

we are very hungry, so, like a good fellow, shew us our rooms, and get us something to eat, for you know the proverb, 'there is little parleying between a full man and a fasting.'"

The landlord of the "Cumberland Arms," being thus admonished, speedily shewed them two rooms, the one opening into the other, where, having seen their luggage properly conveyed, he left them to their ablutions, with the promise of speedily providing the necessary comforts for the inner man. A short time after he returned to say, that the only other people of quality then at his house, were a gentleman and his little girl, both in deep mourning, who appeared sad and solitary, and who had ordered dinner in another apartment, not wishing to mix with the company in the Travellers' Room, or "Table d'Hôte," as the French call it, but that he thought they would be glad of society of their own degree, and if Mr. Melville was agreeable, he would consult them, and arrange so that they should dine together. Mr. Melville's kind heart was interested for the mourner,—for such he took him to be,—and said he "would be glad to render the time less irksome to the stranger, as far as lay in his power, but what do you say, Arthur? shall we dine alone, or not?" "Oh! by no means, sir; I should very much like to dine with them," said he, the idea of meeting one near his own age, and of the opposite sex, being rather agreeable than otherwise. It was therefore arranged that they should dine together; and they only waited for the summons to join their new friends, where dinner was to be served. This soon came, and they proceeded below. On the way down stairs, poor Arthur felt his heart go "pit-a-pat" in rather a more energetic manner than was quite agreeable, and he felt as if he would rather encounter half a dozen boys in deadly conflict, and have run the chance of two black eyes, than meet this little girl whom he had never seen, and who, as afterwards turned out, was possessed of the most heavenly blue ones.

The door was opened, and our hero and his friend were ushered in; when, no sooner had the gentlemen cast eyes on each other, than they made a simultaneous spring forward, and grasped each others' hands, like friends who had not met for years: nor had they;—but our chapter fails us. As for Arthur, he saw nothing but a pair of blue eyes gazing at him, and a profusion of auburn curls, which shaded a face lovely as those angels which he dimly saw sometimes in his dreams.

P. Q.

OPENING OF THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL, TORONTO.

On Wednesday evening last, the brethren of the I. O. O. F. gave a public entertainment on the occasion of the opening of their new Hall, in Church Street, to a select, yet numerous company. We entered the room shortly before eight o'clock, and found the seats were then mainly filled with the relatives of the members of the Order. In their arrangements a scrupulous anxiety was evinced by the brethren for the comfort of their visitors of either sex.

The walls were embellished with some elegantly framed prints and pictures in oil of a superior class.

The chairs were elevated, each on a dais with three steps, and covered by a canopy the drapery of which indicated the office held respectively by each incumbent. On the arc from which the curtains were suspended, a motto appertaining to the Order was legibly inscribed in gilt letters on a white ground. Shortly after the appointed time, the collared members of the Order were summoned to the robing room, from whence a procession was formed to the head of the Hall. Through a double line of those invested with the insignia mentioned, the officers, Messrs. Cameron, Campbell, Rhan and Duggan, passed to their respective chairs, when all the brethren took their seats. At this moment, the Hall presented a brilliant spectacle: all that taste in its decoration, all that beauty in the person of its guests could add to such a meeting was found here, while the gorgeous regalia of some of the members added not a little to what was indeed a startling, as it was a gratifying scene.

Among so many, it would be difficult to render anything like an account of who were present, but among others who met our eye, we recollect the Hon. Mr. Justice Jones, the Rev. Dr. McCaul, Mr. Sheriff Jarvis, Dr. Sheffington Connor, &c. &c.

Brother J. H. Cameron (Solicitor General) opened the proceedings, by expressing his regret that they would not be gratified by the attendance of the band of the 81st, as set forth in the programme. The learned Brother then read the following note:—

NEW BARRACKS,
Toronto, August 11 1847.

GENTLEMEN,—I am requested by Lieut.-Colonel Willcocks, to acquaint you that, in consequence of our orders to embark for Kingston, to-morrow, at very short notice, rendering it necessary to prepare for it this evening,—he regrets exceedingly, that the Band of the Regiment will not be able to attend the celebration of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows this evening.

I remain,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient humble servant,

HENRY E. SORELL,

Capt. 81st Regt., Pres. Band Com.

To the Committee of I. O. O. F.,
Church Street.

Mr. Cameron added, that so anxious were the Committee to fulfil their promise that they had waited on the Colonel since, but found the movements were such as would preclude the possibility of the attendance of the Band.

The District Deputy Grand Sire, Brother Campbell, then read a paper on the principles of the Order, which being pointedly and succinctly put, was listened to with much attention. In one part of the composition, Bro. C. observed that "Odd Fellows were open to the charms of female loveliness,"—this tribute to the fair sex drew forth some hearty cheers. Bro. Clarke then took his seat at the piano, when the company were favored with Bishop's Trio, "Blow Gentle Gales," by Mesdames Couinlock and Staines, and the Professor, in which they were warmly applauded, as the execution deserved.

For the treat which followed, we were not prepared. "Lo! hear the gentle Lark!" is a composition which we had not thought to hear well executed, save by those of long professional experience; but the success of Miss Staines herein, proves at once her talent, and the care bestowed in her pupillage. Marked expressions of approbation followed the performance.

Rossini's "Dunque Sono," by Mrs. Gouinlock and Mr. Clark, was well received.

The District Deputy Grand Sire then rose, and apologized to the meeting for their default in not giving "Dear England," but he felt that, in stating that death had that day entered the family of the brother who was to have given it, was a sufficient apology. An ex-