

THE  
CANADIAN JOURNAL  
OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

VOL. II.]

FEBRUARY, 1876.

[NO. 2.]

MY FRIEND PHIL.

TO begin with, Phil was black ; and the reader will please understand that the word black is here used in its literal, not in its conventional, sense. Phil was actually as well as ethnologically black. There was no trace of a lighter tint anywhere in his complexion. Not a suspicion of brown appeared in his cheeks, and even his great thick lips, protruding far beyond the outposts of his nose, were as sable as the rest of his face. It was all a dead black too, unaccompanied by that lustre, which by surface reflection, relieves the shadow upon commonplace African faces.

And nobody knew all this better than Phil did.

"Phil ain't none o' yer coffee-colored niggas," he would say in moments of exultation, when his mood was to straighten his broad shoulders and boast a little—"Phil ain't none o' yer *alacker* niggas nuther. I's black, I is. Dat's sho'. Ain't got no baconrind shine in *my* skin ; but I jes' tell you what, mosta, Phil kin take de very shut offen dem shiney niggas an' hoff an' hoff niggas, when't comes to de wuk."

(By "shut" and "wuk," Phil meant "shirt" and "work," just as he meant "birds" when he said "buds.")

"Drive? Kin I? Kin Phil drive? What you mean, mosta, by axin' sich a question." (N. B.—Nobody had asked anything of the kind, but Phil had some remarks to make on the subject of his

accomplishments in this respect, and, like the witness in a recent great trial, was disposed to answer what he wished somebody would ask.) "Drive? Course I kin. Der never was a hoss ner mule yit what ever had a mouf an' two legs dat Phil can't handle, an' you better b'lieve mosta, Phil kin piaunt de wheel 'twix' de acorn an' de shell."

If I report Phil's boastings, it is only because they constituted too large a proportion of what he said to be omitted. I do so to confirm, not to gainsay them, or to hold their author up to ridicule. He was my friend, the faithfullest one I ever knew—and he sleeps now. If he boasted now and then, no one could have had a better right. His was the pride of performance and not the vanity of pretension.

Phil was a Virginian—a gentleman in his way—and a slave, though I doubt if he ever suspected his gentility, or felt his bondage as a burden in the least. He had no aspirations for freedom, or for any thing else, I think, except jollity and comfort. I do not say that this was well, but it was a fact. The reader will understand that this paper is intended to be in no sense an essay on slavery. The "institution" is certainly past praying for, or against either, for that matter, and if I speak at all of some of its phenomena, I do so precisely as I should describe fossil remains of any sort, with none but an antiquarian interest in their peculiarities,

It is simply one of the accidents of the humble biographical sketch herein attempted, that its subject was a slave, and perfectly content to remain so; and I mention the fact just as I should state that Mr. Greeley was a printer if I were writing of that gentleman's life.

My acquaintance with Phil began when I was a half-grown boy. Until that time I had lived in a free State; so that when I returned to the land of my fathers and became an inmate of the old family mansion, in one of the south side counties of Virginia, the plantation Negro was a fresh and very interesting study to me.

On the morning after my arrival, as I lay in the antique carved bed assigned me, wondering at the quaint picturesqueness of my surroundings, and the delightful strangeness of the life with which I was now in contact for the first time, a weird, musical sound, of a singular power and marvellous sweetness, floated through the open dormer windows, borne upon the breath of such a June morning as I had never before seen. I listened, but could make nothing of it by guessing. It was music certainly—absolute music, if Mr. White will allow me the phrase—and yet it was not music in the ordinary sense at all. It rose and fell like the ground swell of the sea, and was as full of melody and sweetness as is the song of birds, but it was as destitute as they of anything else like a tune. It began nowhere and ended no-whither. I listened entranced and wondering, but could make nothing of it. I had no memory of anything with which to compass it, and could conceive of no throat or instrument capable of producing such a sound. Springing out of bed, I made a hasty toilet and descended to the great piazza at the front of the house. There sat the master of the mansion, and of him I straightway made inquiry.

"What is that?" I asked eagerly.

"Why, that is Phil," answered my uncle.

"And who is Phil? and what on earth is he doing? and especially, how does he do it?"

"He's calling hogs," replied my guardian. "If you'll walk up to that skirt of woods, you can put your other questions to him in person. He is not shy or difficult to approach. Introduce yourself, and be sure to tell him whose son you are."

My uncle's face wore an amused smile as I walked away. He could imagine the sequel.

In the edge of the timber stood a tall, broad-shouldered, brawny Negro man, singularly ugly, but with a countenance so full of good humor that I was irresistibly attracted by it from the first. At his feet stood great baskets of corn, and around him were gathered a hundred or more swine, busily eating the breakfast he was dispensing. As I approached, his hat—what there was of it—was doffed, and I was greeted with a fabulous bow, apparently meant to be half a tribute of respect, and half a bit of buffoonery, indulged in for my amusement or his own.

"Good mawnin', young mosta; hope I see you well dis mawnin'."

"Thank you, I'm very well," I replied. "You're Phil, I suppose?"

"You're right for dis oncet, mosta. I's Phil, to be sho'; ax de dogs—dey done knew me."

"Well, Phil, I'm glad to make your acquaintance. I'm your mas' Jo's son."

"What's dat? Mas' Jo's son! Mas' Jo's son!! My MAS' JO'S SON!!! Lem me shake han's wid you, mosta. Jes' to think. Mas' Jo's son! an' Phil done live to shake han's wid Mas' Jo's son! Why, my young mosta, I raise your father! Him an' me done play marbles togeder many an' many a time. We was boys togeder right heah on dis very identumcal plantation. Used to go in swimmin' togeder, an' go fishin', an' steal de mules out'n de stables Sunday, an' ride races wid 'em, an' git cotched too sometimes when ole mosta git home from chu'ch. My, mosta, but I's glad to see you!"

All this while the great black giant was wrenching my hand well nigh off, laughing and weeping alternately, and stamping with delight, which could find no other vent than in physical exertion. I was naturally anxious to divert the conversation into some other and less personal channel, and managed to do so presently by asking Phil to give me a specimen of his hog-calling cry, which I wished to hear near at hand. I began by saying I had never heard any one call hogs in that way before.

"Dat's jes' it, mosta," he replied. "Folks don't undustan' de science of hog-callin'. Dey says, "P-o-o-o-o-o-o-r'og" when de

hogs ain't po' at all, but fat as buttah. Dey got to git "hog" in some ways, so dey think. But dey ain't no sense in dat. Hogs don't undustan' dat. Dey can't talk, and don't know de meaning o' talk words, ("wuds," Phil pronounced it) You mus' let 'em know dat when you want 'em to come you's gwine to make a noise, de like o' which ain't in Heaven or yuth. Den dey gets to knowin' what dat means. Dat's my way. When I fetch a yell at 'em dey jes' raise der yeahs, and say to de' sef: Dat dah's Phil, for sho', and Phil's de big, ugly black nigga, wid de bauskets o' cawn'. When you say "Phil" you mean mosta's big nigga what wuks in de fiel', an' plays de banjo, an' goes fishin'; but when de hogs say "Phil" dey mean a big black fella, wid a big yell into him, an' de bauskets o' cawn. An' you better b'lieve dat makes 'em jump up an' clap dah han's for joy, jes' like a nigga does when he gets religion 'nuff to make him shout, an' not 'nuff to keep him offen de hen roos's. If a nigga gets religion 'nuff to keep him from stealin', it's a mistake. Dey don't never mean to do it, an' when dey does dey ain't glad a bit, an' dey hurries up an' sen's de surplage back."

Phil's respect for what he called "niggas" was exceeding small, as the reader will have discovered ere this, and it was his greatest pleasure in life to demonstrate their inferiority and emphasize their shortcomings, in a hundred ways. He was "head man" of the hoe hands, which is to say he hoed the leading row of tobacco hills, and was charged with the duty of superintending the work of the others. It was his delight to keep his own work so far in advance that he must now and then set his hoe in the ground and walk back to inspect the progress and criticise the performance of slower workers than he. In all this there was no spice of malice or uncharitableness, however. He wished his fellows well, and had no desire to hurt their feelings; but he keenly enjoyed the fun of outdoing them, and laughing at their inability to cope with him.

It was during wheat harvest, however, that Phil was in his glory. The rapidity with which he could "cradle" wheat was a matter of astonishment to every body who knew him, and what was more wonderful still, he was able to maintain a dis-

tinctly "spurting" speed all day and every day.

"Phil," his master would say as the men would enter the field on the first day, "I want no racing now. It's too hot."

"Now you heah dat, you slow niggas! Mosta says Phil mus'n't kill his niggas—an' de on'y way to save yo' lives is for you not to follow me. Jes' take yo' time, boys. Race a little 'mong yo'selves if you want to, but don't you try to get a look at de heels o' my boots if you don't want to go to de bushes."

A Negro exhausting himself in a race lies down in the cool shade to recuperate, and hence the winner of the race is said to send the others "to the bushes."

Phil's preliminary remarks were sure to exasperate his fellows, and put them on their mettle. Silently they would determine to "push" him, and the utmost vigilance of the masters was taxed to prevent dangerous over-exertion. If the reapers were left alone for half an hour, several of them would be sure to overtask their strength and retire exhausted to the friendly shade of the nearest thicket. But they never succeeded in coming up with Phil or in so tiring him that he was not ready for a dance or a tramp when night came.

He was a strong man, rejoicing in his strength always, but there was one thing he would not do; namely, work for himself. His master was one of those who hoped for gradual emancipation, as many Virginians did, and thought it his duty to prepare his Negroes for freedom as far as it was possible to do so. Among other means to this end, he encouraged each to make and save money on his own account. Each was expected to cultivate a "patch," as it was called, of his own, their master giving them the necessary time and use of the mules, whenever their crops needed attention. In this way he thought to train them in voluntary industry and thrift, and some of them, having no necessary expenses to bear, accumulated pretty little hoards of cash from the sale of their crops year after year. But Phil would not raise a crop for himself.

"What I want to raise a crop for?" he would ask. "I don't want no money on'y a quarter sometimes to buy a banjo string or a fish line, an' I git plenty o' quarters



pitched at me when I takes gentlemen's hosses. I don' want no money—an' wouldn't know what to do wid it if I had it. My mosta takes a good car' o' me—an's long as dar's a piece o' meat in de smoke-house Phil knows he's gwine to have plenty to eat. My mosta gives me mo' clo'es 'an I kin war out—an' what in de devil I want to be makin' money for, I 'clar' I dunno."

It was no use to argue the matter. His mind was quite made up, and there was no possibility of changing it.

Phil's marital philosophy was rather unique. He changed wives perhaps half a dozen times while I knew him, but one set of rules governed his choice in every instance. There were certain qualifications of a rather singular sort which he deemed essential in a wife. She must not live on the plantation for one thing, or on one of those immediately adjoining, "'cause den we're sho' to see too much o' one anudder, an' 'll git tired o' the 'rangement." In the second place he would marry none but old women, "'cause de young uns is no 'count any way. Dey don't half take car' o' dere husban's stockin's an' things. 'F you want holes in your stockin's an' buttons always off'n yer shut collahs, jes' marry a young gal." The third requisite was that his wife should be a slave on both sides. This qualification he insisted upon even in the choice of masculine associations. His contempt for "free niggas" was supreme—almost sublime. He neglected no possibility of villifying them, and practiced no sort of economy in his expenditure of invective upon them.

Most of the Negroes, in Virginia at least, were very religious. Naturally their religion was intensely emotional in its character—ecstatic, somber, gloomy; and quite as naturally, it was largely colored with superstition. But religion of this kind had no charm for Phil, who, as the reader may possibly have guessed, prided himself upon being strictly logical in all his views and actions.

"Bro. Ben," he said to one of his fellows one day, "you's done got religion, I heah. Any way yer face 's twice 's long 's it ought to be. Has you got religion for sho?"

"Now, Phil, I don't want none o' your

wickedness. Bless de Lawd, I is got religion."

"Oh! you is got it, is you? Now lem me ask you a question or two. You's got religion, you say."

Ben. Yes I's got religion.

Phil. Well den, you're gwine to Heaven after all 'while—when you dies!

Ben. Yes, I's got de 'surance o' dat, Bro. Phil.

Phil. An' you'd 'a' gone to hell if you hadn't got de 'surance, as you calls it, wouldn't you?

Ben. If I'd 'a' died in my sins, course I'd 'a' gone to hell.

Phil. Well now, for a nigga wha't jes' made his 'rangements to keep out'n hell an' git to Heaven, you's got de mos' onaccountable long face I ever did see, an' dat's all about it.

When Ben had retired in disgust, I remonstrated with Phil.

"What do you tease Ben. for, Phil?" I asked. "You know better than to make fun o' religion."

