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REMARKS MADE RAPIDLY DURING A JOURNEY TO NEW YORK.

THE frequency of a Canadian's visits to the United States, deprives him of the excitement that novelty communicates to objects first seen; but, nevertheless, the difference in men, manners and institutions, is so striking, as to arrest attention and command reflection. He there sees an activity and animation surpassing far what he beholds in British North America. A member of the Canadian House of Assembly, but a few weeks ago, remarked in the House, during the debate on the Inspector General's Customs' Bill, that, passing from Canada to the United States, was like going from a grave-yard to the abodes of active life; and, although the comparison was a strong one, it is not greatly exaggerated. The bustle and activity of trade and commerce in the United States, in comparison with what is seen in Canada, strike every eye. A change is evident, however superficial the observer. A child perceives it. There can be but one cause for it, and that is, that the United States and Canada are to each other, foreign countries. There is no difference of the kind perceptible between the States themselves. There is the same bustle and activity in Massachusetts as in the State of New York: Boston, Philadelphia, Albany and New York, display the same busy industry, the same active trade, the same extensive commerce, the same rapid exchange of productions, the same vigorous pursuit after wealth. 'Tis not so in Canada. There is a marked difference, and there can be no other cause for it, than the one assigned. The waters of the St. Lawrence and the line 45°, divide us geographically from the United States, but they form no obstruction to trade and commerce. It is solely because Canada is to the United States a foreign country, that she exhibits not the same animation and busy, bustling, activity and industry. A different aspect of things will, no doubt, be presented, when the River St. Lawrence is made free to foreign nations, when the Canadian Canals are opened to the flag of the United States as avenues to the ocean, or to the Railroad which will shortly be made from Montreal to the Atlantic, for the transport of the productions of what is known as the "Far West." But content ourselves for the present, with pointing out the fact, that nothing can be more remarkable than the contrast between Canada and the United States, in

respect of the bustling activity, and apparent business-like energy of the people. No sooner is one on board the Champlain steamer, than he is struck by its superior nicety and cleanliness and order, over Canadian steamers. Every thing is in the neatest condition, and clean to a nicety. The steamers on the St. Lawrence are freight boats, as well as for passengers. Those on Lake Champlain carry but little freight. This is partly the cause of the greater neatness and nicety of the latter, but it is not the sole one. There is evidently not the same pride in their boats, in the Canadian Captains as in the Yankee.

No sooner has one of Her Majesty's loyal subjects got on board the Lake Champlain steamer, than he sees and hears and feels a considerable difference between the people he has left, and those he is amongst. He sees—for there is the peculiarity of style of dress which commonly distinguishes the Republican English of the United States; he hears—for there is the peculiar nasal sound, and singing of words which also characterises our Republican Brothers and Sisters, and certain forms of expression heard no where else but among the descendants of the Puritans, such as, "Wha' say"—"I guess"—"Going South" (or North), for our Democratic friends are contented usually with knowing to what point of the compass the traveller is going, although full of curiosity about matters in general; he feels—for there is an entire absence of the deference for one's rank, or dignity, or consequence, which is observable in Canada. There is a directness of inquiry which astonishes, at first, and that evidently proves the speaker totally unconscious that the Briton always stands upon his dignity, and likes, above all things, to have it fully, and most decidedly, and most unmistakeably, acknowledged. For example, "one of us" who maintain, under all circumstances, the doctrine of classes in society, and are as tenacious of our "rights" in that respect, as a miser of his dollars, is almost petrified by an address from a Republican biped, evidently one of the classes near the foot of the social ladder, after this fashion: "Mister, what's the time of day";—or, "You're a going South, I guess";—without any prefix, accompanied by tone and manner as indicative of a consciousness of perfect equality as can possibly be. If the person so addressed has been accustomed to dwell behind the palisades which Monarchical institutions have erected around the "respect-