will be few, for no one without the assistance of an able artist could give to the uninitiated anything like an intelligible description of the brain and its anatomy. Suffice it for me to say that the brain is the centre of the whole nervous system, as well as the seat of mind. In the shape of vital electricity it is in the brain that strength of both body and mind is stored, strength of muscle and strength of will. For the simple reason that we medical men cannot actually see the changes that go on in the brain during the activity of the waking moments, or in the quiet and restful hours of sleep, we do not know for certain what takes place. But from experiments of many kinds, that it is needless to describe to you, we do know to a large extent, quite enough, at all events, for every practical purpose. My readers have all seen brain matter, it is the same, or looks the same in man as in the sheep, though it is more highly organised in the former than in the latter, therefore man ranks above the sheep, as a rule. But the brain must be supplied with blood, and it is so filled with the branches of small arteries, that were all the purely brain matter to be taken away, leaving only the blood-vessels, they would seem as dense and close as a bunch of hair you might hold in your hand. About six per cent., if my memory serves me aright, of the blood of the whole body is contained in the brain in its waking moments.

The bearing of this upon the subject I am discussing—namely, sleep—you will presently see, when I tell you that most physiologists are agreed that during the state of sound and healthful slumbers the blood escapes from the brain, and probably leaves the nerves of the body as well. I do not say that the blood-vessels are left empty, the pressure on their walls is very considerably lessened, the stress and strain and pressure are taken off them, and con-