"Course I do, mosta, an' dat's jes' it. Ben ain't got no religion, an' I knows it. He's jus' puttin' on that solemncholy face to fool de good Lawd wid. Ben 'll steal, mosta, whenever he gits a chance. He ain't no mo' religion an' a hog. Sho! What he know 'bout religion, goin' down under de hill to pray, an' all dat nonsense? Couldn't git him to sing a song now or whistle a tune on no 'count whatsumever, but he ain't no better nigga for dat. Didn't I see? He shouted mighty loud las' night, but he shuked his wuk dis maw'nin,' an' didn't half curry his mules; an' religion what don't make a nigga take good car' o' dumb creatures like mules ain't wuth nothin' at all, no way you kin fix it. When dey keeps de row up jes' a little better, an' don't cover up no weeds dey ought to cut down, an' takes good car' o' mules, an' quits stealin,' den I begins to 'spect 'em having de real religion. But dey can't fool Phil, wid none o' dere sham solemncholies."

Phil was a trifle hard and uncharitable, perhaps, in his judgments upon his fellows in matters of this kind, but there was, at any rate, no hypocrisy in his composition. And what is more singular still, I was never able to discover any trace of superstition in his conduct. He laughed to scorn the signs and omens with which



other negroes were perpetually encouraged or affrighted. Friday was as lucky a day as any in his calendar. He would even make his fire with the wood of a lightning-riven tree, and stranger still, was not afraid, as all the rest were, on the occasion of a funeral, to bring away the shovels used in the church-yard, without waiting till the moon and stars had shone upon them.

"How is it, Phil" I once asked him, "that you don't believe in any of the luck signs?"

"Do you b'lieve in 'em mosta?" he asked in reply.

"No; of course not. But all the black folks do except you."

"Mosta, ain't you foun' out yet dat niggas is bawn fools? When my mosta wants de hogs changed from one piece o' woods to anudder, he don't go to makin' blin' signs at me, but he comes an' tells we what he wants; an' de good Lawd dat made de wuld, He ain't a gwine to make no blin' signs nuther. He's done tole us in de good book an' all de wuld aroun' us what to do. He's put sense in our heads to understan' what he means, an' He ain't gwine to govern de univarse wid a lot o' luck signs, like a nigga would do it. 'Sides, I's done all de unlucky things heaps o' times, an' ain't never had no bad luck yet."

When the war came, Phil was a staunch Southerner in all his feelings, and held firmly to his faith in the success of his side, even to the end. The end crushed him completely. When his master explained to the colored people their new condition of freedom, and proposed to engage them for wages, Phil stoutly refused.

"De udder folks may do as dey pleases, mosta, but Phil's gwine to be you nigga jes' as he always was. I ain't gwine to be free nohow. I ain't got no free nigga blood in me, I never saw no free nigga what wasn't hungry, an' I don't know no

free nigga what won't steal; more 'n dat, I never know'd a free nigga what wouldn't sneak up on birds an' shoot 'em on de groun.' I tell you I ain't gwine to be one o' sich folks as dem. I's yo' nigga, and I's gwine to be jes' dat. I will wuk an' I wont take no wages, an' you'll take car' o' me jes' as you always did, only don't never call me a free nigga. I's a slave, I is, an' I's got de bes' mosta in old Virginny, an' I ain't fool 'nuff to want to change de sitiuation."

His master explained to him the necessity of the case, and showed him how impossible it was, by any mutual agreement, to alter the fact of freedom or to escape its consequences.

"You must accept wages, Phil, for I may die, or go into bankruptcy, and you may grow old or get sick; and if I should be poor or dead then, there would be nobody to take care of you. You must work for wages, and take care of your money, so that it may take care of you."

"Mosta, do you mean to tell Phil dat de law makes me a free nigga, whedder or no?"

"Yes, Phil."

"Den stick yo' fingers in yo' yeahs, mosta, 'cause I's gwine to swear. Damn de law. Dat's what I say 'bout dat. An' now I's jes' gwine to die, and dat's all about it."

The poor fellow walked away with bowed head and tear-stained face. The broad, stalwart shoulders were bent beneath the weight of responsibility for himself. He was a strong man physically, but the merest child in character, and the feeling that he no longer had any one but himself to lean upon was more than he could bear. The cheerfulness and good humor went out in his face. The joyousness of his nature had disappeared, and before the summer had disappeared into autumn, poor Phil laid down and died of a broken heart.

—GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

---

A genteel farmer in Massachusetts, a retired Bostonian, didn't know how to take a waggon wheel off to grease the axle, so he bored holes through the hub and poured in the grease.

A Cleveland youth of rather fast proclivities fell in love with a parson's daughter, and as a clincher to his claims, said to the reverend gentleman, "I will go my bottom dollar on piousness."

## NEVER SATISFIED.

A MAN in a carriage was riding along,  
 A gaily-dressed wife by his side ;  
 In satin and laces she looked like a queen,  
 And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood in the street as they passed,  
 The carriage and couple he eyed,  
 And he said as he worked with a saw on a log,  
 " I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,  
 " One thing I would give if I could,  
 I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health,  
 Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,  
 Whose face as the morning was fair,  
 Went tripping along with a smile of delight,  
 While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage—the lady she saw,  
 Arrayed in apparel so fine—  
 And said in a whisper, " I wish in my heart,  
 Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,  
 So fair in her calico dress,  
 And said, " I'd relinquish position and wealth,  
 For beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is with the world ; whatever our lot,  
 Our mind and our time we employ  
 In longing and sighing for what we have not—  
 Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

## FRENCH CANADIANS.

TYPES of the French Canadian peasant class as they existed 50 years ago, as they still exist in districts still unalloyed by a British element, are old Pierrot and his brown-eyed wife Angelique. They are a solitary couple, living in their little cot on the high bank of the river, and for the most part gaining a most precarious livelihood. The days of their youth

were days of comparative grandeur ; then they owned a *terre*, and Angelique spun, with how much pride ! her own flax, and dyed her own wool. Pierrot, with his strong right arm felled his tree in the forest, or pulled his oar on the river, with the stoutest of them all. Then, too, little children pulled at their knees, caressed their necks, prattled, pattered with their

busy feet, set their heart strings thrilling. The farm is gone, the children are mute, and Pierrot still goes to his chopping, despite his 80 years; while Angelique, who is 70, continues to be gardener-in-chief to her neighbors. Beyond a slight stiffness in the joints they do not complain of the ravages of age, and there is no good reason shown why they should not go on living for another century or so. While life lasts, these tough old workers will forage for themselves. In a dozen ways they add to their income. Besides her skill in gardening, Angelique has a real genius for putting together bead-moccasins. She gets many commissions in this direction, her work being preferred above all others by her customers, she assures Mamzelle Alice; and her hands are quite horny with pushing the *carrelet* out and in. She spins wool for happier *habitants*, she helped them at harvest time, she rolls tobacco (the unfragrant *tabac blanc* of her pipe loving race), knits, plaits straw, clambers on the mountain side for blueberries, sells fish. Pierrot's short figure, jogging on with small steps, is a familiar object on the wayside; Angelique is taller, more dignified, she even laughs at *le vieux* for that trot of his, which she has vainly endeavored to correct. When times are particular hard, one or other comes trudging to their kind patrons, the great people of the village, of whom they have been a kind of retainer for many years, and who will be their protectors when dimmer days are on them. Mamzelle Alice, in particular, feels that way. She is Angelique's especial friend, and watching this peasant life with a keen eye for the picturesque, encourages her old French *parterre* models and her quaint jabber, and even orders a pair of moccasins, the making of which is one of the great episodes in Angelique's history.

"*Quiens!* Mamzelle Alice," she says earnestly, while she tenderly pats the earth in Mamzelle's garden, "If you want any *sabot*, *c'est ma tante Barjeon qui en sait faire des beaux!*"

She looks contemplatively at the young lady, with sad brown eyes, in which the fire is not even yet quenched, the great, soft, melancholy, beautiful eyes of her countrywomen, whose mellow brightness never seems to dim. Mamzelle thinks she knows no gentler face—gentle with

native refinement—though the skin is wrinkled, dry and brown, like leather, the furrows deep, the pathetic lines many. Angelique's listener is a willing one, and she chatters on. There is one recollection of those other days which she relates, and it is *le vieux's* sternness. She was ill, the little infant lay beside her, one night old, and Pierrot came to the bedside and bade her rise and set about her work, so much spinning still to be done, water to be drawn for the cattle, and the well an acre away! "*I found Pierrot too hard!* I rose, yes, and I took the little one in my arm, but I went out in the snow and across the fields to my neighbor, where I stayed many days."

"Oh, but Pierrot was sorry," said Mamzelle, softly. "He came for you, and was all the tenderer to you, and brought you home again to the lonely house?"

"Yes," says Angelique drily, "when the bread ran out!"

Without and within, the neatness of their little cot is a lesson to see. It would not take as big a giant as those who lived in the days of Jack and his beanstalk to encircle their dwelling-house in his embrace; a much smaller one would easily stride over it. There is a garden, however, a narrow strip of territory faithfully cultivated, and planted with potatoes, onions, tobacco and marigolds. The latter are *des boquets*. All flowers are *des boquets* to Angelique who can draw the fine distinction between a *parrot* and a *coquelicot*, but whose wildest flight of floral fancy can never carry her higher than the comprehension of a clove pink. That is the loftiest development of horticulture. "It smells of the spices of France." At the end of the garden is a stable for the cow just big enough to hold this humble friend, with whom they are always on terms of the closest affection. To enter the house itself, you stoop in the low doorway. There are chairs of their own manufacture with seats of woven bark; the tall double stove, shining black; the inevitable strips of rag-carpet; tables and floor, and unpainted wood as white as lye, and a faithful arm can make them. The walls are decorated with pious prints and little delf saints, the collections of a life time; through an open door the tall-posted bed is seen with its fringed curtains and gaily patched coverlet, and through the back



window are visible the steep river-banks where cedars and wild columbine cling, and the river itself with its never ending roar of rapids, and waves splashing shoreward. The sun shines gaily into the little room, the geraniums in the window seat send out pleasant perfumes, the evidence of thrift and of cleanly and tidy ways are all around, and it is easy to forget that it is the dwelling of poverty and age.

One possession which they show with pardonable pride is in the inner room, reposing on a little altar, in a pasteboard box with a glass cover. It is a wax doll dressed in scarlet and tinsel, and staring with wide blue eyes from its pasteboard world; but Angelique believes it to be St. Joseph. She relates how she bought it for half a crown from a strolling pedlar, unaware of its spiritual value, and how Monsieur le cure coming in informed them who it was, and blessed it with holy water. And now its mission is to keep them and their house from harm. What divine halo, unseen by doubting eyes, rests upon this waxen image for these two child-souls, who will dare question? Their faith is so simple and so complete, their trust in Monsieur le cure who interprets for them the will of the good God so natural and so utter, one stands beside their humble altar, and is carried into a far past age and another world entirely from the useless sceptical one outside their door. "Ich auch in Arkadien."

Only once in their history have their gentle souls been disturbed for a moment by a breath from the storms going on outside, and but once has St. Joseph been on the point of failing them. It happened one winter, a few years ago, at the time that far-seeing Hungarian man was prophesying darkness to the world. A man "from beyond Quebec" passing their door stopped to request a cup of water, and after quenching his thirst, tarried a while and gave them the news. Angelique presently came weeping to her friends. Not only was darkness to encompass everything, as the *sainte* had foretold, but it appeared that her holy father, the Pope, was in prison, put there by the wicked, by she knew not whom. Ah, what was happening? what did it all mean? Beyond Quebec, they knew so much! She had not been to church lately, but now it was told that Monsieur le cure was selling candles which he had

blessed, and if all other lights went out these were warranted to remain burning. It was the frugal Pierrot, who had urged her to come and get advice as to a purchase of these *cierges*.

Wax is dear, Mamzelle Alice! But what is to become of the cow if we have no light? She will die poor beast, she will starve to death, for Pierrot, who stumbles and fumbles so, can never find his way to her stable to give her her hay!" What could little St. Joseph do in the face of such irregular issues as these? For once the system of the universe was awry.

"True that we have St. Joseph *blessed*, but, Mamzelle, it appears that it will be darker than the darkest night!"

The young ladies comforted her. They even stoutly affirmed that they did not believe in the Saint's predictions, but promised if the darkness came to go to her assistance, with half-a-dozen lamps.

"I shall bring some tight little lanterns too, and big boxes of matches, Don't be afraid, I shall not forget you!" said Mamzelle Alice, and Angelique, relying on these assurances, went home to Pierrot greatly relieved and with her faith in St. Joseph altogether restored.

