

THE LADY FREEMASON.

Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female who was ever admitted into the ancient and honorable mystery of Freemasonry. she obtained this honor, we shall lay before our readers, saying that our information is derived from the best sources. Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, a warrant, and occasionally opened Lodge at Doneraile. His sons and intimate friends assisting; and it is said that Masonic duties more rigidly performed than by the lodge of No. 150, the number of their warrant. It appears from the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of the mystery, Miss St. Leger, who was then a young girl, happened in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a study; but whether the young lady was there by design or accident we cannot confidently asse. The room at the time was undergoing some alteration: amongst other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part for the purpose of making a passage. The young lady having heard the voices of the Freemasons, and being prompted by the curiosity natural to all, to peep into this mystery so long and so secretly locked up from public view, she had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her fingers, and thus witnessed the two first steps of the ceremony. Her curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and she who understood this passage well knew what the feelings of any person must be who could unlawfully behold that ceremony. Let them then judge what were the feelings of a young girl in such extraordinary circumstances. There was no mode of escape, except through the room where the concluding part of the ceremony was still being solemnized, at the far end, and the room was a very large one. Miss St. Leger had resolution to attempt her escape that way and with light and noise she glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and awful Tyler, with his long sword un-sheathed, a look that pierced through the apartment, alarmed the members of the lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, re-acted it is said, in the paroxysm of their rage, to put the fair intruder to death; but at the moving and earnest supplication of her youngest brother, her life was spared on condition of her passing through the two remaining steps of the ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through the trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, she thinking that they were taking into the bosom of their craft, a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of the mystery. Miss St. Leger was directly descended from Sir Richard de St. Leger, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and was of that high repute that he with his own hand supported the prince when he first went out of his ship to land in Britain. Miss St. Leger was cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, Governor of St. Lucia, who instituted that interesting race, and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes. Eventually she married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, a member of a highly honorable and ancient family. Whenever a benefit was given at any of the theatres in Dublin or Cork, for the purpose of raising money for the female orphan asylum, Mrs. Aldworth walked at the head of the Freemasons, with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on these occasions. The portrait of this estimable woman is in the lodge-room of almost every lodge in Ireland.

That is a beautiful superstition which prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins its power of song, and leading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave. In the belief that it will not fold its wing near close to her eyes, until it has flown to the spirit-land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unusual to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over a single grave.

THE MOORISH COSTUME.—The celebration of the Barain says Madame Prus, gives the best opportunity of examining the richness of the Moorish Costume, as the women parade all about the streets, holding their children by the hand. The "haik," or veil covers their whole person with the exception of the eyes, which eyes are in general so beautiful that I can understand the jealousy of the husband. But in spite of this veil which, however they sometimes raise, as if on purpose to display their charms, you can see their trowsers of silken muslin, their robes of silk embroidered in gold or silver worked in variegated colors. Their bare feet are incased in slippers of red, blue, or yellow morocco, likewise embroidered in gold or silver, the children are dressed in velvet or embroidered silk, and wear a "chuchra," or tansian cap, made of the same material of the vest, covered with sequins and ornamented with a golden tassel. Some are attired in a parti-coloured dress of blue and yellow, like the costumes worn in Europe at the time of the middle ages.

The Siamese twins, Chang, and Eng, are the owners of a large number of slaves in North Carolina, and are said to be very severe task masters. They are married, and what is singular, Chang is said to be a Pierce and King democrat, and Eng something of a Hale abolitionist. Both are married, the former having six children and the latter five. Eng's wife weighs 120 pounds; the aggregate weight of the twins is but 100.

