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THE  
**ODD FELLOWS' RECORD;**

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LITERATURE.

OMOO—A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH SEAS: *By Herman Melville; London and New York, and in Montreal, by Chalmers & Co.*

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.—*By Sir George Simpson: Philadelphia; Lea & Blanchard; and J. McCoy, Great St. James Street, Montreal.*

It is not alone the circumstance that these works are both books of travel, nor that some part of the one, which stands second in our title, serves to illustrate the first, that has induced us to associate them for the purpose of review. There are still more striking affinities between the voyages and toils which they respectively describe. Our Canadian traveller has accomplished the dream of the earlier discoverers of this Continent—a passage westward to the rich countries of the east. The American has lived almost familiarly in long unknown islands, whose discovery was due to that same desire to circumnavigate our globe, which, having once taken possession of the European mind, seems have become constantly more intense, until it was gratified. The adventure which Columbus imagined, and which would, perhaps, have been achieved by La Salle, but for the accident which finished his expedition to China, at the village of Lachine, has since been accomplished, almost in the latitudes where he attempted it. Nor has experience discredited the sagacity of the great discoverer, who indicated the existence of a passage by water to the Asian continent. We shall not stop to inquire how much modern geographers owe to the restless search for the eastern shore of Cathay, to which the energies of the most able navigators and boldest explorers were so long directed; nor shall we attempt to show, at length, the many discoveries due to the difficulties they experienced in the research. It is sufficient to allude to the coasting voyages made by all the nations of the old world, in the hope of lighting on the long sought inlet which should grant the passage that alone could crown their labours with success. It was at last found; and the voyage of Magellaens having fulfilled the expectations of the great Genoese, another world was again added to the old, only less extensive and important, than the one which genius had gratuitously opened to the spoliations of avarice, about a quarter of a century before.

Our authors treat of various portions of the countries thus laid open to Western Europe, and of portions which have peculiar claims to the interest of Canadians. A great part of Sir George Simpson's journey, was through regions first opened up by the ancestors of the French inhabitants of this country. The exploration and in by far the greater part of the discoveries in the South Seas, are due to the English. Who can hear the names of Cartier, Champlain, Charlevoix, Marquette, and Hennepin, without astonishment at their chivalrous contempt of every danger, in the pursuit of their wondrous journeys through the savage woods, which two hundred years ago, covered North America? Who can compare the bravery of any battle-field, to the sustained valour that first directed two or three birch canoes, amidst savages, and perhaps foes, by way of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, to the Mexican Gulf, at a time when a quarter of a million of whites could hardly have been found on the whole tract of country, embraced within the waters of that magnificent navigation? We confess, that when we consider the isolated condition of the Frenchmen—frequently two or three, or at most a dozen, amidst such numerous unknown tribes—we are almost constrained to award them the praise of having *manifested* the greatest example of courage which history records. The partizans of Dampier and Cook, however, would have no difficulty in finding ample arguments in favor of the claim of their peculiar favourites. Certainly, if any sea presents appalling dangers to the unaccustomed navigator, it is that great southern ocean, studded with myriads of islands, many of which never show themselves above the surface of a smooth sea, whose tranquility often hides the most destructive reefs. It was here, by night as well as day, without directions from any one who had gone before, exposed to the sudden freaks of wind and current, that Cook sought out those fortunate islands, which, perhaps, more nearly than any other lands, have realized the vain visions of a terrestrial Paradise.

What journeys to the West once were, may be judged from what they now are, if we only add the pleasant circumstances, now rare, though not obsolete, which rendered necessary a constant watch against hostile bands. Here is an extract from Governor Simpson, which gives a good idea of the toil of the Hudson's Bay Voyageurs:—

Before bidding good-by to our old friend the Ottawa, let me here offer a description of a day's march, as a general specimen of the whole journey. To begin with the most important part of our proceedings, the business of encamping for our brief night, we selected, about sun-down, some dry and tolerably clear spot; and immediately on landing, the sound of the axe would be ringing through the wood, as the men were felling whole trees for our fires, and preparing, if necessary, a space for our tents. In less than ten minutes our three lodges would be pitched, each with such a blaze in front, as virtually imparted a new sense of enjoyment to all the young campaigners, while through the crackling flames might be seen the requisite number of pots and kettles for our supper. Our beds were next laid, consisting of an oilcloth spread on the bare earth, with three blankets and a pillow, and, when occasion demanded, with cloaks and great-coats at discretion; and whether the wind howled or the rain poured, our pavilions of canvas formed a safe barrier against the weather. While part of our crews, comprising all the landmen, were doing duty as stokers, and cooks, and architects, and chambermaids, the more experienced voyageurs, after unloading the canoes, had drawn them on the beach with their bottoms upwards to inspect, and, if needful, to renovate the stitching and the gumming; and as the little vessels were made to incline on one side to windward, each with a roaring fire to leeward, the crews, every man in his own single blanket, managed to set wind, and rain, and cold at defiance, almost as effectually as ourselves. Weather permitting, our slumbers would be broken about one in the morning by the cry of "*Love! love! love!*" In five minutes, woe to the inmates that were slow in dressing, the tents were tumbling about our ears; and within half an hour the camp would be raised, the canoes laden, and the paddles keeping time to some merry old song. About eight o'clock, a convenient spot would be selected for breakfast, about three-quarters of an hour being allotted for the multifarious operations of unpacking and repacking the equipage, laying and removing the cloth, boiling and frying, eating and drinking; and, while the preliminaries were arranging, the hardier among us would wash and shave, each person carrying soap and towel in his pocket, and finding a mirror in the same sandy or rocky basin that held the water. About two in the afternoon we usually put ashore for dinner; and as this meal needed no fire, or at least got none, it was not allowed to occupy more than twenty minutes or half an hour. Such was the routine of our journey, the day, generally speaking, being divided into six hours of rest and eighteen of labour. This almost incredible toil the voyageurs bore without a murmur, and, almost invariably, with such an hilarity of spirit, as few other men could sustain for a single forenoon.

But the quality of the work, even more decidedly than the quantity, requires operatives of iron mould. In smooth water the paddle is plied with twice the rapidity of the oar, taxing both arms and lungs to the utmost extent: amid shallows, the canoe is literally dragged by the men wading to their knees or to their loins, while each poor fellow, after replacing his drier half in his seat, laughingly shakes the heaviest of the wet from his legs over the gunwale, before he again gives them an inside berth: in rapids, the towing line has to be hauled along over rocks and stumps, through swamps and thickets, excepting that when the ground is utterly impracticable, poles are substituted, and occasionally, also, the bushes on the shore. Again on the portages, where the breaks are of all imaginable kinds and degrees of badness, the canoes and their cargoes are never carried across in less than two or three trips, the little vessels alone monopolizing, on the first turn, the more expert half of their respective crews. Of the baggage, each man has to carry at least two pieces, esti-

mated at a hundred and eighty pounds avoirdupois, which he suspends in slings of leather placed across the forehead, so that he has his hands free to clear the way among the branches of the standing trees, and over the prostrate trunks. But, in addition to separate labors of the land and water, the poor fellows have to endure a combination of both sorts of hardship at least three or four times every day. The canoes can seldom approach near enough to enable the passengers to step ashore from the gunwale; and no sooner is a halt made than the men are in the water to ferry us to dry ground on their back. In this unique department of their duty they seem to take pride; and a little fellow often tries to get possession of the heaviest customer in the party, considerably exceeding, as has often been the case in my experience, the standard aforesaid, of two pieces in baggage.

As a parallel illustration of the other side of the picture, we shall avail ourselves of Mr. Melville's account of the Coral Islands of the Pacific:—

The island turned out to be one of the Pomutu or Low Group—sometimes called the Coral Islands—perhaps the most remarkable and interesting in the Pacific. Lying to the east of Tahiti, the nearest are within a day's sail of that place.

They are very numerous; mostly small, low, and level; sometimes wooded, but always covered with verdure. Many are crescent-shaped; others resemble a horse shoe in figure. These last are nothing more than narrow circles of land, surrounding a smooth lagoon, connected by a single opening with the sea. Some of the lagoons, said to have subterranean outlets, have no visible ones; the inclosing island, in such cases, being a complete zone of emerald. Other lagoons still, are girdled by numbers of small, green islets, very near to each other.

The origin of the entire group is generally ascribed to the coral insect.

According to some naturalists, this wonderful little creature, commencing its erections at the bottom of the sea, after the lapse of centuries, carries them up to the surface, where its labours cease. Here, the inequalities of the coral collect all floating bodies; forming, after a time, a soil, in which the seeds carried thither by birds, germinate, and cover the whole with vegetation. Here and there, all over this archipelago, numberless naked, detached coral formations are seen, just emerging, as it were from the ocean. These would appear to be islands in the very process of creation—at any rate, one involuntarily concludes so, on beholding them.\*

Having paid this tribute to the ancestral pride of the two people destined, one day, we hope, to form a great Canadian nation, we pass on to a comparison, which must be not less interesting to us, in our connection with an Order, whose precepts principally enforce a lively concern for the whole human family. In the midst of our self-gratulations, at the fertile seats which the enterprise of our fathers gained for us, how humiliating is it to consider the price which other races have paid for our good? True, we are free from those imputations of cold-blooded atrocity, which marked the progress of Spanish settlement; yet, at this day, the work of extermination is, perhaps, less discern-

\* The above is the popular idea on the subject. But of late, a theory directly the reverse has been started. Instead of regarding the phenomena last described as indicating any thing like an active, creative power now in operation, it is maintained, that, together with the entire group, they are merely the remains of a continent, long ago worn away, and broken up by the action of the sea.

ible in the Spanish Colonies of the South, than in any other settlement which Europeans have effected among native tribes. Every inhabitant of Canada knows to what a remnant of squalid beggary the aborigines are reduced. Even where they yet enjoy the most their pristine manners, this is still too true. Simpson describes the manners of a tribe something further removed from civilization than even those of Caughnawaga, Lorette, or St. Regis :—

At our landing place we found an encampment of two or three hundred Pend' d'Oreilles, who were preparing to go to hunt the buffalo. We were soon visited by about a dozen chiefs, who remained with us two or three hours. They were handsome in their appearance, and more stately in their manners than any savages that we had yet seen on this side of the mountains, and their graceful bow, as they shook hands, was rivaled only by their bland smile. In fact, their behavior was elegant and refined. Amongst our visitors was one individual, who has been intrusted with Carlo's horses, and he promised to bring them to us the next morning.

Near our encampment was a native cemetery, the neat little tombs being surrounded by pickets. We were surprised, however, to see a wooden cross placed at the head of each grave, the result of a recent visit of some Catholic priests; but as a practical illustration of the value of such conversions, we found on a neighbouring tree a number of offerings to one of the departed spirits, and a basket of provisions for its voyage to the next world. If the Indians had any definite idea at all of the cross, they put it merely on the same footing as their other medicines or charms.

Next day, while we were waiting the arrival of such of our people as were coming by land from the Kullspelm Lake, we employed our leisure in paying a visit to the native camp, crossing, for this purpose, a small stream in canoes closely resembling those that we had seen on the Kootonais river. On our arrival, all the inmates of about twenty-five lodges, at least all such as could move, rushed to shake hands with us. The tents were of every conceivable shape, some oblong, others round and so on, while the clumsy framework was covered with mats, or bark, or boughs, or skins, or anything else that had come in the way. The interior, to say nothing of swarms of vermin, contained a most heterogeneous collection of mats, guns, skins, pots, pans, baskets, kmmas, berries, children, dogs, ashes, filth and rubbish, and round the sides were arranged the beds of mats, generally raised a little from the ground. Though the men were doing little or nothing, yet the women were all busily employed in preparing kmmas and berries, including hips and haws, into cakes against winter.

The kmmas, which deserves a more particular description, is very like the onion, excepting that it has little or no taste. It grows on swampy ground; and, when the plant, which bears a blue flower, has produced its seed, the root is dug up by the women by means of a stick about two feet long with a handle across the head of it, and thrown into baskets slung on their backs. As the article is very abundant, each of the poor creatures generally collects about a peck a day. When taken home, the kmmas is placed over a gentle fire in the open air, fermenting, after about two days and nights, into a black substance which has something of the flavor of liquorice. After being pounded in a trough, this stuff is formed into cakes, which, when thoroughly baked, are stowed away in baskets for the winter. After all this preparation the kmmas is but a poor and nauseous food. These people, however, were likely soon to have something better as a result of their contact with civilization. In one of their lodges, we were surprised to find several baskets of

potatoes; and, in answer to our inquiries on the subject, we were shown two patches of ground where they had been produced, the seed and implements having been supplied from Fort Colville.