The river, whose surging is for ever in their ears, enters into their daily existence. Apart from its utility, they have a sentiment towards it which assuredly they would not attempt to define, but they know that they rejoice to dwell on "the front," and that in the back concessions, away from the sound, and sight, and life of the great blue stream, it is beyond measure *ennuyeux*. They are mighty fishers. Displaying the patience of the true angler, they may be seen through the whole of a long, chilly April or May day, immovable on the village wharves, or anchored out in the stream in their crazy old "bun" in the hazy, sunny August afternoons. Everything they catch is accepted in humble gratitude. Even a *loche* or an eel-pout is not to be despised, and they stuff and boil the great lackadaisical catfish as if he were the finest dainty in the world. The choicest doree and bass and the delicate silvery freshwater herrings are for sale. Cleaned, ready for the pan, and neatly arranged on plates, Angelique carries them to the village, and they meet with ready purchasers.

The river, too, yields them their firewood. It is in spring-time that this is gathered, when the northwest floods set adrift the refuse from the great saw-mills of the upper country. For a brief day or two the broad bosom of the now swollen and turbulent waters is covered with the precious drift, and scores of boats are out in its midst with busy workers, while on either shore bands of men, women and children, up to the knees in the icy water, are hauling in the passing wood—"saving it," as they say. Afterwards it is piled in tall stacks which look like sentinels standing watching up and down the shore for miles. It is hard work for our old couple, but they are out also amidst the busy scene, stoutly saving what they may, like their younger companions—Angelique, at least—with a vague sense that their gracious supply of fuel comes from *le bon Dieu*.

Away from its shores they would truly miss the great river, so familiar, so beloved, whose every aspect they know so well, and across which comes winding every morning and evening the chime of their church bell, though in the past it has been cruel to them too, and has robbed them of two of their stalwart sons. For the return of the third, their youngest, the last of the children of their youth, they are still hoping and waiting.

"Antoine *est monte*," they still say, though it is twenty years since he went, and fourteen since they last heard from him. Angelique gives the name of his old *bourgeois*, and what she believes to be his address, and goes from one to another to get letters written for tidings of him. He did not stop long in Bailletoune, she explains, but went on beyond, *dans les profondeurs*.

"Ah, if you will write it, write *politesse*, Mamzelle Alisse! These *habitants*, what do they know with their rough way of speaking? They write rudely to Antoine's *bourgeois*, and so he is too proud to answer. But you will say prettily and politely in the letter, we would like so much to hear. And is he married perhaps, and so can't leave his family, or has he gone elsewhere? To America, it it may be, or Michigaune? But with great politeness, Mamzelle, as you will know how to write it."

Pierrot pretends not to share the mother's anxiety. He pooh-poohs a little, and turns away to light his pipe. But he is also waiting to hear as the days pass. The days pass, and the months, and the years, and the letters all come back from Bailletoune "for further directions," but in the vague depths in which Antoine has disappeared, the silence is forever unbroken.

---

### THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

THERE are but few persons who have resided in Paris for any length of time who do not remember the late Duke of Brunswick, that painted, bewigged Lothario, whose follies, eccentricities and diamonds, made him the talk of all Europe. A small volume, recently published in Paris, gives some strange and new details about this royal oddity, who, the reverse of Jupiter, passed away from this earth, quitting his beloved Geneva in a shower of diamonds.

The duke was born in 1804. He was the first child born to his parents, the Prince Frederick William, son and heir to the reigning Duke of Brunswick, and the Princess Marie Wilhelmina of Baden, sister to the then Empress of Russia, and to the Queen of Sweden. A sinister omen marked the rejoicing in honor of his birth.

The first cannon-shot fired on that occasion carried off the head of an artilleryman. The duke's youth was a stormy and adventurous one. His grandfather was killed at the battle of Jena, being blinded by a ball which put out both of his eyes, and he was borne from the field only to die a few days later of his wounds, and the ducal family were driven from their dominions. His father fell at the battle of Waterloo, and the young and throneless duke was consigned to the guardianship of his uncle by marriage, George IV. But the nephew of Queen Caroline was not likely to remain on good terms with that lady's royal husband, and they soon quarrelled after the good old fashion of wards and guardians all the world over. The negotiations of Prince Metternich restored our hero to the throne of his fathers when

he was nineteen years old. Two years later he contracted, while in England, a morganatic union with a young English lady of great beauty, Lady Charlotte Colville. The only child of this union, the Countess de Cirrey, was that daughter with whom he afterwards had such a long and scandalous lawsuit. On the 7th of September, 1830, the revolution broke out, which drove the adventurous prince from his throne, and thereafter began the wandering eccentric life which ended at Geneva, a few years ago.

According to his French biographer, the duke had a great influence in conferring upon France the doubtful blessing of the late empire. One day, while Prince Louis Napoleon was a prisoner at Ham, there came to him a messenger, bringing with him a paper, which he presented to the prince for his signature. The prince signed it, and the man departed, leaving behind him as the price of that signature a package containing eight hundred thousand francs—the golden key which was to unlock for the captive his prison-doors. This man was M. Smith, chief treasurer to the Duke of Brunswick, and the paper was a treaty by which the two crownless exiles pledged themselves, the one to reestablish the duke upon his throne, and to form, if possible, a united Germany, and the other to aid Prince Louis to gain his uncle's crown. After the escape of Louis Napoleon, he had several long interviews with the duke in London, and then and there were their plans for future movements decided upon. But the future emperor only half kept his word. He *did* succeed, much against his will, in forming a united Germany, but he never reinstated the Duke in his paternal dominions.

After the *coup d'état* the duke installed himself permanently in Paris. He purchased, on the Rue Beaujon, near the Arc de Triomphe, the hotel which had formerly belonged to Lola Montez. There he caused to be erected the huge and curious structure which, with its rose-colored walls and profuse gilding, seemed the very realization of a palace in a fairy tale. Into this marvellous building but few persons were allowed to penetrate. To effect a surreptitious entrance was almost an impossibility. The walls surrounding the house were of immense height, and were covered by gilded spikes, with all of which

an electric apparatus was so connected that if one of them were touched a chime of electric bells was instantly set in motion. To gain entrance, the would-be visitor must come provided with a pass-word, a letter of introduction, or some potent and unmistakable reason for being admitted. Once within the walls, he was introduced into an elevator lined with blue satin, which bore him gently to the antechamber of the duke's apartments. The bedroom of this eccentric gentleman was made entirely of iron—walls, ceiling and floor, alike. It was, in fact, an immense iron cage, wherein the ex-sovereign, thanks to a dozen complicated pieces of machinery, could bid defiance to thieves and assassins, the fear of which poisoned his existence. At one side of this apartment, and only to be opened with its secret key, was a closet containing the gigantic strong-box, wherein was deposited his marvellous collection of diamonds. This strong-box, in itself a marvel of mechanism, was suspended by four chains in the cavity which it occupied, beneath which was a well dug deep beneath the foundations of the hotel, so that the duke had but to press a spring in order to cause his treasure-chest to disappear from view. Besides which, the closet was so constructed that, had any one unacquainted with the secret of the lock essayed to open it, he would have received the discharge of a number of concealed gun-barrels arranged like a mitrailleuse. In this coffer the duke kept not only his diamonds but his bank-notes, his papers, and his ingots of gold, many of which, to escape from prying eyes and finger, he had caused to be disguised as cakes of chocolate. In that iron box was inclosed all that life held for him of interest or of love.

He was as much afraid of assassins as of thieves, and surrounded his life with as many precautions as he did his wealth. He never employed a cook, never partaking at home of any food, except a cup of chocolate, which he prepared himself by the help of a spirit-lamp. The milk for this chocolate was brought to him directly from the country, in a locked silver can, one key of which never left him, and the other was deposited with the farmer who supplied him, precautions which did not hinder him from insisting that his valet should always taste the first spoonful of the beverage when prepared. He always



took his dinner at one of the great restaurants of the Boulevard, preferring usually the *Maison d'Or*. Once, when he was detained in the house by some slight indisposition, the Marquis de Planty, who was then his physician, scolded him for eating nothing but sweets when at home. But he could not persuade the duke to have a steak or a chop prepared for himself in his own house: he was forced to go out, to have the meal cooked himself, and to bring it to his royal patient, who exacted from him a solemn oath that he had never lost sight of the eatables for a moment. Reassured on this point, the duke made short work of his dinner, which he declared to have been the best he had ever eaten. He was, however, nothing of a *gourmand*, eating little, and never drinking wine, which had been forbidden to him in his youth by his physicians, his usual beverage being ordinary beer. He was extravagantly fond, however, of fruits, ices, preserves and *bonbons*, of which he partook on all occasions without much regard to ceremony. Sometimes his magnificent carriage, with its four splendid horses, would be seen drawn up before the door of a fruiterer's shop, while the proprietor of the equipage, seated therein, was engaged in devouring piles of peaches or of grapes, which were brought to him from the shop. At other times, when taking ices at Tortoni's, he would pay largely for the privilege of going down into the kitchen and eating the ice-cream direct from the freezer. His great delight was to enter a confectioner's shop and to eat as long and as much as he liked from the various piles of *bonbons* and crystallized fruits, leaving behind him on his departure two or three gold pieces to pay for his depredations.

He passed nearly his whole time in the house. He remained in bed, where he read, wrote, and received his intimate friends, till about four o'clock in the afternoon, after which his toilet always took up an immense time, so that during a great part of the year he never saw the sun. The excessive care which he took of his person, and the artificial character of his make-up, are matters of public notoriety. He painted his face, or caused it to be painted, with all the minuteness and artistic finish that might be bestowed upon a water-color drawing. His beard, on the culture of which he bestowed much time, was combed,

perfumed and dyed daily. As to his wigs, he possessed them by dozens; and in respect to these wigs and his manner of using them an amusing story is told. A celebrated dame of the *demi-monde*, being presented to the duke at the opera one evening, expressed to him an ardent desire to inspect the wonders of the fairy palace of which she had heard so much. The duke gallantly promised that she should have that pleasure that very evening after the opera. Accordingly, when the performance was over, he escorted her to his hotel, took her upstairs by means of the satin-lined elevator, and introduced her into a dimly-lighted room, where he left her under the pretext of ordering more lamps. The lady waited for some minutes for his return, and, finally, becoming impatient, she began to look about her, to discover where she was. To her amazement, she saw in one corner of the room, a head which stared at her with motionless and glassy eyes. She rushed in terror to the door, but found that it was fastened on the outside. A second glance around the dimly-lighted apartment revealed the fact that she was surrounded by heads, not five, or ten, or twenty, but thirty, all of which bore a ghastly likeness to the duke himself. Her piercing shrieks at last brought to her assistance a lackey, who opened the door and released her. She asked where the duke was—he had quitted the house. The adventurous dame was only too glad to find herself outside of such a Bluebeard mansion; so she called a carriage, and returned home as fast as possible, cured of all her curiosity in regard to the Duke of Brunswick's palace. This mysterious apartment was simply the room where the duke kept his wigs, and the heads were wax models of his own countenance, each differing slightly in coloring or in the arrangement of the hair. Each day the duke made choice of the particular wig and style of visage which he wished to assume, and his valet was charged with the task of reproducing the colors of the wax model upon his features.

His dress was always extremely elegant, though sometimes very eccentric. He delighted in embroidered dressing-gowns and in magnificent uniforms. Among his servants was numbered for years, a magnificent negro, black as jet, and of colossal stature, who, attired in Mameluke costume

of the very richest materials, covered with embroideries and blazing with diamonds, was always on guard in the antechamber of the duke's palace, or else waited for him in the vestibule of any house in which he went as a guest. Some one once asked this magnificent attendant concerning the duties of his post.

"I'm for looks, and not for use," he made answer, showing his snowy teeth.

One night at a ball given by Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the duke's carriage was delayed for a few moments. The negro came forward to announce its arrival, and immediately he was surrounded by a number of the guests, who were curious to see this splendid specimen of servitude, whereupon the duke in his impatience cried out, "Selim, clear the way there! Draw your sabre, and cut me down some half a dozen of these impertinent creatures!"

Imagine the effect of this outburst in the midst of a crowd composed of the most elegant ladies and the highest dignitaries of the new empire.

If there was anything on earth that the duke loved better than diamonds, it was a lawsuit. He would go to law about the merest trifle or the most insignificant sum. Once he sued a washer-woman about a bill of seven francs. A single watch, which he sent to a jeweller to be repaired, and of which the back was formed of a single ruby, was in itself the subject of twelve lawsuits. The erection of his hotel on the Rue Beaujon furnished occasion for ten more! He said himself, just before he died, that he had squandered millions in that way, and that justice was a lottery.

