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THE  
**ODD FELLOWS' RECORD;**

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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

any friendly bosom, but allowed them to remain untold in his heart, a burden and a blight to his peace of mind; and thus cherished, as he ever received new injuries they fell deeper on his feelings, inflicting wounds too painful to be long supported without some means of alleviation.

Matters had progressed in this manner for some considerable time, when one night, at mess, Lieut. Riddell, being the officer of the night—whose duty it is to visit the guard-houses and to see that all the sentries are properly posted—requested Ensign Burgh to take his duty for one round, as he was prevented from leaving table—being the Vice-President. Burgh expressed his ready acquiescence, and departed for that purpose. Not many minutes after, the mess were startled by the report of a musket. While some of the officers were deliberating about its cause, others rushed from the room to ascertain the reality of the occurrence. In their way to the place from whence the sound appeared to proceed, they encountered a large body of the men who had also come out on the same errand as themselves, and among them was one whom they had in custody, and who was loudly asserting—"I have shot Riddell; I saw him fall, and I hope he is now gone to that place where I will be soon summoned in paying the penalty of my offence. He tyrannized over me and others, and I determined to rid the regiment of a tyrant."

Upon inquiry, the man turned out to be Wm. Snell.

During the confusion in this quarter, some persons had gone to the assistance, as they supposed, of Lieut. Riddell, but what was their surprise and sorrow when they beheld the youthful Ensign Burgh. He was yet scarcely 19 years of age—with his right arm frightfully shattered and insensible from the great loss of blood and the pain of the wound. He was immediately taken to his quarters and the Surgeon quickly attended, who upon examining the arm gave it as his opinion that if death did not ensue, at all events the arm was rendered useless.

Leaving the Doctor to take charge of the patient we will retrace our steps to Snell, who, learning that he had mistaken Ensign Burgh for Lieut. Riddell, expressed his sorrow at the occurrence, and anxiously hoped that Ensign Burgh might recover, and save him from having shed the blood of an innocent man; and he deeply regretted the latter's escape, as he should have to die without having effected his purpose. It appears that the oft-repeated harsh conduct of Lieutenant Riddell, in publicly reprimanding and abusing Snell for the slightest fault, and more frequently when none really existed, had at last wrought up his feelings to such a pitch of desperation, that revenge instinctively suggested itself to him; and no sooner had the demon of evil prompted the idea, than he determined to carry his project into operation by taking Lieutenant Riddell's life on the first convenient opportunity that should occur for his doing so unobserved. On reflection there appeared no fitter time than when Lieutenant Riddell should be officer of the night, to execute his purpose. Accordingly, on the morning of the event he nerved his

mind to commit the deed, consoling himself with the delusory idea, that in embruing his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature, he would be happy in ridding himself of a detested persecutor, and rendering a great service to the whole Regiment. During the day he was observed by his comrades to bestow particular attention in cleaning his musket; but this attracted no particular notice, as he was always scrupulously neat in his person, arms and accoutrements. He was aware that Lieutenant Riddell would have to make his first round about 9 o'clock; waiting therefore till after the lights in the men's barracks had been extinguished—and they had all gone to bed at 8 o'clock, (the regulated time for the army to retire to rest)—he quietly slipped out with his musket, which he carefully loaded, and then posted himself at one end of the Officer's Barracks in such a way, that, as Lieutenant Riddell passed in the rear of the Barracks to Shirley Heights, his person would be clearly discernible as a mark; although it was quite dark, yet he would be the only object intervening between Snell and the clear vault of heaven. Remorse would sometimes almost prevail upon him to give up his dark project, but then the recollection of all the unmerited reproaches he had suffered, quickly put to flight his better feelings, and steeled his breast against any further promptings of conscience: indeed he had not much further time for reflection, as he heard steps in the direction that Lieutenant Riddell must take, and a person immediately appeared, who, from his size, Snell thought must be he. With stern determination he therefore raised his musket to his shoulders, and as the figure came in line with him, he fired, and the person fell. Without attempting to escape, he quietly gave himself up a prisoner to the first soldiers who ran from their barracks on hearing the report, saying, "I have shot Riddell." We have seen the sequel.

Lieutenant Riddell betrayed a severe sense of the occurrence, and its cause. He was so much shocked, that he was taken very ill, and did not recover for a long time,—indeed ever after the final catastrophe, he looked very pale and sickly, and deeply dejected. Conscience no doubt must have been busy with its small and piercing voice. Whatever were his reflections, his narrow escape from death, evidently showing that the hand of Providence was interposed in an unlooked-for manner for his preservation, must have filled his breast with gratitude to Heaven, for graciously sparing him from being suddenly hurried before its tribunal, unprepared by any proper solicitude for his spiritual welfare,—like a criminal who, discovered in the act of some daring exploit, stands mute and self-condemned—a guilty thing. At the same time that he should have given cause, by unmerited ill-treatment, to an individual to raise a hand against his life, and that which was meant for him, should unpremeditated fall upon an innocent, an offending victim, whose prospects in rising in the profession which he had but very recently entered, were thus cruelly blighted;—that the act, being avowedly committed in revenge for his tyranny, would probably cause his brother officers to entertain the most prejudiced opinions against him,

and to withdraw much of their confidence and countenance which he had hitherto enjoyed, his society being courted, as he was a very agreeable and entertaining companion ;—that the perpetrator's life must inevitably, by the Articles of War, pay the forfeit of his crime—a man of a praiseworthy character—a favorite with all his comrades, and respected by his officers—should by his means be hurried, in the prime of manhood and youthful vigour, into eternity,—must all—have been considerations which sunk melancholy deep in his heart, with bitter pangs to corrode his mind, and to render his life unhappy.

The commanding officer of the regiment, Lieut. Col. Manly, was a man whose grave countenance and demeanour depicted the stern and rigid soldier—whose appearance demanded respect, yet not fear ; for though a disciplinarian on duty, he was, when in company, exceedingly urbane and pleasing in his manners, having mixed in much good society, and as he had seen a great deal of the world, and experienced some of its severest trials, he was possessed of considerable information and feeling. His conduct and actions were all based on Christian principles, and proceeded from a good heart. He was a most excellent and exemplary character. He had just joined his Regiment a week or two previous to Ensign Burgh's misfortune, and in commiserating his case, which he did with a father's feelings—for he was one, and a truly fond one—he felt much hurt that such an unfortunate occurrence should have happened so soon after his taking the command, and to have the painful duty of reporting a crime of the kind to the Commander of the Forces against one of his men. But duty and not feeling was to be attended to without delay, and he forwarded the report, and issued orders for having the prisoner properly confined, and all evidence prepared for the Court Martial.

Ensign Burgh bore the pain of his wound with much fortitude, and after two or three days confinement, was enabled to leave his bed, fever very happily not having made its appearance. His almost feminine and highly interesting countenance, was now tinged with an expression of melancholy—of hope destroyed—for the doctor had given it as his candid opinion, that he would never be able to wield a sword. Poor fellow! he cherished only the liveliest sympathy for the impending fate of the prisoner, and evinced the kindness of his tender heart in many little kindnesses towards him. Indeed, he was so much affected by the unfortunate case of Snell, that he would readily have done much to free him from his unhappy predicament.

In a few weeks an order was received from the Commander of the Forces to send up the prisoner William Snell, together with all the witnesses necessary for his trial, to Head Quarters, Barbadoes. A small sloop was hired for the conveyance of the party—Ensign Burgh being one of the number—in which they arrived safe at their destination.

The Court Martial assembled on the day following that of their arrival. The prisoner having gone fully prepared to meet his doom, and knowing the fallacy of trying by denying his crime to avoid it, in a very

solemn manner confessed his guilt, and recited with much feeling the various uncalled-for indignities and hurtful reproaches that he had received from Lieut. Riddell, which at last drove him to commit the act with which he then stood charged. He regretted that revenge had carried him to such a length, inasmuch as he had been the unintentional means of irreparably injuring a young gentleman, Ensign Burgh, for whom he had the greatest respect as an individual, whose pleasant kindness of disposition and warmth of feeling as shown towards the men of his corps, and especially towards himself since the occurrence, would have rendered him an ornament and an honour to the profession, which the injury he had received would for ever preclude.

The prisoner having admitted himself guilty, the trial was virtually ended ; but the Court, before passing sentence, called forward the evidence, every person of which confirmed the substance of Snell's declaration with regard to Lieut. Riddell's conduct, spoke of the high character which Snell bore in the Regiment, and proved to the satisfaction of the Court, that he was esteemed both by his officers and his comrades for irreproachable conduct in never having been convicted of any offence, till the present one.

The Court was of course unanimous in finding the prisoner guilty, and proceeded, as usual in such cases, to sentence the prisoner to be shot to death ; but in animadverting upon the circumstances of the case, and in bringing to the notice of the Commander of the Forces, the heinousness of the prisoner's crime, and the disastrous consequences that might ensue in the Army, were he allowed to go unpunished, they at the same time also brought to notice, that if anything could mitigate the prisoner's offence, and render him a deserving object of mercy, it would be the great and grievous provocation he had received, and his hitherto unimpeachable and praiseworthy character.

The prisoner evinced not the least dread on hearing his sentence ; but the sympathy of the Court opened his heart, and he was very sensibly affected—that which fear could not effect, a kind, fellow-feeling produced, in a copious flood of tears.

The Commander of the Forces had pre-determined, if the prisoner were convicted, to allow the utmost rigour of Martial Law to be carried into effect as a terrible warning, that though the offence was the first of the nature that had occurred for many years, he would not allow it to pass unpunished, trusting to nip in the germ any tendency to insubordination or mutiny, by showing that no mercy might be expected. He, accordingly, approved the finding and sentence of the Court Martial, and directed that the execution should take place at Antigua, in one week after the prisoner should be taken back to that Island.

Ensign Burgh was deeply afflicted with the result of the trial, and sought an interview with the General to plead for the life of the prisoner : he even implored mercy on his bended knees in the most trying and affecting language ; but his efforts were fruitless : the General would not relax in his rigid determination—his

mind was as firm as the rock which has stood unmoved the shock of the ocean for a thousand years.

The prisoner and the rest of the party returned in safety to Antigua.

Colonel Manly, finding that the fate of the unfortunate Snell was certain, determined to devote his attention to the good, the charitable office of preparing him for a future state, that he might be enabled to meet his death with calm and Christian fortitude, produced by the conviction of being about to obtain eternal life in the blessed abode of the Redeemer and Saviour of Mankind. For this purpose, he called in the aid of the Garrison Chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Halton, a truly pious and meek man, who, far from assimilating to some of his fox-hunting brethren, indulged in no rioting, or licensed any amusements that were not strictly moral. He was beloved for his unostentatious life—his consolations to the distressed, and the charity he bestowed in private.

The endeavours of two such individuals had their full and delightful share of success. William Snell, like most young people, had never indulged in much reflection on the instability of life—like others, he tried to enjoy it as if there were no termination to its existence; but now that that event was certain, the awfulness of eternity presented itself to his imagination in the most dreary aspect; and he felt like one brought to the brink of a precipice, with the alternative of being saved by repentance, or by a stubborn adherence to error, to be dashed to destruction down its yawning gulf. In this state of feeling the Colonel and Mr. Halton came, like ministering angels, to drag from certain misery to certain happiness. His heart being properly disposed, and the kindness of those gentlemen melting him into the most affecting gratitude, he early seized the opportunity of their assumed mediatorial office to seek that repentance which alone could render him acceptable to Heaven; and in the brief space of his existence, he found, from their unceasing exertions in prayer and supplication, and his own ardent and sincere faith and hope in the merits of his Saviour, that peace which this world cannot give. The two gentlemen remained in fervent prayer with the prisoner during the whole night previous to his execution. He now no longer desired life. Happy in possessing God's favour in redeeming him from sin, and at peace with all mankind, he longed for the hour which would loosen the bonds of this life and consummate that bliss which Heaven affords to all true believers.

At last the fatal morning arrived: the sky was clear with the exception of a few clouds, which, in passing, shed a few drops, or tears, as it were, of sympathy for the approaching untimely end of the prisoner, and then it smiled forth in all the golden tints of the rising sun, as if to hail with delight another hallowed spirit so soon to become an inhabitant of its celestial and happy regions.

On an intervening space of level ground between the Block House and Shirley Heights, all the troops in garrison were drawn up into three sides of a hollow

square. The prisoner, habited in a shroud, and kneeling on his coffin, was stationed with the Chaplain on the fourth or blank side, and the firing party, 24 in number, in the centre.

By a well-timed expedient, either of these men, as an individual, could not exactly lay it to himself that he had a part in killing the culprit. Twenty-four muskets were loaded half with ball, and the other half with blank cartridges—then being mixed, each man was permitted to choose one indiscriminately from the number.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—every spectator of the mournful ceremony remained as motionless—every muscle of their features as unmoveable—as if they were so many statues divested of life, so much were all present impressed with its melancholy import.