We next crossed the river to a camp of about the same size on the other side, where the men were lounging and the women laboring pretty much in the same way as those that we had just left. In one tent a sight presented itself, which was equally novel and unnatural. Surrounded by a crowd of spectators, a party of fellows were playing at cards, obtained in the Snake country, from some American trappers; and a more melancholy exemplification of the influence of civilization on barbarism could hardly be imagined than the apparently scientific eagerness with which these naked and hungry savages thumbed and turned the black and greasy pasteboard. Though the men, who sold the cards, might have taught the use of them, yet I could not help tracing the wretched exhibition to a more remote source—a source with which I was, myself, in some measure, connected. In this same hell of the wilderness I found Spokan Garry, one of the lads already mentioned as having been sent to Red River, for their education; and there was little reason to doubt, that, with his superior knowledge, he was the master-spirit, if not the prime-mover of the scene. On his return to his countrymen, he had, for a time, endeavoured to teach them to read and write; but he had gradually abandoned the attempt, assigning, as his reason, or his pretext, that the others "jawed him so about it." He forthwith relapsed into his original barbarism, taking to himself as many wives as he could get; and then, becoming a gambler, he lost both all that he had of his own and all that he could beg or borrow from others. He was evidently ashamed of his proceedings, for he would not come out of the tent to shake hands even with an old friend.

Nor is the fact otherwise among the cocoa groves of Tahiti. "About the year 1777", says Melville—

Captain Cook estimated the population of Tahiti at about two hundred thousand. By a regular census, taken some four or five years ago, it was found to be only nine thousand. This amazing decrease, not only shows the malignity of the evils necessary to produce it; but, from the fact, the inference unavoidably follows, that all the wars, child murders, and other depopulating causes, alledged to have existed in former times, were nothing in comparison to them.

And he confirms this statement from the evidence of Ruschenberger, of the United States Navy, who gives this proof of his accuracy from the records kept on the Island :—

The district of Rohalo, in Hawaii, at one time numbered 8679 souls: four years after, the population was 6175: decrease, in that time, 2504. No extraordinary cause is assigned for this depopulation. Vide *A Voyage round the World*, in the years 1835-36-37. By W. S. Ruschenberger, M. D. (Philadelphia, 1838, 8vo.) The chapter on the Sandwich Islands.

In respectability of manners and dress, Mr. Melville conceives these people as much degraded, as they are diminished in numbers. In place of the cultivation of the bread-fruit tree, the manufacture of the tappa cloth, and the building of canoes, indolence has become the most marked feature of the Tahitian character. Cultivation is neglected, the canoes of the present day are much inferior to those in use by the forefathers of the islanders, and the graceful dresses of native cloth formerly used, have given place to a preposterous combination of ill-assorted European garments, whose

prevalence, if we mistake not, forms one of the chief reasons for the hopes of the missionaries, and especially of their wives; these good ladies having, by some strange association, connected the fashion of dowdy bonnets with a change of heart and life:—

The “kihee whihenee,” or petticoat, is a mere breadth of white cotton, or calico; loosely enveloping the person, from the waist to the feet. Fastened simply, by a single tuck, or by twisting the upper corners together, this garment frequently becomes disordered; thus affording an opportunity of being coquettishly adjusted. Over the “kihee,” they wear a sort of gown, open in front, very loose, and as negligent as you please. The ladies here, never dress for dinner.

As for the men, those who aspire to European garments, seem to have no perception of the relation subsisting between the various parts of a gentleman's costume. To the wearer of a coat, for instance, pantaloons are by no means indispensable; and, a bell-crowned hat and a girdle, are full-dress. The young sailor, for whom Koloo deserted me, presented him with a shaggy old pea-jacket; and, with this buttoned up to his chin, under a tropical sun, he promenaded the Broom Road, quite elated. Doctor Long Ghost, who saw him thus, ran away with the idea, that he was under medical treatment at the time—in the act of taking, what the quacks call, a “sweat.”

A bachelor friend of Captain Bob rejoiced in the possession of a full European suit, in which he often stormed the ladies' hearts. Having a military leaning, he ornamented the coat with a great scarlet patch on the breast; and mounted it also, here and there, with several regimental buttons, cut slyly from the uniform of a parcel of drunken marines, sent ashore on a holiday from a man-of-war. But, in spite of the ornaments, the dress was not exactly the thing. From the tightness of the cloth across the shoulders, his elbows projected from his sides, like an ungainly rider's; and his ponderous legs were jammed so hard into his slim nether garments, that the threads of every seam shewed, and, at every step, you looked for a catastrophe.

Licentiousness, too, according to Mr. Melville, has increased with the spread of Christianity; but here, we think his opinion hardly borne out by the facts detailed by other authorities. We know that the earlier voyagers were received by the Queens and their ladies with anything but prudery, even while their acquaintance was tolerably young; and when the missionary ship “Duff” first made the land, the worthy men whom she conveyed, were not a little scandalized to see shoals of naked nymphs swimming off to the ship, who, after assisting to work the vessel into the harbour, tempted their piety, by inducements which, at least, equalled in strength those of St. Anthony. Ellis, too, one of those very missionaries, describes a society of celibates, whose semi-religious character was only the cloak for crimes worthy of Pagan Rome. In fact, at that time the depopulation of the country had long been rapidly proceeding, and though there can be no doubt that the introduction of a horrible disease by the European sailors has hastened the catastrophe,—it was still too surely in course of consummation when these delightful Islands first became known to the rest of the world. If anything could stop its course, it must be Christian civilization. Sir George did not visit the Society Islands; but his description of the people of the Sandwich group leads us to conclude that there, at least,—

and the state of things in both groups seems very similar,—the presence of the missionaries has been attended with the most beneficial results. For example, it is said that 18,000 children are instructed in the schools established through their influence, though this number our author believes somewhat exaggerated, and in some of them, besides reading and writing, “the pupils are instructed in singing, drawing, painting, engraving, mathematics, geography, history, &c.; and recently the useful has been added to the ornamental, by the introduction of such arts as spinning, knitting, and weaving.” The native tongue is used in these schools, and the missions, therefore, comprise a printing establishment. In another school, established but two years, the children though before ignorant of English, spoke it fluently, at the period of the knight's visit. In another paragraph we are told:—

In the days of barbarism, the earth was cultivated by means of sticks, or bones, or stones, of anything, in short, that could scratch the surface, or dig a hole; while, in bringing home the crops, the serfs, male and female, acted as cattle, and calabashes and gourds served all the purposes of waggons. Now, however, spades, and hoes, and ploughs, and, in fact, all the means and appliances in ordinary use among white agriculturists, have got a footing among the aborigines, and are speedily becoming popular, as well with the ignorant as the intelligent—as well with the indolent as the industrious. It is quite level to the most savage capacity, that a gentleman farmer enjoys a much pleasanter time of it than a beast of burden.

Besides these facts we know that the Missionary and Martyr Williams, did much to instruct the natives in arts of construction, and, especially, of shipbuilding. It would be worth inquiry whether, had the progress of civilization been attended too, rather than the mere spread of creeds on our own continent, a more satisfactory result would not have waited on the labours of the Apostles of North America. They were as devoted, perhaps more so than those of the South Seas—they were as little beset by worldly-mindedness—and like them, though, perhaps, in a still stronger sense, “they counted not their lives dear unto them”, so that they might do well their masters work. Yet, how different have been the results? While in Austral Asia each community seems to be daily assuming more nearly the attributes of a civilized state, our own aborigines are dwindling rapidly away, sunk in barbarism as utter and more hopeless than that which prevailed when Cartier held his first talk at Stadacona. Does this difference arise wholly from race, or has not training much to do with it?

The late troubles between the French and the native authorities have, of course, furnished subjects of remark to both the authors, whose works are before us. It is well known that, the quarrel arose from a religious dispute between the Protestant Missionaries, who had long been settled, and wished to keep up their spiritual monopoly, and the Catholic Missionaries who, in defiance of the native authorities, desired to get a footing in the Islands. Mr. Melville, we think, sums up the case between the parties in a manner that will be approved by every candid man. He blames the Pro-

testants for their intolerant opposition to the settlement of others, merely because the new comers thought differently from themselves ; and, he has no hesitation in reprobating the spirit of proselytism which induced the Catholics to enter the labours of others in a field already cultivated, while so many Islands lay around them, entirely destitute of instructors or moral culture. Unhappily, it is too evident, that religious intolerance—the curse of modern civilization—has already taken too deep root in the Pacific. The Missionaries from America, where all sects are equal, and those from England, belonging almost exclusively to sects which repudiate the alliance of secular and ecclesiastical power, have according to all authorities, contrived to usurp a large share in the Civil Government of the South Sea groves, and have used it with as much vigour, in support of their peculiar tenets as that which marked the proceedings of the Inquisition or of the Tribunals of reformed England, sitting in judgment on heretics or Jesuits or non-conformists during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Even the cruelties of these earlier tyrants have been imitated. Simpson tells us that in the Sandwich Islands, where the American Missionaries are most powerful :—

The persecution now raged more fiercely than ever, while new varieties of torture were invented. A party of sixty or seventy Catholics having been brought before the Governor, they all recanted but thirteen ; and these recusants also were induced to see the error of their ways, and to exchange the *Pule Pulani* for the *Pule Mr. Bingham*, by being suspended in pairs by the wrists, across the top of a wall seven feet high, with their ankles in irons. On another occasion, two women, respectively thirty and fifty years of age, were similarly treated, excepting that they were not tied together ; and after the miserable wretches had been hanging about eighteen hours, all night in the rain, and all the forenoon in the sun, some of the foreign residents applied in their behalf to Mr. Bingham, who refused, however, to interfere, alleging that the sufferers must have been condemned for some offence against the laws. Of course they were, as the Judge very clearly explained to the aforesaid party of sixty or seventy. They were not, he told them, to be punished or reprov'd for repeating Catholic prayers, or believing Catholic doctrines, but because, in so believing and so repeating, they had disobeyed the orders of the King. The casuist must have borrowed this notion from Jonathan Oldbuck, when proving to Hector McIntyre that, in Scotland, debtors were imprisoned, not for leaving their debts unpaid, but slighting His Majesty's commands to pay them.

We have no room for further comment : both books contain much that is pleasing and instructive. Mr. Melville writes much more like a practised bookmaker than a sailor, as he professes to be. Our own worthy knight, more like a man of the world than an author. The work of the first is more amusing, that of the last most instructive and solid. We have touched on very few of the points on which they enlarge ; the remainder, and especially the remainder of the voyage round the world, presents very much that will be new even to the practised readers of foreign travels. We recommend both works most cordially to our readers.

Tell not all you think ; nor taste all you desire ; nor say all that you know ; nor do all that you can.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

#### REMARKS UPON THE SYSTEM OF OFFICERING THE BRITISH ARMY.

EVERY nation boasts of its military prowess, points to its famous deeds of arms, and proclaims itself second to none on the luminous page of glory. Sweden boasts of Gustavus and the 12th Charles, the conquerors in many battles. Russia reminds us of her Peter, victor over the celebrated Charles ; Suwarroff, who overthrew Turk and Frenchman, and who led her battalions to the Alps ; Kutusoff, who first successfully stemmed the torrent of Napoleon's seeming resistless destiny to conquer : she points to Paris, where twice her eagles perched in pomp and pride. Prussia has the Great Frederick, whom Austria and France will long remember ; and if, in later years, the glory he won for her was dimmed by the disgrace of Jena and Ulm, her sons have since restored its brilliancy : if twice the legions of France have trod with armed heel in the streets of Berlin, twice have Prussia's soldiers mounted guard on the *Place du Caroussel*. Austria has her days of renown, and they are not less effulgent than those of surrounding nations. Prince Eugene made Turk and Gaul, alternate, feel and acknowledge the prowess of her soldiers, and the plains of Italy and the Danube's banks bear evidence that, in their struggles with the legions of Napoleon, their ill success was in no respect attributable to inferiority in discipline, and valor, and heroism, but solely to the superior military skill and greater powers of combination of the Corsican over her commanders : though Marengo, and Essling, and Austerlitz were days of defeat, they left no stain on the martial character of the Austrian soldiers ; they merely proved that the genius of the leader commands victory more certainly than the valor and discipline of battalions : but she afterwards repaid the debt, and left her bloody marks of victory from Leipsic to the *Hotel des Invalides*. Italy once was the governing military power of the world, and her Eagles flew in triumph over Caucasus, and Alps, and Pyrennes, to *Ultima Thule*, and sharpened their bloody beaks in the forests of Germany. Spain was once the land of chivalry ; Saracen and Moor fell beneath her lance ; and under Alva, none could stay her way—another proof that victory is less the reward of heroism in the soldier, than skill in the commander. France has her quiver so full of victories, that to count them were tiresome : from the earliest period of recorded Gallic history to the present hour, she has been in the very van of military glory, but she likewise proclaims the never-to-be-forgotten fact, that military skill and science, wielded by genius, are the real battle-winners : however brave the soldier—however well-disciplined the battalions—however devoted the patriotism and heroism of the mere fighting man—victory disdains to present her laurel wreath to him : she twines that wreath around no colors, but only around the brow of genius. Our own military annals offer abundant evidence of the fact, were there none other. It is the one-man-power that overthrows armies, and subjugates nations, not the host of battalions. At the game of Chess, a double

number of Castles, and Knights, and Bishops, and Queens, and Pawns, would be of no avail in the hands of the player, against superior powers of combination in his antagonist. It is not numbers—it is not discipline—it is not surpassing heroism, that conquers: it is the genius that directs and controls them. How brilliant the career of the British arms in Germany and Flanders, under Marlborough and Granby—in Egypt, under Abercrombie—in India, Portugal, Spain, Flanders and France, under Wellington. But how sombre and dark, under such as the late Duke of York, in Holland—Whitelocke at Buenos Ayres—Burgoyne and Cornwallis, in America; and last, Elphinstone, in Afghanistan! The 44th Regiment and the Sepoy battalions at Cabool, were the same men as the 13th Regt. and the Sepoy battalions at Jellalabad, and they were five times as numerous; yet were they utterly, and to a man, destroyed by a barbarian enemy, whom, had they been well commanded, they would have scattered before them like chaff before the tempest,—whilst the 13th Regiment and its native supporters against the very same enemy threw a perfect blaze of glory around the British arms. Why was this strange contrast? Is not the cause evident, plain and palpable, to any one, the most superficial of observers? The vigorous mind and the skill of Sale, nobly supported by the unflinching Dennie, commanded victory; whilst the vacillation and imbecility of Elphinstone, dragged into even a lower depth by the perverse, and selfish, nay stupid, conduct of Shelton, the Commander of the 44th, insured defeat, disgrace, destruction.

