

A FEMALE CRUSOE.

A correspondent of the Newburyport Herald, tells the following tale:

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., Sept. 11, 1853.

We have now in Santa Barbara a great curiosity. It is an Indian woman who has lived alone for 18 years upon the Island of San Nicholas, a small island about 45 miles from this place, during which time she has not seen the face of a human being. This island was once peopled by a tribe of Indians, to whom the North-West tribes were hostile. To preserve the remnant of this tribe from destruction, as well as with a view to christianize them, the Padres induced them to come to the main land 18 years ago. After they were all on board the vessel sent for them, this woman swam ashore to look for her child which had been left; and a storm springing up in the night, the vessel was obliged to put to sea; on returning, she could not be found. She was known to be alive by those who at the time visited the island for the hunting otters, from the marks of fires and from foot-prints in the sand.

On being approached to other day she manifested much joy which she betrayed by signs of the most significant character, and at once commenced packing up her few articles of furniture. Whether the sounds she uttered are words or not has not yet been ascertained. The man who found her is familiar with five or six Indian languages, but he was unable to understand a single expression; it is more than probable that she had forgotten her native tongue entirely. Her clothing consists of skins of birds, sewed together with the fibres of some tree or plant. Her food has been shell-fish, seals, and a small bulbous root, similar in appearance to an onion, but wholly tasteless.

The needles with which she stitched her garments are made of the sharp bones of a fish. She had two hooks made of a bent nail and sharpened by friction upon a stone. Her lines were beautifully twisted from the sinews of some animal, probably a species of fox which abounds on the island.

Her age, as near as can be estimated, is about 55 or 60. Her features are quite masculine, and her hair of the color of dark brown, and very fine. This is very remarkable for an Indian;—their hair, you know, is always jet black and coarse. In some future letter I will give you a more extended account of this marvel of the 19th century. She is truly an object for the reflection of the philosopher and the inspection of the curious.

Yours, &c.,

Q.

A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

When Queen Ulrike, of Sweden, was on her death bed, her last moments were embittered by regret at the absence of her favorite, the Countess Steenbeck, between whom and the Queen existed the most tender and affectionate attachment. Unfortunately, and by the most singular coincidence, the Countess Steenbeck, at the same moment lay dangerously ill, at Stockholm, and it too great a distance from the dying Queen to be carried to her presence. After Ulrike had breathed her last, the royal corpse, as is customary in that country, was placed in an open coffin, upon an elevated frame, in an upper apartment of the palace, brilliantly illuminated with wax candles. A detachment of Royal Horse Guards was stationed in the ante-chamber, opened, and the Countess Steenbeck appeared in deep grief. The soldiers of the guard immediately formed in two lines and presented arms, as a mark of respect to the first dame of the palace, who was received and escorted by the commander of the guard into the chamber where lay the body of her dearest friend. The officers were surprised at her unexpected arrival, and attributed her silence to the intensity of her grief, and conducted her to the side of the corpse and then retired leaving her alone, not choosing to disturb the expression of her deep emotion. The officers waited outside for a considerable time, and the Countess not yet returning, they feared some accident had befallen her. The highest officer in the rank opened the door, but instantly fell back in the utmost consternation. The officers present then hastened into the room, and they all beheld the Queen standing upright in her coffin, tenderly embracing the Countess! This was observed by all the officers and soldiers of the guard. Presently the partition seemed to waver and resolve itself into a dense mist. When this had disappeared, the corpse of the Queen was seen reposing in its former position on the bed of state, but the Countess was nowhere to be found. In vain they searched the chamber and the adjoining rooms—not a trace of her could be discovered.

A courier was at once despatched to Stockholm with an account of this extraordinary occurrence; and then it was learned that the Countess Steenbeck had not left the capital, but that she had died at precisely the same moment when she was seen in the arms of the deceased Queen by the guard! An extraordinary protocol of this occurrence was immediately ordered to be taken by the officers of the government, and which was countersigned by all present. This document is still preserved in the archives.

ROMANCE OF A MAIL ROBBERY.

The Wheeling Gazette, of Tuesday morning, has an account of the arrest of the Postmaster at Henrysburgh, Belmont County, Ohio, named Eaton, and his daughter, a young lady of education and accomplishment. For several months suspicion had been aroused, and the secret mail agent, Shallock, started out with his decoys to fix the guilt. He went to the village, after learning that (of some \$8 0, in notes,) one marked ball had been used by Eaton's daughter. He found the suspected parties fled. He went further. Seven or eight miles' travel brought him a beautiful little cottage, before the door of which a gay and laughing group was assembled, cracking their jokes and chaffing away their time quite merrily. His keen eye soon detected the fugitives as part of the company, and walking in their midst started them with the announcement—"You are my prisoners." The ladies shrieked, and their male friends coaxed, but justice is inexorable. This was on Saturday, and that night the father escaped, leaving his daughter in the hands of the officers, who took her to Steubenville, before Judge Leavitt. She represented as young, handsome, and intelligent, and was arranging her bridal dress, and designed marriage next week to one of the wealthiest men in that section of the country.