Rising from earnest prayer, Snell, with a countenance beaming with holy resignation, and wholly void of fear, and, with a firm and manly voice, addressed a few words to the troops:—"Fellow Soldiers and Brethren, I am now about to suffer death in just expiation of my crime. I conjure you, whatever may be your trials, whatever the injuries you may receive, never let your feelings of irritation or animosity overcome your better judgment. Fly to God in your hour of temptation and he will sooth your afflictions and render them tolerable. I thank God that my desire of revenge was foiled, and that I am not a murderer. If I have at any time offended or hurt any of you, I implore your forgiveness. May the same power of infinite mercy which has snatched me from utter darkness to view the true light as it is in God, bless and protect you all and your families during your remaining pilgrimage through this vale of tears, and conduct you from thence to the Heavenly abode where no sorrow enters.—Farewell!" Having engaged in prayer with Colonel Manly and Mr. Halton, for about a quarter of an hour, he then took a most affectionate leave of these gentlemen, who were both greatly moved; then, signifying that he was ready, the Provost Serjeant adjusted the cap over his face, and retiring, the firing party having received the awful word, "present," he dropt the handkerchief, the usual signal for the word, "fire,"—and William Snell fell a lifeless corpse—a Victim of Tyranny.

The fate of this young man threw a gloom over the Regiment for some time. The circumstance deeply afflicted Colonel Manly—he shut himself up for two days, and refused to see any one.

Lieutenant Riddell's health being much impaired, and as he was anxious to quit a place, every association of which only served to keep alive the anguish of his mental sufferings, obtained leave of absence and returned to England.

Ensign Burgh having been ordered home was placed on half-pay. I am happy to add, in conclusion, that, with due care and precaution, he again recovered the use of his arm, and, through the influence of Colonel Manly, having been once more reinstated in the Regiment, has since been promoted to the rank of Captain.

## THE SOFT ANSWER.

"I'll give him law to his heart's content, the scoundrel!" said Singleton, walking backward and forward, in a state of great excitement.

"Don't call harsh names, Mr. Singleton," said Solicitor Trueman, looking up from the mass of papers before him, and smiling in a quiet, benevolent way, that was peculiar to him.

"Every man should be known by his true name. Williams is a scoundrel, and so he ought to be called!" responded the client, with increasing warmth.

"Did you ever do a reasonable thing in your life when you were angry?" asked Mr. Trueman, whose age and respectability gave him the license to speak thus freely to his young friend, for whom he was endeavouring to arrange some business difficulty with his former partner.

"I can't say that I ever did, Mr. Trueman, but now I have good reason for being angry; and the language I use, in reference to Williams, is but the expression of a sober and rational conviction," replied Singleton, a little more calmly.

"Did you pronounce him a scoundrel before you received this reply to your last letter?" asked Mr. Trueman.

"No, I did not; but that letter confirmed my previously formed impression of his character."

"But I cannot find in that letter any evidence proving your late partner to be a dishonest man. He will not agree to your proposed mode of settlement, because he does not see it to be the most proper way."

"He won't agree to it, because it is an honest and equitable mode of settlement; that is all! He wants to overreach me, and is determined to do so if he can!" responded Mr. Singleton, still excited.

"There you are decidedly wrong!" said the lawyer. "You have both allowed yourselves to become angry and unreasonable, in the present case. Two angry men never can settle any business properly. You have unnecessarily increased the difficulties in the way of a speedy settlement, by writing Mr. Williams an angry letter, which he has responded to in the like unhappy temper. Now, if I am to settle this business for you, I must write all letters that pass to Mr. Williams in future."

"But how can you properly express my views and feelings?"

"That I do not wish to do, if your views and feelings are to remain as they now are—for anything like an adjustment of the difficulties, under such circumstances, I should consider hopeless," replied Mr. Trueman.

"Well, let me answer this letter, and after that, I promise that you shall have your own way."

"No, I shall consent to no such thing. It is the reply to that letter which is to modify the negotiation for a settlement in such a way as to bring success or failure; and I have no idea of allowing you in the present state of your mind, to write such a one as will most assuredly defeat an amicable adjustment."

Singleton paused for some time before making a reply. He had been forming in his mind a most cutting and bitter rejoinder to the letter just alluded to, and he was very desirous that Mr. Williams should have the benefit of knowing that he thought him a "tricky and deliberate scoundrel," with other opinions of a similar character. He found it, therefore, impossible to make up his mind to let the unimpassioned Mr. Trueman write this most important epistle.

"Indeed, I must write this letter, Mr. Trueman," he said. "There are some things that I want to say to him, which I know you won't write. You don't seem to consider the position in which he has placed me by that letter, nor what is obligatory upon me, as a man of honour. I never allowed any man to reflect upon me, directly or indirectly, without a proper response."

"There is in the Bible," said Mr. Trueman, "a passage that is peculiarly applicable in the present case. It is this—'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.' I have found this precept, in a life that has numbered more than double your years, to be one that may be safely and honorably adopted in all cases. You blame Mr. Williams for writing you an angry letter, and are indignant at certain expressions contained therein. Now, is it any more right for you to write an angry letter, with cutting epithets, than it is for him?"

"But, Mr. Trueman—"

"I do assure you, my young friend," said the lawyer, interrupting him, "that I am acting in this case for your benefit, and not for my own; and, as your legal adviser, you must submit to my judgment, or I cannot consent to go on."

"If I will promise not to use any harsh language, will not you consent to let me write the letter?" urged the client.

"You and I, in the present state of your mind, could not possibly come at the same conclusion in reference to what is harsh and what is mild," said Mr. Trueman: "therefore I cannot consent that you shall write one word of the proposed reply—I *must* write it."

"Well, I suppose then, I shall have to submit.—When will it be ready?"

"Come this afternoon, and I will give you the draft, which you will copy and sign."

In the afternoon, Mr. Singleton came and received the letter prepared by Mr. Trueman. It ran thus, after the date and formal address—

"I regret that my proposition did not meet your approbation. The mode of settlement which I suggested was the result of a careful consideration of our mutual interests. Be kind enough to suggest to Mr. Trueman, my lawyer, any plan which you think will lead to an early and amicable adjustment of our business. You may rely upon my consent to it, if it meets his approbation.

"Is it possible, Mr. Trueman, that you expect *me* to sign such a cringing letter as that?" said Mr. Singleton, throwing it down, and walking backward and forward with great irritation of manner.

"Well, what is your objection to it?" replied Mr. Trueman, mildly, for he was prepared for such an exhibition of feeling.

"Objection! How can you ask such a question! Am I to go on my knees to him, and beg him to do me justice? No! I'll sacrifice every shilling I have in the world first—the scoundrel!"

"You wish to have your business settled, do you not?" asked Mr. Trueman, looking him steadily in the face.

"Of course I do—*honourably* settled!"

"Well, let me hear what you mean by an honourable settlement."

The young man hesitated a moment, and said—

"Why, I mean —"

"You mean a settlement in which your interest shall be equally considered with that of Mr. Williams."

"Yes, certainly, and that—"

"And that," continued Mr. Trueman, "Mr. Williams in the settlement shall consider and treat you as a gentleman?"

"Certainly I do; but that is more than he has done."

"Well, never mind. Let what is past go for as much as it is worth. The principal point of action is in the present."

"But I will never send that mean cringing letter, though."

"You mistake its whole tenor, I do assure you, Mr. Singleton. You have allowed your angry feelings to blind you. You certainly carefully considered before you adopted it, the proposed basis of a settlement, did you not?"

"Of course I did."

"So the letter which I have prepared for you states.

Now, as an honest and honorable man, you are, I am sure, willing to grant to him the same privilege which you asked for yourself, viz.: that of proposing a plan of settlement. Your proposition does not seem to please him; now it is but fair that he should be invited to state how he wishes the settlement to be made—and in giving such an invitation, a gentleman should use gentlemanly language."

"But he don't deserve to be treated like a gentleman. In fact he has no claim to the title," said the young man.

"If he has none, as you say, you profess to be a gentleman, and all gentlemen should prove by their actions and words that they are gentlemen."

"I can't say that I am convinced by what you say; but, as you seem to be bent on having it your own way, why, here, let me copy the thing and sign it," said the young man, suddenly changing his manner.

"There, now," he added, passing across the table the brief letter he had copied. "I suppose he'll think me a low-spirited fellow after he gets that: but he's mistaken. After it's all over, I'll take good care to tell him that it didn't contain my sentiments."

"Come to-morrow afternoon, and I think we'll have things in a pretty fair way," he said, looking up with his usual pleasant smile, as he finished the direction of the letter.

"Good morning, Mr. Singleton," he said, as that gentleman entered his office on the succeeding day.

"Good morning, Sir," responded the young man. "Well, have you heard of the milk-and-water letter of yours? I can't call it mine."

"Yes, here is the answer. Take a seat, and I will read it to you," said the old gentleman.

"Well, let's hear it."

"Dear George: I have your kind and gentlemanly note of yesterday, in reply to my harsh, unreasonable, and ungentlemanly one of the day before. We have both been playing the fool; but you are ahead of me in becoming sane. I have examined, since I got your note, more carefully the tenor of your proposition for a settlement, and it meets my views precisely. My foolish anger kept me from seeing it before. Let our mutual friend, Mr. Trueman, arrange the matter according to the plan mentioned, and I shall most heartily acquiesce.

"Yours, &c.,

"THOMAS WILLIAMS."

"He never wrote that letter in the world!" exclaimed Singleton, starting on his feet.

"You know his writing, I presume," said Mr. Trueman, handing him the letter.

"It's Thomas Williams' own hand, as I live!" ejaculated Singleton, on glancing at the letter. "My old friend, Thomas Williams, the best-natured fellow in the world!" he continued, his feelings undergoing a sudden and entire revolution. "What a fool I have been!"

"And how foolish have I been too!" said Williams, advancing from an adjoining room, at the same time extending his hand toward Singleton.

"God bless you, my dear friend!" exclaimed Singleton, grasping his hand. "Why, what has been the matter with us both?"

"My young friends," said old Mr. Trueman, one of the kindest-hearted old men in the world, rising and advancing towards them, "I have known you long, and have always esteemed you both. This pleasant meeting and reconciliation, you perceive, is of my arrangement. Now let me give you a precept that will make friends and keep friends. It has been my motto through life, and I don't know that I have an enemy in the world. It is—

*'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.'*"

The Chinese have a notion that the soul of a poet passes into a grasshopper, because it sings till it starves.

## MENTAL MALADIES OF THE YOUNG.

BEAUTIFUL day dreams! delicious deceits! what happiness and misery do ye not create?—worlds of baseless fabric, visions of pure delight, and bliss so intense that it often merges into pain;—and then ye vanish and leave us more keenly sensitive than ever to the sternness of cold reality. And very properly too, says the reader, and he is right—simply because all delusions are inconsistent with our real happiness, and with the high purposes humanity is destined to fulfil. Delusions cannot be productive of true and lasting happiness; but realities will. Nay, more; the former, when mistaken for realities, as they commonly are by the young and inexperienced, must inevitably tend to the most mischievous consequences, by giving a tone to the mind productive of error, impairing the judgment, creating a perpetual state of mental intoxication, giving a morbid tone to the mental faculties, and engendering a mawkish distaste for the useful and substantial.

Perhaps the least mischievous delusions are those we fall into during childhood, when everything is so new and attractive that we fly from one delusion to the other with a rapidity which saves us from being injured by any. The first of these is love; for although it may be a very sincere and serious matter on both sides, so long as it lasts, yet is the delusive influence of so very young and tender a malady proved by the fact that there are few instances of such courtships—if we may be permitted so to call them—lasting to the age of maturity. Long before that period the affair is discovered, even by the parties themselves, to have been a complete delusion; and then, perchance, one of them plunges into a similar delusion with somebody else, and a life of the most intense misery is the common result. It was the first delusion that caused all this evil; but still it would have been unwise to have crushed it, inasmuch as it may be regarded in the light of a natural and necessary training for the formation of individual character. Had it been watched and guided by the fostering care of experience, it would have burst forth at last like a beautiful flower, reflecting the sunshine of happiness on all around.

Next to the delusion of feeling, comes that of imagination, and this is the most dangerous of any; first, because we have it all to ourselves; and secondly, by reason of the subtlety with which it leads us to mistake shadow for substance, and gives to that which is evil the semblance of good. Thus it is that works of fiction—and even of reality, where the narrative abounds in incidents of an adventurous nature—are dangerous to the minds of young persons, unless judicious means are taken to counteract the impressions they create. Robinson Crusoe has sent many a youth to sea in the hope of being cast upon a desolate island, and there finding some man Friday with whom he might strut about in a Sunday suit of goat-skin, and vary the legitimate sports of the field by an occasional pop at the savages. Mungo Park, Cook, Anson, and other voyagers, have also excited in many a youthful mind the malady of vagabondism; and although, perhaps, a few of the inculcated have reaped riches and renown, yet thousands have gratified their spirit of adventure at the cost of all that was most dear to them—present comfort and happiness, respectability of station, esteem of friends and relations, and health and competence in old age. Depictions of military life and exploits have the same unhappy tendency, possessing as they do a dazzling lustre that must inevitably fascinate with false glory the eyes of youth and inexperience.