There can be no occasion to say one word more, to prove that the honor and safety of an army are in the keeping of the Chief in command. He may not be at all times able to preserve it from defeat or disaster, but he will never forfeit its honor, provided he be master of his profession. It is not necessary he should be a Napoleon or a Wellington to be a master of it. Napoleons and Wellingtons are not found at all seasons. They are rare creations. They are men of genius, and genius is a quality rarely vouchsafed by the Almighty;—and it is a quality which no art or study will confer,—but a thorough knowledge of his profession every military gentleman should possess: no commissioned officer should be without such acquaintance with it as his rank, or the department to which he belongs in the service requires, but, certainly, no officer of the higher grades should be anything short of master of his profession. To insure this, every military man should receive a military education. It is true, that military knowledge comes of experience in the field, and that many celebrated generals have acquired it in no other way. Campaigning taught them. Several of Napoleon's Generals rose from the ranks: most of them sprung from the humbler classes of society. Yet there can be no question, that a certain quantum of military knowledge ought to be the condition of conferring a commission; nor does the fact that many distinguished officers and celebrated commanders have acquired all their knowledge of their profession in the field, militate against the argument. Commissioned

officers should enter upon their first campaign with a competent knowledge of their profession,—a knowledge commensurate with their rank. Experience is the best of all teachers, certainly, but he who has been taught theoretically beforehand, will learn most quickly when called on to practice. The young gentleman who has had the advantage of the instruction which Woolwich and Chatham and Sandhurst afford, is greatly to be preferred to the youth fresh from Eton or Rugby, for the simple and plain reason that he has been made competent to practise his profession in the field, which the other has not. "Long wars make good soldiers," was the language of the great master of modern military tactics, in reply to an English gentleman, anxious to obtain his opinion of the British Army, and who, with great indelicacy, pushed his questions upon the captive emperor when on board the Bellerophon, a short month after the battle of Waterloo. "Long wars make good soldiers,"—which may be construed to mean, that knowledge of the art of war can be made perfect in the field without previous instruction;—and no doubt it can. The history of our war in the Peninsula, brought this home to us. We have the best possible evidence, that in 1809 and 1810, our superior officers were not what they ought to have been,—that best possible evidence is that of the Great Duke himself. Bitterly did he complain of the inefficiency of most of his Generals of Division and Brigade, during the first campaigns in Portugal. If any one desire a proof of this, he will find it in Napier's History;—the illustrious Duke's own words are there given. They did very well, he said, so long as they were under his own eye, and subject to his immediate orders and directions; but, the instant they were at any distance from him, and necessarily thrown upon their own resources, things were sure to go wrong. Did this statement rest on any less authority than that of Wellington himself, our stubborn national pride would not hesitate to reject it scornfully as a calumny,—but there it stands on record in his own words, and no one presumes to doubt its truth. "Long wars make good soldiers," and to prove it, the very same officers whom the Duke was afraid to trust out of his own sight in 1810, became, through dint of campaigning, manœuvring, and fighting, commanders of great self-reliance, masters of the art of war, and quite up to their work. What a contrast was there between the Lieutenants of Napoleon and the Lieutenants of Wellington!—whilst the former had a score of officers competent to command against him, Wellington had not one, in 1809, whom he could have trusted in front of the Emperor. When Marshal Soult was cut off from communication with France, in the South of Spain, he had to create everything for himself: he organised a government—he raised revenue—he cast his own cannon and mortars—he made his own powder—he carried on his own war. Suchet, another of Napoleon's generals, found himself in much the same situation in the East of Spain;—he, too, was found fully competent to carry on his own war. The opinion of General Foy of the British Generals is also on record. Foy was a distinguished officer of the

French Army in Spain, and wrote a history of his Spanish campaigns. In that, he speaks of the British officers opposed to him, much as the Duke of Wellington did of them. "Long wars make good soldiers," and our long wars made ours most excellent;—it not only made our rank and file such warriors that nothing in the shape of flesh and blood could stand before them; but it made the officers of all ranks most excellent. When the observation is made, that nothing in the shape of flesh and blood could stand before the British soldier of Badajoz, San Sebastian, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Orthez, the writer will not be accused of rhodomontade or of vain and empty boasting. The French soldiers could not resist their charge, and if they could not, none could. Let any one read the awful story of the storming of Badajoz, as told by Napier, and then doubt if he can, that the British soldier of that day was resistless, if well commanded. The British army that crossed the Pyrenees, in 1814, was a better army than that which conquered at Waterloo: more than half of our army at the "crowning carnage" were recruits, who had never before seen a shot fired in earnest; whereas, the former were as familiar with blood and battle, ball and bayonet, as their countrymen at home with plough and loom, and peace and green fields. In one garrison, at this present hour, are two of the most renowned regiments of that famous army,—and in garrison as they are, now, together were they brigaded during the memorable campaigns of Portugal, Spain and France. The 52nd, 95th and 43rd regiments composed the light division of that celebrated army, and their front was always to the foe in life or death; last in the retreat, first in the advance. The most distinguished of the remarkable Napiers, he who but recently won the bloody battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad, was a soldier of the 43rd:—the hero of Aliwal, as Sir Harry Smith is designated, was a 95th rifleman. He was allowed lately to select supporters to his arms, and he chose a soldier of the 52nd and a 95th rifleman. He acquired with them the military knowledge that enabled him to triumph over the desperate fighters of the Punjaub, and he acknowledged the fact by the choice he made. Gough and Hardinge, the conquerors at Moodkee, Ferozepore and Sobraon, acquired their military knowledge in the Peninsular campaigns.—There can be no question, therefore, that "long wars make good soldiers",—but that fact does not in the slightest degree weaken the position, that it is impolitic, unwise, dangerous, and prolific only of disgrace to our arms, to give commissions to boys having no preparatory acquaintance with the military profession; and yet, such is the case with our cavalry and infantry officers. Greatly more impolitic and unwise is it to allow of the purchase of rank in the army. It is truly wonderful that a system so stupid and suicidal should have obtained among a people so practical as ours, but the solution of the mystery may possibly be found in the fact, that the democratic element has not hitherto been the most powerful "at home", whatever it may be in British North America. In the Artillery and Engineer departments, there is no giving away Commis-

sions to boys who have never heard of Vauban or Cohorn, and perhaps never saw even a review:—nor purchase of rank—that would be carrying folly and absurdity further than would have been permitted in the good old times when the House of Commons was rebuilt every seven years by the Peers of England: the times prior to the "Reform Bill". Since that memorable Epoch, John Bull has shown strong symptoms "of feeling his oats", and a reform of the military system of England is not very distant. No purchase is allowed in the Navy, either, for the same reason that none is allowed in the Artillery or Engineer corps; it would be entirely too preposterous. Can it be even questionable, that if no commission was granted unless there had been three years' preparatory acquaintance with arms and tactics, at infantry or cavalry depots, the army would be more efficient than it now is? We shall not follow the career of the boy, who has been presented with, or who has purchased, a pair of colors, after he has joined his regiment, nor inquire how much of his time is passed in the study of his profession, or how little. That is best known to the officers of the army themselves, but it is an inquiry that will be made shortly, for John Bull is very sensitive on the point of honor, and he has a right to know whether those entrusted with it, in the hour of danger, are as well-fitted for the discharge of the trust as they ought to be. One thing is very certain, however, that the most thorough acquaintance with wine, the points of a horse, the use of fishing-rods and fowling-pieces, and dress and fashion, have very little to do with military knowledge. How easy it would be to find a remedy to the evil, without any cost to the nation! If annual or semi-annual examinations of candidates for commissions in the Infantry and Cavalry corps, were held, and a certificate of competency from the Boards made indispensable to commissions, thousands of our youth would appear before the Boards for the purpose of obtaining them.

"What business is it of yours?" is frequently pettishly asked of the loyal and true-hearted Englishman, who finds fault with the vicious system under which the British army is officered. The reply should be another question, namely:—"Is it nothing to me to hear of the disgrace of the British arms?" Aye! it is something to every man who feels like a Briton: not only something, but a very great deal to him. The honor of one's country is as dear to every man of feeling as his life, and who can have a better right than he to find fault with a system so averse to success in war as the one in question.

Dear to every man of feeling, however high or humble his social position may chance to be, dear to him, inexpressibly dear, is his country, and the flag of his country is the symbol of that love. In proportion, therefore, to the intensity of that love, is the pain and suffering, when the flag is lowered before the enemy, even if it be lowered without disgrace; but how acute the pain, when the act of hauling it down is accompanied by degradation. Then, then, it is, that the loyal and the true-hearted, realize the extent of the interest



they have in the wise administration of the business of the country. Then, then, it is, that they retort with bitterness the taunt, at their social position, made by the toadies of the officials, "what business is it of yours?"—Then, then, they feel sorely and heavily, that it is their business.

There are events connected with military occurrences here in Canada, during the war with the United States, and during the insurrection of 1837; which have given the Canadian loyalist abundant cause to inveigh against the system of purchase in the army, in the first place, and, secondly, against the absence of what should be an indispensable condition to the issue of a commission, namely, preparatory study, previous examination.

A youth of noble connexions, or of great wealth, enters the army, and the first day he mounts guard, he can tell the year he will be Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding a Regiment: but how is it with the youth belonging to a humble family, and who has no money? He cannot say when he shall be even a Lieutenant: death vacancies, by pestilence or war, are his chief reliance. No matter what his ability: no matter how great his proficiency in military knowledge—no matter how signal his exploits—subaltern he must remain, until the Yellow or Jungle Fever, or sabre of the enemy, gives him a step. The son of a Baring or a Rothschild, and the young fry of Honorables, see no such cloud over their promotion; their money is lodged as soon as they mount the red-coat, and they are Lieutenant Colonels, if they choose, at 25!

Let any one ask himself, how must the gray-haired soldier feel at the constantly revolting sight of flaxen-haired youths passing over his head? What must be the effect on his spirits? Can it have any other effect than to quench his military ardour, and to carry conviction to his heart that his hopes of fame and distinction are visionary? The only chance of the poor soldier is a long and bloody war; during which period, fashion, and rank, and wealth, manifest no fondness for the army, and the system of purchase becomes obsolete.

When the Grenadier Guards formed part of the garrison of Montreal, those who witnessed their parades will recollect how often the voice of the Sergeant was heard (though not intended to reach the spectator's ear) telling the young scion of nobility what to do,—instructing his superior in his duty! And if the spectator expressed disgust or indignation at the system which placed the noble youth in such a false position, ten to one but the question was put to him by some pert, toady, minion of aristocracy, "What business is that of yours?"

England has had great military commanders, even under this vicious system, but that fact proves nothing against the argument we use. It only shews what genius can do. It is conquering, in despite of obstacles.

Why cannot the system which obtains on board men-of-war—namely, having youths serving as Midshipmen, preparatory to examination for the commission of Lieutenant—why cannot a similar system obtain in the

Army? Why cannot ten or twenty cadets be attached to each regiment, to serve as such three years, then to be examined, and, if found qualified, to obtain commissions? Then, after three years' more service, to pass another examination for a higher grade; and so on?

This subject is most momentous to the honour and security of the empire, and most devoutly must it be desired by every true friend of Old England, that public attention may be drawn to it in time, to be prepared for a possible union of all our foes, to draw the teeth and pare the claws of the British Lion.

H.

#### LIFE ASSURANCE.

We take the subjoined lucid and interesting explanation of the philosophy of Life Assurance from the first part of a new work published by Sharpe, of London, entitled "The Book of Entertainment for Old and Young":—

"It seems, at first sight, a strange thing to say, that we can reduce mere chance or accident to a rule, and assign the law of its occurrence: the leading idea conveyed by the word is the absence of all rule; and to talk of applying a law, therefore, to such things as occur by chance, is little better than a contradiction in terms. No doubt this is so; and the whole system of anticipation of the course of future events, on which the business of assurance is founded, would be an absurdity, leading to no practical results, if the course of those events were regulated only by chance. The law upon which the principle of insurance depends is rather the law of probability, of which there are every variety of degrees, from the faintest expectation up to that which can scarcely be distinguished from certainty. The application of this law takes place in all cases where it can be discovered that there is a general rule, but subject to exceptions, more or less indefinite. The question, whether the exception will actually take effect in any particular instance cannot be investigated; we do not know the law by which the occurrence of the individual fact to which the question relates will be governed, and therefore we cannot advance a step in enquiring into the subject; but the probability of its occurrence is a matter which can be calculated with the nicest accuracy, so as to furnish a rule which can be acted upon with the smallest possible risk of being found in error.

