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## THE WORLD OF QUEER FACES.

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WHAT a world of queer faces this is! Most odd, most singular, most extraordinary faces! The mind grows confused with the variety, as they pass on through the streets of a great city, and is borne down with a chaos of untold chins and noses. Now and then one starts out to charm us with its beauty, or shock us with its deformity, but the great mass are just common clods—clay, on which nature has fixed her mark, and then turned them out, as boys turn out lead from a dump mould.

I am a connoisseur in faces, and like to stand at the corner of some great thoroughfare, and watch the busy inmates of this human ant-hill, as they pass in and out from their nooks of brick and mortar—their creeks and corners,—into God's sunshine. It is a sight that might humble the pride of a giant, when he considered how little of mind there is amongst these creepers to the grave; or it might provoke mirth from a philosopher, to note the singular expression, and endless variety of the queer, turned-up phizes, that shadow out the vices and the virtues of a hum-drum world. Studying in this fashion, a man shall find more matter for mirth and reflection between the French Church and the Court House, than in the rarest work that was ever written, or in any gallery of art that the genius of the painter has given birth to.

One thing that always strikes me, on going into a crowd, is, that some of the people have got features that don't belong to them; and I have always a strong desire—arising, no doubt, from excessive conscientiousness—to exert myself to make matters as they should be between the owners. There is an old apple-woman, who sits near the Seminary Gate, who has, I am quite satisfied, got the nose which was intended for a lame man, who has taken up his stand lower down, near the Court House. Her's is the most ridiculous fit that ever was attempted. To suit with the rest of her features, which are long and sharp, the nose should have turned down; whereas, as it is, it is a little miserable turn-up, carelessly put on, and then jerked on one side, as though it was something not worth the trouble even of keeping in order. Yet this nose would just have suited the lame man, who has got a most magnificent nozzle, mounted on the most diminutive of faces,

like the handle of a tea-kettle put to the side of a scent-bottle. Now, the absurdity of this is so extreme, that every one must perceive that the noses were never intended for the faces, and that there has been some horrible mistake in the matter.

Nor is this a singular case. I know, at least, half a dozen people whose chins have gone astray, and a very great many more who have had the wrong legs fitted on to their bodies. So strongly did this appear, on explanation to one of these parties, that he now never sees his originally intended supporters, but he exclaims with a sigh—"there go my legs," and declared to me, the other day, with a grief I should vainly attempt to describe, his agonized feelings, on receiving a kick from his own foot, on the most sensitive part of his body.

But it is with the eyes that these accidents seem to me most frequently to occur. It is a common expression, that people do not "see with their own eyes," and nothing can be more perfectly true. All my family have red hair, and our next door neighbours have black: yet, would it be believed, they have got red eyes, and we have got the dark colour. The honor of the females of both houses has never been assailed, and yet there is the horrible fact. It is the same with the Morgans and the Smiths. The Morgans have all crooked noses and mouths, and very straight eyes—the Smiths have straight noses and mouths, and were born with a squint. Now, of course, for things to be right, and as nature would certainly wish it, the Morgans should have squinted, and the Smiths have looked straight; but there has been a confusion of rights, and the thing has been regularly messed.

I know perfectly well the man who has got hold of my mouth, and nothing annoys me more, than to see him laughing with it, and turning it up, and even making grimaces with it, as though it were really his own. It is not that it is a beautiful mouth, for that it is not, but still it has its advantages, and would much better suit me than the one I have got. I should say that it could hold a great deal more, and there is a capacity about the lips, which is well suited to the grasp of a pewter of porter—a liquor of which I am devotedly fond, and which, for want of a proper mouth, I really cannot enjoy as I should, and was originally intended to do.

I have met with innumerable instances where people