*Faith in mere appearances* is another of the mental maladies with which young folk—and old ones too sometimes—are grievously afflicted. They verily believe all to be gold that glitters, and nothing will convince them of their mistake, until the transformation to withered leaves has been effected. There is, certainly, something very amiable and beautiful in this faith in

mere externals; and we may seem to suggest an ungracious task when we propose that the delusion should be gradually shaken off by the loving hand of parent or tutor, rather than be left to be mercilessly crushed and torn by the icy and withering grasp of stern experience. But, nevertheless, such is the wise plan, inasmuch as truth, however disguised and hideous, must and will, sooner or later, reveal itself, and there is then danger of the deluded victims being overwhelmed by the consequences of their mistake. We do not mean to say that children should be *taught* to suspect appearances, but simply that they should be cautioned against placing reliance in *appearance alone*. Let them be made to find out something like corroborative testimony, and so be able to give a reason for the opinion they entertain. A little practical experience in the discovery of errors, will be a great help to the cure of faith in false appearances—no matter if they get sometimes even a little muddy by mistaking a slough for solid earth.

*Over-confidence* is another of the mental maladies with which most young people are commonly afflicted, and although we should be loath to injure the fresh spirit of youth, or to damp its ardour and energy, yet would we gently and kindly endeavour to mitigate the rude shock of worldly disappointments to which they may be exposed, by suggesting the wholesome subjection of full confidence in the attainment of any object, however certain success may seem. It is doubtless a good thing to look on the bright side of life, and to have faith in our hopes and efforts; but inexperience and youthful ardour are too prone to look upon the bright side alone, and many a noble spirit has been crushed for ever by an utter obliviousness to the fact, that even the most insignificant trifles—and such, too, as could not possibly be foreseen—will often disappoint the most reasonable hopes, and render the most energetic exertion utterly unavailing. An admonitory warning in due season, especially when too sanguine hopes of success are exhibited, might most wisely and mercifully be given. It is from the want of this friendly warning, that youth frequently plunge into the most overwhelming mistakes, not only of judgment, but action, and hence arises a host of disappointments that very often renders their career in after life a series of desperate struggles against what they deem to be unmerited misfortunes. Thence arises a feeling of scepticism as to the abstract connexion between merit and success, and as they advance in life, they gradually lose altogether that great source of earthly happiness—a faith in the principle of goodness.

*Volatility*, or the want of power to fix the mind permanently upon any settled object or pursuit, is another malady likely to prove extremely ruinous when the patient shall have arrived at years of maturity, and will then display itself in the inability to pursue steadily any profession or employment whatever. Many of our authors have well depicted the absurdities—to say nothing of the serious self-injuries—of which volatile people are guilty. To check the growth of this mischievous malady, either in old or young, a mere habit of stated application to any one pursuit at stated times, and for a certain length of time every day, may, perhaps, generally be found effectual.

We might mention many other mental maladies incident to youth generally, but the task of pointing out faults is always an ungracious one, and so contrary to our nature, that we must beg for the present to doff our big wig and spectacles, throw down our pen, and refresh ourselves amongst that party of youngsters yonder, whose merry laughter comes ringing in our ears, as if by way of rebuke for every word we have been uttering.—*People's Press*.

Fatigue produces laziness, and listlessness begets stupidity.

## REMARKS TO ODD FELLOWS.

Brethren, your mission is a holy one, and it imposes on you high and weighty obligations. You have been taught in your Lodges, that there are "three classes of duties binding on all men, and which you, as Odd Fellows, are especially bound to observe; to God, to yourselves, to your neighbors." You are to be faithful to yourselves, and to your brethren of the human family. By being faithful to yourselves, we mean, you should labour unceasingly to perfect your natures, and, employing the faculties God has given you, to accomplish well the mission you are sent into this world to achieve.

As the human body is nourished by those physical elements which, by a law of nature, become a part of its own substance, so the Soul is expanded, it is perfected, and glorified, by inspiring those divine influences, which God,—the source of all Science, Art, Beauty, Wisdom, Goodness,—is perpetually communicating to his intelligent creatures. At each step which man advances in knowledge and goodness, a new and higher revelation of Truth and Beauty is made to his soul. It is the capacity for improvement, the power to aspire to what is beyond and above him, that is to say, to the Infinite, which give to man the exalted rank he holds in the Universe. Hence the duty which is imposed upon him, of approaching, unceasingly, nearer to the divine perfection, through the right exercise of all his faculties.

We cannot but perceive the wisdom of this arrangement, and its eminent adaptation to the nature of man, and to the conditions of his existence. He commences his career on earth, feeble, helpless, and ignorant. Blind, in darkness and in chains, he wanders through many a gloomy way. He is bound to the world, and to his fellow men, by a multitude of relations, all which require an enlightened judgment and a well disciplined mind. He is born, too, to a heritage of sorrow and grief,—liable to disappointment and misfortunes. Hence the necessity of seeking that wisdom, those comforts and supports, and of cultivating those affections which will raise him above the vicissitudes of time, enable him to master the storm, and overcome the world, and bind him in strong and close alliance with the Invisible and Eternal.

Life's chief work, or duty, is to sacrifice the brief interests of time and self to immortality and God. And to disengage the soul from the trammels of sense, to exalt it, to perfect it by making it one with God, is the end which religion proposes, and should be the object of all science, literature, and art. For these are but parts of one vast, universal Religion, which speaks, not to one of our sentiments only, but to the entire of our faculties; that is to the Soul, which is the centre and source of all.

To labor to achieve one's destiny on the earth, is to labor for Wisdom, Goodness, Truth. It is to cultivate generous affection, holy and trustful thought, and heavenly aspirations. And you will observe that all this implies labor, struggle, combat. It is plain, that a being who is created for a perpetual progress upward, must be subjected to the necessity of toil. Born weak, and ignorant, but with the infinite heavens shining above him, he must advance; do battle with the foes which obstruct his way, and overcome the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, which seek to oppose his heavenward march. Thought can fix no limits to the possible progress of the Soul, nor calculate the measure of its perfection.

The first step to be taken in this great work, is to overthrow all selfishness, and subjugate the passions and senses to the dominion of the Soul. In their appropriate sphere, and under a wise direction, the passions give a charm to existence, and are the ministers of incalculable good. But they are prone to rebel, and often bind the Soul with an iron chain. They are

useful as domestics, but when they usurp the mastery, are the most pitiless of tyrants. In the one case they are like a gentle flowing river, which gives beauty to the landscape and fertility to the soil. In the other, they are like the sweeping storm or the crushing avalanche, the ministers of desolation and woe. Overborne by their clamors, man is hurled to earth, and sees no more the sunny heavens which arch above him, and invite him to soar. Truth, Wisdom, Virtue, charm him not; he sacrifices ALL to the transient interests and empty vanities of time. He labors, but it is for the meat which perishes. He struggles for wealth, and that fame with which the world rewards its slaves, and obtains them, but death and leanness are sent into his soul.

A glorious victory is that which man gains over the powers and elements of Nature; and by which he compels the earth to provide for his wants and pleasures: it is glorious to subdue the invaders of one's homes and rights; but more glorious, O incomparably more glorious, is it to gain the victory over one's self,—to break the domains of the passions,—to free the soul of selfishness, and earthly affections; to subdue the enemy within the heart.

He who has subdued himself, exercised selfishness, that demon of the heart, aspired to, and made his own, the virtues of the good and wise, and struggled, by art and science, to seize the secret of the Universe, and lay open all its mysteries, has worthily labored to fulfil his destiny on the earth. He has secured a peace which the world cannot take away. For, who so happy as he who has trained his mind to habits of reflection, and stored it with useful knowledge, and adorned it with beautiful conceptions, and holy and peaceful thoughts? Is any one so independent as he?—so well prepared for life, or for death?—so strongly fortified against the reverses of fortune? Whatever may be his lot in the world, be he high or low, rich or poor, the world's favorite or the child of reproach, he has an unspeakable joy in his communion with nature and with God.

Knowledge, Wisdom, Holiness, cheerful thoughts, gentle dispositions, devout affections, bright hopes, and a world-subduing faith, are the treasures for which we should strive,—the heavenly nourishment which gives to our souls an eternal life. And these are the great facts which underlie many of the secret rites and symbolic arrangements of our Order. And these alone will endure! All else will pass away! Riches, Glory, the pomp and splendor of Time, the world's vanity, all will vanish as a wreath of smoke! But the Soul will live, with whatever it has gained of Knowledge, Wisdom, Virtue: every idea it has acquired in time; every discovery it has made in the works of God; and every holy thought it has cherished, will go with it into eternity. Its progress in this world is the prophecy of a progress which is never to end. What encouragement is this for us to toil for wisdom and goodness! Every upward step we take is a gain for eternity! Joshua may cause the sun to stay on Gibeon, and the moon to rest over Ajalon. But no magician can arrest the Soul in its sublime flight along the heavens. Infinity is its capacity, eternity is its life, and progress its everlasting privilege!

Such are the important moral Ideas which are symbolized in our sublime and beautiful ceremonies, and which every Odd Fellow should strive to comprehend.—*Gazette of the Union.*

The humble, the meek, the merciful, the just, the pious, and the devout, are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers.—*The Ingle-Nook.*

#### ODD FELLOWSHIP—THE FUTURE.

It is ever a characteristic of youth, when vaunting itself in the possession of health, vigor and strength, to be confident, sanguine and hopeful of the future. Odd Fellowship is now in the very dawn of its career. Its season of youth is present with us. Our members now are principally persons on the very threshold of life. A portion have arrived at mature years, while but few, if any, have reached to the season of the "sear and yellow leaf." These being our components, it is evident that now our internal resources must be ample; while, at the same time, a high state of prosperity must crown our labors. But while flushed with present success, we should not be regardless of the future. Let us attempt for a moment to draw aside the curtain which conceals it from our view. Fifty years hence, and what sort of a picture will the Order present?

Where then will be the actors in present scenes?—Passed from the stage of existence to the tomb. Some indeed will be tottering on its brink, helpless and infirm. And the widows, if want has overtaken them in the journey of life—and the children, if helpless—who for these shall provide? Thousands, who when endowed with health, strength and manly vigor, would scorn to receive the smallest benefaction, or to be the least charge upon the Order, will, when the hand of time shall bear heavily upon them, bringing with it the usual infirmities of age, be reluctantly obliged to seek sustenance from the very source which they had formerly aided to sustain. Such claims could not be resisted. If the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship survived, it would shine with more than noon-day splendor in the practical operation of its benign principles. Evidently the future has in store for Odd-Fellowship its greatest trials, and it is the imperative duty of our members now to strengthen themselves for any exigencies which may arise. As a means to this end, it becomes us to husband well our resources, and in this way we may do much toward providing against future want.

It will take but a few years to put to the test our capacity to sustain our plans of mutual aid and benevolence; for, as in this period of time the greatest amount of sickness infirmity and want will naturally occur, ability to meet the pecuniary demands which our plans of aid suggest, will, of course, meet with a full and fair trial. It must, however, be apparent, on the most superficial view of the matter, that the current resources of the Order will scarcely be equivalent to the increased expenditures, owing principally to the great increase in the disability of members. If we are wise then, we will take measures now, in the days of our youth and affluence, to provide for this anticipated deficiency. If we neglect this obviously imperative duty, we may reap the fruit in future want and embarrassment. And hence it would appear that all those plans which aim to establish institutions of learning on an extensive scale, to be supported by the funds of the Order, although they are the unquestioned offspring of benevolent hearts, must be regarded as impracticable.

The fiscal affairs of each Lodge should be administered with the greatest prudence and economy. Great care should be taken that the funds are not diverted from their legitimate purposes. And we think a surplus should be accumulated, which should be safely invested, the interest upon which should be annually added to the principal, and the amount thus allowed to accumulate, with such additions to the principal of the fund, as each Lodge might, from time to time, appropriate. In this way, in a few years a respectable fund might be accumulated, the income from which would place the Lodge above the fear of want. Let this course be generally pursued, and much may be done toward perpetuating the beneficent action of our Institution.

And above all, let prudence, caution and circumspection characterize every measure and every act; remembering that great responsibilities rest upon us, and that our acts now may determine the destiny of our beloved Institution for ever. The world has much to hope from the triumph of our principles, for Odd Fellowship speaks in tones of kindness and heart-moving sympathy to the mass of the oppressed, and gives promise of a better and a brighter era; an era when the reign of sordid selfishness shall yield to the dominion of the elevating principles of Friendship, Love and Truth.—*Golden Rule.*

### SOCIAL EVILS AND ODD FELLOWSHIP.

That society is afflicted with manifold evils under its present organization, will not admit of question, on the part of any one who goes through the world with his eyes open, and with a heart having in it anything of human sympathy. The desolations of poverty, injustice, ignorance, sin, disease and death, meet us on all sides.

Prison-houses and penitentiaries filled with forlorn and miserable men and women, born and nurtured in sin; poor-houses, crowded with those whose misfortune it is to want food and friends; thousands of the same class in the streets, and in wretched hovels, feeling every day the clutch of hunger tightening at their throats; multitudes of lone widows and orphans oppressed with neglect and wrong; children growing up without education or any kindly watch-care, thrown by necessity into the vilest company, and, without employment, forced for their bread into crime and its consequences—all these dark groups in the great Life-picture, show us the evils which beset our social state, and the need of toil and exertion on the part of all true and loving souls to remove, or, as far as possible, lessen them.