"This is the principle upon which insurance is founded. The probability of the events which form the subject of the insurance, happening in a certain way, is carefully calculated from the widest possible induction of facts (for the broader the foundation of special instances, the more perfectly the exact degree of probability is ascertained;) that which is thus found to be probable is assumed and acted upon as if it were certain. In a large proportion of cases, the probability assumed will differ widely from the actual result, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another; but so that taking the average of all the cases, the result will, with every additional case, approach nearer and nearer to an exact correspondence with the probability assumed; which will thus, for all practical purposes, be equivalent to a positive certainty.

"Let us take the instance of life assurance. No man can tell when he will die. He is equally ignorant whether he will live a day or a year, or to the age of ninety or one hundred; and there exist no data anywhere within his reach which can help him to come to an opinion on the subject. But, by carefully observing and accurately recording the lengths of the lives of a sufficiently large number of persons, and making the proper allowance for the differences which may have obtained between the cases, he can ascertain with sufficient accuracy how long it is probable he will live—this is to say, he will arrive at a probability, not as to the duration of any one individual life, (for it may be a duration which, out of any given number of lives, not one will reach exactly, and there stop) but as to that which, taking the whole of a large number of persons, will be the average duration of life of each. To apply this

probability to one case only, would almost certainly lead to error, so faint would the probability be; to apply it to a small number of cases—five, ten or twenty—would be most hazardous gambling, so great would the probability be that the average of such a small number would not correspond with the average ascertained by calculation; but with every increase of the number the probability would strengthen, until at last, taken on a sufficiently large scale, it would make the nearest possible approach to a certainty.

"It is by the adoption of this principle, so simple in its elements, that we have done and every day are doing so much to fortify ourselves, and those in whose welfare our hearts are bound up, against the changes and vicissitudes of life and fortune—that we distribute over the whole of us the weight of individual calamity, so that no one need be pressed down by it. When the head of a family is taken away—the bread-winner, as he is called, in the emphatic and affecting language of the poor—leaving wife and infant children helpless and forlorn, is it not consolatory to reflect that although grief must have its way, and natural tears must be shed, and the sluices through which the bruised heart pours forth the stream of its desolate feelings, must give them free course for a time—although in all that concerns the affections, the bereavement must fall with undivided force, and be felt in all its bitterness—yet, in regard to its material results, to its bearing upon the comforts and worldly prospects of wife and children, the valued life has been as good as prolonged to its full limit? The man who survives the ordinary limit of life is made, in effect, to lend the superfluous years he has enjoyed to make up a provision for those for whom others have not been allowed time to provide. In this way no man dies before his day. Our general provision of life is thrown into a common stock, from which each draws an equal share.

"This mode of viewing the matter appears to us to throw a moral dignity over what in other views might seem mere business arrangements. No doubt the persons or companies by whom the business of insurance is conducted take it up as a business by which they may make, and generally do make, a very handsome profit; the benefit which they confer upon the community returns with manifold increase to themselves. But we do not grudge them their profits. They are at least not gainers by the loss of others. From the game they play at, every man rises a winner. He who lives long, and who may therefore be supposed to have derived no benefit in return for his periodical contribution—can he truly say no? Has he not for years been relieved from the anxious thought, what would become of those whom he dearly loved, in the event of his death? Has he not enjoyed—surely cheaply enough—the blessed feeling of security, which, how can he tell how largely it may not have contributed to that length of days, on account of which he may be disposed to undervalue it?"

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

#### TO SCOTLAND.

BY J. R.

Scotland! how lovely are thy heath-clad hills,  
Thy many rushing streams, and valleys green;  
Tho' sever'd far, how full thy image fills  
This heart, which loves thee, tho' for years unseen.

Well I remember when I saw thee last—  
'Twas evening, and the sea was bathed in gold;  
The setting sun smiled on thee as we passed,  
Each well known valley, cotter-house and fold.

'Twas spring time, and the fragrant heather bell  
Sent its sweet odour o'er the wave to me,  
And flocks were feeding on each hill and dell:  
Those scenes again—oh, how I long to see!

I was a boy, and filled with visions bright,  
Yet tearfully I left thy much-loved shores;  
Mournfully I gazed upon thee, till the night  
Destroy'd the picture memory still restores.

Montreal, 7th June, 1847.

#### SPRING IN GERMANY.

LONGFELLOW, in his *Hyperion*, gives the following beautiful description of the season in Germany:—

In all climates, Spring is beautiful. In the south it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature, whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost, like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in Spring time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and ere long our next door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold butter-cups under each others' chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions, pull out the yellow leaves to see if the schoolboy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stock, to find out if their mother wants them at home.

And at night, so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing, nor a whisper of leaf or waving bough, nor a breath of wind—not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And over head bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or, if the heavens are over-cast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

It was thus the spring began in Heidelberg.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

#### THE GALLANT KNIGHT.

BY J. R.

Right gallantly he sits his steed,  
That youth so fair to see,  
His glittering arms give back the sun,  
As he rides o'er the lea.

Maid Margaret is the fair he loves—  
Of noble blood is she,  
And she'll be at the Tournament,  
To see his chivalry.

She sees her Knight with fluttering heart,  
Advance with fiery bound,  
As rushing fiercely on each foe,  
He bears him to the ground.

Proclaimed the victor of the field,  
He bears the flowery crown  
Around the lists, till at her feet  
He lays the trophy down.

Right lovely was she, that sweet Queen  
Of Beauty, fair as day,  
And bravely Albert guards her throne  
'Gainst all who dare gainsay.

So in return, she gave her hand—  
Her heart went long before—  
And Dame and Knight lived happily—  
'Twas in the days of Yore.

Montreal, 19th June, 1847.

## THE INTERESTING VARIETY OF THE BIBLE.

When the great Samuel Johnson was asked why so many literary men were infidels, his reply was, "Because they are ignorant of the Bible." If the question be asked why the lovers of general reading so often fail to acquaint themselves with the sacred volume, one reason that may be assigned doubtless is, they are not aware of its interesting variety. This feature of the Bible is well illustrated by Mrs. Ellis, in the following eloquent extract from her recent work entitled "The Poetry of Life."

"With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point, or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the Scriptures a fund of gratification, not to be found in any other memorial of the past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust beneath our feet, to the track of the leviathan in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above his eyrie in the clouds—from the wild ass in the desert to the lamb within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locust to the cattle on a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedar of Lebanon—from the clear crystal stream, gushing forth out of the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge—from the barren waste to the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing with milk and honey—from the lonely path of the wanderer to the gatherer of a mighty multitude—from the tear that falls in secret, to the din of battle and the shout of a triumphant host—from the solitary in the wilderness to the satrap on the throne—from the mourner clad in his sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gnawings of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic vision of the blessed—from the still small voice, to the thunder of Omnipotence—from the depths of hell, to the regions of eternal glory, there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade of darkness or gleam of light, which does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scriptures; and therefore there is no expression or conception of the mind that may not find a corresponding picture; no thirst for excellence that here may not meet with its full supply; and no condition of humanity excluded from the unlimited scope of adaptation and sympathy comprehended in the language and spirit of the Bible."

## JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.

*From D'Israeli's "Tancred."*

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron, and the dark abyss of Jehosaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Zion and Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitolian and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steeps of Zion, are crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham—built, alas, by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one! close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary—called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the Divine Son of the most favored of women, twice sunk under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs or surmounted with small domes, we reach the

hill of Salem, where Melchisedec built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopus, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is now worshipped before altars in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape, magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky gleans, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wafts among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress graves. The palm tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of wo. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the ascension, the great departed of Israel assembled to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes, sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but with the lawgiver of the time of Pharaoh, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilised Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the Valley of Jehosaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar. Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of Sacred Sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopus, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

## SURVEY FROM THE PYRAMIDS.

MISS MARTINEAU, now journeying in Eastern lands, thus speaks of her views from, and her thoughts upon, the Pyramids of Egypt. We give but extracts from her long letter:—

The landscape which we overlooked was this:—From near the foot of the Pyramid to the northern horizon, stretched the lipe which divided the sandy desert from the fertile plain which extends to the Nile. The line of separation was wavy, and marked by a little canal, which had still in it some of the water left by the inundation. To the east of this line, filling up the landscape to the river, and vanishing in the northern horizon, spread the most fertile plain in the world—covered with green crops, dotted with villages of brown mud houses, overshadowed with palms—and marked by a faint line of causeway here and there, and by many threads of blue water. To the east was the Nile, about five miles from us at the nearest point, but winding away from the farthest north to the utmost south. Beyond the river spread the city of Cairo; its white citadel crowning a lofty rock, and being itself backed by the rocky heights of the Mokattam Hills. These eastern hills then spread away southward into the Arabian Desert, which allowed the eye no rest till it came round to the river again. The circuit of the landscape was completed by the Lybian Desert; the parched, glaring desert,

where nothing was to be seen on the interminable sands but a line of camels pacing along in the heat, and a few brown Arab tents, not far from the Pyramid. For a few miles to the south of us, and close round about us, were clustered a crowd of Pyramids—some larger, some smaller—but none to compare with the one we stood on. Of these, the most interesting were those of Sakhara, which we had visited the day before. They stand amid the Necropolis—the great burying-ground of the mighty old city of Memphis—of which nothing now remains but a statue here and there, and some scattered blocks of sculptured stone; nothing else but the tombs, which are enough to show that this was a great city indeed.

Here, in these tombs, which are chambers cut out of the rock, and adorned with columns and pictured walls—in these tombs and others were men busy sculpturing and painting at a time when we have been apt to suppose the earliest generations were learning how to live on the rude earth. These pictures on the walls, however, show the way of life of the Egyptians to be not very far behind our own. I have seen what the possessions of men were in those days, from these memorials in the chambers of their graves. I have seen their flocks of cattle, their poultry yards, their seed in seed-time and harvest, their fisheries, their hunting and shooting parties, their boats with many oars and gay chequered sails; their beautiful furniture—couches, easy chairs, lamps and vases, very like the handsomest of ours at the present day; their kitchens, with the slaughtering of cattle, and the cooking of the joints of beef; their wine-presses, and their wardrobes of rich clothes and handsome necklaces; their arms and war-chariots, and the bridges and fortified towns they passed over or stormed. I have seen the weaving of gay cloth, and the steeping and spinning of flax; rope-making; glass blowing, just such as may be seen at Newcastle any day; the building of houses, the carving of statues; games at ball and gymnastics, dancing, wrestling and playing the harp.

What is of far more importance, as occurring long before any clear tidings that we have elsewhere of men's condition of mind and life—there are solemn pictures and sculptures about death and burial and the state of the soul. I have seen the body laid out and embalmed, carried on a bier to the boat, and borne in the boat to the lake or river which usually lay between the cities and the burial places. I have seen the ferryman, the dog which waited on the further shore, and the judges who were to assess the deeds of the deceased. I have seen the weighing of his deeds, and his admission into the presence of the approving gods, by means of his integrity—the symbol of which he carried in his right hand. Thus early did the people of this country believe that the soul lived after the body was dead; and that its integrity was the means of its blessedness.

One impression has taken me by surprise. I used to wonder—and always did till now—at that stupidity of the Israelites, which so angered their leader—their pining after Egypt, after finding it impossible to live there. It was inconceivable how they could long to go back to a place of such cruel oppression, for the sake of anything it could give. I now wonder no longer, having seen and felt the desert, and knowing the charms of the valley of the Nile. One evening lately, just at sunset, the scene struck upon my heart, oppressing it with the sense of beauty. A village was beside an extensive grove of palms, which sprang from out of the thickest and richest clover to the height of eighty feet. Their tops waved gently in the soft breeze which ruffled the surface of a blue pond lying among grassy shores. There were golden lights and sharp shadows among the banks where a stream had lately made its way. The yellow sandhills of the desert just showed themselves between the stems of the more scattered palms. Within view were some carefully tilled fields, with strong wheat, lupins and purple bean blossoms; and some melon and cucumber patches were not far off. Cattle were tethered beside the houses; and on a bank near sat an old woman and a boy and a girl, basking in the last rays of the sun with evident enjoyment, though the magical coloring given by Egyptian atmosphere could not be so striking as to English eyes. But what must it have been in the memory of the Israelites, wandering in the desert where there is no color except at sunrise and sunset, but only glare—parched rocks and choking dust or sand! I will not attempt now, for no one has ever succeeded in such an at-

tempt, to convey any impression of the appalling dreariness of the depths of the desert. I can only say that when it rose up before me in contrast with that nook of the valley at sunset, I at last understood the surrender of heart and reason on the part of the Israelites, and could sympathize in their forgetfulness of their past woes, in their pining for verdure and streams, for shade and good food, and for a perpetual sight of the adored river, instead of the hateful sands which hemmed them in, whichever way they turned.