WOLF HUNTING IN FRANCE.—Some grand wolf hunts have been taken place in the environs of Goetz, department of the Ardennes, a very wild country. In one of them a young Parisian lady, accompanied by her husband, was noted for the ardor with which she followed the hounds. On entering a valley all at once she found herself in a bog. She made her horse take several leaps in order to reach solid ground; but at last the animal could go no farther, and began to sink. First she descended to the ground, and afterwards to the back. At this moment, the lady with great presence of mind, drew up her riding habit, and stood upon the saddle. Still the poor horse continued to go lower. She thereupon placed her feet on its head, and with a vigorous leap succeeded in reaching firm ground. Her husband was near to her, and as his horse was also sinking, he followed her example. The escape was considered most miraculous. The emotion occasioned by the danger of the lady and her husband was so great that the hunt was suspended. The horses were rescued with great difficulty.—Globe.



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs i. 22 & 6.

THE EMIGRANT BOY.

BY SYLVIOLE.

He went from his home with the bloom on his cheek, And the laugh in his eye amid strangers to seek— That region of dreams o'er the ocean's far foam, Which in slumber had wing'd round his pillow at home. And the father had breathe'd a blessing upon The head of his only and well-belov'd son; The mother had wept o'er her heart's darling joy, As she kiss'd the red lips of her Emigrant Boy.

He trod in the land of the forest-bound west, Yet the land of his childhood his memory possess'd, His dreams had all chang'd and with sadness were fraught, And he sigh'd for the fields round his father's lov'd cot: And at night his lone pillow was wet with his tears, And the sad sigh of age had cur'd o'er his years, - His cheek became pale, and his heart lost its joy For disconsolate now was the Emigrant Boy.

He lay on his couch, but his blue eye was dim, Yet no heart throbb'd in anguish or kindness for him, Unsmooth'd was his pillow, uncoof'd was his brow, For the lov'd of his bosom were far from him now. Oh! he wept as he thought of the desolate hearth He had left when he stray'd from the home of his birth, Of his father's last prayer, of his mother's last sigh, As a quiver'd adieu to her Emigrant Boy.

And they made him a grave, but no tear o'er him fell, And no tongue has said words to his mother would tell— He went down to death unknown and unwept, And far from the home of his childhood he slept: No tombstone is rear'd on the mound of the dead, No willow droops low on the grave o'er his head; And the stranger stops not as he passes him by, To learn the sad fate of the Emigrant Boy.

Illustr. C. S.

OUR YOUTH'S FRONTISPIECE.

Virtue, Love and Temperance form the motto, and are our country's hope. They are enveloped in light, because they are truths, lying at the foundation of mortal and immortal happiness. Beings young or old to be happy on earth or with God must seek and love virtue, and must love one another. Temperance in all rational pleasures, and temperance consisting in a total abstinence from all that is evil, or is known to tend to evil, must be observed. In our day all far-seeing minds know that the moderate use of intoxicating liquors, its traffic and manufacture, lead to evil. Wisdom calls upon us to abstain. Upon the young and tender heart and mind let its teachings fall; and when they gaze upon the little Frontispiece with its motto—VIRTUE, LOVE, and TEMPERANCE, let them remember that these things are virtues, the approved of God, and good men—the hope of our country. The Waterfall, the Fountain and Spring, are emblems of purity; water is our natural and health giving drink, those draught leaves the soul calm, and the mind sane and healthy. Youths of Canada drink all your days only of it. The Sun is rising, it is an emblem of truth—children of Canada love altho' it is truthful. The Cock, the companion of civilized man in all ages, his morning monitor, is an emblem of early rising and vigi-ance. Life is short, three score years and ten will soon fly their rounds and you, children of Canada, will, some of you, be laid forever under the green mound, whilst others will be tottering to the grave. The great Daniel Webster, lately deceased, mentions in one of his letters, that it seemed to him but a short time since he was a boy helping his father in the fields; yet since that time he had occupied the highest situations in his country, become renowned on earth for oratory and diplomacy. Alas, he has gone—and a mightier than he, Wellington—to the home of mortals. Let the cock warn all to be UP AND DOING while life lasts, for God has given each of us a field to cultivate, a talent to use. The GREAT TREE, like youth, blossoms but to die. So to the young—let them be bright, they start as it were in a gay dance, happiness is before them like a WILL O' THE WIND, and all seems bright and sunny. They heed not the advice of seniors, for their blood is heedless and hot. Alas! how often does the sickening lamp of pleasure (and none more so than the use of intoxicating liquors) lead them into swamps and quagmires of troubles, woes, disease and death! The green young tree will flourish for a time, but winter will come and it will be like all created things. Like the fragrant and fresh in youthful days, by a virtuous life an

I REMEMBER.