Surely, then, where there is so much to be done, if any man or society will enter into the work of help and relief, by whatsoever name called, clothed in whatever garb—if they enter into it with hearts quick with human sympathy, full of earnestness and truth, I will not, for one, hinder their efforts with idle questions; I will not waste time in objecting to the way or method of their work; but they shall have a warm grasp of my hand, and a "God-speed!" upspringing from the lowest depths of my soul.

And it is precisely this position, it seems to me, that Odd Fellowship has taken. It seeks, as far as possible, to alleviate the sufferings, and to put away the evils of society. It does not pretend, or attempt, to do everything, to remove all suffering and wrong. This would be impossible; and the attempt, in the present condition of things, would only lead to entire failure. It selects, therefore, a part of the great work of mercy and deliverance, and seeks to do that well. In a way which it regards as the most secure and effectual, it is quietly doing what it is able to do, to lighten the burthen of want and suffering, to remove the darkness from the sorrowful spirit, to let in the cheerful sunshine into the abodes of affliction, and to shed abroad into the heart and life of the world, the sacred and beautiful influences of a common brotherhood, a universal sympathy and love.

Now it seems to me, that the true philanthropist, the really good man and Christian, ought to be ready to give—nay, will give, his hearty benediction to Odd Fellowship, or any other organization engaged in this noble work of humanity. It is not easy to see how he can have any other than kind feelings for it—it is not easy to see how he can help joining hands with it in its labors of Love. But when, instead of this, he opposes and reviles it, and speaks sneeringly of its silent work of mercy—this is strange indeed. And when he offers as an excuse that it is a secret society, that he does not

like its way of doing good, that its name, and forms and regalia are trifling, &c., the strangeness of his course is not lessened, but increased.

What do I care about names and forms, or regalia, or anything of this sort, so long as the work of humanity goes forward, as well with them, and better than without them—which is certainly true at present. I will not fret at Odd Fellowship for these things, though doubtless the era will come, when it will have outgrown them all. So we hope and believe. Nevertheless, I will not speak evil of its good, though it may do that good in a way ever so different from mine.

So long as the tears of the weeper are dried, and the mourner comforted; so long as the last hours of the dying are made pleasant by the ministries of Friendship, Love, and Truth; and after this the widow and the fatherless are protected and watched over—so long as all this, and more, is done, well done, kindly and delicately done; my heart shall dictate, my lips shall utter no rude questionings. But, according to the rule of the Divine One, judging the tree by its fruit, I will give to Odd-Fellowship, or any society doing such work, my hand, my heart, my blessing and my prayer.

T. B. T.

### HEALTH INSURANCE—ODD FELLOWSHIP.

We see by the papers that an Association, under the name of the "New England Health Insurance Company," has recently gone into operation with a capital of \$200,000. It received its act of incorporation from the Connecticut Legislature some time in May last. The charter provides that by the annual payment of *five dollars* the insured is entitled to *four dollars* a week whenever he is sick, or rendered by accident incapable of attending to his usual business or occupation. And after the stockholders have their dividend of six per cent., one half the surplus, if there be any, is to be divided among the stockholders and the insured, in the ratio of stock and the sum paid for insurance. Such are the provisions of the "New England Health Insurance Company," and the benefits it secures to the insured.

We rejoice in the establishment of such an Association; for we doubt not it will be the means of preventing much suffering among those who are most exposed to it. We are glad to hear of any new organization which has as its object the alleviation or prevention of poverty and distress, which aims to remove the evils that, from accident or disease, fall upon those least able to bear them. Sincerely do we greet any man, or body of men, who have for their mission the amelioration of the condition of any portion of our race—who seek in any lawful way to lessen the ills and sorrows which the sick and poor have to struggle against.

And we cannot but think how much good our favorite Institution has accomplished in this respect. The world is more indebted to Odd Fellowship, both directly and indirectly, than it imagines, for the relief of suffering, and the gradual putting away of the evils consequent on want and sickness. We have noticed, within a few months, repeated instances of the formation of societies having these objects in view; and one, we recollect, in direct opposition to Odd Fellowship—an express stipulation of its articles being, that no person should enjoy its benefits who was a member of a *secret society!*

Well, if good is done in this way, we are not of those who would get into a fret, and rail against the society because of its idle fling at us. We remember the utterance of a brave true soul, some eighteen centuries ago:—"Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife—what then? notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." So say we; if the needy are relieved—if the sick and dying are comforted—we are content, even though it be done in strife and contention against our beloved Order. If

good is done—we care not how or in what name—we rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.

Odd Fellowship is not narrow, nor selfish. It looks higher than mere names; and if another performs the noble work which it seeks to accomplish, it will not call down fire from heaven upon him, nor hinder his work with idle questionings, or bitter jibes and dark suspicions. It believes its own way the best, but if others believe another way better, it will not quarrel with them, but cheerfully acknowledge whatever good has been wrought out.

We believe the Health Insurance Institution named above, will be useful in this way, and that many will have cause to rejoice in the aid it will afford in time of need. It has taken its leading feature from Odd Fellowship, and so far as it follows that it will doubtless succeed, if the additional elements do not work unfavourably. We wish it had copied other features from our Order. As we looked over its provisions, we could not but feel that the insured would want for many things which Odd Fellowship secures to its members.

It is true the person insured receives his *four dollars* a week while sick or disabled, but the *fraternal* element is wanting! There is no *love* here; no kind attentions at the sick-bed; no patient watching through the long and weary night; no friendly visits; no pleasant words of sympathy from those who are bound to him by the ties of a noble brotherhood. And if he dies, there end the obligations of the Insurance Company. There is no burial of the dead as enjoined by our Order; no care of the desolate widow and helpless orphans; none of those delicate attentions, of that tender sympathy and love, which constitute the most inviting features of Odd Fellowship.

All these are wanting in the Health Insurance Company. It is a mere business affair; so many dollars paid for so much received; and thus it seems to us, contrasted with our Institution, to be shorn of more than half its worth, and all its glory. The very benefits coming in this shape, are cold and chilling, and are not worth what a tithe of them would be, coming from the hand of a brother, warm with the pulse of a loving heart. And oh how much to know, too, that, should disease do its fatal work, in every member of the Lodge the lonely widow will find a brother, and the orphan babes a father! What a joy this thought brings to the poor sufferer, and how is death robbed of one of its keenest stings! Ah, give me Odd Fellowship, after all, before every other plan thus far devised. It has within it a truthfulness, a love, a beauty, which as yet I have not seen elsewhere.

T. B. T.

#### MOTTO AND CREST.

I knew her in her brightness,  
A creature full of glee,  
As the dancing waves that sparkle,  
O'er a placid summer sea;  
To her the world was sunshine,  
And peace was in her breast,  
For contentment was her motto,  
And a heart's-ease was her crest.

Yet deem not for a moment  
That her life was free from care;  
She shared the storms and sorrows  
That others sigh to bear;  
But she met earth's tempest meekly,  
In the hope of Heaven's rest,  
She gave not up her motto,  
Nor cast away her crest.

Alas! the many frowning brows,  
And eyes that speak of wo,  
And hearts that turn repining by,  
From every chastening blow;  
But our paths might all be smoother,  
And our hearts would aye be blest,  
With contentment for a motto,  
And a heart's-ease for a crest.

#### GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,  
Nor yet one half so dear;  
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,  
Or thousands gain'd a-year;  
It lends the day a new delight;  
'Tis virtue's firmest shield:  
And adds more beauty to the night  
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content,  
To sorrow whispers peace;  
It is a gift from Heaven sent  
For mortals to increase.  
It meets you with a smile at morn;  
It lulls you to repose;  
A flower for peer or peasant born,  
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,  
To snatch the frown from care;  
Turn tears to smiles, make dullness gay,  
Spread gladness everywhere.  
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,  
That gems the lily's breast;  
A talisman for love, as true  
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud  
When threatening storms begin—  
As music, 'mid the tempest loud,  
That still its sweet way wins—  
As springs an arch across the tide,  
Where waves conflicting foam,  
So comes this seraph to our side,  
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,  
With power unheard before—  
This charm—this bright divinity?  
Good Temper—nothing more!  
Good Temper!—'tis the choicest gift  
That woman homeward brings;  
And can the poorest peasant lift  
To bliss unknown to kings.

#### HUMAN LIFE.

##### AN EASTERN FABLE.

Two pilgrims were journeying together over the desert—one mounted on a camel, with a lofty padded cushion, and a canopy above his head. The other, with unsandaled feet, lacerated and scorched by the burning sands, and unturbaned head, which throbbed almost to bursting with the sun's fierce rays.

"God is great!" ejaculated the poor wretch—"Oh! that he would relieve me from this dreadful agony! For what crime am I thus severely punished?"

"Poor brother, how I pity thee!" replied the well mounted traveller, "but thou knowest that suffering is a necessary discipline for human beings. Be content with thy lot."

"Alas! If thou wouldst but let me mount thy beast, and ride one hour, my life might perhaps be saved. Thy sandals would protect thy feet, and thy turban shield thy head."

"My soul is grieved for thee," said his sympathetic friend, with a deep sigh, "but, verily, if a camel had been best for thee, the wise sovereign of the earth would not have withheld it. It is our duty to bow to the behests of Providence."

Onward they journeyed—one feeling as much compassion as a heart overflowing with gratitude could contain; the other trying to solve the problem, why such strange inequalities should exist.

Another hour—and the bleeding feet, and aching brow, and bursting heart, were at rest on the desert.

The favorite of heaven—or fortune, looked down from his comfortable seat, and exclaimed—

"Unfortunate friend, would that Heaven had bestowed on thee a camel, that I might still enjoy thy companionship, and not be obliged to cross the trackless desert alone; but the good God be praised that he has preserved me from so dreadful a fate as thine."

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

June 25th—A. McDougall, Cornwall, enclosing subscriptions.  
W. Bell, Peterboro', July 5.  
A. McAllister, Picton, containing the proceedings of Celebration.

C. Rodgers, dated Quebec, 10th and 20th.

Jas. A. Henderson, Peterboro', July 7.

C. G. Holt, Secretary Mercantile Lodge, Quebec,—in reply to which we can only say, that the list was inserted in the same manner as it was handed us for publication. Brother Tims must excuse the mistake.

H. J. Hensleigh, St. Catherines.—We thank Brother H. for his endeavours to extend our circulation. The number for Brothers Fletcher and Yale, will be forwarded—it is not in our power to furnish the back numbers.

## THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1847.

## PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

THE friends of our Order will be gratified to learn, that the Lodges throughout Canada West are all in the most flourishing condition. Another new Lodge, named Phoenix, No. 22, has been for some time established at the flourishing village of Oshawa, which is situated about 33 miles from Toronto; and it gives us pleasure to state, that there is every prospect of a farther extension of Odd Fellowship in that part of the Province. We are greatly pleased with what has already been done in Upper Canada, and now turn an anxious eye to the Lower Section of the Province, with the most sanguine expectation of what must follow the attempt made by the Grand Lodge to open a Lodge in St. Johns, N. B.

We will not attempt to prophesy as to the success which must follow the introduction of Odd Fellowship into New Brunswick, but will venture to assert, that if this Lodge is opened, and particular pains taken by the Grand Lodge in its construction, the result cannot be otherwise than one of the greatest events which has yet attended our progress. We hope shortly to be enabled to report progress in this important movement, and will exercise every possible endeavour to have this consummation, so devoutly wished for, carried into effect. As we have already said in a previous number of the *Record*, our worthy Brethren in Quebec can greatly facilitate our views in this matter, by initiating as many residents of Halifax and St. Johns, N. B., as can possibly be found, either on a visit, or doing business in that city.

## MEETING OF PAST GRANDS.

THOSE who take any interest in Odd Fellowship, are aware, that the Resolutions of the late R. W. Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Canada, published in the *Odd Fellows' Record* of October 1846, were handed to the Committee on the Supervision of Laws of Subordinate Lodges, for the purpose of preparing a Constitution or other General Regulations for the guidance of District Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments within our Jurisdiction. This Committee, which consisted of P. G.'s Dunkin, Renaud, and Holland, submitted their Report during the last Session, and

recommended that no permanent or special Constitution should at that time be adopted, as it was their opinion that a subject of such magnitude should not be taken into consideration, unless a full Representation from Lodges at a distance were present. The Committee, therefore, submitted the draft of an enactment for continuing the administration of our affairs until after the approaching Session in August, which, with some slight alteration, passed, and became the Law under which our affairs have since been conducted. This Law divided the Province into four District Grand Lodge Jurisdictions: first, that of Montreal, comprising the Districts of Montreal and St. Francis; second, that of Quebec, comprising the Districts of Three Rivers, Quebec, and Gaspé; third, that of Kingston, comprising the Eastern, Ottawa, Johnstown, Bathurst, Dalhousie, Midland, Prince Edward, and Victoria Districts; fourth, that of Toronto, comprising the Newcastle, Colborne, Home, Simcoe, Gore, Wellington, Niagara, Talbot, Brock, London, Western, and Huron Districts.