### MARRIAGE.

The English love their wives with much passion—the Hollanders with much prudence; the English, when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts; the Dutch give the hand, but keep the heart wisely in their own possession. The English love with violence, and expect violent love in return; the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgment, for they give little away. The English exhaust many of the matrimonial comforts in the first year; the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant because they are always indifferent.

There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband. Each is possessed of the same cool, unexpected serenity; they can see neither Elysium nor Paradise behind the curtain; and Grifffow is not more a goddess on the wedding night than after 20 years matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry in order to have one happy month in their lives; they seem incapable of looking beyond that period; they unite in hopes of finding rapture, and, disappointed in that, disdain even to accept of happiness. From hence we see open hatred ensue, or, what is worse, concealed disgust under the appearance of fulsome endearment. Much formality, great civility, and studied compliments, are exhibited in public; cross words, sulky silence, or open recrimination, fill up their veins at private entertainment.

Hence I am taught, when I see a new married couple more than ordinarily fond before faces, to consider them as attempting to impose upon the company or themselves: either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course, which should serve them through their whole journey.

Neither side should expect those instances of kindness which are inconsistent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. Love, when founded in the heart, will show itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool, deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding or great insincerity.—*Goldsmith.*

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

### TO HOME AND MY MOTHER.

BY J. R.

Years have passed o'er me since that mournful day,

When folded to a mother's breast, I bade adieu;

Methinks her quivering lip still bids me pray

To God, to keep me steady, leal, and true.

She gave a Bible—Scotia's treasured book—

Saying, My son in this read "ilka" day!

With trembling fingers then a lock she took—

Kissed me and it—then tore herself away.

I left her and my own dear native home—

To make a fortune—'t was my boyhood's dream;

But fortune never smiled, and still I roamed,

A living unit in life's mighty stream.

And yet I hope once more to see the hills

Of "bonny" Scotland rise before my view:

Home, darling home!—thou cure for many ills—

The sight of thee my manhood would renew.

I've travelled other lands since last we parted,

But, Scotia! thou art fairer than them all;

I may be poor—I may be broken-hearted—

I'll love thee still, whatever may befall.

Montreal, 7th June, 1847.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Brother W. Tims, Quebec; Brother Stickney, Newboro', containing one year's subscription; Brother G. Brooks, Secretary Tecumseh Lodge; No. 15, Toronto Brother Bell, Peterboro', enclosing remittances and names of four new Subscribers. We are sorry to say, that it is out of our power to furnish the numbers since January last. We thank Brother Bell for his attention in collecting the accounts forwarded by us.

Rev. Mr. Taylor, Peterboro',—replied to by mail. We have received no Address; had we, it should have appeared at once.

Brother Honsleigh W. Cathens,—containing 40s.

Brother H. H. Jackson, Cobourg. We are sorry to say, that the list of new Subscribers referred to in his letter of the 21st May, has not been received.

## THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1847.

## ODD FELLOWS' ANNIVERSARY.

The 24th Anniversary of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the State of New York, was celebrated, on the 5th instant, by a procession and ceremonies as gorgeous and impressive as ever transpired in New York.

The day was as cool and pleasant as could be desired—the arrangements of the Committee and Marshal were carried out with celerity and order—the route of march was kept clear by a strong force of policemen—no accident or delay occurred—and, from first to last, everything passed off happily.

More than a hundred and twenty Lodges and Encampments were represented, and the number of persons in the procession was about five thousand. There were eighty banners, all of them fine, and a majority surprisingly rich and beautiful. The regalia was of every variety, from the plain white muslin of the novitiate to the gold-embroidered and jewel dizen'd purple velvet of the encampments. Fifteen bands of music enlivened the procession with their labours.

We are reluctantly compelled, for want of room, to omit more particular notice of the procession. It was formed in Hudson Street, and moved up Hudson to Grove, down Hudson to Chambers, up Chambers to Broadway, down Broadway to Chatham, up Chatham to East Broadway, up East Broadway to the junction of Grand, down Grand to the Bowery, up the Bowery to Astor Place, through Astor Place to Broadway, down Broadway to Grand Street, where the line halted and rested in open order while the R. W. Grand Officers, Grand Lodge and Encampment, and Committee of Arrangements proceeded to the site of the Hall, the laying of the Corner Stone of which was the principal business of the day. As the line stood in open order there was an unbroken double rank of members from Grand Street to Waverly Place.

The following was the order of exercises on laying the Corner Stone:

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Evans of the Free Episcopal Church in Vandewater Street.

Singing by the Alleghanians,

“There's a good time coming, brothers”.

Laying of the Corner Stone.

P. G. Sire John. A. Kennedy, President of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association, came forward and made some remarks appropriate to the occasion. He referred to the first institution of the Order of Odd Fellows in this country, its progress and history for forty years; bringing it down to the present time.

He was followed by Joseph R. Taylor, M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, D. P. Barnard, M. W. Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of New York State, and Hon. R. W. Seymour of South Carolina, all of whom made observations upon the character and usefulness of the Order, of which they and the thousands assembled were members.

The deposits were next made in the cavity of the stone, which was to be laid at the north-west corner of the building, in the wall, level with the first tier of beams. The deposits consisted of the names of the architect of the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Joseph French, and those of its builders, Benjamin F. Camp and James Stevens; the proceedings of the Grand Encampment of the State of New York, from its organization to the present time; proceedings of Grand Lodge of United States, from its establishment to the present time; copy of the charter granted by the Legislature of the State of New York in 1842, to Odd-Fellows' Hall Association; names of the subscribers who have contributed to the erection of the building; copies of the speeches delivered on the occasion; a representation of the building about to be erected, burnt in glass, by Brother W. H. Hamington, and a copper plate bearing the names of our Chief National Officers, the year and day of deposit, number of lodges and members, and names of Chief Officers of the Order, &c.; programmes of proceedings then enacting; coins, medals, &c.

When these were deposited, the aperture was sealed and the stone lowered to its place, the Alleghanians meantime singing the following Ode, written for the occasion by Brother Franklin Joseph Otterson, of Empire Lodge, No. 64:

I.

ALL HAIL! the glorious work of LOVE!

Auspiciously begun!

The Angels from their home above,

Will gaze with gladness down,

And Cherub back to Seraph call,

To leave his shining throne;

And smiling from the crystal wall,

Will bless our Corner Stone.

II.

That Stone whose mural strength shall bear

A Temple broad and high,

Where Love shall wave his banner fair,

And Truth and Friendship vie

To smooth the rugged path of life,

To fright Disease away,

To guard from want, and wrong and strife,

And Sorrow's pain allay.

III.

A Temple where no narrow creed

Protects a chosen few;

It holds alike deserved need

To Christian, Turk, or Jew.

Would that its walls could be as wide

As yonder ether blue,

That Adam's race might all abide

In Love and Friendship true!

## IV.

Then Hail! the noble work of Love!  
 Old Tyrannies shall fall—  
 The Vulture nestle with the Dove,  
 When o'er this earthly ball,  
 The peaceful temples of the Odd  
 Shall stand like cedars tall,  
 When Man shall love the laws of God,  
 And Love be all in all!

A benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. Evans, and the ceremonies were then concluded.

The festival, on the 7th instant, at Castle Garden, commemorative of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, was one of the most imposing and interesting celebrations that ever took place in New York. At a fair estimate, there were six thousand persons present, the majority of them brothers of the order, with their wives, daughters, or sisters. The rich regalia of the brothers, and the sparkling eyes of the ladies, added much to the brilliancy of the occasion.

The exercises were commenced by the celebrated cornet brass band playing an overture; after which an original and beautiful ode, composed by Mr. J. Hagen, was sung by the Alleghenians.

The Hon. R. W. Seymour, of Charleston, S. C., representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States, from that State, delivered one of the most eloquent and animated discourses that we have listened to for a long time. For upwards of an hour he enchanted his hearers with a brilliant dissertation on the principles of Odd Fellowship, and the happy influences of the Order, in ameliorating suffering humanity, and uniting mankind into one great brotherhood. We gathered from his discourse that the first Lodge in the United States was established in the year 1806, and was called the Shakspeare. So rapid has been the increase, that at the present time there are upwards of one thousand lodges, numbering three hundred thousand members. The revenue for the past year was \$814,000. He reviewed and disposed of the popular objections against the Order, one by one, and concluded by making an eloquent appeal to the ladies, to help and assist the cause of Odd Fellowship by their powerful influence.

## TO AGENTS.

In posting our subscriptions, we find that two or three of our agents have included their own subscriptions in their remittances. Now we wish it understood, that although we make no profit by the *Record*, we do not wish agents to do what these brothers have kindly undertaken, without some slight token of acknowledgment. The commission we offer, must be deducted. If agents do not wish to accept it themselves, let them present it to the Widow and Orphans' Fund of the Lodge to which they belong; and for the future, we hope this notice will prevent agents remitting anything on account of their own subscription.

We have under consideration an alteration in the style of the *Record*, which, if carried out, cannot fail to place it before the Brotherhood and public generally throughout this country, as one of the *best and cheapest Literary Magazines in Canada*.

## MEETINGS.

We have often heard it said that members who are busily occupied during the week, forget the nights of meeting of their Lodge, and more particularly that of their Encampment or Degree Lodge. We have therefore inserted beneath, the evening of meetings of the different Lodges in the city under our jurisdiction; and will endeavour, previous to the publication of our next number, to prepare a table of the date and nights of meeting of Lodges and Encampments throughout the jurisdiction of Canada:—

## LODGES.

Prince of Wales Lodge No. 1, meets every Tuesday evening, at Eight o'clock.

Queen's Lodge, No. 2, meets every Wednesday Evening, at Eight o'clock.

Commercial Lodge, No. 5, meets every Monday Evening at Eight o'clock.

Canada Lodge, No. 6, meets every Friday Evening at Eight o'clock.

## ENCAMPMENTS.

Hochelaga, No. 1, meets every second and fourth Thursday in each month.

Royal Mount, No. 2, meets on the first and third Thursday in each month.

Patriarchs will therefore find an Encampment in session every Thursday Evening during 1847, excepting on the 29th July, 30th Sept., and 31st Dec.

## VICTORIA DEGREE LODGE.

Meets on the first and third Saturday in each month, at Eight o'clock, for the purpose of conferring Degrees—the first two are given on the first Saturday, and the last three on the third Saturday in the month.

We would desire especially to draw the attention of our Brethren in Montreal to this last-named Body. There is, generally speaking, a remissness in attending the meetings of the Degree Lodge, which could scarcely have been expected among so numerous and zealous a body of Odd Fellows as this city can boast of. It is there that the sublime truths and moral teachings of our Order, which can be little more than introduced in the Initiatory Degree, are brought forward and enforced in the Lectures of the various Degrees; and no Brother can truly profess an intimate acquaintance with the principles and practice of the Order, who does not frequently embrace the opportunity of hearing these higher Degrees conferred and explained.

At the next meeting of the Degree Lodge on Saturday evening, the 3rd July, the Installation of the Officers for the ensuing term will take place, in addition to the conferring of the usual Degrees, and we trust that this and the succeeding meetings will show a full muster of Brothers of the Scarlet Degree.

## HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

The *Ottawa Advocate*, 25th instant, mentions that an Inquest was held at the Bonnechere Point, near Bytown, on the 20th instant, on view of the body of John M. Deuschle, and the following verdict returned:—

That John M. Deuschle, late of Bytown, in the Dalhousie District, came to his death at the Bonnechere Point, in the Township of Horton, in the Bathurst District, on the 19th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1847, from the accidental discharge of a pistol loaded with ball, in the hand of David Thompson Brown; on which pistol the Jury award a deodand of one shilling currency."

J. L. McDOUGALL, J. P.  
HENRY AIRTH, J. P.

It appears that deceased and Mr. Brown, of Castleford, were firing with pistols at a mark; and as the latter was in the act of discharging his pistol, it hung fire; and while examining it the charge went off, lodging the ball (which penetrated the brain) in the back of deceased's head, who fell the moment he received the wound, but immediately rose from the ground again, and, with a little assistance, walked into the house and went to bed, where he died in about three hours after. Brother Deuschle was a member of Ottawa Lodge, and esteemed by all who knew him.

#### BROCK LODGE, No. 9, I. O. of O. F.

WE have noticed with pleasure, on several occasions, the prompt manner in which the Brotherhood throughout the Province have responded to the call of distress and famine, which were wafted across the Atlantic. We were pleased to notice the initiative in this matter taken by our sister Lodges in Quebec, and immediately followed by other Lodges in Canada West; but we were not aware that the Lodge named at the head of this paragraph had contributed so munificently, until we received a note a few days since from P. G. Thomas Reynolds, M. D., a member of Brock Lodge, apprising us that thirty members of that Lodge subscribed upwards of one hundred and ten pounds towards the relief of the famishing poor in Ireland and Scotland. Such an act requires no praise from us; it speaks for itself. "Deeds approve the man," is an old saying, and a very true one. This deed proves the generous character of those who comprise Brock Lodge No. 9.

