

What appears peculiar, in these days in Irish habits, manners and observances, is the traces of the old Phœnician worship of Baal-Phegor. Babel was the prototype of the Irish tower, and marked the distinct boundary of the western emigration of the population from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The Round Tower being a memorial of the emigration from the "sea washed Phœnicia," and a memento of another dispersion. Babel, therefore, an ancient Babylonian word, coeval with the Tower of Babel, and the Irish Round Tower, the oldest pile erected in Europe.—*Correspondent of Telegraph*

Ladies' Department.

There is something exquisitely beautiful about these verses. They breathe that spirit which should animate all married people who love each other. There are some, alas! very few, who love in the spirit of these verses.—*Ed. Sun.*

THE DYING WIFE.

Come still nearer to my pillow,
Place thine hand upon my brow;
Cold the damps of death are creeping
O'er its marble surface now.
O, that touch so soft and dear!
Would that I might linger here!

Dear one, I had hushed my yearnings,
Still on earth to dwell with thee;
But thine accents bid me hover,
Trembling o'er life's ebbing sea;
Death alone can break the spell,
Death will force a last farewell.

Fold me closer to thy bosom,
Shield me from the death-king's power;
O, I cannot, must not leave thee!
Dark the shadows o'er me lower:
'Tis not that I fear the tomb,
But thou canst not share its gloom.

All is hushed; my weary spirit
Waits that last and solemn call;
Husband, dearest, on thy bosom,
Sweetly to my sleep I'll fall.
Then in Heaven forever rest,
Gently on my Saviour's breast.

Do not weep! thy tears are falling,—
Drops of fire upon my heart;
Do not sigh for her thou lovest,
God has called her to depart;
Thou wilt meet me in yon Heaven,
He will join what death has riven.

Yet another wish is rising,
Wildly from my parting soul;
I have rested on thy bosom,
I have felt its life-tide roll,
Sacred be that hour to me,
As mine own would be to thee.

Do not let another pillow
On that breast a cherished head;
'Tis my place and will be ever,
E'en when I am cold and dead.
Casting off this robe of life,
Does not make me less thy wife.

Raise me in thine arms still higher;
Press those lips unto mine own,
Leave them there till death shall call me
To my Maker's mighty throne;
Earth is failing from my sight,
Dear one, 'tis my last good night.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCES OF A YOUNG LADY.

I received a letter a few days ago from a friend of mine from this State, travelling as a pedlar in the wild portions of Delaware and Sullivan counties of New York, in which he related an account of an adventure he had, which, if you think worth the trouble, you will please give a place in your paper. The story is as follows—I give it in his own words:—

"I must relate an adventure that I met with a few days since. As I was trudging along one afternoon, in the town of Fremont, one of the border town of Sullivan county, I was overtaken by what I first supposed was a young man, with a rifle on his shoulder, and being well pleased with the idea of having company through the woods, I turned around and said, "Good afternoon, sir." "Good afternoon," said my new acquaintance, but in a tone of voice that sounded rather peculiar. My suspicions were at once aroused, and to satisfy my-

and was going to try him the next day, hoping that she should get another shot at him, and she was quite certain that she should kill him.

Although I cannot give you a very good idea of her appearance, I will try to describe her dress. The only article of female apparel was a close fitting hood upon her head, such as is often worn by deer hunters. Next, an India rubber hunting coat; her nether limbs were encased in a snug fitting pair of corduroy pants; and a pair of Indian moccasins upon her feet. She had a good looking rifle upon her shoulder, and a brace of double-barrelled pistols in the side pockets of her coat, while a most formidable hunting knife hung suspended by her side. Wishing to witness her skill with hunting instruments, I commenced bantering her with regard to shooting. She smiled and said she was as good a shot as was in the wood—and to convince me, took out her hunting knife and cut a ring about 4 inches in diameter in a tree, with a small spot in the centre, then stepping back thirty yards, and drawing up one of her pistols, put both balls inside the ring. She then at thirty-five rods from the tree, put a ball from her rifle in the very centre. We shortly came to her father's house, and I gladly accepted an invitation to stay there over night. The maiden hunter instead of setting down to rest, as most hunters do when they get home, remarked that she had the chores to do. So she went out, fed, watered and stabled a pair of young horses, a yoke of oxen and three cows. So then went to the saw-mill and brought a slab on her shoulder that I shouldn't like to have carried; and with an axe and saw soon worked it into stove-wood.