It was provided that "until such time as other provision shall have been made, the Province of Canada shall form a single Grand Encampment Jurisdiction."

This enactment also provided, that should no District Grand Lodge be erected on or before the 30th June within the different Jurisdictions as above, a meeting of the Past Grands, delegated by the various Lodges, and being members thereof in good standing, should be called, for the purpose of electing ten to be the Representatives of such District in the Grand Lodge of British North America.

In accordance with this Section of the Law, under which we are at present acting, a meeting of the Past Grands residing in the District of Montreal, was called, and the following P. G.'s chosen as Representatives, on the 22nd July, viz.: P. G.'s Wm. Sache, James Gibson, A. H. David, M. D., James Holmes, J. C. Chase, W. A. Liddell, M. D., Wm. Ewan, George Matthews, John Smith, and Andrew Wilson.

On the evening of the 7th instant, the D. D. Grand Sire of the District of Quebec, called a meeting of the several P. G.'s within that Jurisdiction, for the same purpose, which resulted in the election of the following P. G.'s:—E. L. Montizambert, A. Joseph, Geo. Hall, Weston Hunt, J. R. Healey, Wm. Bennett, James Maclaren, Peter Sheppard, D. D. G. S., James Wright, and Charles Gethings.

The Grand Lodge of British North America will, at the approaching Session, be composed of its present officers, elected and appointed, five members of the Prudential Committee, ten Representatives from each of our four Jurisdictions, and ten from the District Grand Encampment, whose names so far as yet elected, will be found in another column. The Prudential Committee above alluded to, was appointed for the purpose of preparing, during the recess, a Draft of a complete digest of all such Laws and Regulations as in their opinion may require to be enacted by the R. W. Grand Lodge for the government of the Order in British North America, in order to the ensuring of due regularity and uniformity of practice in our future working.

We will lay before our readers the proceedings of that R. W. Body, at as early a date in August as circumstances will admit.

#### GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF CANADA.

THE election of officers to serve during the ensuing year in the newly erected Grand Encampment, took place on Friday evening the 23d instant. The names of those elected will be found under the usual head. After the installation, the Grand Encampment proceeded to elect five qualified Patriarchs as representatives to the Grand Lodge of British North America, which resulted in the return of the following:—S. B. Campbell, P. C. P. Wellington Encampment, Toronto; C. Dunkin and John Irvine, P. C. P.'s Royal Mount Encampment, Montreal; J. W. Baxter, P. C. P. Tomifoli Encampment, Stanstead, and J. M. Gilbert, P. H. P. Hochelaga Encampment, Montreal.

Vacancies for five representatives from other Subordinate Encampments yet remain open.

#### CELEBRATION OF PRINCE EDWARD LODGE, No. 11, PICTON.

It having been determined by Prince Edward Lodge to hold a public celebration in Picton on the 30th June, application was accordingly made to the Most Worthy Grand Sire, and his consent most cordially granted.

The above named Lodge was instituted on the 9th March, 1846, by P. G.'s Hardie and Dickson, since which time it has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations of its original founders; its members now number 118, about 80 of whom are of the Scarlet Degree; its meetings are well attended, and on the whole much good has resulted in this community by the fraternal intercourse of the Brethren of the Lodge. We have among our members a goodly number of the most respectable farmers in our District—thus extending our influence over a large circle of country. This however, is a digression from the main intention of this article, which is to give a short sketch of the proceedings connected with the Celebration.

For some days previous, all was bustle and activity in making necessary preparations by Committees named for the purpose of carrying out the intentions of the Lodge. Our sister Lodges, Victoria, No. 6, and Catarqui, No. 10, were invited to take part in the proceedings of the day, as was also Moira Encampment, No. 8. From the threatening aspect of the clouds for two days previous to the 30th, we feared we were doomed to disappointment in our calculation for a fine day; but when the morning arrived, and our Brethren looked for the rain, all signs of these watery clouds had disappeared, and a glorious summer's sky presented itself to their view; no doubt much to their satisfaction. The day was a very warm one—the thermometer standing from 80 to 90 in the shade.

The Lodge met in their rooms at ten o'clock, and at eleven formed themselves into procession, and proceeded to the steamboat wharf to await the arrival of their Brethren from Belleville and Kingston, who had made

arrangements with the steamers Queen Victoria and Prince of Wales to land them here at that hour: the commanders of both the above-named vessels are Brethren of our Order.

When the steamers arrived, the neighborhood of the wharf presented a very animated appearance, and the boats themselves were gaily decked with evergreens and colours flying, with a numerous party of ladies who accompanied the Brethren in their excursion, and the members of the Lodges dressed in full regalia, made up a sight very unusual for our quiet and rural population to witness.

The procession was again formed, with the addition of our visiting Brethren and two Bands of Music, and presented a very imposing appearance for a small town like Picton. Victoria Lodge had five banners, the colours representing the different Degrees, and on each an appropriate motto. Catarqui Lodge had one flag, Prince Edward four banners, with mottoes, emblems and devices: the whole of the banners were very tastefully got up, and could not fail to show the on-lookers, the intentions of our Order. The number of members in the procession were about 150. After marching through the principal street of the town, we proceeded to the Methodist Chapel, where a very excellent sermon was preached by Rev. R. Jones, from Proverbs xviii. 24. "A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly, and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." After sermon, the Opening Ode was sung by the assembled Brothers:

Brethren of our friendly Order,  
Honor here asserts her sway, &c., &c.

Addresses were then delivered by Brothers P. G. Wright, P. G.'s Wallace, and Worthington. We are unable to furnish copies of the two former, being extempore: but having been kindly furnished by Brother Worthington with a copy of his Address, we are enabled to present it to the readers of your valuable periodical.—*Communicated.*

**MOST NOBLE GRAND AND BRETHREN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,**—To address you, Sir, and this respectable audience, has fallen to my lot, by the mistaken but kind selection of my brethren, whose future favors of this kind I imagine will be few and far between, after the attempt of this day: I purpose, however, not to take up your valuable time, by unavailing regrets and apologies, but at once and briefly to address myself to the occasion before us.

There is little hope of proposing a definition of the moral obligations of Odd Fellowship, which should be satisfactory to every one; partly because the phrase is the representative of different notions in different minds, no single definition can, it is evident, represent various notions; and there are probably no means by which the notions of individuals respecting our moral obligations can be adjusted to one standard. Accordingly, whilst the attempts to define it have been unsatisfactory to the majority of mankind, happily this question, like many others upon which mankind is unable to agree, is of little importance; many who dispute about the definition, coincide in the judgments of what we are obliged to do, and of what we must leave undone.

It is sufficient for our present purpose, that every Odd Fellow is under an obligation to obey his Creator;

and if any one curiously asks, why? we answer, it is because the Deity possesses the power, and evinces the intention to call every man to account for their actions, and to punish and reward them. There are higher grounds upon which a sense of moral obligation may be founded; such as a love of goodness for its own sake, or love and gratitude to God for His beneficence.

It is obvious that to him who seeks the knowledge of his duty, the first enquiry is, what is the rule of duty? Most men, or those with whom we are concerned, agree that this standard consists in the will of the Great Supreme; but here the coincidence of opinion is stayed, various and dissimilar answers are given to the question: how is this will to be discovered? Without either propounding or examining the various answers given to this question, we will confine ourselves to an important one given of old, "Search the Scriptures" for the communication of the will of God, and wheresoever this will is made known, our duty is determined.

Odd Fellowship has for its foundation the Scriptures of Truth, and the two Books of the Old and New Testament may be likened to the double doors of the temple—the Old is the New folded inwards, and the New is the Old folded outwards. In the Scriptures there is a boundless fullness—they entertain while they teach, and profit while they please—they contain the most exalted precepts—the most weighty exhortations, and promises the most valuable. No records are comparable to these—none contain doctrines so useful—commands so reasonable—or arguments so powerful; there is always something in them that bears upon our own character and conduct, however peculiar. It is the opinion of an eminent writer "that the Holy Scriptures contain more sublimity and beauty—more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other Books in any age or language." From this source then are the principles of Odd Fellowship derived, and these principles inculcate three things. First—The duty we owe to the Great Supreme. Second—The duty we owe to ourselves. Third—The duty we owe to each other.

The first obligation requires that we make ourselves acquainted with Him. There is a *twofold knowledge of God*;—a *natural knowledge from His Works*, and a *literal knowledge from His Word*.

His Works unfold His infinity, His power and His justice; thereby commanding our adoration and reverence—for what an immense workman is God, in miniature as well as in the great! At one and the same time, perhaps, He is making a ring for Saturn, a hundred thousand miles in diameter, and forming the sting of a wasp, or a point in the claw of a foot of the smallest animalculæ which abound in a single drop of water! There is a God! The tombs of the valley—the cedars of the mountain, bless Him—the insects sport in His beams—the elephant salutes Him with the rising orb of day—the birds sing of Him in the foliage—the thunders proclaim Him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, "There is no God!" and yet He shines in the sun—breathes in the air—flows in the sea—springs in the earth—and His hand is visible in every particle of matter.

His Word describes His mercy and His truth: from it we learn the idea of Deity—Deity being composed of the richest elements it embraces. Whatever is venerable in wisdom—whatever is awful in authority—whatever is terrible in power—whatever is touching in mercy and in

goodness—we may here too, contemplate in His exalted attributes. We see there displayed His glory—the splendor of His throne—the amplitude of His dominions—the angelic orders of His kingdom—the riches of His gifts—and the unreached ocean of happiness yet in reserve for the just. What clearer evidence of the existence of God do we require, than the mighty volumes of visible Nature, and the merciful records of the Holy Scriptures? Nothing more easy than to prove the being of a God—nothing more hard than to describe what He is.

The Egyptian hieroglyphic for God, was a winged globe and a serpent coming out of it—the globe represented His eternity, the wings His active power, and the serpent His wisdom. Another was the figure of an eye upon a sceptre, to denote that He sees and rules all things. From our own emblem of the all-seeing eye of Him who is invisible, as Odd Fellows, let us learn, in all our actions, to remember that God sees us; and in all our actions let us labour to see Him;—the one will move us to love Him—and the other to fear Him.

Odd Fellowship inculcates the duty we owe to ourselves.

The sum of natural and moral philosophy is to know ourselves;—that knowledge which helps to reform the heart is much more to us, than that which only illumines the understanding;—the teachings of self-knowledge will lead us to *Wisdom, Perseverance, Humility, Charity, and Moderation*.

*To Wisdom*, which is pure and peaceable, and never fadeth away. There are two sorts of wisdom, Lord Bacon says, "The one true and sound—the other counterfeit and false,"—the latter Solomon calls folly. True wisdom consists in knowing how to make everything instrumental to our best interests; hence we shall learn to let the business of the world be our circumference, and ourselves the centre.

*To Perseverance*.—To resolve well is but little, the difficulty is to persevere; or as one observes, "to be obstinately good." Perseverance is an image of Eternity; it will add an infinite weight to all our actions, whether good or bad. Perseverance makes what is good better, and what is bad worse; it is better, therefore, to cross in the paths of virtue, than to speed on the wings of the wind in a wrong way.

*To Humility*—That feeling, which is not the abjectness of a base mind, but a prudent care not to overrate ourselves upon any account—a feeling which properly recognises, that without the duty we know nothing—without His help we can do nothing, that is good—without His hand we have nothing—and of ourselves we deserve nothing. The mind of a humble man is not like the mushroom, which springs up in the night—his business is not first to forget himself, and then his friends.

*To Charity*—the twin-sister of Love; a feeling which will induce us to forget the faults of others, and discern our own. Charity is a quiet and settled resolution in the mind—free from detraction or envy—and aiming at that which is ever kind: while *envy and uncharitableness*, are represented as dwellers in a dark cave, being pale and lean, looking asquint, abounding with gall, having black teeth, never rejoicing save in the faults and misfortunes of others, ever unquiet and restless, and continually tormenting themselves. Charity is not entangled with vain imaginations—not soon distracted—not suddenly roused to anger—not apt to be displeased at others—not prone to judge—not severe to reprehend—purposing little, but performing much good.

*To moderation*—whereby our animosities are healed—our debates about matters of indifference cooled—our eagerness and zeal for disputes about little things regulated, and a well-proportioned zeal about things of importance inculcated—embodying precept by example, and exhibiting a species of eloquence, which the learned and illiterate can alike understand—governing the life and thoughts, as if the whole world were to see the one, and read the other—demonstrating that he is most powerful who has himself in power—setting bounds to our zeal by discretion, to error by truth, to passion by reason, and to division by charity;—the example of a moderate man, brings Odd Fellowship visible.

Odd Fellowship inculcates the duty we owe to each other. Here the beautifully simple emblems of our Order are conspicuous—Friendship, Love and Truth: may they ever surround us as with a chain of adamant!

*Our Friendship* ought to be the equity of reciprocal goodwill of neighbourhood and hospitality, consisting properly in mutual acts of kindness; it should be that harmony where all questions, opinions, inclinations and designs, co-operate in one common interest, and should resemble those stars and constellations which never part company.

