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WILLIE'S WANDERINGS.

By Y-LE.

SKETCH NO. III.

ACTIONS, good or bad, bring their own reward. Yet how often do we find men who, being punished for the violation of a law of God, (for all guilt involves such a violation) endeavour to trace the cause of such punishment everywhere but to themselves. Willie found himself an exile. He had left his native country, and every endearing association connected with it. Memory, it is true, held her sway, and under her influence he could revel still in the festivities of his native village—mix with the companions of his boyhood—wander over hills and through vallies—call up every well known spot, and fight his youthful “battles o'er again;” but the voices and the forms were departed, and he felt himself lonely and a stranger. Still, he could not bring his mind to acknowledge that his own conduct was the spring from whence emanated the bitter waters he was now forced to quaff.

While Willie was living at his friend's house, events big with interest to his family were transpiring. He had left them in a temporary dwelling, previous to his departure, as upon the result of his mission depended whether his future years should be spent in the town or country. On the day following that on which he departed for the country, his eldest daughter, an interesting girl of about eighteen years of age, left the house, in order to visit the vessel by which they had taken their passage, for on board of it were the only living beings, save her own family, she knew.

There is a melancholy pleasure connected with a visit of this description, which some may not, and which others cannot, understand. The last step taken on the soil of your fatherland, put you on board that vessel, where, during weeks of doubt and anxiety, you were carried through the “waste of waters” and the dangers of the deep, and when you step again upon land, the soil you tread is not European, and you must now mix with people of all kindreds, and tongues, and nations. The eye may scan the surrounding objects, but like the dove from Noah's ark, it returns again, without meeting a spot on which it can satisfactorily rest. Hundreds of people may move here and there, but the kind smile and sympathetic greeting of friends and

neighbours, is not seen; and, should a form at a distance remind you of some well remembered one of old, and your eye hastens to recognise and greet him, the kindly glance is repulsed by the dollars, or bales, or barrels, which seem stamped on the anxious countenance of the colonist. Such feelings creep over you, and thus you take an interest in the vessel which has set you down where you are surrounded by circumstances which give rise to such thoughts. But we must return from our wanderings.

Jane, for so she was named, possessed a feeling of the above description, and to enjoy which, her present visit was intended. Her stay on board was not of long duration; but after leaving the ship, she loitered on the wharf, as if loath to shut out from her sight, the only object with which she was familiar. While thus engaged, she was closely watched by a lady at a short distance, for the scrutiny was so keenly carried on as to attract the notice of one of the boys on board the vessel. The lady having satisfied herself with the close inspection she had taken, soon after walked over to where Jane stood, and with a smile on her face, that would have overcome a sister of mercy, drew Jane into an unguarded conversation; and the guileless, simple-minded girl, gave the strange lady all the particulars respecting her own position and prospects in coming to a new country.

After some other conversation of a general nature, during which the strange lady had impressed Jane with a favourable idea of her character, the lady said—

“I feel so fatigued—the heat is so oppressive, that I think a sail across the river would revive me. I would take it kind, were you to accompany me. There are steamboats which cross, and re-cross, every half hour; the sail would, I know, do me good, and it would tend to cheer you, and make the day pass all the happier. I have business of great importance to attend to, (and she drew from her dress a splendid gold repeater, and held it towards Jane) I see I have at least half an hour to spare, and as we are both to reap some advantage from my proposal, we will now walk down to the steamboat. No, no,” she continued, seeing that Jane was about to urge some objection to the plan, “I will take no excuse. I know what you would say—but it will cost you nothing, my good girl; and you may as well spend the time with me, as walking about here;” so, placing Jane's arm under her own, she hurried her