As to his diamonds, he consecrated fabulous sums to the formation of his collection, which speedily became celebrated throughout Europe. Among the most remarkable of the trinkets which he possessed was a pair of epaulets, formed, not of gold-thread, but of magnificent yellow diamonds from Brazil. They were valued at two hundred thousand dollars each, and were exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1855, watched day and night by four policemen, who took turns in mounting guard over the crystal case which contained this treasure. These epaulets gave rise one evening to a curious and comical scene. It was at a ball given by the Count de Nieuwerkerke. The duke, in the uni-

form of a Brunswickian general, was blazing with diamonds, and had on the famous epaulets. A lady, passing by, remarked to the person who accompanied her:

"Only look at those epaulets, made of topazes!"

"Topazes, madame!" cried the duke, indignant at the insult offered to his jewels; "they are diamonds—the finest yellow diamonds of Brazil. Look well at them, if you never saw any before."

Thus adjured, the lady, nothing loath, examined minutely the dazzling epaulets; then she passed to the orders that the duke wore, and so prolonged her inspection that she attracted a number of other lady spectators, and the duke was soon surrounded by a crowd of ladies, all admiring his gorgeous gems, and causing him to resemble very much a Palais Royal window with its throng of gazers. Finally, his patience became exhausted and he cried, suiting his gestures to his words:

"Ah, ladies, if you are so fond of diamonds I can show you still finer ones—I use them for buttons to my undergarments. Wait a moment—"

But the ladies fled.

He never forgot nor forgave the broken promise of Napoleon III. to reinstate him on his paternal throne. One day being present at some scientific experiments, shown before that sovereign, on reducing diamonds to vapor, the emperor offered, laughing, to sacrifice all his diamonds to the cause of science if the duke would do as much.

"Ah, sire," made answer the duke, with a meaning glance, "I am only a poor exile, and am forced to be economical. Were I ever to have the happiness of mounting a throne as your honor has done, I would promise to be more generous—and I keep my promises."

His daughter's conversion to Catholicism seemed to arouse in his breast a terrible enmity against her. Up to that time he had treated her as became his acknowledged child, but afterward whatever heart he possessed seemed closed against her. When she married the Count de Cirrey, though he gave his consent to the alliance, he was only represented at the ceremony by one of his chamberlains. Prayers, entreaties, and, finally, long years of litigation, were exhausted in the effort

to make him provide for her and for her children, but in vain. An adverse decision of the French tribunal in this question drove him from his fairy palace on the Rue Beaujon to Geneva. No particle of his immense wealth was bequeathed to the countess. He at first intended to leave his whole fortune to the prince imperial, and a will to that effect was actually drawn up. When the war with Prussia was declared, the duke, then once more installed in Paris, hastened to remind Louis Napoleon of the old compact between them, and claimed for him to advance, as the conquerer of Germany, the fulfillment of his ancient promise. But a few weeks later the duke was forced to fly with his diamonds from before the advancing legions of the Prussians. He took refuge anew in Geneva, and there, in March, 1871, he drew up the new will, which constituted the city of Geneva his sole heir. It is said that he came to this singular decision upon observing in what admirable condition the ancient tombs in the Protestant church of St. Peter, in that city, were preserved. Pausing before the mausoleum erected to the memory of the Duke de Rohan two hundred years before, he remarked: "The Swiss respect the sanctity of the grave. It is not here as it is in France, where the mob fling the ashes of princes into the Seine." Be this as it may, his will contained full directions for a magnificent tomb to be erected above his remains.

The last two years of his life were passed in Geneva, partly at the Hotel Metropole, and partly at the Hotel Beau-Rivage. An occasional drive or visit to the theatre was his only distraction outside of his apartments. For six months before his death, oppressed by increasing corpulence, he refused to quit the house, notwithstanding

the exhortations of his physician. He looked after his affairs as usual with minutest care. Chess and his diamonds formed the great recreation of his life. On the 18th of August, 1873, he was engaged in a game of chess quite late in the afternoon; suddenly he arose, and saying to to his adversary, "Do not cheat me," (*ne me volez pas*), he passed into the next room. These were his last words. When his attendants, surprised that he did not return, went to seek him, they found him in the agonies of death, and in a few moments he expired. Thus ended that strange, heartless, eccentric, useless life, whose commencement had been surrounded with such a halo of romance and chivatty.

It was this sudden death that preserved to the city of Geneva the inheritance of the eccentric old voluptuary, who had scandalised its Calvinistic walls by his manners and his mistresses for three years past. Having carelessly thrown some water from a tumbler out of a window, it had drenched a passer-by, who forthwith threatened the duke with legal proceedings. Furious at the threat, he resolved to tear up his will, to return to Paris, and to turn his back on ungrateful Geneva for ever. He would restore his rosy Parisian palace, which had been sadly damaged during the Commune; he would go back to the delights of his Parisian life. His lawyer and steward had been sent for, and preparations for his departure had already been begun. But, before he could make ready, he was summoned to depart on a longer journey, and one which knows no return. His undestroyed will bequeathed his treasures to the city wherein he breathed his last, and Charles, Duke of Brunswick, degenerate descendant of the heroes of Jena and of Waterloo, took his place amid the faded figures of a forgotten past.

**A**PPLETONS' JOURNAL begins the new year with improved typographical appearance, and with strong literary attractions. Julian Hawthorne, who is to write exclusively for Appletons' during 1876, begins a characteristic series of papers under the title of "A Journey to the Unknown." No writer of the day has a more acute, searching and graphic style than Mr. Hawthorne. Mrs. Macquoid,

author of "Patty," begins a new story. Mr. James E. Freeman, an American artist, who has resided for thirty years in Rome, and during that time met many of the most distinguished men and women of the period, begins, under the title of "Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio," a record of his reminiscences and experiences, which are of the most entertaining character. There are other interesting papers in the



opening number of the year. We notice that James Payn, whose novel of "Lost Sir Massingberd" was so popular, begins a new novel in the number for January 8th. Among the regular contributors to *Appletons'*, we find the names of Julian Hawthorne, Christian Reid, Albert Rhodes, Albert F. Webster, Junius Henri Browne, Edgar Fawcett, M. E. W. S., Lucy H. Hooper, Constance F. Woolson, Horace E. Scudder. D. APPLETON & CO., N. Y.

**L**ITTELL'S LIVING AGE. — The number of *Littell's Living Age*, for the week ending January 1, which begins its one hundred and twenty-eighth volume, contains, among other things, a story translated for its pages from the *Platt-*

*Deutsch* of Fritz Reuter; and in succeeding numbers a new story by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and other choice fiction, by Wm. Black, author of the "Princess of Thule," Miss Thackeray, etc., are to appear. In science, politics, theology, and general literature, important articles are already announced for speedy publication, by Prof. Max Muller (on National Education); Cardinal Manning (on the Pope and Magna Charta); Francis Galton, F. R. S., (on the Theory of Heredity); Peter Bayne (on Walt Whitman's Poems); Edward A. Freeman (on the True Turkish Question); Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the eminent scientist; Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone; W. Gifford Palgrave, and others.

---

### DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

**T**HERE'S many a trouble  
 Would break like a bubble,  
 And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
 Did not we rehearse it,  
 And tenderly nurse it,  
 And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow  
 Would vanish to-morrow,  
 Were we but willing to furnish the wings;  
 So sadly intruding  
 And quietly brooding,  
 It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming  
 Of looks that are beaming,  
 Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor!  
 Eyes bright as a berry,  
 Cheeks red as a cherry,  
 The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,  
 All worry to ferry  
 Across the famed waters that bid us forget;  
 And no longer tearful,  
 But happy and cheerful,  
 We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

THE  
**Canadian Journal**  of **Odd-Fellowship.**

CL. T. CAMPBELL, Editor.

---

STRATFORD, ONTARIO, FEBRUARY, 1876

---

G. L. U. S.—By authority of resolution of the G. L. U. S., the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP is a recognized organ of that body, and authorized to publish its proceedings, and all official documents issued by it to the Brotherhood.

ONTARIO.—“I consider the CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP invaluable to every Odd-Fellow. I trust the representatives will give it the support its importance demands, and spare no pains to increase its circulation throughout the length and breadth of Ontario”—*Grand Master's Report, 1875. Endorsed by Grand Lodge.*

LOWER PROVINCES, B. N. A.—By several resolutions passed at its session in August, 1875, the R. W. Grand Lodge of the Lower Provinces, “recommends this national journal (THE CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP) to every member of the Order.” \* \* \* “The object in our estimation, being thoroughly worthy the encouragement of this R. W. Grand Body.”

---

### INTEMPERANCE.

**D**URING the last year or two, there has been considerable discussion of the temperance question in Canada. The evident evils of drunkenness, the loss to the country in the shape of crime, of destructive fires, of accidental damage to life and property, to say nothing of the loss any State must suffer when any of its citizens, well-fitted to be of service, are rendered useless to themselves, their families and their country, through intemperate habits. All these points have been written about, and talked about, and the remedies proposed, whether prohibition or license restriction, have all been criticised freely.

One of the latest features of the agitation has been the presentation to the Ontario Legislature, of a petition from more than twenty-two thousand women of the Province, praying for an enactment limiting the number of licensed taverns, and doing away with saloon and grocery licenses. In the Dominion Parliament, the more

active friends of temperance, headed by Senator Vidal and Mr. Ross, press for an enactment that shall be totally prohibitory.

In a discussion of this kind, we have a double interest, both as Odd-Fellows and citizens. The teachings of our Order are quite clear on this point. There is no uncertain sound given by the charges of our ritual, which denounce drunkenness as a crime to be avoided by every one who would be a good citizen or true Odd Fellow. And while the Order does not undertake to regulate the private conduct of its members in the matter of eating and drinking, it forbids any public gathering unless under a strict pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors; and makes intemperance an offence punishable by reprimand, suspension, or even expulsion.

And in thus pronouncing itself strongly against intemperance, the Order is but paying due regard to the volume of testimony against indulgence in stimulants,

which has been accumulating for years until it has become a record stupendous in size, with every page covered with evidence painted in colors the most dark and gloomy. Governors of jails and penitentiaries, chief constables and police superintendents unite in saying: "Intemperance is the hot-bed of all crime;" "*habitual drinkers*, who have not the means to maintain themselves in a respectable position, *invariably* become criminals;" "intemperance is in proportion to the indiscriminate sale of drink." Superintendents of Insane Asylums with one accord, attribute the fearful increase of lunacy, either directly or indirectly to drunkenness. Managers of hospitals and experienced physicians all agree that intemperance is a most fruitful source of many of the thousand ills to which flesh is heir. And observation and common sense must long ere this have convinced all of us that over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants is one of the great curses of our country.

But the remedy for this state of things is by no means easy to find or apply. Total prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquors is urged by many active temperance people. But there are many obstacles in the way of such a law being put into force; and a law habitually disregarded is worse than no law at all. Prohibit the manufacture of liquor and there would be any number of illicit stills in operation; prohibit its public sale, and there would be no lack of opportunity to procure it privately. Temperance people might be unable to procure a bottle, but those accustomed to drink would only find enough difficulty in the way to add the excitement of procuring a dram to the pleasure of drinking it. We may rest satisfied that it is comparatively useless to declare any practice illegal which the

majority of the people look on as legitimate; and while there is no question in the minds of the Canadian people about the vice and folly of intemperance, there is no such unanimity as to the impropriety of the moderate use of stimulants. Until the mass of Canadians are prepared to be total abstainers, prohibition may be placed on our law-books; but it cannot be enforced.

The only legal remedy, which, to our mind, can be applied successfully in the present state of public opinion, is a system of restricted licensing, under the control of Government. Municipal authorities, fearing the influence of liquor-sellers at elections, find it difficult to deal with the licenses, and restrict them properly. The Government only can regulate the matter; and this by confining the licenses to the number of establishments actually required for the accommodation of the travelling public; forbidding the sale of liquor to minors, or to habitual drunkards, and making the liquor-seller responsible for damages arising out of his own neglect or infraction of the law.

We know that some worthy people look on the moderate use of liquor as an evil fully as bad as its immoderate use; that alcohol is in itself a cursed thing which should be banished entirely. But the agitators for a reform usually and naturally take an extreme view. To say that the production of alcohol is the work of the devil; and that stimulants are only evil under all circumstances and conditions; is, to say the least of it, exhibiting intemperance in the use of language. Alcohol is as much the gift of God as chloroform; and chloroform, which has proved one of the greatest boons ever bestowed on suffering humanity, will kill a man quicker than alcohol. It is the abuse



of the article in both cases which is dangerous. Money is a very useful article; all our benevolent, and charitable, and religious enterprises would be failures without its aid. And yet it is true, that the "love of money is the root of evil." No matter how useful any article may be under fitting circumstances, it may be abused and made injurious. And while alcohol may have its sphere of usefulness in the arts, in medicine or otherwise, it is certain that nothing has been more misapplied.

