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WEALTH CONFERS NOT HAPPINESS.

How general the belief, wherever civilization prevails, that wealth is requisite to happiness. It is a strong belief, as is proven by the persevering industry, labour and energy, of the pursuit after wealth by myriads. So general, so pervading, has the belief become, that gold, in the eyes of the million, is deemed the representative of happiness. Yet, never was there delusion so great. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to convince the poor man, toiling under a broiling sun, or under arctic cold, for the daily bread of himself, his wife and children, that wealth is not the principal constituent of happiness; but how easy the task to convince the rich man, the powerful man, of the fact—for fact it is—a certain, undeniable truth. Ask the king upon his throne, if the power, the rank, the wealth, the gorgeousness that surround him, have rendered him happy? ask Imperial Nicholas, whose dominions extend from the wall of distant China to the frontiers of Germany on the one side, and from the eternal ice of the Polar regions to the vales of Perennial flowers: ask the great autocrat, at whose frown multitudes quake with fear, and whose smiles are welcomed as solar rays, or as festival days, by those who surround him, ask him if he be nearer happiness than the sweating artisan of the populous city, or the toiling husbandman of the fields? He will tell you, no! If the conqueror of modern times were alive—the Corsican—he might be asked, was he happier when he trode the marble halls of the palaces of the Divine-Right-masters of Europe, arbiter and victor, with crowds of Kings and Princes and Dukes and Marshals of armies, awaiting his pleasure and his leisure, in the ante-chambers, than when, a boy, he lived beneath the humble roof of the mean notary of Ajaccio—his father—or when, a sub-Lieutenant of Artillery, he attended parade and obeyed implicitly the word of command? He would answer, no! He was no nearer happiness in that proud moment when curled his lip of scorn as approached Rome's Pontiff to place upon his brow the crown of Charlemagne, when he put the shaven priest aside and seizing the iron symbol of sovereignty, his eye sparkling with the consciousness of power—he crowned himself—than when, a soldier of the Bourbons, he followed the banner of the *Fleurs de Lys*: no nearer to happiness was he, the observed of all observers, beneath the fretted roof of ancient Notre

Dame of Imperial Paris, than when he marched and countermarched with field-piece and howitzer near the arsenals of France. Josephine, when Empress, was further off from happiness than when, in Martinique, a youthful, joyous maiden, she roved

"Where the citron trees bloom,
And gold Oranges shine in the thicket's gloom."

Josephine is not alive to answer, yet nothing is surer than, had she been asked the question at Malmaison, she would have acknowledged it to be but too true. A thousand examples might be adduced to prove the fact that wealth and power have no more to do with happiness than poverty and humble station. To descend from great things to small—from names preserved in the amber of immortality—to names that perish as the forest leaf—from Emperors and Kings and conquerors, to speculators in Teas and Sugars, and Grocers and Shopkeepers, and Artisans who have become rich by hook or by crook, or by straight-forward dealing. Ask them whether they are one whit happier as owners of houses, and carriages and horses, and Bank Stocks, than when they cobbled shoe, or made tin kettle, or used the trowel, or the needle, or handled yard-stick, or sold salt butter by the half-pound, or posted books of account? They will tell you, they are not; for their wants and wishes have multiplied with their wealth; they will tell you that thousands of pounds have been accompanied by thousands of uneasy thoughts and aspirations, to which the poor are strangers, and which prevent increase of the sum of happiness. Their vanity, or pride, or ambition are more ministered to, it is true, but the ministration is accompanied by the bitterness that invariably attends on the gratification of vanity, or pride, or ambition. The French use the saying "*L'appetit vient en mangeant*," and if it be not strictly true of the cravings of the palate and stomach, there can be no question of its literal truth, in application to the cravings of pride and vanity and ambition. There's many an Attorney about town, who, a few years ago, never heard the sound of two Spanish dollars jingling in their pockets at one and the same time, who now receive their hundreds of pounds per annum in payment for glibness of speech, or pliancy of conscience, as counsel for malefactors: even they are not happier now, notwithstanding their new suit of black, and snow-white linen, than when their *newest* coat was a four-year-old, and their shirt all *dicky*! There's many