The communication of secrets is one of the privileges of this Friendship—hence a bosom secret and a bosom friend are usually put together. Friendship is not only delightful, but necessary and beneficial—when the mind is weak, it strengthens—when dubious, it enlightens—when discouraged, it animates. Friendship in prosperity is a pleasure—in adversity a solace—in grief a comfort—in joy a cheerful companion, and at other times a second self. Friendship—the first constituent in our motto—has no fellowship with the following characters, viz., the ungrateful, the tale-bearer, or the coward—the first-named cannot appreciate our favours, the second cannot keep our secrets, and the third cannot defend our honor.

*Our Love* ought to have length, breadth, depth, and height, comprehending every blessing, and condescending to all—having height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without end, and a breadth without limit; being in its nature diffusive, the eye will look, the ear will be attentive, the hand will be stretched out, and the feet swift to follow in acts of benevolence; while covetousness flows for selfish purposes, our love should counter-plan for works of kindness and mercy. This love will prompt every true Odd Fellow to stretch out his hand to deeds of benevolence before the last hour, and to devote his property to acts of goodness, rather than surrender it to death, disdaining from his soul to have inscribed upon his tomb-stone the significant but dishonourable inscription, "The triumph of death over avarice." Love is with us the combining principle which holds each member in adhesion to all the rest, as well as the whole to our beloved Order: the loss of this constituent, like the loss of the great principle of attraction in the natural world, would leave the several parts in a state of repulsion to each other, as well as the whole disjoined. By it we are drawn from our detached position—our jarring natures harmonized—forming our hearts and interests into one community of principle, and into a fellowship of privilege.

*Our Truth* is calculated to preserve in any latitude of life, the upright character of man.

Our Order presents Truth in her fairest attitude—in all her lovely proportions of figure, and correct symmetry of

features; and yet the way to truth is like that which Jonathan and his armour-bearer passed—between two rocks—one Bozer and the other Seneh; that is, rough and thorny. In Truth there is a day whose brightness knows no night—whose cheerful brow no cloud can darken—nor can any storm molest the passage of its rays. No envy can detract from Truth; it will shine in History, and, like the swan, grow whiter the longer it endures. Truth is the basis of order, and the key-stone of our arch.

In conclusion, I would observe that Odd Fellowship forbids nothing but what would injure our minds, and requires nothing but what would give them force and vigour. Our Order is to us as a bond of society under its fostering hand; reason can develop her resources, and philosophy mature her founts. Odd Fellowship forbids no necessary occupation—no reasonable indulgence—no innocent relaxation—it is equally congenial with the refinement of the palace, and the rusticity of the cottage—not dishonoured by its familiarity with the one, and retaining all its adaptation to the splendor of the other. It possesses and affects the whole man. In the understanding it is knowledge—in the life it is obedience—in the affections it is love—in our conduct it is calmness, quietness, candour, ingenuousness—and in all our dealings, uprightness and truth;—there is a constancy in its principles, and a sanctity in its precepts.

And yet, Sir, Odd Fellowship without its mysteries would be like a temple without its God: its grandeur and beauty consists in its mysteries, and why should it not be so?

The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous sincere friendship, have all their secrets with which the world must not be made acquainted,—hearts which love understand each other by half a word. If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues. If we turn to the understanding we shall find that the pleasures of thought also have a certain connection with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always have something still to be discovered, and fix our vigour on a perspective never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains, where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests—those forests the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollection of prodigies, where the ravens and doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the Church. If we visit a modern monument, whose origin or destination is known, it creates no interest; but if we meet on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the West, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the storms, what a subject for meditation is presented to the traveller! Everything is concealed,—everything is hidden in the universe,—Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be distinguished!

It is not therefore surprising, Sir, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that we, as Odd Fellows, should have ours. The time is hastening onwards, when the whole family of man shall be blended in one vast compact—when the golden chain of Friendship, Love, and Truth, shall encircle the world—binding the whole together, and all to the Throne of the Great Supreme. Union with Him, and with each other as members of one great family, is indeed the spirit of Odd Fellowship.

The closing Ode was then sung :

Brothers, we thank you all,  
For this your friendly call, &c., &c.

The meeting was then dismissed, after the Rev. Mr. Jones had engaged in prayer, and pronounced the benediction.

The procession re-formed, and marched to the house of Mr. W. Church, where a most excellent dinner was provided, reflecting great credit on our worthy host, and to which the brethren did ample justice. At six P. M., our visiting Brethren again embarked on board the steamers, on their return homewards, we hope well pleased with their day's enjoyment.

Thus ended the public proceedings of a day long to be remembered in the annals of Odd Fellowship in this District, and we trust that this our first Celebration will shew, that it has been for the good of our well beloved Order, in binding all the Brethren more firmly together by the golden chain of Friendship, Love and Truth, and that it may influence many who may have been hitherto halting between two opinions, to come forward and join us in promoting the cause of Odd Fellowship in this part of the country.

MUSIC.—IN FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE WE BROTHERS UNITE.—AN ODD FELLOW'S SONG.—We have received a copy of this Song from the Author, Brother J. W. Dunbar Moodie, of Victoria Lodge, No. 6, Belleville, and have great pleasure in stating that copies of this excellent composition may be had in Montreal, at Mr. McCoy's (Jate Armour & Ramsay,); Kingston, Messrs. Ramsay & Armour; Belleville, Mr. James Harrison; Cobourg, Mr. Boyer; Toronto, A. & S. Nordheimer; Hamilton, Messrs. Ramsay & McKendrick; London, Mr. Thomas Greig. The engraving is by A. & S. Nordheimer, of Toronto, and reflects on them the highest credit as a piece of workmanship. We subjoin the words.

1.

In Friendship and Love we brothers unite,  
To succour the helpless—to stand by the right;  
By honour we're bound to be faithful and true,  
And honour's the beacon we e'er keep in view;  
Then let each of our band give his brother his hand;  
For by honour we're bound by our colours to stand.

2.

The banners of war have oft been unfurl'd,  
And discord and bigotry raged through the world;  
But in truth lies our pow'r—not the scourge of the sword,  
For the strength of our band is the strength of the Lord.  
Then let each, &c.

3.

No lines on the map mark the bounds of our love.  
But friendship spreads wide like the light from above;—  
Ay; brighter and wider it beams on each clime,  
And shines on the whole—not the half at a time.  
Then let each, &c.

4.

When darkness has passed from the eyes of the blind,  
And proud men shall cease to make war on their kind,  
Our name will be bless'd on each far distant shore,  
And all will be friends, and "Odd Fellows" no more.  
Then let each, &c.

CRIME, ITS CAUSES, PREVENTION AND CURE.—Axioms 4, 5, 6, and Carollary, have been received. No. 4 will appear in our next.

THE ORDER IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—We are certain that our readers will learn with much gratification, that a favorable prospect now exists of the establishment of our Order in the Sister Province of New Brunswick. We have on several occasions directed attention to the importance of the Lower Provinces, as affording a splendid field for the introduction and cultivation of our principles; and arrangements are now in progress, which we have every reason to hope will produce that result in the District above named. We trust that we shall be enabled in our next to announce the issue of a Dispensation for the institution of a Lodge of our Order in the City of St. Johns, New Brunswick.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.—The Odd Fellows of Toronto, connected with the Manchester Unity, and forming the *Loyal Lord Metcalfe, St. George's, Ontario,* and *City of Toronto Lodges*, celebrated their Anniversary on the 2nd inst. by a procession to Church, and a dinner subsequently served up in the City Hall. The Hon. the Vice Chancellor presided at the dinner.

An Odd Fellow, Thomas Crane, at Baltimore, sued his Lodge (Washington Lodge) for twelve dollars, alleged to have been due him on account of three weeks' sickness. The Lodge resisted the payment, and brought the By-laws and Constitution of the Order to sustain their refusal. One justice decided against the Lodge, and they appealed from the decision. Before Judge Purviance, the Lodge took the ground that, by the act of incorporation and the constitution, all appeals from the acts of the subordinate lodges were to be made to the Grand Lodge for decision, and consequently that, as a member of the compact, he must submit to the laws governing the order. After considerable discussion and deliberation, Judge Purviance reversed the decision of the Magistrate, deciding that the court had no jurisdiction in the matter until it had first been decided by the Grand Lodge.

(For the *Odd Fellows' Record*.)

SWEETS.

'Tis sweet to have a gentle artless girl  
Lean on one's arm, and gaze up in our eyes,  
Keeping the senses in continual whirl;  
Oh God of Love, how fleet each moment flies!

'Tis sweet to listen to her silvery voice  
Responding low to questions trembling put—  
Whether midst sons of men she's made a choice,  
Or if to love her gentle heart's been mute?

Is it not sweet to touch her coral lips  
With love's pure kiss from sensual passion free,  
And like the sun e'er 'neath the hills he dips,  
To see the rich blood tinge her cheek for thee?

'Tis sweet to clasp your bosom's chosen bride,  
And swear to love her long as life shall be:

'Tis sweet to travel onward side by side,  
Together journeying to Eternity.

Montreal, 1st July, 1847.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)  
 STORY OF ARTHUR GRAHAM.

## CHAPTER I.

"There! gang awa to the East Ingies my bonnie boat, and I wuss I was gawn wi' ye," were the words of a little boy, as he launched a tiny bark fitted with a paper sail, on the clear waters of the romantic Loch Lomond. His apparent age might be fourteen; but he was in fact a year younger. The look of melancholy and reflection which frequently sat on his handsome though sun-burnt countenance, added more to his years than facts warranted. As to his appearance, it was rather paradoxical; and judging from outward signs, it would have been no easy matter to have assigned him "a place or nation." His clear blue eye, and auburn curls, unfailingly indicated Saxon blood, while his language as well as dress, showed him to be one of those Gael, who, settled on the borders of the Highlands, could talk indifferently the Gaelic or Sassenach; and who, according to whim or convenience, wear either the highland kelt, or lowland trews. Our hero, therefore, as usual for boys of his years, was equipped in the former of these costumes, and that of the coarsest kind. The tartan of which the kelt was composed, was that worn by the clan, Graham—a border clan, and seldom seen in that part of the country: the jacket was of home-spun grey; and as for bonnet, he had none—Natures own covering serving all purposes.

Though the dress was coarse, the nobility of Nature reigned within; and while contemplating his noble features, one could not help wondering how he came to be the son of a peasant, and at the same time wishing him a better lineage.

Having consigned his little vessel to the waves, our hero threw himself moodily on the grass, and watched it as it scudded merrily along before the summer breeze, with as much interest as if it were actually bound for the destination he had chalked out for it. When it was no longer visible, happening to look behind him, he found to his surprise and confusion, that a stranger had approached unperceived, and been a smiling spectator of the whole proceeding. He felt rather frightened at first, for the "stranger" appeared to be a great gentleman, and led by the bridle a horse much finer than any, even the haird of Hevenside, could boast of in his stable; but the stranger's mild and benevolent appearance, and especially the sound of his voice as he addressed him, soon gave him re-assurance.

"So, my little man, you would like to go to India, would you?"

"That I wauld, Sir," said the boy, "or any place awa' frae hame, I dinna care whaur."

"Why do you wish to be away from home, my little fellow? Are your parents not good to you?"

"Ou aye, Sir! my faither's no that ill to me, but my mither canna bear the sight o' me, and says she wishes I was in the bottom of the Loch." Here our hero began to cry as if his heart would break.

"Do you know what sort of a place India is," said the stranger, wishing to divert his mind from dwelling

on his wrongs, and expecting to hear some fairy tale about that Eldorado of modern times, and little expecting in that primitive region to find any true knowledge of the Eastern world; but he was mistaken.

"Sodger Tam that was in Ingy, and cam hame without his leg, told me a' about it, when he was shewing me the way to busk flee-hooks to catch trouts wi'. He says it's unco warm there, and there's lots o' tigers, something like wild cats, only a hunder-times bigger; and folks gang out, riding on elephants into the—the—tangles, ar something like that to shoot them. Oh! how I would like to ride a big beast like what Tam says the elephant is. He says it's bigger nor our house, but that canna be true, can it, sir?"

"Don't be too sure of that, my little friend. But shew me your house, and then I'll be able to tell you."

"This way, sir, this way," said the delighted boy, "we'll soon be at it,—but then—" and his countenance fell, "my mither will lick me for staying awa' sae long."

Having found out from the boy, that he would only be too happy to accompany him, the gentleman, who was an extensive merchant in the East, and one of the far-famed, though then obscure Company, travelling in Scotland for his health, previous to returning to the hot suns of India, came to the resolution, having no children of his own, of adopting the boy who had so speedily won his affections. This desire to see the parents of the lad, was to gain their consent to his taking him to England with him, previously to setting out for Calicut, or Calcutta as it is now called,—his final destination.

The gentleman was rather surprized at the eagerness with which the parents of the boy, especially the mother, who was a "great Verago" stout and tall, grasped at the prospect of getting rid of a child, of whom any other person might and would have been proud. At parting, the father showed some natural feeling; but a look from his wife, who reigned paramount, compelled him to smother his emotion.

