

a dame about town, who, a few years ago, daughter of some respectable person of small means, was thoroughly acquainted, from long practice, with *the art* of making ancient dresses look like new, or one bonnet last through consecutive seasons, who now, married to a successful Attorney, or a lucky speculator in Ohio Pork or Refined Sugar, lolls in a carriage of Thornton's build, her pseudo *petti-coat* of Armas on its panels, attired so richly as to be scarce recognizable by the companions of her money-less days,—why she,—in all her mimicry of state,—is no happier, in fact not so much so, as in those swift-passing days, when she was driven to her wit's ends, by the pressure *from within*, to make the gown that had braved the ball and the soiree at least a thousand times, the silk or muslin veteran of a hundred tea-fights, appear fresh from the haberdasher's shop or milliner's show-room. Not a whit happier is she, for successful matrimony has engendered a numerous brood of hissing serpents, in the shape of jealousies, and envyings, and mortifications from others, who "hold their heads a little higher" than she, which more than balance the enjoyments and gratifications her husband's purse affords. How happy I would be, says the sweating laborer as he glances at a Counting-house, if I were a quill-driver! How happy would I be, says the quill-driver, had I nothing to do but indulge in weeks and months of "hours of idleness!" How happy would I be, draws out the *ennuyé*, had I something to do! How happy I would be, exclaims he who has never left his native town, or never travelled beyond the nearest market, could I traverse continents and seas,—behold the Arab on his Camel, the Rajah on his Elephant, the Spaniard, the Greek, the Italian, amid their groves of olive and citron trees,—track the Ostrich over the desert, or emulate the Chamois in scaling the heights of the Jungfrau! How happy I would be, exclaims he who has past years in visiting the various nations of the many-peopled earth, from the Icelander to the Malay,—who has alternately shivered beneath the blasts of Spitzbergen,—melted on the Equator,—or been burnt to the hue of a Chippawa Indian, by the *calor* of Ceylon or the Moluccas,—had I never wandered from the paternal cot! And so—we might continue on, through classes and races—a similar aspiration might be put into the mouths of almost every man and woman, in every community. Mankind and womankind are never satisfied: there is every now and then an exception to be seen, once in a century, perhaps:—such a one as Diogenes, who had no wants, and positively refused to have any: who laughed in the face of the great King that asked him,—“what he could do for him?” Diogenes laughed, because he knew he was the happiest fellow of the two,—and well might he laugh! The splendid Tale of Rasselas shows how idle the chase after happiness. It is as laughable a search as that of the man of absent mind, who hunted in every hole and corner for the spectacles that were on the bridge of his nose; for happiness is only to be found in the mind. *Ennuï* is as formidable a foe to Happiness as Care. If poverty has its cares and

anxieties, so has wealth. If Idleness has its sweets and bitters, so has compulsory Labor. Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, sits nightly by the pillow of Labor, but likes not the Couch of Dives; feather beds and damask curtains are not favorites with that ministering Angel. Enjoyment is always waiter on the poor-man's table; seldom is he seen at the *Gastronome's*. Money cannot purchase so *piquant* a sauce as that which labor bountifully bestows to every applicant.

The reader may be assured, if he be an anxious, sleepless, searcher after Mammon, fancying it to be happiness,—that he never made a greater mistake in his life. Let him try with only half the zeal and industry, to find Contentment,—and great will be his reward. What says a poet of the 16th century:—

“There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit,—
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold;
The homely whistle to sweet Music's strain;
Seldom it comes—to few from Heaven sent,
That much in little, all in nought—Content.”

But exclaims the persevering gold-seeker, how shall I find Contentment? We answer, *practise* Virtue, *practise* Gentleness towards all of woman born,—compel yourself to perform *acts* of kindness to all, but especially to those to whom you may bear malice, for by such compulsion, by a continued *practise* of it, you will conquer those great enemies of Content,—namely, Envy, Malice, Uncharitableness, Revenge; and, do another thing, namely, humble your pride, (*do that yourself and you will conquer*): do these things, thou seeker after wealth,—throw aside the pick-axe and the spade by the aid of which you hope to find happiness after having found gold,—and you will be as near to Happiness as man can be, on this side of Heaven. You will be a true Odd Fellow.

II.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONVICT.*

BY “Y-LE.”

CHAP. VIII.—FLIGHT CONTINUED.—A SURPRISE.—COMPANIONS IN MISERY.—A DEATH AND BURIAL.—THE ATTACK AND STRUGGLE.—CAPTURE AND REMOVAL FROM THE ISLAND.

CAN it be doubted that my gratitude to one who had rendered me so much service was unbounded? Those who have tasted of adversity, and know the value of even a kind look or word while their hearts are crushed with deep suffering, will best understand what my feelings were towards the man who had exposed himself to suspicion and perhaps punishment, in order, if possible, to effect my escape. What his after fate was I never learned, but the kindness I received from him at that period remains fresh in my memory, and fond wishes for his welfare will only have an end with life. Oh, that the world knew how much pain might be alleviated by one single act of kindness shown to a miserable fellow-mortal. Many a harsh unfeeling joke would remain unsaid—many a haughty sneer and proud cast of the head would be unwitnessed. It is in bitter

* Continued from page 118.