We think the duty of Odd-Fellows in regard to the use of intoxicating liquors is not difficult to discern. There is nothing in our laws or our doctrines which directly pledges our members to total abstinence. But there are two points quite clear. First, as to ourselves individually: We are em-

phatically forbidden intoxication. Many, who usually take liquor in moderation, will sometimes take it to excess. Such persons had better withdraw themselves out of the reach of temptation, and abstain entirely. Secondly, as to our brethren: We know that example is powerful. We may be able to indulge in moderation, and never be the worse for it. But what effect does our moderate drinking have on our neighbor, who, if he drinks at all, will drink to excess? Should not the law of love, which forbids us to injure our brother directly, also forbid us to injure him indirectly, by leading him into temptation, or by our example encouraging him in a practice which, in his weaker nature, becomes a sin against himself, his country, and the Order to which he belongs?

---

### PREMIUMS.

"WHY do you not give a chromo or some other premium to every subscriber?" is the question asked us by a friend. Well, it would not be a very difficult matter for us to get a stock of 5-cent chromos, or old engravings, and offer them as premiums. But we are not in the chromo business, at present. We offer every subscriber to the JOURNAL something that no other publication offers, and that is Canadian news of the Order. If that is not a sufficient inducement, apart from the general character of the magazine, it is the best we can do just now. Perhaps, if this is not enough, and the brethren desire a change, we may sometime raise the price of the magazine, and give them a third-rate colored picture along with it, after the prevailing fashion. No doubt it would be more profitable to us.

Talking about premiums, we have got

hold of the latest thing in this line, which we recommend to those who want special inducements to make them subscribe to a paper. A new journal hails from Notre Dame, Indiana, called the *Ave Maria*, said to be "devoted to the Honor of the Holy Mother of God. Approved by His Holiness Pope Pius IX. and many eminent prelates." And these are its inducements, according to prospectus:

"The following are some of the spiritual advantages enjoyed by the subscribers to the *Ave Maria*: The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up every Saturday, at Notre Dame, for life subscribers, with a certain number of Communions on the same day—from fifty to seventy-five—for the living and the dead; the same Mass and Communions, with indulgence and prayers, will be offered up for departed life subscribers, individually, as it may please God to call them from our midst. Subscribers for one year and upwards share in the benefit of a Mass once a month.

"Our Holy Father has given his special blessing to all who, as contributors, subscribers, or in any other capacity, further the interests of the *Ave Maria*; this, in connection with the association of prayers, makes a Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin of the contributors and subscribers to the periodical.

"A complete list of the deceased subscribers is kept at Notre Dame, and thus they are remembered not only in life, but also in death."

Now, here is evidence of energy on the

part of the publishers. Every man who subscribes gets masses, indulgences, blessings! What are pictures compared to these? Do the best we might, we could never come up to this, not even if we should undertake to keep each of our subscribers' dues paid up; agree to settle his doctor's bill when he gets sick, and throw in enough lumber to make a coffin for him when he dies.

---

## ODD NOTES.

---

**M**AKE HASTE SLOWLY.—We recommend to the careful attention of our readers, especially in the localities where the Order is growing rapidly, these wise words from the San Francisco *New Age*: "The combined power of Odd-Fellowship, with its divinely moral features and its social benevolence, is forming an efficiently beautiful whole for the accomplishment of its designs. It is now in the ascendant, and its genius is spreading its wings over the whole world with a rapidity and steadiness never before witnessed in any human institution. The spread of its principles has produced its fruit in a multitude of Lodges which have sprung into existence within a surprisingly short space of time. Scattered far and wide, we daily hear of new Lodges born to the Order, ambitious of adding strength to the links of the triple chain, whilst ranging themselves under the pure white banner to fight the fight of benevolence. Herein there is a threatening danger, which has its origin in the prosperity of the Order; and a warning at this time seems peculiarly applicable; for in the enthusiasm which is characteristic of youth, Lodges too hastily add to their numbers, and initiate into its sacred mysteries individuals unworthy of a participation in its beauties and benefits. Numbers do not constitute strength or prosperity—mere numbers without

reference to character, is an evil, an injury to the institution, and the cause in which it is engaged. That bad men have come among us—through this haste and anxiety for members—through neglect or unfaithfulness on the part of investigating committees—is not a questionable matter, and the Order *knows* it, and the world knows it. That they are a trouble to us and a stain and clog upon our real prosperity and usefulness is equally certain. To avoid the evil, Lodges should be more cautious and stringent in the admission of candidates. The desire to increase and present a large muster-roll should be checked, and worth and harmonious elements of character should be regarded as of the first and greatest importance. The good of the Order, as a whole, and the promotion of its noble objects of relief and social improvement, should be the guiding principle in the admission of members. Those who come with pure hearts and clean hands, who will enter heart and soul into this great and holy work, should be welcomed with rejoicing, however humble and obscure; while those whose life and temper show them unfitted for this divine labor of love, should be refused admittance into our sacred halls whatever their position in society, and though they occupy the highest place in the land. Let this be the rule, for it is only by obedience to it that the sanctuary can be kept undefiled, our altars preserved from unclean hands, and Odd-Fellowship made a glory and blessing to the human race."

**VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.**—The first quarterly number for 1876 has pictures of flowers, useful information on horticulture, together with a catalogue handsomely printed, and of value to all lovers of the beautiful.

**HARD TO PLEASE.**—The difficulties in the editors' path when he attempts to please all his subscribers, are proverbial. And we are not aware that our position is any easier than that of editors generally. Odd-Fellowship does not take all of the critical element out of the natures of the members by any means. One brother thinks we give too much family reading; another wants more of it. Some think the type used is too large; though we are quite satisfied that if we should make it smaller, there would be some of our elder brethren who would accuse us of trying to damage their eyesight. We make a reference to some action taken by the Grand Lodge of Ontario, and express our approval thereof; whereupon some brother goes for us lively, and intimates that all his influence will be used against the *JOURNAL*—simply because the idea approved does not suit him. We print, as a matter of curiosity, the ritual of a society that has been dead for years, and whose ceremonies have been repeatedly given in whole or in part, in other Odd-Fellows' papers; and we are notified that some brother is very indignant at us for the offense—though wherein the offense lies is more than we can tell. Some have one cause, of complaint—some another. Fortunately, we have enough praise given us to balance the blame. And all we can say is that in the future, as in the past, we will promise—not to try to please everybody—but to do the best we can to present a readable and valuable magazine. To the dissatisfied, who will not be pleased, we can only say that we will only be too happy to make way for some one who can please all parties, if such a man can be found. We are quite willing to sell out our stock in the association, at a reasonable premium; and to support any responsible applicant for the position of editor. There is a chance for some ambitious brother if he wants to try it.

**REVISED CONSTITUTION.**—The Committee appointed by the Grand Lodge of Ontario at its last session to prepare a revised Constitution, has about completed its labors; and the report will be in the possession of the lodges early in February. A number of radical changes will likely be proposed. It is very probable that there will be a scheme for reducing the representation in Grand Lodge, and transferring it from subordinate lodges to the districts; also that the committee will recommend the election of Grand Officers by the Past Grands in their own lodges. We will give the details when the report is issued; and shall be pleased to open our columns to the brethren for the discussion of the proposed changes.

**HONORS TO A BROTHER.**—We sometimes have to go away from home for news. The following, from the *Indiana Odd-Fellows' Chronicle* was the first intimation we had of the way "the boys" had been treating Bro. King. But he deserves it all: "Grand Secretary, J. B. King, has been in luck of late. Like all good Odd-Fellows, he is alive, true, and sterling. In addition to running the Grand Lodge of Ontario, he runs his business, (hats, caps, and furs of first quality) he has a literary society, a temperance society, and a church—(besides wife and family,) to manage, control, and look after. With all these duties, he still finds time to "run with the machine," and at the last annual meeting of "Brant Hose Co.," Bro. King was presented with a most complimentary address, and a valuable gold ring, very heavy, and bearing on the stone the three "mystic links" of Odd-Fellowship. Bro. King is excessively modest—was thoroughly taken by surprise, and consequently could only, with a few well chosen words "blush" his heartfelt acknowledgment. It is always pleasing to Odd-Fellows to learn that our grand officers are held in high esteem by their fellow citizens, and thus I "chronicle" this item of how we treat all worthy Odd-Fellows in this our cold Canadian climate. The Hose Co. is proud of Bro. King as their captain, Brantford is proud of him as a citizen, and we are proud of him as our Grand Secretary."



**H**OW OPPOSITION WORKS. — A story is told in Pennsylvania of how opposition to Odd-Fellowship by a misguided clergyman in a certain church worked in the case of one unfortunate. The man was a member of an Odd-Fellows' and a Pythian Lodge. He was taken sick, and his benefits, \$5 per week from each Lodge, paid until he was again able to earn a livelihood for himself. But through the instrumentality of his pastor and the influences of his family relatives, who were also members of the same church, he stopped paying his dues. Now he has been suspended for some time, and at present is confined to his bed, his family are in want, and his house is about to be sold over his head; but the preacher whose influence led him to abandon the Orders of Odd-Fellows and K. of P., has so far failed to reach a helping hand and keep him and his family from want.

**L**IPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, as an Illustrated Monthly of Popular Literature and Science, is unsurpassed in any department, and unequalled in the fineness of its material and the beauty of its typography. The handsomest, and one of the best and most entertaining of the monthlies. The New Volume, commencing with the January issue, will be replete with the most attractive features. No advantage will be neglected which either talent or capital can command to render each issue an entertaining and instructive compendium of Popular Reading. The contributions now on hand, are specially engaged, embrace an unusually attractive list of tales, short stories, narratives, descriptive sketches, papers on science and art, poems, popular essays, literary criticisms, etc., by talented and well known writers. In fact, all possible means are being taken to supply the public, through this periodical, with a popular and yet refined type of literary enjoyment. One of the attractive features of the new year will be a series of illustrated articles entitled "The Century, its Fruits and its Festival," which will present a summary of the progress of civilization,

and advancement in the arts and sciences since the revolution, together with a complete history and description of the Centennial Exhibition, fully illustrated. For sale by all periodical dealers. Terms.—Yearly subscription, \$4.00. Single number, 35 cents. Liberal clubbing rates. Specimen number mailed on receipt of 20 cts. Special offer. —To a club of twenty subscribers this Magazine is put at \$3.00 per year to each, and Chambers's Encyclopædia, the most complete and reliable work of general reference, illustrated, 10 vols., royal 8vo., bound in sheep, is presented to the person getting up the club. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 and 717 Market-st., Philadelphia. In the January and February numbers of this magazine is a fund of interesting reading—embracing, among illustrated articles, papers on "The Century," "Up the Thames," and "Sketches from India," together with tales, essays, poetry, criticism, etc.

**T** RODGERS JOHNSON. — The telegraph gives the information that T. Rodgers Johnson, who was Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of California from the time of its organization, May 17th, 1853, until May, 1875, died at Santa Barbara, on the 11th of January. Bro. Johnson's health has been declining for several years, and by direction of his physician he visited in the latter part of December, Barbara, with the hope of improvement. He represented the Grand Encampment of California in the Grand Lodge of the United States in 1858, and held the position of Grand Scribe of the Grand Encampment of California from the time of the organization of that body, January 8th, 1856, until his decease. He was a useful member of the Order, and much of the prosperity that has marked its progress in the "Golden State" was attributed to his efforts.

**V**ETERANS.—The Odd-Fellows at Boston, Mass., have organized a Veteran Association. It is composed of those who have been members for twenty-five years and upwards.

**CENTENNIAL.**—Musical Fund Hall, Locoust Street, above Eighth, deemed the best in the city for the purpose, has been engaged for the session of the G. L. U. S. this year. Pursuant to the recommendation of the Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania, the Patriarchs are organizing into companies and a battalion for service as an escort and for receptions during the Centennial season. Col. John P. Nicholson is Commander.

**THE CHRISTIAN UNION.**—In announcing his intentions concerning the specific editorial management of the *Christian Union* for the coming year Mr. Beecher says: "With a change in the business organization, I propose to take a far more active part, and to make the paper my own in a more important sense than ever it has been. I shall consider it a parish parallel with Plymouth Church, and shall give it the same earnest zeal that I give to that; the same spirit, and the same views of Christian life and disposition." In addition, the paper will be the only authorized medium for the publication of MR. BEECHER'S SERMONS, all his literary productions, including a new series of the brilliant *Star Papers*. Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, author "A MAN without a Country," &c., HENRY CHURTON (Judge Tourgee, of North Carolina), author of "Toinette," &c., and Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, will write Serial Stories during the year. The several departments of this paper embrace the Outlook, or brief comments on current events, Editorials, Stories, Poetry, Contributed Articles on various subjects, Reviews of Books, the Household, the Little Folks, the Church, and the Week, comprising the leading news, both sacred and secular, the Sunday-School, Inquiring Friends (popular questions and editorial answers), Uppermost Topics, Farm and Garden, and Financial. It is in brief, a comprehensive family religious newspaper. Subscription price, \$3.20, including postage. To agents is offered, cash commissions and outfit free. Full particulars in respect to agencies will be sent on application to Horatio C. King, Assistant Publisher, No. 27 Park Place, N. Y. See advertisement in another column.