However, when they were about half a mile on their road, they heard some one calling after them, who turned out to be the father of the boy, who, removed from the fears of his *worse* half, embraced his son with many tears. Ere he took his leave, after some hesitation, he took from under his vest a small leathern bag, which he hung round the boy's neck, and made him solemnly swear, never to open it till placed in a position whence he could see no other means of extricating himself.

The gentleman carried our hero to the next town, which was that of Dumbarton, when he made him don the trews, and provided him in everything becoming a gentleman's son.

Their journey to England, and thence to India, will be the subject of another chapter.

## CONSCIENCE.

FROM BYRON.

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,  
 Heard thro' gain's silence, and o'er glory's din;  
 Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,  
 Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

STANZAS.

It was about the evening hour—  
An evening calm and blest—  
When, wearied out with mirth and noise,  
Around a grave three little boys  
Had sat them down to rest.

Above this self-same simple spot,  
Some feeling hearts had wept;  
For underneath the daisied sod,  
On which these joyous urchins trod,  
A little maiden slept.

"I wonder," cried one tiny lad,  
With something of a sigh,  
"Where people go when they are dead?—  
'To Heaven,' little Ellen said,  
She seemed to long to die.

"She feared not death—and yet to me  
It seems a dreadful thing,  
To leave this glad green earth of ours,  
And see no more its streams and flowers,  
Nor hear the throstle sing!"

The thoughts of little Ellen's fate  
Had caused his heart to weep;  
Upon his arm he laid his brow,  
And, sheltered by the hawthorn bough,  
He sobbed himself to sleep.

Big with emotions new and strange,  
His playmates watched awhile,  
And as they pensively sat by,  
They said that once they heard him sigh,  
And once they saw him smile.

So, dropping his cold hand, they said,  
"He was too young to sin,  
He must have seen, while sleeping thus  
That Heaven of which he talked to us,  
And gone to dwell therein!"

M. L.

Montreal, July 25, 1847.

THE MARRIED AND SINGLE.

LONGEVITY.

"To have thee by my side,  
Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,  
My other half."—Milton.

The Secretary of the State of Massachusetts recently published a series of statistical facts, illustrating the influence of the domestic and wedded condition on longevity. He tells us that during a recent year in that State, the following results took place:—

Unmarried Males,—Average Age—36, 55, 100.....	14,366
Married Males,—Average Age—56, 65, 100.....	64,750
Widowers,—Average Age—75, 94, 100.....	21,490
Unmarried Females,—Average Age, 42, 11, 100.....	22,490
Married Females,—Average Age—43, 78, 100.....	61,243
Widows,—Average Age—73, 55, 100.....	53,754

We invite the especial attention of our bachelor friends to these facts. It will be seen that the chances of longevity with the married are decidedly greater than with the single. That with males, the average age was only thirty-six years among bachelors, while it was fifty-six with married men.

Also, that among females, while the average age of the unmarried was little more than forty-two years, it was nearly forty-four with the married.

We are not surprised at these results; and we think it probable that equally satisfactory in relation to matrimony would be ascertained on analysing the statistics of the wedded and single throughout the Union. The truth is, a married man has many more inducements to be careful of his health and his life than a single. If he be without children, his wife is of course an object of interest and regard, and in calculating for the future, he looks as well to her interest and welfare as his own. He has taken her for better and for worse; has pledged himself to protect and support her, and he would be less than man if, under such circumstances, he did not regard his own life as valuable, as well on her account as his.

But with children, additional ties and obligations are imposed. He will naturally desire to see his offspring properly educated and cared for—to watch their growth and progress until they reach years of maturity, and even then to assist them in starting in the business of the world. What says Jeremy Taylor,—"No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him, that he delights in their persons and society."

Only a few days since, in the course of conversation with an esteemed friend—a married man, and perhaps as happy in his domestic relations as possible—he expressed his regret that his family fireside was without children. He said that there were but two of them—alluding to himself and wife—in the world; that they had, in all probability enough to provide them with the comforts and even the luxuries of life to the end of their days, and such being the case, they were less economical, careful and prudent, than they ought to be; while he, the husband, was too apt to indulge in the bold speculations, and thus perhaps encounter risks and perils which, under other circumstances, he would avoid. But marriage is a blessing in many senses. It exercises a chastening influence, a restraining moral power over the whole being. The moment that a man marries he feels that he has identified another name and another destiny with his. His responsibilities are increased, his sympathies are enlarged, his position in society is strengthened. He must not only provide for his own necessities and comfort, but for those of the gentle being who will naturally lean upon and look up to him; and if he should become the father of a family—should have sons and daughters to bear his name, participate in his character and inherit his fame—his being may be said to be multiplied: and while new cares may come, and more vigorous efforts may be rendered necessary, new sources of delight and enjoyment will also be called into existence. The aged live over again in the lives of their children. They watch their progress with the keenest interest, despond at their adversities, and gladden at their successes. Thus, then, new interests are created in human existence, new inducements are held out to industry, effort, virtue and honor; and the married struggle not only to cheer and brighten the paths of those to whom they are attached by the dearest ties of affection, but to leave them a legacy of reputation and example every way worthy of emulation and to which, in weal or woe, they may point with laudable pride and pleasure.

PROVIDE FOR OLD AGE.

It is not well that a man should always labour. His temporal as well as spiritual interests demand a cessation in the decline of life. Some years of quiet and reflection are necessary after a life of industry and activity. There is more to concern him in life than incessant occupation, and its product—wealth. He who has been a slave all his days to one monotonous mechanical pursuit, can hardly be fit for another world. The release from toil in old age most men have the prospective pleasure of; and in reality, it is as pleasing as it is useful and salutary to the mind.—Such advantages, however, can only be gained by prudence and economy in youth; we must save, like the ant, before we can hope to have any rest in the winter of our days.—*Book of Symbols.*

## SEARCH FOR WIVES.

"Where do men usually discover the women who afterwards become their wives?" is a question we have occasionally heard discussed; and the result invariably come to is worth mentioning to our young-lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair; but, then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other places of public gaiety; and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that ninety-nine-hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate or load their persons, go for nothing, as far as husband-catching is concerned. Where and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote, which, though not new, will not be the worse for being again told. In the year 1773, Peter Burrell, Esq. of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised by his physicians to go to Spa for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary, would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those, who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort; they therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles: they were never out of their father's company, and never stirred from home except to attend him, either to take the air or drink the waters; in a word, they lived a most recluse life in the midst of a town, then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title. They all were married to noblemen—one to the Earl of Beverly, another to the Duke of Hamilton and afterwards to the Marquis of Exeter, and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is justice to them to say that they reflected honour on their rank, rather than derived any from it.

## AFFECTION.

We sometimes meet with men, who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness.—They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Who would not rather bury his wife than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness, God is love. Love God, love everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love—love to God, love to man.

## A SUBLIME THOUGHT.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill;  
Were the whole earth of parchment made;  
Were every single stick a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade;  
To write the love of God above,  
Would drain the ocean dry;  
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretch'd from sky to sky."

## INNOCENT GAIETY.

It should not be a cause of surprise that gaiety and liveliness of spirits are objects of universal encouragement and commendation; they are, as we may perceive from daily experience, absolutely necessary for the maintenance of good-will among men; nay, we may assert that the very existence of society would be questioned, if these incitements to mutual converse were wanting in the human heart, to say nothing of their contributing to bodily health. The mind of every man is by nature inclined to cheerfulness, and swayed by a desire to indulge in pursuits which will gratify this natural propensity. Even the gloomy misanthrope will find it an arduous task to restrain this eagerness of soul for objects which call forth pleasure, or awaken vivid sensations of delight. Cold indeed must be the philosophy of him who would subdue the gladdening temperament of his nature, and substitute an austere severity and a rigid indifference to the innocent amusements of the world. It would be absurd to imagine that melancholy could be consonant with the feelings of man as a gregarious creature. Few or none of the tender sensibilities which at present unite him with his fellow men could exist, if each individual were influenced by a selfish thoughtfulness, and an utter distaste for what might excite animation or sprightliness; each would be a morose *Timon*, and the very links of social intercourse would be dis severed.—But the mysterious sensitiveness which pervades the heart, and the vibration of the ligaments of which it is composed, manifestly denote that we were created for friendly union and social enjoyment. We need not, then, frustrate or endeavour to stifle our inclination to vivacity; but, by a reasonable moderation, temper it so that it degenerate not into extravagant mirth. The last is to be avoided, as the former should be supported and countenanced. But though liveliness and cheerfulness are deserving of encouragement, and qualities much to be desired, it is requisite that the heart be at times open to serious reflections. It is requisite that we should at times feel sated—that we should participate in the sadness of disappointment, and be taught by dejection to ponder on the littleness and vanity of the world, the almost incredible inconsistency of man, and the unaccountable varyings of the human condition.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE R. W. GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

Montreal, October 29, 1846.

The R. W. Grand Lodge assembled this evening at the call of the M. W. Grand Master, to continue the business of the Session.

Present.—M. W. Grand Master, R. W. D. Grand Master, R. W. Grand Secretary, R. W. Grand Treasurer, R. W. Grand Chaplain, R. W. Grand Representative, W. G. Conductor, W. G. Guardian.

Also present.—P. G.'s Holton, Dunkin, Seymour, Rodden, McGoun.

On motion, the reading of the Minutes was dispensed with.

On motion of P. G. Dunkin, seconded by D. G. M. Montizambert, the Rules of Order were suspended to enable the R. W. Grand Representative of this Body, to lay before it his Report, relative to his visit to Baltimore, and to receive communication of certain Resolutions of the Grand Encampment of Canada, touching the subject of the Independence of the Order.

The R. W. Grand Representative H. H. Whitney, rose, and after having expressed his regret at not being prepared with a written Report of his visit to Baltimore, entered into a succinct statement of such of the proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States at its Annual Session, as concerned the general interests of the Order, and more particularly this Grand Lodge.

One of the most important transactions of the Session adverted to by the R. W. Grand Representative, was the establishment of a distinct Sovereignty of Odd Fellowship in Canada, under the Jurisdiction of the "Grand Lodge of British North America."

The Resolutions severally adopted by this Grand Lodge and the Grand Encampment of Canada, in relation to the Independence of the Order in this country, were presented at an early stage of the Session, and referred forthwith to a very able Special Committee, whose Report in favor of the Separation was adopted by a vote of 47 to 9.

In concluding his Report, the R. W. Grand Representative took occasion to express the gratification he experienced from the kindness and attention of the Brethren during his attendance upon the Session.

The Grand Secretary presented certain Resolutions of the Grand Encampment of Canada, adopted at a Special Meeting of that R. W. Body held on the 10th instant, and having reference to the subject of the Independence of the Order.

On motion of Rep. Dunkin, seconded by Rep. Holland, the Grand Lodge resolved itself into a Committee of the whole, to take into consideration the copy of the Charter and the Resolutions from the Grand Encampment—the R. W. Grand Master acting as Chairman.

A question of Order having arisen, the Committee rose, and the M. W. Grand Master having resumed the Chair, the Chairman of the Committee reported that he had decided that the Resolutions of the Grand Encampment could not be discussed, without re-consideration of Resolutions 11 and 12 of 9th September last, and that he was desired to report the question so decided by him, to this R. W. Grand Lodge.

Upon the question of Order being submitted, the M. W. Grand Master sustained the decision of the Chairman of the Committee. Whereupon Reps. Dunkin and Whitney appealed from the Chair to the Lodge, which resulted in the decision of the Chair being affirmed.

Moved by Rep. Dunkin, seconded by Rep. Holton, That Resolutions 11 and 12 of 9th September, be re-considered—which was decided in the negative.

Moved by Rep. Dunkin, seconded by Rep. Holton, That the first Resolution passed by the Grand Encampment be concurred in, to wit, "Provided the R. W. Grand Lodge of Canada shall concur, that this R. W. Grand Encampment hereby accept as an authentic document, the certified copy of the Charter, ordered for the "Grand Lodge of British North America," by the Grand Lodge of the United States, which has been laid before this Grand Encampment by its Grand Representative to the said Grand Lodge of the United States.

Moved by D. Grand Master Montizambert, seconded by Rep. DeBleury, That this Grand Lodge do now adjourn *sine die*.

The Yeas and Nays being called for, appeared as follows:

Ayes—D. G. M. Montizambert, and Rep. DeBleury—2.

Nays—Reps. Rodden, Holton, Holland, McGoun, Cooke, Hilton, Seymour, Dunkin, Whitney, Cushing—10.

So the motion was lost.

The discussion of the question being resumed, it was moved in amendment by Rep. DeBleury, seconded by D. G. M. Montizambert, That the consideration of the question be postponed until the next Quarterly Session.

The Yeas and Nays being called for, the same division as the last took place, and the motion decided in the negative.

Moved in amendment by Rep. Rodden, seconded by Rep. Holland, That all the words after "that" be struck out, and the following substituted:—whereas the document presented as a certified copy of the Charter granted this R. W. Body, is unaccompanied by any official communication, stating the same to be authentic, that this R. W. Body decline considering it as a copy thereof, until such communication be received.