Her next business was to change her dress and get tea which she did in a manner which would have been creditable to a more scientific cook. After tea she finished up the regular house-work, and then sat down and commenced plying her needle in the most lady-like manner. I ascertained that her mother was quite feeble and her father was confined to the house with rheumatism. The whole family were intelligent, well educated and communicative.—They had moved from Schoharie county into the woods three years before, and the father was taken lame the first winter after their arrival and not been able to do anything since, had Lucy Ann, as she was called, has taken charge of, ploughed, planted, and harvested the farm; learned to chop wood, drive team, and do all the necessary work. Game being plenty, she had learned to use her father's rifle, and spent some of her leisure time in hunting. She had not killed a deer yet, but expressed her determination to kill one, at least before New Year. She boasted of having killed any quantity of partridges, squirrels and other small game. After chatting for some time, she brought a violin from a closet, and after playing fifteen or twenty tunes, she also sang a few songs, accompanying herself on the violin, in a style that showed she was far from destitute of musical skill. After spending a pleasant evening we retired. The next morning she was up at 4 o'clock, and before sunrise had the breakfast cleared out of the way, and all other work out of doors, and in the house done, and when I left, a few minutes after sunrise she had on her hunting suit, and was loading her rifle for another chase after the deer.

LADIES' SOLES.

An American, travelling in England, sets it down as one of the "rights of that country, that he actually saw ladies with soles—whole soles! soles such as are soles! "I saw one says the astonished traveller, "who had a sole between herself and the ground which was actually half an inch thick! It was a rainy, muddy day, and she (in her good sense) had provided for it." Well, the English are an odd people; and perhaps their women do wear shoes with soles half-an-inch thick; but a traveller who has any regard for his own reputation, had better not report such stories to our American ladies. They certainly will not credit the statement that English ladies wear such vulgar things even when the streets are ankle deep with mud, snow or slush. Colds, aches, consumption, death itself, could not force them to adopt such a ridiculous fashion. The right to wear stout, waterproof boots is, indeed, a male prerogative, which the bold champion of woman's rights has not yet invaded so far as our information extends.—*N. E. Farmer.*

couple of a modest knot, she is a perfect jewel, that many of the members of the N. S. will not sweet, sunny, mild, but as affectionate as a freshly nursed kitten. If it is "stuck all over" with a meetings; and that therefore it will fall on the paradise of clover, three-story ostrich feathers, Grand Section, which already has enough to do wax holly-hocks and juniper-berries, put it square down that the called is a single establishment, and as it appears; for instance, why cannot the will never see a forthwith birth by. Bonnets are a different Grand Sections establish a sinking fund, true index of woman.



Youth's Department.

SLEIGHING DOWN THE HILLS.

Canadian boys are fond of fun,
Their boats are warm though cold the sky;
Behold their sleighs how swift they run,
As sliding down the hills they fly!

Yes, sliding down the hills they fly,
In youthful days 'twas my delight;
When stars and moon were shining high
On many a bright Canadian night.

Sliding down the hills they fly,
With laughter loud and no lament;
Whilst rosy cheeks peep from each eye,
And healthy blood through veins is sent.

Hurrah for fun! we'll have a run—
Bring happy sisters with us, too;
Adown the hills, with lots of fun,
On little sleighs we'll swiftly go.

The moon is shining high and clear;
The wind is hushed, and still the air;
Hark! the skaters on the ice I hear!
See in the ice-boats sisters fair.

The merry laugh of gill-flow's heart
Is mingled with their brothers' glee;
Come, let us in their sports take part,
And sliding down the hills we'll see.
February, 1851.