I remember the home of my childhood
The scenes of my earliest days,
When oft times I roamed o'er the wildwood,
And chanted with songsters their lays.

I remember the murmuring streamlet
That rippled along the green vale,
Where often, at mid-day, I wandered
Blooms gleaming from meadow and dale.

I remember the little thatched cottage—
And the trees that embosomed it too,
And oft I sat under their shadows
As daylight bade nature adieu.

I remember the room where my mother
In sickness, long wasted away,—
There she passed from this world to another,
Ah! well I remember that day.

I remember of youth all the pleasures,
So rich with the beauty of joy,
Though memory alone keeps the treasures
No time and no change can destroy.

—Eden, Erie Co., N. Y.—Rural N. Yorker.

AFFECTING SCENE.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent, stand two large brazen images of a father and a son, who obtained this distinguished mark of the admiration of their fellow-citizens, by the following incidents:

Both the father and son were, for some offence against the state, condemned to die. Some favorable circumstances arising on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his share of the sentence, under certain provisions; in short, he offered a pardon, on the most cruel and barbarous condition ever entered into the mind of even monkish barbarity; namely, that he would become the executioner of his father! His refusal to preserve his own life by means so fatal and detestable. This is not to be wondered at; for I hope, for the honor of nature, that there are but few, very few sons, who would have spurned with abhorrence, life, sustained on conditions so horrid and unnatural. The son, though long inflexible to his father, who represented to him, that, at all events, his father's life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation to him, in his last moments, to think that death he was the instrument of his son's preservation, youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering life and liberty; he lifted the axe—but as it was about to fall, arm sunk nerveless, and the axe dropped from his hand! he as many lives as hairs, he could have yielded them all after another, rather than again even conceive, much less execute, such an act. Life, liberty, everything vanished before the dearest interests of filial affection—he fell upon his father's arms and embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father! we will die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfil the sentence of the law.

Hard must their hearts indeed be, bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity, who could stand in the spectators of such a scene. A sudden appeal of involuntary applause, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The cation was suspended; and, on a simple representation of the transaction, both were pardoned; high rewards and honors conferred on the son; and, finally, those two admirable images were raised to commemorate a transaction so honorable to human nature, and transact it for the instruction and example of posterity. The statue represents the son in the very act of cutting fall the axe.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—The first settlers in Maine, besides its red faced owners other and abundant sources of porance and danger.

The incident which I am about to relate occurred in the history of Biddeford.

A man, who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit of his mother was busy with household cares, of running out the fields and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work. One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual and started for home. Just at the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves—without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep! To but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in place a small log, carefully replace the leaves and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the result.

After waiting a short time he heard a wolf's distant howl quickly followed by another and another, till the woods were alive with the fearful sounds.

The howls came nearer and nearer, and in a few minutes a gaunt, savage looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves and in an instant scattering them in every direction as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrunk and cowered to the ground and passively awaited his fate; for, as he was engaged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him to pieces and devoured him on the spot.

When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled and plunged into the forest and disappeared. Within five minutes their first appearance not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy.

The boy, after playing till he was weary, had lain down fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him covered him with leaves until he could bring his comrade to feast; but himself furnished the repast.—Biddeford Journal.

DAMAGED MEAT.—A beefsteak that four apprentices have been at.

There is a boy down east, so uncommon tall that he can't when his toes are cold.