The question being upon the amendment, it was put and lost.

Rep. Holland, seconded by Rep. DeBleury, moved to adjourn; which was decided in the negative.

The question then recurred upon the original motion.

The vote being called for by Representation of Lodges, a question was raised as to the interpretation of the Law regulating the mode of calling for a vote by Lodges, namely, whether Section 5 of Article 2 of the Constitution, requiring the call to be made by the Representatives of two Subordinate Lodges, contemplated the majority of the Representatives present of said Lodges, or one Representative only from each of the two Lodges as sufficient.

The Chair stated that the practice heretofore followed in this Grand Lodge, required the call to be made by one Representative only from each Lodge, and decided in accordance therewith.

Rep. Dunkin appealed from the decision of the Chair, and upon the question being put, "Will the Grand Lodge support the decision of the Chair?" it was decided in the negative.

So the call for the vote by Lodges was not sustained. The Yeas and Nays being required, appeared as follows: Ayes—Reps. Holland, Whitney, Seymour, Hilton, Dunkin, Holton, Cushing—7.

Nays—Reps. Rodden, Montizambert, DeBleury, McGoun, Cooke—5.

The original motion was therefore carried.

No further business being brought forward, the M. W. Grand Master declared the Session closed, and the Grand Lodge of Canada dissolved, by virtue of the Charter constituting the Grand Lodge of British North America.

J. CUSHING, *Grand Secretary*.

BIRTHS.

In this city, on the 4th instant, the wife of Brother Joseph Bouchette, of a daughter.

In this city, on the 7th instant, at No. 1 Tecumseh Terrace, the wife of P. G. S. C. Sewell, of a daughter.

In this city, on the 10th instant, the wife of Brother John Jordan, of a son.

On the 11th instant, the wife of Brother C. D. Shaw, of a son.

On the 16th instant, the wife of P. G. Dr. David, of a son.

In this city, on the 19th instant, the wife of Brother James Potts, of a son.

MARRIED.

At Christ Church, on the 8th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, Brother John R. Chamberlain, merchant, of this city, to Erie Amelia, eldest daughter of the late William Jephson Pardey, Esq., M. D.

DEATHS.

On the 1st instant, Isabella, infant daughter of Brother Archibald Macfarlane.

In this city, on the 3rd inst., Bro. John Robson, aged 28 years. The deceased was the second son of the late Mr. John Robson, master-builder of this city, and a worthy and respected Brother of Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1. He was formerly of Northumberland, England.

In this city, on the 8th instant, after a short illness, Brother Andrew H. Scott, aged 28 years. Brother Scott was also a member of Prince of Wales Lodge, whose loss is likewise deeply felt by his brethren of that Lodge generally.

In this city, on the 12th instant, William, only son of Past Grand Master W. M. B. Hartley, aged 7 months.

On the 22nd ult., at Cote à Barron, Mary Margaret Macdonell, in her 23rd year, wife of Bro. Edward Kersten, of Brockville.

In this city, on the 25th ult., Emily Ann, second daughter of Bro. John Leeming, aged 2 years and 10 months.

At Toronto, Mr. F. Campbell, an old and respectable inhabitant of that city, aged 71.

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

MONTREAL.

R. H. Hamilton, <i>M. W. G. Sire.</i>	John Holland, <i>R. W. G. Chap.</i>
E. L. Montizambert, <i>R. W. D. G. S.</i>	John Dyde, <i>G. M.</i>
J. Cushing, <i>R. W. G. Sec.</i>	Wm. Hilton, <i>G. C.</i>
C. C. S. DeBleury, <i>R. W. G. Tr.</i>	R. Cooke, <i>G. G.</i>

Peter Sheppard, D. D. G. S., for the District of Quebec.  
Joseph C. Chase, D. D. G. S., for the District of St. Francis, C. E.  
S. B. Campbell, D. D. G. S., for the District of Toronto.

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF CANADA.

MONTREAL.

P. C. P. H. H. Whitney, <i>M. W. G. P.</i>
P. C. P. Wm. Hilton, <i>M. E. G. H. P.</i>
P. C. P. S. B. Campbell, <i>R. W. G. S. W.</i>
P. C. P. John Irvin, <i>G. Scribe.</i>
P. H. P. H. E. Montgomerie, <i>R. W. G. Treas.</i>
P. H. P. J. C. Chase, <i>G. J. W.</i>

HOCHELAGA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 1.

MONTREAL.

John Dyde, <i>C. P.</i>	John Smith, <i>Scribe.</i>
Wm. Saché, <i>H. P.</i>	F. Scribe.
Thos. A. Begley, <i>S. W.</i>	Treas.

## STADACONA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 2.

QUEBEC.

Samuel Wright, C. P. | J. C. Fisher, L. L. D., *Scribe*.  
 Weston Hunt, H. P. | R. H. Russell, F. *Scribe*.  
 James Maclaren, S. W. | m. Higginbotham, *Treas.*  
 Phillip LeSueur, J. W.

## ROYAL MOUNT ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 3.

MONTREAL.

H. E. Montgomerie, C. P. | Robert Macdougall, *Scribe*.  
 Andrew Wilson, H. P. | W. H. Higman, F. *Scribe*.  
 James Gibson, S. W. | A. H. David, M. D., *Treasurer*.  
 Adam Brown, J. W.

## ST. LOUIS ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 4.

QUEBEC.

George Hall, C. P. | James Dyke, *Scribe*.  
 R. Gilmour, Jr., H. P. | George Fitch, F. *Scribe*.  
 Benjamin Cole, Jr., S. W. | —McGee, *Treas.*  
 John LeCronier, J. W.

## WELLINGTON ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 5.

TORONTO.

R. Kneeshaw, C. P. | Q. Quaife, *Scribe*.  
 S. B. Campbell, H. P. | C. R. Fitch, F. *Scribe*.  
 E. F. Whittemore, S. W. | R. Beekman, *Treas.*  
 Alex. Manning, J. W.

## MOUNT HEBRON ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 6.

PETERBORO.

Wm. Cluxton, C. P. | P. H. J. Vizard, *Scribe*.  
 Rev. R. J. C. Taylor, H. P. | C. Perry, *Treas.*  
 Wm. Bell, S. W. | Buttle Hudson, J. W.

## TOMIFOBI ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 7.

STANSTEAD.

J. G. Gilman, C. P. | H. F. Prentiss, *Scribe*.  
 Saul L. French, H. P. | H. B. Terrill, *Treas.*  
 J. M. Jones, S. W. | J. A. Pierce, J. W.

## MOIRA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 8.

BELLEVILLE.

Benjamin Dougall, C. P. | A. L. Bogert, *Scribe*.  
 Ezra W. Holton, H. P. | James Canniff, *Treas.*  
 Gilbert C. Bogert, S. W. | Phillip Canniff, F. *Scribe*.  
 Charles P. Holton, J. W.

## VICTORIA DEGREE LODGE.—NO. 1.

MONTREAL.

John Dyde, D. M. | Andrew Wilson, V. G.  
 John Irvine, A. D. M. | J. R. Spong, *Secretary*.  
 John Smith, D. A. D. M. | Adam Brown, *Treasurer*.

## PRINCE OF WALES' LODGE.—NO. 1.

MONTREAL.

J. Williamson, P. G. | W. R. Scott, *Secretary*.  
 J. Fletcher, N. G. | Adam Brown, P. *Secy*.  
 Geo. A. Pyper, V. G. | Angus Macintosh, *Treasurer*.

## QUEEN'S LODGE.—NO. 2.

MONTREAL.

A. H. David, P. G. | W. E. Scott, *Secy*.  
 H. Dickinson, N. G. | George Melver, P. *Secy*.  
 C. M. Tate, V. G. | —Treasurer.

## PRINCE ALBERT LODGE.—NO. 3.

ST. JOHNS.

List not received.

## ALBION LODGE.—NO. 4.

QUEBEC.

Weston Hunt, P. G. | F. H. Andrews, *Secretary*.  
 J. C. Fisher, N. G. | John LeCronier, *Treas.*  
 James Dyke, V. G. | P. L. LeSueur, P. *Secy*.

## COMMERCIAL LODGE.—NO. 5.

MONTREAL.

James Holmes, P. G. | F. W. Henshaw, *Secretary*.  
 Robert Macdougall, N. G. | W. R. Wright, P. *Secretary*.  
 W. G. Mack, V. G. | E. T. Taylor, *Treasurer*.

## VICTORIA LODGE.—NO. 6.

BELLEVILLE.

E. W. Holton, P. G. | J. G. FitzGibbon, *Secy*.  
 G. C. Bogert, N. G. | Charles P. Holton, P. *Secy*.  
 Benjamin Dougall, V. G. | J. H. Merchell, *Treasurer*.

## ORIENTAL LODGE.—NO. 7.

STANSTEAD.

H. F. Prentiss, P. G. | Matthew Dixon, *Secretary*.  
 John A. Pierce, N. G. | Leonard P. Benton, P. *Secy*.  
 Wm. F. Parker, V. G. | W. Taylor, *Treasurer*.

## CANADA LODGE.—NO. 8.

MONTREAL.

John Smith, P. G. | H. A. Wicksteed, *Secretary*.  
 H. E. Montgomerie, N. G. | Robert Miller, P. *Secretary*.  
 J. R. Spong, V. G. | J. M. Bonacina, *Treas.*

## BROCK LODGE.—NO. 9.

BROCKVILLE.

Edmund Perry, P. G. | R. B. Brown, *Secretary*.  
 Geo. W. Arnold, N. G. | John Bacon, *Treas.*  
 John Crawford, V. G. | John Chaffry, P. *Sec.*

## CATARAQUI LODGE.—NO. 10.

KINGSTON.

John Fraser, P. G. | James Brown, *Secretary*.  
 James Bennett, N. G. | Hugh Fraser, *Treas.*  
 J. W. Martin, V. G. | Miles Ferguson, P. *Secy*.

## PRINCE EDWARD LODGE.—NO. 11.

PICTON.

Alex Patterson, P. G. | R. Fitzgerald, *Secy*.  
 A. D. Dougall, N. G. | D. S. Conger, P. *Secy*.  
 A. McAllister, V. G. | D. B. Stevenson, *Treas.*

## ONTARIO LODGE.—NO. 12.

COBURG.

Wm. Graveley, P. G. | Arch. McDonald, Jr., *Secy*.  
 John Beatty, Jr., N. G. | John C. Boswell, P. *Secy*.  
 Geo. S. Daintry, V. G. | Wm. Beatty, *Treas.*

## OTONABEE LODGE.—NO. 13.

PETERBORO.

W. S. Conger, P. G. | J. A. Henderson, *Secretary*.  
 Rev. R. J. C. Taylor, N. G. | J. L. Hughes, P. *Secy*.  
 Wm. Bell, V. G. | S. J. Albro, *Treasurer*.

## HOPE LODGE.—NO. 14.

PORT HOPE.

List not received.

## TECUMSEH LODGE.—NO. 15.

TORONTO.

R. Beekman, N. G. | John Bell, *Secretary*.  
 A. Morrison, V. G. | James Keiller, *Treasurer*.  
 Robert James, P. *Secy*.

## UNION LODGE.—NO. 16.

ST. CATHERINES.

Henry J. Hensleigh, N. G. | L. D. Raymond, *Secy*.  
 P. J. Dunn, V. G. | D. D. Winchester, P. *Secy*.  
 O. C. Hamilton, *Treas.*

## BURLINGTON LODGE.—NO. 17.

HAMILTON.

Hugh C. Baker, N. G. | G. H. Swotheran, *Secy*.  
 Richd. P. Street, V. G. | Wm. Newhouse, *Treas.*  
 Douglas Fraser, P. *Secy*.

## ST. FRANCIS LODGE.—NO. 18.

CORNWALL.

A. McLean, P. G. | J. Knight, *Secy*.  
 Wm. Kay, N. G. | Ronald McDonell, *Treas.*  
 P. Stewart, V. G. | Joseph Turner, P. *Secy*.

## MERCANTILE LODGE.—NO. 19.

QUEBEC.

Charles Gethings, P. G. | Charles G. Holt, *Secy*.  
 Robt. Chambers, N. G. | A. Soulard, *Treasurer*.  
 Joseph Hamel, V. G. | R. G. Patton, P. *Secy*.

## OTTAWA LODGE.—NO. 20.

BYTOWN.

Z. Wilson, P. G. | Francis Clemow, *Secy*.  
 Andrew Drummond, N. G. | Alex. Bryson, P. *Secy*.  
 A. Keefer, V. G. | J. Joint, *Treas.*

## HOME LODGE.—NO. 21.

TORONTO.

Arthur Macdonald, N. G. | A. Graham, *Secy*.  
 J. C. Morrison, V. G. | D. McDonell, *Treas.*  
 Q. Quaife, P. *Secy*.

## PHOENIX LODGE.—NO. 22.

OSHAWA.

Edward Skae, N. G. | Thomas Gibbs, *Secy*.  
 William Bettes, V. G. | Gavin Buous, *Treas.*