

THE
ODD FELLOWS' RECORD;

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE INDEPENDENT
ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1847.

No. 7.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

THE CONSEQUENCES OF TYRANNY.

DURING my residence in A—a circumstance occurred in the year 183—which arose from the undue exercise of authority—mournfully precipitating the fate of one individual, and embittering the feelings of others. I have suppressed the real names of the various characters, and assumed others for disguise.

His Majesty's — Highlanders or Regiment of Infantry, happened to be stationed at the Ridge or Block House Barracks.

The site of these buildings commands to the East an extensive expanse of the Atlantic, which is frequently enlivened by the approach of vessels from Europe or America, bound to the Island or to those in the neighbourhood, their white sails swelling to the breeze, and the prow proudly dashing the waves into glittering wreaths of snowy foam. In the same direction, extending to the north, lies the beautifully undulating country, rich in the cultivation of the sugar cane, and interspersed with plantation buildings and negro huts; the coast presenting a very picturesque appearance, either jutting out in long and rocky capes, or being indented with large bays, surrounded with numerous rocks or islets and coral reefs. North-west, at the distance of three miles, is situated Great George Fort, perched on the top of Monk's Hill—an eminence difficult of access, forming a perpendicular precipice of 800 feet in height, clothed with the dagger or aloe, and various tribes of thorny bushes and plants. Overlooking this fortress is the Sugar Loaf, so named from its comical shape—rugged, wild, and precipitous, worn into deep ravines, and covered with vegetation to the summit. At their base is the town and church of Falmouth, interwoven with trees and shrubbery; and the large and lovely bay of Falmouth, having on its opposite shore the small village of English Harbour, lying at the foot of the Ridge, which rises about 500 feet above it. Shirley Heights with its fort and signal staff rising above the barracks, and only a few hundred yards distant, excludes a farther prospect. To contemplate the last view in the midst of a glorious and cloudless sunset, with its high and brilliant rays of rainbow hues darting up behind Sugar Loaf, clearly defining its bold outlines, and casting its huge shadow over the calm and still bay, reflecting on its bosom as in a mirror all objects in the vicinity, is to feel its

magnificence with a desire to soar into the clear and ethereal region to commune with its Divine Architect.

But to return to my story; there was among the officers of the Regiment a young, handsome and very gentlemanly man, Lieutenant Riddell, who was acting Adjutant. He was of middle stature, stout yet not disproportionate, with flowing black hair, mild dark grey eyes, high Roman nose, small mouth, and full whiskers. With such an exterior, and a pleasant address, there was unpropitiously blended a certain littleness of feeling frequently betrayed in his conduct on Parade, in finding unmerited fault with the men, and reviling them in the most insulting manner, in the presence of the whole Regiment.

In a generous mind there is a method of conveying reproof calmly and dispassionately, and men thus schooled, if even innocent of the charge brought against them, will quietly submit, and the circumstance soon ceases to be recollected. But to openly malign and expose even a guilty man, is to cruelly wound the feelings and to raise up a bitter foe, if the person is possessed of any spirit. It is but a mean soul that would trifle with the feelings of a fellow-creature, and particularly with those of individuals who are by their station beneath us and dare not resent. Let such base conduct be continued, and it will be found that revenge will unexpectedly sting like the adder which we may unconsciously tread upon in the grass.

William Snell was one of the soldiers who shared, in the most marked manner, Lieutenant Riddell's tyranny. Snell was about 25 years of age, tall and robust, finely featured and with a handsome expression of countenance—altogether he was a fine looking soldier. Added to these qualifications of outward appearance, his conduct was irreproachable—correct and regular in all his duties—abstemious and a general favorite with all his comrades: he was never known to have received any punishment.

What then influenced Lieutenant Riddell to pick out Snell for his ill humour could not be discovered, unless it were that Snell, conscious of his blameless conduct, and indignant at Lieutenant Riddell's treatment, always paid him due respect, but at the same time evinced by his countenance a show of contempt not to be mistaken; still not of such a nature as to merit punishment, but alone calculated to gall an evil disposition. Snell poured not his griefs and sorrows into