**TORONTO EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.**—The eighth annual report of this charity has been issued, from which it would appear that it still continues to prosecute successfully its benevolent work of affording medical treatment to the indigent poor afflicted with diseases of the eye and ear, who resort to it from the different parts of the Province. During the year there were under treatment, 634 cases: of which 239 were cured; 204 improved; 74 relieved; 14 unimproved; 12 pronounced incurable; in 59 the result was unknown; while 32 remained under treatment. The expense of running the institution for the year amounted to \$3,169.

**THE FIRST LODGE IN AMERICA.**—In the notice of the death of Bro. B. Dowling, reference is made to a lodge in New York, prior to the organization of Washington Lodge in Baltimore. This may require some explanation. While it is true that Washington Lodge, No. 1, is the acknowledged parent of the Order in the United States, it is undeniable that lodges existed (by self-institution) some years before 1819. In P. G. Sire Kennedy's memorandum of the early history of the Order, an account is given of the organization of Shakespeare Lodge, at No. 17 Fair-street, (now No. 135 Fulton-street), New York, December 23rd, 1806, naming the members and their occupation. The lodge became defunct during the war of 1812, the last record of a meeting being September 20, 1813, but was revived on the 12th anniversary, Dec. 23rd 1818, at the public house known as the "Red Cow," 46 Cedar-street, and continued in existence until 1821. It was styled "The Shakespeare Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows." Geo. P. Morris, the poet, well known in after years in connection with the New York *Mirror* and other publications, was the first Grand Master. It has been asserted that Lodges were in existence in New York before the year 1800, but no evidence has been produced to substantiate the assertion.

## COMMUNICATED.

### WHAT IS THE DUTY OF OUR D. D. G. MASTER ?

**E**XETER Lodge, No. 67, I.O.O.F., was instituted January 20th, 1870, and since that time has received only one visit from the D. D. G. M. I believe every lodge within his jurisdiction has a right to receive an official visit from the Deputy at least once a year, (instead of once in five years). How can a lodge progress or prosper without instruction? All lodges which have the good fortune to be along a line of railway do receive regular visits from the D. D. G. M. In a few days the London, Huron & Bruce Railway will be running, then I suppose our Deputy will come along. But simply because he would have to drive a distance to visit us, we are entirely neglected. Last Tuesday evening, January 4th, should have been installation of officers, but no dispensation was granted authorising a P. G. or our N. G. to install, and no Deputy was on hand; consequently we had no installation. Exeter Lodge has been and is doing remarkably well taking into consideration the way we have been treated. I am sorry to see such unjust treatment and so little interest taken in the Order by those to whom we look for something better.

Trusting these few remarks (for the good of our Order) may not offend but stimulate the proper authorities,

I remain, fraternally yours,  
CAMP.

Exeter, Jan. 6, 1876.

[We should hope that our correspondent has been misinformed in this matter, for it is certainly not creditable to the different brethren who have held the office of D. D. G. M. for Exeter Lodge, if they have all neglected it after this fashion. No Brother should accept such a position unless he is prepared to do it full justice; he should either visit his lodge twice a year, or see that a visit is paid by a qualified Brother. From personal knowledge, however, of some who have held the office in that district, we are satisfied that they have endeavored to do the best they could. With regard to the absence of the D. D. G. M. on the night for installation in January, if he had not notified the Lodge that he intended visiting and installing on some subsequent meeting, we think the N. G. would have been excusable if he had either installed his successor himself, or caused some qualified P. G. in the lodge to do the work.—ED.)

### BY THEIR WORK SHALL YE KNOW THEM.

**I** THINK this is very applicable to us of the Order of Odd-Fellows. By our actions we are known and judged; and as our Order is not wanting for enemies who take every chance to stab us when opportunity offers, we ought to be very careful, and conduct ourselves so that we place no weapon in the hands of our foes with which to wound us. By the laws of our Constitution we war against drunkenness and immoral conduct. Yet when we see a member of the Brotherhood drinking

down draught after draught, are we then warring successfully against that which robs us of the power of reason and destroys all that is good and great in our natures? Are we not then placing in the hands of our foes a weapon with which they wound us to the death? Hundreds of moral men would seek to join us in the mystic bond that binds us, if it were not for some foe pointing to a form staggering up the street. "There goes one of your Odd-Fellows!" they exclaim; and so they wound us. Again, here is a young member in good standing on the books of his Lodge; he is talking to some of his boon companions;



there is a woman passing ; they all stare at her ; none have the manners polite enough to step aside and let her pass, but use some rude, obscene jest as she passes. Think you that that woman, be she wife or mother, would consent to her husband or son joining our Order when she knew that in that crowd there was an Odd-Fellow ? Brothers, is it not incumbent upon us to be careful and keep inviolate those laws to which we voluntarily obligated ourselves when we left the world with its vanities and

pleasures to labor for the welfare of our fellow-sufferers ? We are but wanderers here, and we have entered into a field of labor where there is full scope for us to conduct ourselves so that our beloved Order may ever be on the increase, and that the tongue of the evil speaker may be silenced. This can never be, so long as we unwittingly furnish the weapons which our enemies can use against us. We must always remember that by our works shall we be known. M. B.

### WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING IN LUCAN.

A FEW words as to what Lucan Lodge, No. 70, has been doing recently may not be out of place.

Its members, thinking the time had come when its finances would allow them to provide a more commodious and better appointed local habitation than they have been occupying in the past, resolved, some three months since, that it was to their interest to provide for the future, either by purchasing a lot and building a hall, or arranging with some one who was building to make provision for their accommodation.

After various schemes were proposed and considered, none of which met the views of all, Bro. Goodacre, then N.G., offered to so remodel his cabinet ware-rooms as to supply the want of the Lodge, which generous offer was at once accepted—the lodge agreeing to lease the premises for a period of ten years, at an annual rental of seventy-five dollars, thus securing a commodious hall on the corner of Main and Market Streets. The dimensions of the building are 20 x 50 feet, the hall being 20 x 30ft. with 2 ante-rooms and stairway, ceilings 12ft. in height. Although the offer to provide a hall on the above terms did not specify any decoration, yet Bro. Goodacre, with judicious taste and a desire to render the hall as attractive as possible, caused a heavy moulded cornice, two elaborate centre pieces, from which to suspend the chandeliers, and an ornamental ventilator, to be placed in the ceiling.

Having thus secured a place of meeting the Lodge then proceeded to furnish their new home, and have done so in a style which those competent to judge pronounce unexcelled by many older and more flourishing lodges in this jurisdiction. Excellent and beautiful carpet, bronze chandeliers, etc., the chairs, settees, Secretary tables and pedestals being of cherry ornamented with walnut and upholstered in leather, the whole reflecting great credit on Bro. Goodacre by whom they were designed and at whose establishment they were manufactured. The whole furnishing costing somewhere about \$500.

In order the more effectually to give a standing to Odd Fellowship in Lucan, the Lodge decided to hold a public celebration on the occasion of the dedication of their new hall, on the 4th January, being the regular evening for installing the officers of the current term, calling to their aid the following distinguished members of the Order: M.W.G.M., H. E. Buttery; P.G.M.s J. Woodyatt, W. N. Ford, John Gibson, and Dr. Cl. T. Campbell, who all generously responded with their characteristic promptitude to the invitation, excepting P.G.M. J. Woodyatt, who was unavoidably detained by other duties. The day proved auspicious, the weather being all that could be desired, with the exception of the absence of snow, which would have made the gathering larger.

The programme of the day, which was successfully carried out, was as follows, viz: At 2.30 p.m. the hall was publicly dedicated by M. W. G. M. Buttery, P. G. M. Ford, P. G. M. Gibson, Bro. Cl. T. Campbell and Bro. R. McLean, as Heralds, Bro. W. E. Stanley, as G. Chaplain, and

Bro. C. F. Pashley, as G. Marshall. After the interesting ceremony was completed, Bro. Cl. T. Campbell delivered an oration in his usually masterly and eloquent manner, which was listened to with pleased attention by his auditors.

At 4.30 p. m., dinner was served at the "Central Hotel," mine host, Bro. McLean, having provided tempting viands which were done ample justice to by some 60 members of the Order, ladies and others. It is almost needless to say that nothing stronger than "the cup which cheers but not inebriates" was provided for the occasion, as public sentiment is running so strongly in this direction that the usage of the Order in this respect is no longer considered as an innovation on the once prevailing custom of wine drinking at such entertainments.

At 6.30 p.m., the hall was filled to its extreme capacity by a highly appreciative audience of ladies, members, and other friends, to witness the imposing ceremony of installing the officers, which was done in ample form by the guests of the Lodge, who, by the way, well earned the thanks and deep gratitude of Lucan Lodge for the very efficient services which they rendered on the occasion. Short ad-

resses were delivered by the installing officers after which they all, with the ception of M. W. G. M. Buttery, took the G. T. R. train for their respective homes.

The next item on the programme was a promenade concert in the town hall which was tastefully decorated with evergreens and other materials. The Lucan brass band, which numbers several Odd-Fellows amongst its members, and Dayton's string band from London, furnished the music, and all present seemed to enjoy themselves to the full.

The day's celebration was concluded by a ball and supper in which about sixty couples took part, the supper being served at the "Queen's Hotel," Brother Bowey catering to the appetite of the joyous throng in a most satisfactory manner.

An excellent parlor organ, played upon by Miss McRobert, assisted vocally by several ladies and gentlemen, contributed to the enjoyment of the afternoon and evening; and great praise is due to the visiting Brethren from London, Widder, Sarnia, Parkhill and Granton, who by their presence, in response to the invitation of Lucan Lodge, contributed toward making the celebration what it was—a decided success.

C. F. P.

### TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE.

TORONTO, Jan. 13, 1876.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—  
In response to your request (in the JOURNAL to hand this month,) I forward to you a brief account of the officers elected for Queen City Lodge, No. 56, as well as the officers of some of the rest of the lodges in the city. I see the members in Toronto are very tardy in furnishing the JOURNAL with anything that transpires in reference to the Order here. I feel my inability to perform such a task properly, but as you have very kindly undertaken to put it in shape, I shall in future forward to you, cheerfully, anything that will be of interest to the Order.

The officers for Toronto Encampment, No. 8, are as follows: Thos. Colbey, C.P.; Geo. Schofield, H.P.; Dr. George Wright, S.W.; Jno. Donagh, J.W.; M. E. Snider, Scribe; W. W. Warmsley, Treas.

The officers for Metropolitan Degree Lodge, No. 3, are Jno. Donagh, D.M.; W. H. Perry, D.D.M.; Thos. Colbey, 1st Asst.; William Jefferies, 2nd Asst.; A. G. Gilbert, Secy.; Geo. Schofield, Treas.

At the regular communication of Queen City of Ontario Lodge, No. 56, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 5th, the D. D. G. M. Bro. Jas E. Johnston, installed in regular form the office-bearers for the ensuing term: G. L. Bird, N.G.; Jos. Oliver, V.G.; W. F. Robertson, R.S.; James Robertson, Treas.

I might state that Queen City Lodge is in a very prosperous condition; and although we have felt the hard times very much, yet we have initiated 19 during the past term. At the same time we have suspended some 40 members, the best way to serve delinquents.

At a regular communication of Canada Lodge, No. 49, the following officers were

duly installed by Bro. Jas. E. Johnston D.D.G.M.: P. Nesbet, N.G.; Wm. Moore, V.G.; D. H. Purdon, R.S.; A. G. Allison, Treas., (re-elected.)

The officers for Covenant Lodge, No. 52, for the current term are Dr. McFarlane, N. G.; S. Thompson, V. G.; T. C. Semple, R. S.

I am glad to inform you that the Odd-Fellows in Toronto are acting upon the suggestion thrown out by you, and have appointed committees to form a General Relief Board, which will be a very great boon to distressed brothers, and will at the same time be a more effective barrier against imposters.

Bro. Dr. Geo. Wright, G.R., presented all the P.Gs. of the town, who were not Reprs. to the Grand Lodge of Ontario, with a copy of the Journal of Proceedings, a very commendable action.