C. M. D.

"THE NATIONAL CADET,"

THE SPECIAL ORGAN OF THE CADETS AND DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

We have received the first number of a neat monthly paper, in quarto form, bearing the above title, published by Messrs. DeForrest and Stephens, of Cincinnati, Ohio.—Price, \$4 per year, in advance. The matter and appearance of the number before us, are very good—superior to any thing we have seen issued by the Cadets. The two following articles are selected from this number. It contains, besides, the proceedings at large, of the Grand Section of Ohio, in November last:—

THE NATIONAL SECTION.

It is well known to many of our readers that the project of a National Section has been discussed by the Grand Section of our State; and that a committee has been appointed with power to call a convention for the purpose of forming it. This is a good move in the right direction; and we are glad to learn that the committee will attend to the duty assigned them, and call the convention to order. The advantages of a National Section, of course, that justify the matter, will see at a glance, are many; in the first place, the order that stability and permanence which an order, like the Cadets, should have. Secondly, it harmonizes all sectional feeling, and makes the members feel that the order, and the order alone, must engage their attention and support; and that it should not be given to that feeling of sectional rivalry which has proved so disastrous to our order. We hope that the committee will at once attend to the matter, and call the convention at the earliest day possible; and we cordially commend the clamour of those who oppose the project, as they oppose everything which tends to advance the order, in the eyes of the people of our country. It is not to be expected that all

THE CADETS IN KENTUCKY.

Several Sections have been instituted in Covington and Newport; but for some unknown cause, they do not seem to succeed.

We anxiously look forward to the time when the first Section shall be opened in Louisville; for we believe they would flourish there finely. From a two years' acquaintance with some of the youth of that city, we are of opinion that they need but a start in the good work, to cause them to push it vigorously on. Will not some one of our young acquaintances there, obtain a list of twelve petitioners for a Charter, and send it to our Grand Section? One of you can do it alone.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

SMOKING A POLICEMAN.—In some of our towns we don't allow smokin' in the street, and where it is agin law, it is two dollars fine in a general way. Well, Sassy went down to Boston, to do a little business there, where this law was, only he didn't know it. So soon as he gets off the coach he out-with his case, lights it, and walks on, smokin' like a furnace flue. No sooner said than done. Up steps a constable and says, "Ull trouble you for two dollars for smokin' agin law in the streets. Sassy was as quick as him: "Smokin'" says he, "I want a smokin'." "O my!" says constable, "I won't say you lie," because it aint polite; but it's very like the way I talk when I fib. Didn't I see you with my own eyes?" "No," says Sassy, "you didn't. I own I had a cigar in my mouth; but it was because I liked the flavour of tobacco; but not to smoke. If you don't believe me, try this cigar yourself, and see if it aint so. It han't got any fire in it." Well, constable takes the cigar, puts it to his mug, and draws away at it, and out comes the smoke like anything. "I'll trouble you for two dollars, Mr. Sheriff's representative," says Sassy, "for smokin' in the streets; do you understand, my old coon?" Well, constable was taken all aback, and finely bit. "Stranger," says he, "where was you raised?" "To Canady line," says Sassy. "Well," says he, "you're a credit to your broughtens up. Well, let the fine drop, for we are about even, I guess. Let's liquor; and he took him into the bar, and treated him to a mint julep. It was generally considered a great bite that.—*American Paper.*

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—An old lawyer of the city of New York tells a good joke about one of his clients:—

A fellow had been arraigned before the police for stealing a set of silver spoons. The articles were found upon the culprit, and there was no use in attempting to deny the charge. Lawyer G. was applied to by the prisoner as counsel, and seeing no escape for his client, except on the plea of insanity, or idiocy, he instructed the fellow to put on as silly a look as possible; and when any question was put to him, to utter in a drawling manner the word "spoons." If successful, the fee was to be twenty dollars. The Court proceeded to trial: the charge was read, and the question was put to the prisoner— "Guilty, or not guilty?" "Spoons," ejaculated the culprit. The court put several questions to him; but "spoons, spoons," was all the answer that it could elicit. "The fellow is a fool," said the judge, "let him go about his business." The prisoner left the room, and the lawyer followed close in his wake, and when they had got into the hall, the counsellor tapped his client on