#### THE SEA-WEED COLLECTOR;—SEA-SIDE PLEASURES;—DEATH SCENES;—and other POEMS, by ELIZABETH ANNE ALLAN.

WE have been favored with an inspection of the above named works, the first of which contains, on black pages, upwards of fifty specimens of Sea-weed, chiefly found on the shores of Margate and Ramsgate; the second a tale on Sea-side Pleasures; and the last a beautifully written Poem on Death Scenes, and other subjects. This last work is written with a view to remind us that it is personal religion that can soften the painful bereavement to which all "dwellers of clay" are subjected. We are sorry to be unable to make any extracts in this number of the *Record*, from the very lengthy reviews of new works written previous to the receipt of Miss Allan's excellent works.

WE believe there is but one opinion regarding the desirableness of a coalition between our own Order and that of the Manchester Unity; we therefore have much pleasure in copying the following letter on the subject from the May number of the Odd Fellows Chronicle. The letter, as the signature will show, is from our respected brother, H. E. Montgomerie. We also feel pleasure in stating that, from letters received here by Prov. G. M. Wylie, of the Manchester Unity, the greatest credit is awarded to Brother Montgomerie for the manner in which he interested himself in furtherance of the above object while he was in England.

#### PROPOSED UNION WITH THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN ORDER.

To the Grand Master and Board of Directors of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.

WORTHY SIRS AND BROTHERS,—Having been especially deputed by the Most Worthy Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge of British North America, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, to communicate with the Order in this country, with a view to the re-establishment of friendly intercourse and fraternal relations among the several branches of our well beloved Order, I have learned with much pleasure and satisfaction, that a motion, tending to the same end, will be laid by the Liverpool District before your Annual Moveable Committee, at its meeting in Oxford, in May next.

The evils resulting from the state of disunion which now unhappily exists among the various bodies bearing the name of Odd Fellows, can only be fully appreciated by those who, like the brethren in British North America, are on terms of private intimacy and constant intercourse with members both of the Manchester Unity and of the American Order, but are yet compelled to limit their fraternal sympathy, as Odd Fellows, to one branch alone. I am happy to say, however, that the existence of those evils has been unreservedly recognised by all the brethren in this country, with whom I have had the pleasure of conversing; and the only difficulty seemed to be on what terms the desired reunion might be effected.

Should the motion, above referred to, meet with the approbation of the ensuing A.M.C., these details will, of course, become matters of subsequent negotiation among the several parties; but it may, perhaps, aid your deliberations on this subject, if I should here state the terms which would most probably be agreed to by the British North American branch, and which, if adopted by that body, would, I have not the slightest doubt, be at once acceded to by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States.

From the changes which have taken place in the written language of both branches of the Order, since the failure of the negotiations at the Annual Moveable Committee of 1842, at Wigan, it may perhaps be considered unadvisable to provide, as was done on that occasion, for an entire uniformity of working; nor, in my opinion, need the slight differences which do exist prove any barrier to a free and unrestrained *visiting* intercourse between the various lodges on each side of the Atlantic. With regard, however, to Brethren from one Unity *acquiring membership* in the Lodges of the other, we are met in the outset by the difference of the financial arrangements—the very difficulty which proved fatal to the Wigan negotiation of 1842. In the Manchester Unity, if I mistake not, brethren, coming with a card of clearance from one Lodge, are entitled to admission as members of another, upon payment of the sum of one shilling and sixpence. In America the practice is very different. There, the



rates of admission and of annual contributions, being left to the discretion of the several subordinate lodges, are very numerous and varied (the admission fees ranging from two dollars to fifty, or even upwards); and the system generally adopted with regard to the admission of a member from another lodge, is to require payment from him of one half of the admission fee, as regulated for newly initiated members. Under these circumstances it must, I think, be obvious, that the admission of members from the Manchester Unity into the American lodges at a *fixed* rate—even though ten times what might be required of them in their own Order—would be an act of injustice to the members of that Order with which those lodges are more immediately connected, and would tend to the injury of the *high-priced* lodges, which, charging their own members high rates, and giving in return high benefits, would be obliged to grant the very same benefits to those who had paid, it may be, but a tithe of the usual contribution. In such a case, jealousies and contentions would be inevitable, and of this the brethren in British North America and the United States are so well aware, that I am convinced they will never consent to the adoption of any fixed rate, to apply to all lodges indiscriminately. All that I conceive can, in justice, be demanded from them is, that they should admit the members of the Manchester Unity on precisely the same terms and conditions as their own members—and this they are most willing and anxious to do.

“But,” it may be said; “it is unfair to charge the members of the Manchester Unity such high rates, while members from America, joining the lodges in Great Britain, would be only required to pay the comparatively trifling amount of one shilling and sixpence.” The objection is a valid one, and I at once admit its full force and urgency. But why, I would ask, should the alteration requisite to restore a balance be necessarily sought for on the American side, when a very simple regulation on your own would obviate all the difficulty? Why not adopt the same principle with regard to the admission of our members into your lodges, which we have found to work so successfully in our own, and which, in the event of a union, would be applied to your members seeking admission among us? I will venture to assert, that there is not a single Odd Fellow, under the jurisdiction, either of the Grand Lodge of British North America, or of that of the United States, who, should he remove his residence to this country, would hesitate to procure admission into a lodge of the Manchester Unity, at one half of the fee charged to original entrants.

As all the other points necessary to a thorough union were so fully discussed at the Conference held at Wigan in 1842, I have thought it necessary to enter into detail with the single one on which any material difference of opinion then existed. In the event of a negotiation for re-union being formally opened, I can safely pledge myself, that the proceedings on the part of the Grand Lodge of British North America shall be characterized by the most earnest desire to meet, as far as possible, the wishes of their brethren of the Manchester Unity, and by the most anxious endeavours to render Odd Fellowship—what, in order to be in any great measure serviceable to mankind, it must eventually be

—ONE AND UNIVERSAL.

I remain, Worthy Sirs and Brothers,  
Yours, in Friendship, Love, and Truth,  
H. E. MONTGOMERIE.  
Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, April 19, 1847.

#### THE ODD FELLOWS IN SCOTLAND.

A very important decision, affecting the constitution and permanency of the Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity, was decided last month in the court of the Sheriff of Perth-

shire. Procedures were instituted at the instance of George Campbell, and about sixty members of the Loyal City of Perth Lodge of Odd Fellows, No. 2320, against James M'Ewen, Perth, the Noble Grand, and other office bearers and members of the said Lodge, which was composed of about 200 members in all. The proceedings originated in an alleged resolution to dissolve the Lodge, passed at a meeting of the Lodge by the dissentient members, who happened to compose the majority of that meeting, followed by an application to the Court for interdict against the office bearers who had the custody and control of the funds, amounting to about £400, from parting with any portion thereof, until each of the pursuers should procure the means of obtaining in judicial form a division of the funds. They plead that any voluntary society may be dissolved on the larger portion of the members desiring its dissolution, on due notice. The Court decided that majorities could rule only so long as they kept within the powers legally committed to the vote; that whatever opinion may exist as to the applicability or even absurdity of the name assumed, the necessity or policy of secret passwords, to the soundness of the rates of calculation of contributions of relief, or to the extent and limits of locality and membership, there exists no ground whatever for holding the Association in its general or branch operations as inconsistent with the law of the land; but on the contrary, *the final objects thereof are highly praiseworthy, and the rules generally wise and wholesome for good government, and with prudent management and concord among its extended membership, calculated in no small degree to confer much public benefit.* Finds, that so long as the Association adheres to principles on which it is founded, and applies its funds to the purposes intended, it is not in the power of a majority of its members to dissolve the Association, and to seek a distribution of the funds for their own private use, contrary to the original intention thereof, and in violation of the agreement under which they became members, and on the faith of the integrity of which others became members, and whose rights and interests are thus not liable to be disturbed and destroyed at the will or caprice of their co-associates; who, if repentant of becoming members, or dissatisfied with the management, may quietly withdraw themselves, or seek to obtain better management in any manner of which the rule of the Association or the common law may afford them an opportunity.

#### ODD FELLOWS' JURISDICTION.

A case of some interest was recently decided in Baltimore by Judge Purviance, which gives the Order of Odd Fellows a right to decide controversies arising within it, agreeably to its own laws.

The questions involved are simple, but important to the institution of Odd Fellowship, and may be briefly stated as follows:—Crane was reported sick to the Lodge, on Monday, the 22nd February, 1847, but it being made apparent to the Lodge that he had worked at his trade up to the preceding Saturday, the benefits claimed were refused, in accordance with the by-laws, which granted no benefits until the party applying had been sick at least one week.



Subsequently, an action was brought by Crane for the sum of \$12, being the amount alleged to be due for three weeks' sickness. Upon the trial, evidence was adduced on one side, to prove sickness for the time specified; and on the other, to show that the sickness had not been such as entitled him to the benefits.

The appellants rested chiefly upon the law and usage of the Order. It was in proof that, by the 2nd article of the constitution, a member, conceiving himself aggrieved by a decision of the Lodge to which he was attached, must appeal to the Grand Lodge of Maryland. The usage in conformity with this article was proved by Mr. James L. Ridgeley and others. During the progress of the trial, objection was made by the defence to the admission of the testimony of members of the Lodge as evidence; these objections were overruled.

The defence maintained that the appellee was bound to make his appeal to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and, having failed to do so, he could not sustain an action at law. In support of their argument was cited the case of the Black and Whitesmiths' Society vs. Vandye, 2nd Wharton's Reports, page 309. Other grounds of defence were taken, which were not referred to in the decision. The case was held under advisement by the court a day or two ago, and on Wednesday, his Honor, Judge Purviance, gave the following written opinion:

"The Court reverses the judgment of the magistrate in this case, for the want of jurisdiction over the subject matter in controversy, the same having been previously decided by a competent tribunal, acting according to the provisions of the charter of incorporation, its by-laws, and usages; and the decision so made is conclusive on all the parties, until it be reversed on an appeal to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, which is the superior tribunal in this matter."

#### THE POOR MAN'S FUNERAL.

Yon motley, sable-suited throng, that wait  
Around the poor man's door, announce a tale  
Of woe; the husband, parent, is no more!  
Contending with disease, he labour'd long,  
By penury compell'd. Yielding, at last,  
He laid him down to die; but lingering on  
From day to day, he from his sick-bed saw,  
Heart-broken quite, his children's looks of want  
Veil'd in a clouded smile. Alas! he heard  
The elder, lispingly, attempt to still  
The younger's plaint;—languid he rais'd his head,  
And thought he yet could toil—but sunk  
Into the arms of death, the poor man's friend.  
The coffin is borne out; the humble pomp  
Moves slowly on; the orphan-mourner's hand—  
Poor helpless child!—just reaches to the pall.  
And now they pass into the world of graves,  
And now around the narrow house they stand,  
And view the plain black board sink from the sight.  
Hollow the mansion of the dead resounds,  
As falls each spadeful of the bone-mixed mould,  
The turf is spread; uncovered is each head,—  
A last farewell; all turn their several ways.  
Woe's me! those tear-dimmed eyes, that sobbing breast—  
Poor child! thou thinkest of the kindly hand  
That wot to lead thee home; no more that hand  
Shall aid thy feeble gait, or gently stroke  
Thy little sun-bleach'd head and downy cheek.  
But go; a mother waits thy homeward steps;  
In vain her eyes dwell on the sacred page—  
Her thoughts are in the grave; 'tis thou alone,  
Her first-born child, canst rouse that statue gaze  
Of woe profound. Haste to the widow'd arms:  
Look with thy father's look, speak with his voice,  
And melt a heart that else will break with grief.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy, is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

#### CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LOYAL COBOURG LODGE, No. 4013, OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY.

THE meeting of Odd Fellows, M. U., to celebrate their Anniversary, took place in this town on Friday last. The attendance of Brethren was pretty good, but on an occasion of that kind, no one should have been absent, and could they have rightly understood the benefits which their Order confers on its zealous members, no one would have been absent. Odd Fellowship is particularly necessary in these days, being, as it is, one of the great preservatives of society. It is evident that the time is fast drawing near, when the two great powers of the age, vice and virtue, will be striving with equal energy for the mastery.

The former appears young, bold, happy, insolent, gay, voluptuous, but his followers are pale, emaciated, deformed, withered, unhappy; they lead a life little above that of a brute, and die without a hand to help them or an eye to mourn over them. The latter appears cheerfully about her great work—re-organizing, re-vivifying society—holding the gospel before her, she daily gains ground. Her followers and supporters joined together in the holy bonds of brotherhood advance unceasingly, perchance amid the sneers of the uninitiated, and the cold heartless laughter of the man of the world, who asks when he sees some poor brother of the Order, what they expect from such an one: it must be little he can do? They answer with Ios

"It is little:

But in these sharp extremities of fortune,  
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter,  
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water: yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort, which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd 'twill fall  
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye  
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again;  
And shed on the departing soul a sense,  
More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honour'd death-bed of the rich,  
To him who else were lonely, that another  
Of the great family is near and feels."

The Procession moved from the Lodge Room to St. Peter's Church at Eleven o'clock. No one could help being struck with the solemnity of the scene, and the evident good tendency of an institution which took the word of God for its guide. The service was read by the Rev. H. Brent, during which the Choir, led by Mrs. Cameron, sang admirably some appropriate Anthems and Hymns.