Laurel Lodge, No. 110, gave a grand concert in the town hall, at Yorkville, in aid of the poor of the village, which was a great success.

We are now organizing a large com-

mittee of three from each lodge and from the Encampment, for the purpose of getting up a concert in aid of the "Lifeboat Fund." The object is to show the community that while we provide for members of the Order, yet we are prepared to do something for the interest of those who are not connected with us. I shall forward to you all information in connection with the same after the committee is at work.

With reference to my JOURNAL I can only say that during the past year I have not only found it a very cheerful companion, but a very interesting and profitable one. And let me assure you that were it \$5 in place of \$1.50, I should subscribe to it as cheerfully as I do now; and not like some of the Brothers, return it in December, an action unworthy an Odd-Fellow. I trust there are very few such members connected with the Order.

Fraternally yours,

WM. JEFFERIES,  
Queen City Lodge.

## THE EMBLEMS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

### THE SECOND DIVISION.

#### THE SUN.

OF all the natural objects which present themselves to the human eye, there is none more glorious than the sun. Well might the poet address it in words like these:

Most glorious orb! that wert a worship ere  
The mystery of thy making was revealed!  
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty—  
Which gladdened on the mountain tops the hearts  
Of the Chaldean shepherds till they poured  
Themselves in orisons! Thou material God,  
And representative of the Unknown—  
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!  
Centre of many stars! which mak'at our earth  
Endurable, and temperest the hues  
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!  
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes  
And thoes who dwell in them—thou dost arise  
And shine, and set in glory.

The sun has been appropriately selected

as an emblem of Odd-Fellowship, which is, like it, a power and an influence for good. To the world the sun gives light and warmth. Its rays are sources of power—awakening the dormant germs of life—causing growth and progress—maintaining health—purifying earth, air and water—keeping the whole material world in active existence.

And on the moral world Odd-Fellowship exerts just such a benign influence. It awakens the germs of virtue and brotherly love that lie deep in our hearts; it cultivates and develops the great moral truths—the graces—the emotions which beautify and adorn humanity. Over the darkness of folly and vice it sheds the light of truth; it warms the cold hearts of selfishness; and dries the tears of grief.

If men are not all deeply impressed with the inestimable value of the sun to the physical world, it is only because familiarity with it from their births has removed it into the category of those blessings which we can only appreciate when we have lost them. So there are some who may not



recognise the value of Odd-Fellowship ; because, silent and unobtrusive like all great moral influences, the world has through past ages gradually grown familiar with the great principles upon which it is founded. There are many who have noted the ennobling and purifying influence of Odd-Fellowship ; there are many who have personal experience of its charitable work. But if it were possible that the 6,000 lodges of our Order should suddenly suspend their operations ; if our half-a-million of members should in one day be removed from earth—the entire world would speedily recognise the loss sustained ; so glorious a sun in the moral firmament—so great a source of light and power could not sink without leaving behind a darkness that might be felt.

#### THE SCYTHE.

There is no lesson that requires to be so frequently enforced as our mortality. There is no one thing so absolutely certain ; and few things more disregarded. We see the work of death on every hand. "The grass withereth—the flower fadeth away." Beast and bird, fish and insect—

how short and brittle their thread of life ! while man struts for a brief space this mortal stage, then leaves it forever. In childhood, in youth, in manhood, in old age, those we have known and loved, are dropping by our side every hour—every moment.

"Friend after friend departs,  
Who hath not last a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end."

The scythe of the tireless mower Death, is never at rest. Silent, sudden and sharp are its movements. We have seen the farmer swinging his scythe in the field. One moment we see the golden grain waving in the sunlight ; the next, the stalk has been severed, and it lies low on the ground. Nor grain alone ; but useless weed and beautiful flower alike fall before the relentless scythe. So, before the weapon of Death, who is no respecter of persons, fall high and low, young and old, rich and poor—all meeting the same sure fate. Heed the lesson taught by this expressive emblem ! "Forget it not ! Forget it not !"  
SIRACH.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. E.—Communications received ; will appear in a future number.

JAS. S.—We have not the address referred to, but will endeavor to get it for you.

CAMP.—It would be illegal to confer the Encampment degrees upon one holding a withdrawal card from a Subordinate Lodge. Digest G. L. U. S. 1109.

S. G.—Prayer at opening and closing of a subordinate Lodge is not compulsory ; but it is pronounced by the G. L. U. S. "highly desirable and eminently proper." Digest 1610. But in the degrees of the Encampment the prayers are compulsory, as much so as any other part of the ritual.

J. H.—Can an N. G. prevent a brother from retiring from the Lodge at any other time than during initiation.

Ans.—Certainly—See Rule of Order No. 19. The power is discretionary ; and, of course, should be exercised with caution.

MANITOBA.—Can a V. G. who fills the chair of the N. G. during his absence on visiting card, be refused an election when chair declared vacant, and afterward be installed as Junior P. G.?

Ans.—The question is not very plainly stated. But, perhaps these two points will give the required information: 1st. A V.G. will not be eligible to the chair of N. G. until he has served his term as V. G. 2nd. He cannot be a P. G. until he has been installed N. G. and served his term as such ; filling the N. G.'s chair during the absence of that officer, will not entitle him to the honors unless he has been elected and installed therein.

RULES.—A motion is before the Lodge, with an amendment, and an amendment to the amendment. The latter being put and lost, is it in order then to move another amendment ?

Ans.—There is nothing in the Ontario Rules of Order bearing on this question ; but it would be admissible under parliamentary rules.

## PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

### ONTARIO.

#### INSTALLATIONS.

In giving the returns of officers installed, we have only room for the elective officers, except in the case of new lodges instituted.

Brock, 9, Brockville.—W. Butler, N.G.; J. Nettleton, V. G.; H. T. Fitzsimmons, R.S.; John Briggs, Treas.

Union, 16, St. Catharines.—W. B. Allen, N.G.; Jas. Harris, V.G.; L. D. Winchester, R.S.; W. Chatfield, P.S.; G. Wales, Treas.

Rose, 28, Amherstburg.—R. Kay, N.G.; E. A. Irving, V. G.; W. D. Balfour, R. S.; J. A. Auld, P.S.; E. Anderson, Treas.

Chatham, 29.—J. E. Piers, N.G.; John Ogle, V.G.; J. Parsons, R.S.; J. P. Young, P.S.; Isaac Smith, Treas.

Eureka, 30, London.—D. Barton, N.G.; A. C. Stewart, V.G.; Joseph Newman, R. S.; W. D. Riddell, P. S.; Geo. Powell, sen., Treas.

Forest City, 38, London.—Thos. Lawrence, N. G., W. Risk, V.G.; W. H. Wigmore, R. S.; A. Greenlees, P. S.; C. F. Colwell, Treas.

Avon, 41, Stratford.—John Pethick, N.G.; F. H. Cowley, V.G.; R. Ellis, R.S.; Chas. O. Paekert, P.S.; W. Mowat, Treas.

Excelsior, No. 44, Hamilton.—James Addison, N.G.; Samuel Robbins, V.G.; Wm. Scott, R.S.; Thos. McKay, P.S.; R. C. Cooper, Treas.

Frontier, 45, Windsor.—Walter Sherland, N.G.; Wm. Blow, V.G.; G. H. Leslie, R. S.; Wm. E. Reid, Treas.

Dominion, 48, London.—H. J. Boyd, N. G.; Geo. Wriglèy, V. G.; Geo. Heron, R.S.; W. F. Howell, P.S.; E. H. Cooper, Treas.

Otter, 50, Tilsonburg.—Chas. A. Thomson, N. G.; James Amos, V. G.; Horace Weatherway, R.S. Walter Hall, P.S.; Jno. Dewar, Treas.

Howard, 58, Strathroy.—J. W. Baskerville, N. G.; P. H. Johnston, V. G.; H. Urquhart, R. S.; J. Irwin, P. S.; F. L. Harrison, Treas.

Kingston, 59, Kingston.—Z. Guy, N.G.; Wm. Dunn, V. G.; J. E. Dillon, R. S.; A. Smith, P.S.; G. W. Robinson, Treas.

St. Thomas, 76.—A. Murray, N. G.; F. Lindsay, V. G.; H. B. Terwilleger, R. S.; Jas. Haggarty, P.S.; W. Forbes, Treas.

Olive Branch, No. 88, Woodstock.—John Morrison, N.G.; George Clarkson, V.G.; H. W. Hill, R.S.; Asa Hall, P.S.; P. G. A. W. Francis, Treas.

Belleville, 88.—Robert Tracy, M.D., N. G.; J. B. Benson, V. G.; Wm. Davis, R. S.; J. C. Stewart, P. S.; R. Chandler, Treas.

Aylmer, 91.—Wm. M. Lyons, N.G.; R. Dawson, V. G.; T. H. Goff, R. S.; R. N. Corey, P.S.; E. Walker, Treas.

Nith, No. 96, New Hamburg.—Otto Pressprich, N.G.; B. Tauber, R.S.; Sol. Weaver, P.S.; W. Hunter, Treas.

Golden Star, 101, Brampton.—Henry Entlacott, N. G.; W. C. Bryant, V.G.; W. J. Ewart, R.S.; G. Ballantyne, R.S.; Wm. Parker, Treas.

Crescent, 104, Hamilton.—T. McCallum, N. G.; R. Woods, V. G.; G. Britton, R.S.; A. McDonald, P.S.; W. McDonald, Treas.

Sarnia, No. 126.—A. C. Ponsett, N.G.; C. Fisher, V.G.; C. Fink, R.S.; P. Symington, P.S.; R. Glynn, Treas.

Mizpah Lodge, No. 127.—W. H. Garratt, N. G.; John G. Moore, V. G.; D. J. Wallace, R. S.; W. A. Beamish, P. S.; A. N. Reid, Treas.

Model, 157, Wyoming.—Wm. Strange, N. G.; G. G. Hartley, V. G.; E. C. Rice, R.S.; W. J. Travis, P.S.; M. Smith, Treas.

Garnet, 139, Mount Forest.—I. S. Armstrong, N. G.; J. Corley, V. G.; E. Sherwood, R. S., (re-elected); W. Balfour, P.S.; J. Boos, Treas., (re-elected.)

Sycamore, 151, Arkona.—A. Hoover, N.G.; R. G. Brett, V.G.; A. D. Macdonald, R.S.; J. C. Jaffries, P.S.; W. J. Ward, Treas.

Hayden, 153, Norwich.—H. Cousins, N. G.; D. Dunkin, V. G.; G. E. Stankoff, R. S.; J. H. Adams, P. S.; D. W. Miller, Treas.

Romeo, 164, Stratford.—C. W. Young, N.G.; D. Macpherson, V.G.; A. Coulton, R.S.; J. T. Mingay, P.S.; Wm. Hepburn, Treas.

Elgin Encampment, St. Thomas.—L. Ferguson, C. P.; O. C. Jarvis, H.; J. C. Lindop, S. W.; Thos. Meek, S.; H. M. Wilson, J. W.; W. Forbes, F. S.; W. T. Crips, T. W.

Charity Encampment, Stratford.—A. M. Campbell, C.P.; Jno. Pethick, H. P.; F. H. Cowley, S.W.; J. T. Mingay, S.; John Gibson, T.; Geo. Murray, J.W.

Quinte Encampment, No. 19.—J. H. Mills, C. P.; Rev. J. W. Sills, H. P.; Alan McFee, S. W.; Thos. Wilson, J. W.; D. J. Wallace, S.; R. L. Chandler, Treas.

#### PARIS.

At the last meeting of Grand River Lodge, No. 91, officers were installed by P.G. Inksater, acting in the absence of D.D.G.M., Dodimead. The elective officers are as follows: Thomas Walker, N.G.; T. Patton, V.G.; Thos. Armstrong, R.S.; John Kay, P.S. John Finlayson, Treas.

#### WELLAND.

We are informed that on Tuesday evening, 4th January, the officers of Orient Lodge, No. 134, were installed by D.D.G. M. John Coulson, assisted by brethren from Clifton, Welland and Thorold, as follows: A. Williams, N.G.; C. J. Page, V.G.; Geo. W. Wright, R.S.; Wm. Page, P.S.; James Anderson, Treas.

An adjournment afterwards was made to the Queen's Hotel, where a sumptuous spread was partaken of by the brethren, in true Odd-Fellow's style, being strictly on the temperance principle.