If Lady Printers are now a fixed fact—numbers of offices in the States having opened to female apprentices, and, ere many years, we may expect Printeresses without number. Don't know how we should feel to have a right pretty girl for our Compositor, but believe we should not object, at all. We have always thought women would make capital type-setters—if they could learn to hold their tongues, would let the boys alone, and would not get married as soon as their trade was learned—three pretty hard alternatives, but just what is required.

The following rules have been adopted by the office that is to be:

1. Must be in the office from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.
2. No reading of motto papers and love stories nor eating confectionaries during working hours.
3. No hand shall be allowed to have her beau in the office to see her set type at any time.
4. No matter how gifted any hand may be at making pes at home, if she makes pi in the office she shall be compelled to assort it.
5. Any lady about to emigrate to the State of Matrimony, shall give at least one month's notice, that her place may be supplied by another.
6. No married woman shall be allowed to work in this office, provided it is known.
7. No lady shall be allowed to laugh at the motion of another while at the case.
8. Ladies are not allowed to meddle with the shooting-sticks, nor to have many embraces about their form.
9. They shall not be requested to lay on sheets.

Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, c. vi. v. 6

LINES IN MEMORY OF THE LATE GEORGE HAMILTON, ESQUIRE,

WHO DIED SATURDAY 20TH FEB., 1836, AT HAMILTON.

WRITTEN BY C. M. D., 24TH FEB., 1836.

I heard a voice—'twas sad and weeping,
Declare, another victim's gone;
Hamilton has lost a friend,
Poor George among the dead is sleeping! :

As a man he was honest—just,
And as a friend was true;
He had a failing like all of dust,
His failings were but few.

Long has he been a patron, friend,
Of Hamilton, his fav'rite town;
She well may drop a tear and spend
A day, in mourning, for him gone.

Poor George has gone the way of all,
No more his lulls will greet him home;
The green sod's now his mortal pall,
His all the dark and silent tomb.

O death, thou real friend of man,
We thee ought welcome and not shun;
For when on earth we've run our span,
Life's reel by thee is quick undone;

Its cares—its strife—its wants, are gone,
And vanished like the passing winds;
Forgotten we,—while men rush on,
In time like all, the grave to find.

A YOUNG TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

Happy Valley is a very pleasant and desirable portion of the city, and the many families, who have located there, have shown their good taste in doing so, while some of them have shown their want of good sense by furnishing their sideboards and dining tables with brandy, wines, &c.

One of these families, who rank among the "upper ten," have two beautiful, bright-eyed children, a girl of five or six, and boy a year or two younger, who have been in the habit of taking their champagne, &c., with the family, unto Bab, in particular, had become fond of it; and watching his opportunity, one day last week, heaped himself, and got "as tight as a brick." This waked up his "old Adam"—his eyes blazed like fire coals, and he raved about the house like a young tiger, making war, "tooth and nail," upon every thing that came in his way. This exhibition of frenzy in the child, opened the eyes of the father to the "breakers ahead," and he passed a decree that the children must have no more wine; but he continued to use it himself in their presence. The little girl could not understand the consistency of her father's course, and she asked.—"Father why must in the children drink wine?" He told her that it would injure them and make them sick. "Well if it will hurt children, won't it hurt big people, and what do you drink it for?" This was a poser, and after hesitating and stammering a while, he attempted to put her off by telling her he took it for medicine. This did not satisfy her, and she looked up in his face and with an arch, sarcastic smile, replied, "I don't know, father, I don't know. you don't look sick, father. Are you sick?" He was "awamped," and he gave her an evasive answer, that he did not feel very well, or that he was not very sick, or something of that kind. But she was ready for him, and in the most solemn manner replied, "I don't know, father; if you are sick enough to take medicine, why don't you put on your night-gown and go to bed and send for the Doctor?"

He was essentially "dried up," and could not find another word to say; and we reckon that he will hardly venture to practice another inconsistency so glaring, under the eyes of that shrewd young philosopher—*California Organ*.

THE GRIEVANCES OF CHILDREN.