The sermon was preached by the Venerable Arch-deacon Bethune, and was a masterly effort of eloquence. During its delivery, we thought of the exclamation of Hoffmeister on beholding the first reformed celebration of the Lord's Supper in the canton of *Berne*—"How can the adversaries of the word refuse to embrace the truth at last, seeing that God himself renders it so striking a testimony." After the service, a collection was taken up in aid of the Widow and Orphans' Fund.

The Procession then marched through the town, to the music of a very excellent band, led by Messrs. Tobin and McMorphy.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the Unity and their guests sat down to an elegant dinner in the Globe Hotel, at which they enjoyed themselves till a late hour of the night.

On the whole, this celebration went off much better than any other within our remembrance. We wish the institution every success, and earnestly hope that

each subsequent celebration may be more numerous than the last. God speed them on their good way and

—“May the seasons thus,  
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
Still find them happy, and contenting Spring  
Shed her own rosy garland on their heads:  
Till evening comes at last serene and mild;  
When, after the long vernal day of life,  
Enamoured more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love,  
Together down they sink in social sleep:  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To realms where love and bliss immortal reign.”

—*Cobourg Star*, May 26.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

SIR,—Much has been said, and written, in relation to our ancient and honorable Order, both in its favour and against it. It has been presented to the public in almost every point of view; its principles have been extolled; the moral lessons which it teaches have been expatiated upon by its advocates; and the laws by which it is governed have been explained, and are within the reach of all. On the other hand, Slander, with its thousand tongues, has thrown out its venom; and every epithet that ignorance and wickedness could invent, has been used to lower it in the estimation of the community.

In the midst of this conflict of opinion, our standard has been raised, and is hoisted in almost every District of United Canada,—nor is it designed to be confined within its limits. The time cannot be far distant when our altars will be erected through the length and breadth of the British North American Provinces; and the mystic charm of Friendship, Love and Truth, encircle as one body, the great family inhabiting this vast Continent.

That such must be the result, there can be no doubt; for in proportion as our principles are understood, so they must be valued; and as they are valued, so must they tend to bring about in the world that state of feeling between man and his fellow, which a system of morals, the most pure and the most exalted, is calculated to produce.

That the principles of our beloved Order are not here over-rated, must be admitted by every unprejudiced observer. Let one but suppose a stranger visiting our Lodge Rooms, and let him behold the various devices by which he is surrounded—“Justice”, “Honour”, “Friendship, Love, and Truth”, “Universal Brotherhood”, as well as the following precepts:—“Support the Widow”, “Visit the Sick” “Educate the Orphan”,—with others of the same tendency;—and I apprehend that the candid mind must be struck with something beside the idea that the Fraternity is merely a Society where meetings are held in secret, for purposes known alone to its members. Let him turn to the code of laws by which the Lodge is governed—let him there see for himself what must be the character of every man who finds admission there:—what the conduct expected of every one who has

found admission there,—what the benefits to be derived by the individual who is associated with the men who, from time to time, assemble there. And I have yet to be convinced that these enquiries, if made in a right and in a proper spirit, will lead to any other conclusion than that the Institution is one calculated to promote the good and welfare of all its members. Indeed the impression must be powerful upon his mind, that if the Lodge does what it professes, no fear need be entertained by its members how they will fare in the day of sickness and of death, so far as the supply of their temporal necessities is concerned,—what the state in which the widow will be left, or how the fatherless children will be brought up and instructed.

These, however, are not matters of mere supposition or idle speculation; the Records of the Lodge show what it has done, and its members know what it is able to accomplish; and they are also satisfied that the more extensively understood the nature and objects of the Order become, the sooner will the time arrive when strife and dissensions shall cease in the world, and when man shall know in his fellow man but a friend and a brother.

That such are the feelings which *must* and *do* actuate every Odd Fellow, who is one in Spirit and in Truth, I maintain; and, ere I conclude, would ask the question—what must the effect be upon a community, were such a state of feeling to exist? The answer need not be long sought for. Poverty and distress must cease; our alm-houses and our fever-houses must remain tenantless: the *chanters* of the well disposed will not be *taxed*; and the way will be paved for every member to travel through life in peace, and finish his days in comfort.

ALBION.

Quebec, 24th May, 1847.

### SOCIAL EQUALITY THE AIM OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Odd-Fellowship aspires to restore equality, and bring man to a clearer recognition of his duty to his fellow men. In the world without, there are innumerable artificial distinctions and arrangements, which most painfully constrain the soul. There are barriers in the most democratic societies, which separate man from man, and tend to erase entirely the sense of fraternal obligations. Odd-Fellowship aims to introduce another order of Life, where there shall be no honors nor distinctions, but such as are based on MERIT. All the arrangements of the outward life—our social organizations, to which we owe allegiance as citizens, have a materializing tendency, are the result of selfish calculation, and give to the more earthly portion of human nature, a most fearful predominance; whereas our association, and all similar institutions, are calculated to develop, and make active, the social sympathies and affections, and thus make men feel that the sacred terms of Friendship, Love, and Truth, are something more than illusions—empty names, invented only to amuse or deceive!

Standing in the midst of the world, we do not see men as they are. Life is but a vast manquerade, where, each one seeking a personal interest, veils his real purpose, and appears what he is not; and where no one is certain of meeting a look, or of grasping a hand, which responds in sympathy to his own. Around us, all is Show, Illusion, Appearance! We wander among

these Shadows of men and of things; often are we disappointed and deceived; we dream of a Friendship, a Love, a Sincerity, which will always charm us as an undying melody; sometimes we see what to us appear to be friendly Forms, and hear what to us seem to be words of Truth and Love, but Life! Life! the terrible Deception is before and around us; the vision dissolves—nothing remains but the ugly Forms of Deceit! In the very midst of Society, this flaming pit where bodies and souls are consumed;—of Society—this terrific abyss where fiery passions and opposite interests struggle with hideous roar;—Society, this mysterious phantom-land, over which roll everlasting shadows, and the wailings of an infinite despair;—in the very midst of Society so living, so incessantly active, man feels himself to be but a solitary hermit! Alas! that man, while surrounded by beings created in the same Image, and pressed by them on every hand, should yet be compelled to mourn that he is a lone wanderer on the earth!—But such is the gloomy destiny which our imperfect social organizations hold out to Man. They isolate the individual, and make him the natural enemy of his brother man, deceiving and deceived!

Now he who enters our fraternal Association rises above this Life of Selfishness, Hypocrisy, and Deceit. He moves in the midst of men who have laid aside their MASKS, and sees himself surrounded by friends and friendly faces; and hearts into which he may look, as into the pure and cloudless sky. The mystic tie of sympathy raises and binds him to the society of congenial spirits, on whose kindness and truth he may always rely;—whose words to him will be always true, and whose acts will always be open and sincere.

Here, it seems to us, we *must* see the need of Odd-Fellowship, and its adaptation to the wants of the present times. It opens a new temple, and erects a new altar above all prejudice and dissensions and selfishness—a temple dedicated to Friendship, Love, and Truth, where men of all parties are taught to lay aside their differences and their hypocrisy, and meet on the common ground of Truth and Charity. Our Lodges are the asylums of Peace and Love; political or religious disputes can never enter there, and within their peace-inspiring walls men of antagonistical faiths meet as brothers, and bind themselves by solemn vows to fulfil the Christian Law of Love, and to do good to all men, as they have opportunity or ability. There, may the lone wanderer, weary and discouraged in his search for friendship, find repose in sympathizing and loving hearts. We ask then if there is not a need, and a pressing need, of an institution like this?—an institution which will re-combine the scattered elements of society, recall men to a sense of their fraternal relations and duties, and revive the almost extinguished faith in Friendship and Virtue? Our Association is peculiarly adapted to this end;—nay, Unity, Love, Friendship, are the *very* objects it seeks to promote. We affirm, then, without any qualification, that there is no human institution which has so many legitimate demands on our reverence and sympathy. There is no institution existing, save this, whose only aim is to promote social harmony.

But we would not be unjust. We would not say one word against those charitable and philanthropic associations, in which the present age is so remarkable and rich. There are Peace Societies, Temperance, and other Societies, all which spring from a laudable desire to improve the condition of man. These are all very good, but Odd-Fellowship not only embraces all the excellencies of each of these, it goes far beyond them. It asks not only that justice be done—it demands Friendship and Love. Thus it towers above them all, stands pre-eminent in beauty and splendour, as the bright moon amid a heaven of stars.—*Gazette of the Union.*

#### THE SYMBOLS AND RITES OF THE ORDER.

We have spoke, often, of that sceptical, material, and utilitarian spirit, which repudiates all *rites, forms, badges of distinction, and symbolic Language.*—“Where is the *utility* of these things?” men are constantly inquiring. There are many amongst us, who pretend to see no reason in ceremonies and decorations which do not confer an immediate and *material* benefit. They do not seem to know that the Spiritual is incarnated in the Material—that the reason can *never be disembodied*—that truth never makes so deep an impression, as when it is proclaimed by solemn ceremonies, or shadowed forth by appropriate representation, or embodied by Art in beautiful forms.

Odd-Fellowship is often opposed, by many who approve of its general objects, because its instructions are ritual—and it employs decorations and solemnities, as *instruments* by which it may accomplish its purpose.—But *this*, instead of marring the beauty of Odd-Fellowship, in our opinion, surrounds it with additional attractions. For ourselves, we cannot find language sufficiently strong to express our deep abhorrence of this unsanctified Spirit, which, could it get itself elected to the kingship of the world, would pluck from the skies the last star, and from the earth the last flower!—divest Life of all its embellishment—rob the Universe of its Beauty, because that Beauty has no *material* utility—and in a word, dry up the very fountains of spiritual life!

One of the very greatest errors of the Age, is the constant employment of naked, abstract reason, in all instructions, whether moral, scientific, or religious;—thus reducing all precepts to words, and the incessant addressing of the understanding, as if men were not creatures of imagination and Soul, as well as of Spirit or Reason. By discarding the language of symbols, which through the imagination speaks to the Soul, we lose the most efficient and powerful means of imparting religious and moral instruction. Mere words never make a lasting impression on the heart, nor do they ever stir up profound emotion, unless they are accompanied by some significant acts, gestures or attitudes, on the part of the speaker, or are wrought up in a highly metaphorical and symbolical style. Words may enlighten the understanding, but *acts, ceremonies, images*, address the profoundest sentiments of the heart. That faculty, which we denominate the Reason, the Spirit, whose appropriate instrument of utterance is speech, is not the source of activity, nor is it the noblest element in man. It *observes, determines and judges*, but its *judgments* are generally partial, negative, and selfish; never does it elevate the Soul, nor fill it with a divine enthusiasm; it creates no heroes, nor has it ever accomplished any great thing for Humanity! It is the Soul which acts, which makes men brave to face danger, and strong to endure fatigue; and the Soul's language is not verbal, but symbolic and ritual. Not a man lives, but feels at times, that language, in its happiest combinations, is all too weak to express those burning thoughts, which oft stir up his soul into a very tempest of emotion. Hence Religion, which concerns the Soul ultimately, is always in its truest state associated with a ritual, the more imposing, sublime, and beautiful, the better.

But, it is often asked, *why* do you wear your aprons, sashes, collars, and decorated caps? and where is their *utility*? We ask, in return, where is the utility of the *flowers*, with which God has garnished his footstool—with which you embellish your gardens, and delight to see your wives and sisters and daughters decorate your parlors? Where is the utility of the ornamental devices you weave into your garments? of your martial equipage and display? And, if we may be allowed to address ourselves to the ladies, where is the utility of your collars and aprons of lace and silk, your ribbons, golden bracelets and chains; and especially of that

beauty which is enthroned upon your brows, and speaks in each beaming eye, and smiles on each blooming cheek? The truth is, although men repudiate in words, all signs, ceremonies and badges, they are still bound to them by a law of nature, which they cannot abrogate. Their practice belies their theory.

### WHAT IS A SECRET SOCIETY?

Properly speaking, a secret society is one which carefully conceals all its purposes and chief objects from the uninitiated. But as now such society is now known to exist, at least, in this country, the term is applied to all societies which are based upon the *secret principle*—that is to say—which have a secret initiation, passwords, and signs. The Free Masons, Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Rechabites, &c., &c., are societies of this description. All their objects, purposes and designs, are known to the world. They publish their rules, principles, and regulations, and some of them, as the Masons, go so far as to promulgate their charges, lectures, and initiatory prayers, and to have their installations in public, and yet, all of them are founded on the secret principle, and find it a most efficient means of accomplishing their beneficent designs, and of promoting their charitable objects. Temperance, for example, never accomplished so much, nor advanced so vigorously as it has since it has enshrined itself in two secret societies—the Sons of Temperance, and the Rechabites.

As according to the existing use of the term *secret society*, all are such, which work in secret, have passwords, &c., so all the societies which we have mentioned above, belong to the same family, and consequently should cherish a family feeling. We can conceive of no greater inconsistency, than for one to be a Mason, and at the same time an anti-Odd Fellow, or to be an Odd Fellow and also an anti-Mason; or for one to be a Son of Temperance, and an opposer of both Masons and Odd Fellows. The fact is, these societies are alike. One may have more secrets than the other, but all have them, and are secret societies—the Sons of Temperance, as well as the Odd Fellows, and the Odd Fellows, as well as the Masons.