Wish my mamma would please keep me warm. My little bare legs are very cold with these lace ruffles; they are not half so nice as black Jim's woollen stockings. Wish I had a pair of warm rubbers, wish I had a long secured apron for my bare neck and arms, wish I could put my curls out of my

eyes, or have them cut off. Wish that my dress would stay upon my shoulders, and that it was not too nice for me to get on the floor to play nine-pins. Wish my mamma would go to wash with me sometimes, instead of Betty. Wish she would let me lay my cheek to hers, if I would not tumble up her curls, or her collar. Wish she would not promise me something "very nice," and then forget all about it. Wish she would answer all my questions, and not always say, "Don't bore me, Freddy." Wish, when we go out in the country, she would not tell me that all the pretty flowers will "poison me;" wish I could tumble on the hay, and go into the barn and see how Dobin eats his supper. Wish I was one of those frisky little pigs. Wish I could make pretty dirt pies. Wish there was not a bit of lace, or satin, or silk, in the world. Wish I knew what makes mamma look so smiling at aunt Emma's children, (who come here in their papa's carriage,) and so very cross at my poor little cousins, whose mother works so hard and cries so much. Wish I knew what makes the clouds stay up in the sky, and where the stars go to in the day-time. Wish I could go over on that hill, where the bright sun is going down, and just touch it with my finger. Wish I didn't keep thinking of things that puzzle me, when nobody will stop to tell me the reason for anything. If I ask Betty, she says, "Don't be a fool Master Freddy." I wonder if I am a fool? I wonder if Betty knows much herself? I wonder why mamma don't love her little boy? I wonder, when I'm grown a man, if I shall have to look so nice all the time, and be so tired of doing nothing?

How to PROSPER IN BUSINESS.—In the first place make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake, and decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes.

Attend your business; never trust to another. "A pet that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal, "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid." "Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove."

Rise early, "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." "Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners insure success.

[ORIGINAL.]

KOSSUTH SONG.

Priest-bound millions! cringe and bend!
Hail ye for your sovereign god;
Things that soil the name of friend,
Aru'd with vile oppressors' rod

'Rouse ye, 'rouse ye, burn or break it,
Write no longer 'neath the lash,
Freedom's fire is in ye wake
From their thrones yon despots dash.

Keep the hate of ages o'er them,
Plant the Cypress where they stood,
Let the fools that fear adore them,
Nurture it with Helot blood!

Let no more the simple Fiat,
Of vain creatures weak as ye,
With disdainful words decree it,
"Hearts and sinews break for me!"

BENET KENTVILLE.

MORAL COURAGE—A rare virtue, and great as it is rare. We remember when we thought the courage of the field everything. The charge—the word of command—high-sounding and clear amid the battle's fury—the clash of arms—the roar of artillery—the thrill of the bugle's note, as with more than organic sound, it bids the soldier dare all for victory—the banner of your country in front—planted there to stand amid victory or defeat, oh! how young hearts beat to be actors in such a scene, calling it glorious, and holding it noble for brave spirits to mingle in, and fighting nobody, to lie down and die.

But what is the courage of the battle field compared with the moral courage of every day life? Stand alone; see friends scowl; hear distrust speak its foul suspicion; watch enemies taking advantage of the occasion, laboring to destroy; who would not rather encounter the shock of a hundred battle fields, and lead a forlorn hope in each, than bear and brave these things? Why, the one is as the summer breeze on the ocean to winter's stormiest blast. Any common spirit may summon courage to play the soldier well; use quickly fits him for it. But it requires a man to speak out his thoughts as he thinks them—to do—when like that stormy blast in winter on old ocean, peace, honor, security and life are threatened to be swept away.

Yet who looking back on the page of history, or forward to the hope of the future, would hesitate which of the two to choose? The martyrs—what are they? Chronicled names in all hearts. The patriots who died for liberty, ignominiously and on the scaffold—how fares it with them? Crushed as earth's honored sons. The good, who spoke the truth and suffered for no sake—where are they? The best and brightest—first in our thought and love. And yet, what did they? Like men they spoke the truth that was in them. This was their courage. If they had been silent, if, trembling before tyrants or mobs, they had feared to tell what they knew, to speak what they felt, they would have lived and died like other men. But they had the moral courage to do all this, and, though they perished, man was blessed through their suffering, and truth lighted up with new glory and power.

Give us moral courage before everything else! It is the only bravery on which humanity can count for any real blessing—Give us moral courage first and last! For while it nerves a man for duty, it riots out of his heart hate and revenge, and all bad passion, making him wise amid danger, calm amid excitement, just amid lawlessness, and pure amid corruption. It is the crowning beauty of manhood.—C. M. City.