We counsel, therefore, these several societies to discard all unfraternal feeling, and join hands cordially, and march forth together to do battle in the cause of humanity. There are evils enough to be overcome, and all our united energies are needed in the strife. Selfishness, discord, intemperance, vice, in its infinitely varied aspects, rear their black and hideous forms around us, and poor Humanity groans and bleeds under their sway. A mighty voice of distress rolls up from the very depths of society, demanding assistance, sympathy, and love. Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Rechabites,—members of whatever secret Orders! arouse ye from your slumbers, and march forth to the rescue. Relieve the distresses of the poor and needy, help the widow and protect the orphan. Then the eyes which see, and the ears which hear, will bless you, and Heaven itself will reward you with approving smiles.—*Gazette of the Union.*

### A BROKEN HEART.

The West Indian journals last received, as well as many private letters, give a most touching and solemn account of the sudden death of His Excellency Charles Thornton Cunningham, the Lieutenant Governor of St. Christopher's and of the Leeward Islands. We prefer giving the following letter of one of the highest official persons in the Island to making any extracts from the files of newspapers:—

"Mr. Cunningham had expected a box from England, containing the picture of a sister recently deceased, and to whom he was ardently attached. On the morning of the arrival of the mail he had gone to the Post Office to re-

ceive his letter and the box. He had previously transacted business with his Private Secretary, before meeting for the first time on that day, the newly-elected Houses of Legislature, and appeared to be in vigorous health and in the most cheerful frame of mind; but he stated to a friend, whom he met at the Mail-office, that 'he was most anxious for the arrival of the picture, but dreaded to look at it, as he feared it might throw him on a bed of sickness. The box having been conveyed to Government House he followed it on horseback, and gave directions for its being placed on the table of the large dining-room. When there, he showed a reluctance to look at it without the presence of some friend. Having failed in finding either of two friends of whom he sent a servant in search, his butler, who was in the room, reports that he lifted off the covering from the picture, and after examining it for a short time, made some remark in a low tone of voice, turned away, and went up stairs to his room.

"He had scarcely time to reach it when his servant heard him fall, and hastening up stairs, found him lifeless on the ground. The melancholy intelligence soon spread over the town, and in a few minutes two medical gentlemen reached the house. But the spirit had fled to Him who gave it. It must be a consolation to those whom he had left, to be assured of the respect and esteem in which he was held by all classes in the island, and of the grief which his loss occasioned. It was deep and sincere. In a few minutes every store and shop was closed.

"The Legislature, which met immediately after his death, resolved unanimously upon a public funeral at the expense of the island; and it was ordered that the body should lie in state in the hall of Government House. Some friends and members of the Legislature were in attendance all night; and a number of persons of all classes poured in to take a parting view of one whom they deeply regretted; and the body was followed the next day to the grave by every public officer, by large numbers of the gentry, and by crowds of the negroes, showing every mark of the deepest respect, affection, and sorrow.

"The testimony borne to the deceased by men of the highest official station and others, is such as to prove that the island has lost a ruler of distinguished talents and energy, and that his place, especially as respects the highest interests of the community and the welfare of the poor, will not be easily filled. Mr. Cunningham was in his 39th year, and he had administered the government of St. Christopher's nearly eight years."

### BIRTHS.

In this city, on the 17th inst., the wife of brother Angus McIntosh, Prince of Wales Lodge, of a son.

In this city, on the 22d ult., the wife of Brother Grant Powell, of a son.

At St. Antoine Place, on the 11th inst., the wife of Bro. H. L. Routh, of a son.

At No. 2, St. Helen Street, on the 12th instant, Mrs. Archibald Macfarlane, of a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

On the 2d instant, at the French Parish Church, by the Rev. Mr. Fay, Parish Priest, Bro. J. Wilfred A. R. Masson, son of the late Honorable Joseph Masson, to Miss Ann Caroline McKenzie, daughter of the late Hon. Roderick McKenzie, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Wm. Taylor, Bro. Peter Gillespie, merchant, of this city, to Euphemia Melville, daughter of J. Melville, Esq., Scotland.

On the 15th instant, at Hanover Terrace, by the Rev. Mr. Davis, Bro. Thos. H. Barry, to Miss Sarah Ann Barrett.

At St. Gabriel Street Church, on the 18th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Leishman, Bro. Joseph Ewing, to Miss Henrietta Gibson, only daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Gibson of Quebec.

### DEATHS.

In this city, on the 24th ult., after a protracted illness, Mr. William Ewan, senior, a native of Banffshire, Scotland, aged 72 years.

## DIRECTORY.

### OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

#### MONTREAL.

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

#### HOCHELAGA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 1.

##### MONTREAL.

<p>J. Cushing, <i>C. P.</i> John Dyde, <i>H. P.</i> Wm. Sache, <i>S. W.</i></p>	<p>Thomas Begley, <i>Scribe.</i> Samuel Hedge, <i>F. Scribe.</i> J. A. Perkins, <i>Treas.</i> John Smith, <i>J. W.</i></p>
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#### STADACONA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 2.

##### QUEBEC.

<p>A. Joseph, <i>C. P.</i> Samuel Wright, <i>H. P.</i> Weston Hunt, <i>S. W.</i></p>	<p>Wm. Higginbotham, <i>Scribe.</i> Phillip LeSueur, <i>F. Scribe.</i> J. C. Fisher, <i>L. L. D., Treas.</i> James Maclaren, <i>J. W.</i></p>
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#### ROYAL MOUNT ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 3.

##### MONTREAL.

<p>John Irvine, <i>C. P.</i> H. E. Montgomerie, <i>H. P.</i> Andrew Wilson, <i>S. W.</i></p>	<p>James Gibson, <i>Scribe.</i> W. H. Hignan, <i>F. Scribe.</i> A. H. David, <i>Treasurer.</i> Robert Macdougall, <i>J. W.</i></p>
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#### ST. LOUIS ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 4.

##### QUEBEC.

<p>Francis Bowen, <i>C. P.</i> James E. Anderson, <i>H. P.</i> William Holehouse, <i>S. W.</i></p>	<p>Thomas D. Tims, <i>Scribe.</i> George Hall, <i>Treas.</i> Benjamin Cole, Jr., <i>J. W.</i></p>
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#### WELLINGTON ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 5.

##### TORONTO.

List not received.

#### MOUNT HEBRON ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 6.

##### PETERBORO.

<p>Charles Forrest, <i>C. P.</i> Rev. R. J. C. Taylor, <i>H. P.</i> Wm. Cluxton, <i>S. W.</i></p>	<p>Wm. Bell, <i>Scribe.</i> P. M. Grover, <i>Treas.</i> C. Perry, <i>J. W.</i></p>
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#### TOMIFOBI ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 7.

##### STANSTEAD.

<p>J. W. Baxter, <i>C. P.</i> J. C. Chase, <i>H. P.</i> J. G. Gilman, <i>S. W.</i></p>	<p>Saml. L. French, <i>Scribe.</i> J. M. Jones, <i>Treas.</i> H. F. Prentiss, <i>J. W.</i></p>
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#### MOIRA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 8.

##### BELLEVILLE.

<p>Benjamin Dougall, <i>C. P.</i> Ezra W. Holton, <i>H. P.</i> Alexander Judd, <i>S. W.</i></p>	<p>Nathan Jones, <i>Scribe.</i> George Neilson, <i>Treas.</i> Gibbert C. Bogert, <i>J. W.</i></p>
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#### VICTORIA DEGREE LODGE.—NO. 1.

##### MONTREAL.

<p>Christopher Dunkin, <i>N. G.</i> William Hilton, <i>A. N. G.</i> John Dyde, <i>D. A. N. G.</i></p>	<p>James Gibson, <i>P. G.</i> William Sache, <i>V. G.</i> D. S. Walton, <i>Secretary,</i> A. H. David, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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#### PRINCE OF WALES' LODGE.—NO. 1.

##### MONTREAL.

<p>W. Ewan, <i>P. G.</i> J. Williamson, <i>N. G.</i> J. Fletcher, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>Geo. A. Pyper, <i>Secretary.</i> Angus Macintosh, <i>P. Secy.</i> W. Scholes, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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#### QUEEN'S LODGE.—NO. 2.

##### MONTREAL.

<p>Wm. Easton, <i>P. G.</i> A. H. David, <i>N. G.</i> H. Dickinson, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>J. M. Tate, <i>Secy.</i> J. P. Grant, <i>Treasurer.</i> George McIver, <i>P. Secy.</i></p>
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#### PRINCE ALBERT LODGE.—NO. 3.

##### ST. JOHNS.

<p>J. H. Ripley, <i>P. G.</i> D. L. Lewis, <i>N. G.</i></p>	<p>W. A. Osgoode, <i>V. G.</i> Geo. Raitlon, <i>Secy.</i> J. Aston, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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#### ALBION LODGE.—NO. 4.

##### QUEBEC.

<p>Wm. Bennett, <i>P. G.</i> Weston Hunt, <i>N. G.</i> J. C. Fisher, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>John Musson, Jr., <i>Secretary.</i> R. Nettle, <i>Treas.</i> P. L. Lesueur, <i>P. Secy.</i></p>
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#### COMMERCIAL LODGE.—NO. 5.

##### MONTREAL.

<p>Arch. H. Campbell, <i>P. G.</i> James Holmes, <i>N. G.</i> Robert Macdougall, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>W. G. Mack, <i>Secretary.</i> R. W. Mills, <i>P. Secretary.</i> W. H. Hignman, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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#### VICTORIA LODGE.—NO. 6.

##### BELEVILLE.

<p>Merrick Sawyer, <i>P. G.</i> E. W. Holton, <i>N. G.</i> G. C. Bogert, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>J. H. Meacham, <i>Secy.</i> J. P. Mordan, <i>Treasurer.</i> Charles P. Holton, <i>P. Secy.</i></p>
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#### ORIENTAL LODGE.—NO. 7.

##### STANSTEAD.

<p>T. Lee Terrill, <i>P. G.</i> H. F. Prentiss, <i>N. G.</i> John A. Pierce, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>J. M. Jones, <i>Secretary.</i> Joseph C. Chase, <i>P. Secretary.</i> Marshall Carpenter, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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#### CANADA LODGE.—NO. 8.

##### MONTREAL.

<p>F. B. Matthews, <i>P. G.</i> John Smith, <i>N. G.</i> H. E. Montgomerie,</p>	<p>John Lovell, <i>Secretary.</i> J. Abbott, <i>P. Secretary.</i> I. R. Spoug, <i>Treas.</i></p>
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#### BROCK LODGE.—NO. 9.

##### BROCKVILLE.

<p>Thomas E. Cribb, <i>P. G.</i> Edmund Perry, <i>N. G.</i> Geo. W. Arnold, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>R. H. Street, <i>Secretary.</i> Samuel B. Clarke, <i>Treas.</i> John Morton, <i>P. Sec.</i></p>
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#### CATARAQUI LODGE.—NO. 10.

##### KINGSTON.

<p>James Goodeve, <i>P. G.</i> John Fraser, <i>N. G.</i></p>	<p>James Bennett, <i>V. G.</i> Wm. J. Martin, <i>Secretary.</i> S. Scobell, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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#### PRINCE EDWARD LODGE.—NO. 11.

##### PICTON.

<p>W. H. Wallace, <i>P. G.</i> Alex. Patterson, <i>N. G.</i> A. D. Dougall, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>John Dickson, <i>Secy.</i> Thos. H. Carnahan, <i>P. Secy.</i> D. B. Stevenson, <i>Treas.</i></p>
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#### ONTARIO LODGE.—NO. 12.

##### COBOURG.

<p>R. H. Throop, <i>P. G.</i> Wm. Graveley, <i>N. G.</i> John Beatty, Jr., <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>Arch. McDonald, Jr., <i>Secy.</i> John C. Boswell, <i>P. Secy.</i> Geo. S. Daintry, <i>Treas.</i></p>
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#### OTONABEE LODGE.—NO. 13.

##### PETERBORO'.

<p>Charles Forrest, <i>P. G.</i> W. S. Conger, <i>N. G.</i> Rev. R. J. C. Taylor, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>W. H. J. Vizard, <i>Secretary.</i> Wm. Bell, <i>Acting P. Secy</i> James Foley, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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#### ST. FRANCIS LODGE.—NO. 18.

##### CORNWALL.

<p>A. McDougall, <i>P. G.</i> A. McLean, <i>N. G.</i></p>	<p>E. H. Parker, <i>V. G.</i> J. R. Ault, <i>Secy.</i> P. J. Macdonnell, <i>Treas.</i></p>
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#### MERCANTILE LODGE.—NO. 19.

##### QUEBEC.

<p>Samuel Wright, <i>P. G.</i> Charles Gethings, <i>N. G.</i> Robt. Chambers, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>Joseph Hamel, <i>Secy.</i> Benj. Cole, <i>Treasurer.</i> Napn. Balzaretto, <i>P. Secy.</i></p>
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#### OTTAWA LODGE.—NO. 20.

##### BYTOWN.

<p>Thomas Hunton, <i>P. G.</i> Z. Wilson, <i>N. G.</i> Andrew Drummond, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>N. Hammond, <i>Secy.</i> Alex. Bryson, <i>P. Secy.</i> Thomas Leggett, <i>Treas.</i></p>
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