#### STRATFORD.

The beautiful hall of Avon Lodge was crammed to its utmost capacity with the members of the Order and their lady friends, on Tuesday evening the 13th January—the occasion being the celebration of the 15th anniversary of Odd-Fellowship in Stratford. A mixed programme of vocal and instrumental music was presented, in which Mrs. Billings, Mrs. T. C. Johns, the Misses Jarvis, Miss King, Miss Hill, Miss Hastings, Miss Grant, Mr. P. Daly, Dr. Lorimer and Bro. Young took part, together with recitations by Bro. Griswold, and addresses by Bros. Campbell and John Gibson. Refreshments were served in the room upstairs and music being provided, dancing was indulged in. Though not on so pretentious a scale as the annual ball, the celebration this year was fully as enjoyable, being decidedly more sociable, and better in keeping with the hard times.

#### CLINTON.

At a regular meeting of Clinton Lodge No. 83, the officers were duly installed by Bro. W. Foster, P. G., for the ensuing term: J. A. Yuill, N. G.; Jas. Ferguson, V. G.; Jno. Callander, R. S.; Thos. White, P. S.; D. R. Menzies, Treas.

On Friday evening last the lodge gave its third annual social and concert in the town hall here, attracting a large gathering. The concert was one of the best amateur performances that has been given in this place for some time, the vocalists being Miss Nellie Bay, Miss Maria McTavish, and Mr. Kennedy, of Brantford. The two former maintained their reputation as first class singers, and were loudly encored. Mr. Kennedy, who for the first time appeared before a Clinton audience, earned for himself as a singer and comic actor, a first-class position. His Irish and Dutch characters and songs are well rendered, but he surpasses all that have performed here for some time in his negro melodies. His rendering of "De ole church yard in the lane," was inimitable, and was listened to with profound attention. He was encored at every song he sung on the programme, and he will be heartily welcomed in future. Mr. Watson, of Goderich, played a few tunes excellently on the accordeon. The affair was got up and conducted in a pleasant, sensible and orderly manner, to the entire satisfaction of the audience.—*Clinton New Era, Jan. 20.*

#### RUTHVEN.

A grand Odd-Fellows' demonstration took place in this district on Tuesday evening, January 4th, on the occasion of the public installation of officers. Their handsome hall was crowded with the residents of the several places from Amherstburg to Leamington. Under the District Deputy Grand Master, John McNutt, Esq., the affair passed off very successfully, followed by a grand supper and ball.

#### SPRINGFIELD.

D. D. G. M. Ferguson reports on date of 20th January that he intended to institute another new lodge, at Springfield, county of Elgin, on Thursday, the 27th inst., which will be known as Ark Lodge, No. —. Springfield is a village of about 600 inhabitants, on the Canada Southern Railway, 15 miles east of St. Thomas.



## ORANGEVILLE.

At the regular meeting of Maple Leaf Lodge No. 57, the officers were duly installed for the ensuing term: A. J. Anderson, N. G.; Wm. Still, V. G.; W. L. Latham, R. S., (re-elected); F. A. Campbell, P. S., (re-elected); R. Mortimer, Treas., (re-elected); F. G. Dunbar, D. M. At the conclusion, the N. G. invited all present to participate in a supper given by the members; when all present availed themselves of the opportunity to spend a very pleasant evening in songs, speeches, &c.

## GALT.

Waterloo Lodge, No. 107, held their annual ball on Friday evening, the 14th January, and considering the state of the weather it was a decided success. Several brothers from a distance were present. Through the energy of the members their ball is always enjoyable and is the best of the season in this neighborhood.—COM.

## GEORGETOWN.

The officers of Orion Lodge, No. 109, were, on account of the absence from illness of D.D.G.M. Gillet, installed by P.D.D.G.M. Matheson, on Monday evening, 4th January. They are as follows: T. J. Standish, N.G.; C. S. Staples, V.G.; John Standish, R.S.; John Hayes, P.S.; Edwin Search, Treas. The lodge, though numerically no stronger than at the beginnings of the term, is in a healthy state.

## LINDSAY.

Our correspondent from this town announces the death of Bro. Thomas E. Nesbit, who died of consumption after a long illness, on the morning of the 25th November, at the early age of 29 years. Bro. Nisbet was initiated into Lindsay Lodge, No. 100, the first regular meeting held in January, 1873—Bro. John Murray, P. G. M., officiating as Conductor and N. G., as well as installing the officers on the same evening. The impressions produced upon Bro. Nisbet's mind on his admission were never forgotten. He was a faithful member, a good citizen and warm friend. His remains were interred in Riverside Cemetery, with the full honors of our Order, Rev. Bro. J. Allister Murray, chaplain, officiating. There were 77 Odd-Fellows in line, including representatives from Manilla Lodge, No. 105, Cannington Lodge, Charity Lodge, and Peterboro

Lodge, No. 111, the whole making one of the most respectable funerals ever seen in this town. The arrangements throughout were complete. When the brethren returned to their hall, a resolution of condolence was passed and ordered to be forwarded to Bro. Nisbet's widowed mother, to which the following reply was received:

LINDSAY, DEC. 1, 1875.

To Lodge No. 100, I.O.O.F.

DEAR SIRS AND GENTLEMEN,—In response to your very kind resolution of condolence, permit me to say, together with the remaining part of my family, that it is altogether unnecessary on your part; for by your magnificent behavior throughout the entire length of my departed son's unfortunate illness, continued as it was through weary months of sorrow and doubt, you have shown your sympathy in actions which speak far plainer than words. I have not the words at my command to speak my gratitude to you for the love and respect you have shown to him that is gone. I can simply say, you have in every way practically carried out the grand principles taught in that mighty significant word Odd-Fellowship, (and what more can I say?) May it please God to prosper your noble Order throughout the wide world; may it spread its holy influence over every community in which it is established, and may it be established in every community; and especially may the Lodge that has done its duty so nobly on this occasion continue to prosper in the future even more than it has in the past, and may each individual of it be enabled to do his duty nobly without shrinking. Long may it be before you are called upon again to perform the like sad duty; and when it does come, I pray you may be in such a position as will enable you to do it as nobly. I remain, yours, gentlemen, in much respect and great obligation,

Mrs. ANNA NISBET.

The following are the names of the elective officers installed and invested at the regular meeting, January 6th, in Lindsay Lodge, No. 100, by Bro. E. E. Henderson, P. G.: S. Perrin, N. G.; F. C. Taylor, V. G.; J. O. Sutherland, R. S.; D. C. Trew, P. S., (re-elected); J. Neelands, Treas., (re-elected.) Trustees—Bros. P. S. Martin, D. J. McIntyre and S. A. McMurtry.

## MADOC.

A new Lodge was formally instituted at Madoc on the 10th January by Bro. Allan McFee, D.D.G.M., assisted by several of the brethren of Belleville Lodge No. 81, and Mizpah Lodge, No. 127. The new Lodge to be hailed and entitled "Golden Star" Lodge, No. 179. The following Officers were installed for the present term: J. C. Dale, N.G.; Donald McKay, V.G.; Benson O'Hara, R. S.; B. O'Hara P. S.; L. Weiss, Treas.; A. Maclin, W.; Allan Moon, C.; L. S. Guffin, R. S. N. G.; V. Embry, L. S. N. G.; Dr. Loomis, R. S. V. G.; T. Milroy, I. G.; Daniel Ross, O. G.; Dr. Loomis, Phys. After the Lodge closed the Brethren of "Golden Star" Lodge entertained the D. D. G. M. and the visiting brethren with a supper at Moon's Hotel. No intoxicating liquors were allowed, and everything passed off in excellent style—worthy of the Lodge who got it up. The new Lodge starts under very favourable auspices—with good men at the helm—and there is little doubt but a prosperous career is in store for them. J. G. M.

## GUELPH.

On Thursday evening, January 9th, the installation of the officers of Progress Lodge, No. 158, for the current term took place, the installing officers being Bro. G. W. Jessop, D. D. G. M., Bro. Dr. McGregor, N. G. of Reliance Lodge; Bro. Sunley, P. G. and Bro. Standish. The following are the elective officers installed:—Bro. A. Weir, P. G.; Bro. W. T. Tawse, N. G.; Bro. Thos. Wardrope, jr., V. G.; Bro. G. J. Brill, R. S.; Bro. J. Hewer, P. S.; Bro. G. Sleeman, Treas.

At the close of the business of the Lodge, an adjournment was made to Mitchell's hotel where a spread got up by Bro. Mitchell in his usual first-class style was in waiting. There were in all about forty members present. Bro. Tawse, N. G., occupied the chair, and the vice chair was filled by Bro. Wardrope, V. G. After full justice had been done the excellent repast, the cloth was removed and a few hours were spent in social intercourse. The toast of the Grand Lodge of Ontario was responded to by Bro. Jessop, D. D. G. M.; elective officers by Bros. Tawse, Wardrope, Brill and Hewer; appointed officers by Bros. Mahoney and Oliver,

and others; sister Lodges by Bros. Dr. McGregor and R. McKenzie of Reliance Lodge, and others. Songs were sung by Bros. Jessop, Wardrope, &c. The toast of the ladies was ably responded to by Bros. Oliver and Arthur. Thus the time passed pleasantly, and after doing all honor to the toast of the "Host and Hostess" the company dispersed.—*Guelph Mercury*.

The installation in Reliance Lodge, No. 89 on the evening of January 3rd, was conducted by P. G. Sunley, assisted by P. G. Maddock,—the following being the officers:—Bro. James H. McGregor, N. G.; Bro. John Colson, V. G.; Bro. Wm. Bourne, R. Sec.; Bro. D. Bridgeford, P. Sec.; Bro. Jas. Carter, Treas.

## EXETER.

The officers of Exeter Lodge, No. 67, where duly installed by D. D. G. M. Hayward last evening. He not being able to be present on last lodge night, a special meeting was called for the purpose. After installation our worthy Deputy went through the secret work, after which we repaired to the Central hotel for refreshments leaving for home well pleased at 11 o'clock. Bro. Wm. Brooks, N. G.; Bro. Wm. Howard, V. G.; Bro. Alex. Dyer, Sec.; Bro. W. H. Sambrook, Treas.

## THOROLD.

We have every reason to believe the assertions of some brothers who have visited Thorold, when they tell us that there is a live and enthusiastic band of Odd-Fellows in that town. The lodge is large and flourishing; and the new Encampment lately organized gives promise of rapid and substantial growth. The best evidence that we have, and we could not desire better, is the large list of subscribers to the JOURNAL, sent by our energetic agent—Secretary Cowan. The following are he elected officers of Livingstone Lodge, No. 130: W. Williams, N. G.; Wm. Winslow, V.G.; Thomas Cowan, R.S.; Thos. McBride, P.S.; J. C. Lampman, Treas.

In Livingstone Encampment, No. 29, the following patriarchs hold office till the end of the present term: Charles Munro, C.P.; W. M. Hendershot, H.P.; S. Cleveland, S.W.; I. Simmes, J.W.; D. Brown, S.; T. Cowan, F.S.; Geo. Grenville, Treas.

WROXETER.

The new lodge organized in Wroxeter a few weeks since by D. D. G. M. Haywood, of Wingham, starts out with good prospects. Five charter members, one admitted by card; and nine initiated the first night. In two weeks they had run up to 22 members with more coming.

MILTON.

Monday morning last a fire was discovered in the upper part of the Kilbride Hotel, Milton, and before anything could be done the hotel was hopelessly gone, the residence of Mr Charles Rasberry and the Odd-Fellows' Hall were also consumed. The Odd-Fellows lost all their regalia, books, &c.—*News*.

LOWER PROVINCES, B. N. A.

INDEPENDENCE.

A distinguished Brother from the Lower Provinces thus writes: "I admire your periodical for its thoroughly British tone, as well as for the admirable summaries it gives of the progress and principles of our Order, and I hope you will soon see your way clear to go straight for a 'Sovereign G. L. for Canada.' I believe that such a step would be a benefit to the Order, on both sides of the line, and mark a new era in its progress on British territory. Give your correspondent *Canadensis* a brother's good wishes and thanks for his able communications. May he resume his pen again and keep 'pegging away' until the change is made".

ST. JOHNS.

The elective officers of Beacon Lodge, No. 12. installed by D. G. M. Murdoch are as follows: Jno. A. Fish, N.G.; F. W. Wisdom, V. G.; T. W. Peters, R. S.; E. W. Barlow, P. S.; R. Radford Barnes, Treas.

Peerless, No. 19.—H. A. Vradenburg, N.G.; Alex. Duff, V.G.; Joseph Court, R. S.; W. Roulston, P. S.; Jno. Wilson, Treas.

NEW GLASGOW.

The officers of Norton Lodge, No. 6, were installed on Monday evening, Jan. 3rd, by R. Hockin, G.M.: D. McDearmid, N.G.; S. G. Tupper, V. G.; R. G. Graham, R.S.; John K. Fraser, P. S.; Jas. Fraser Downe, Treas.

OHIO.

In this State the Grand Officers are elected by the votes of all the P.G.'s given at a stated period in their several lodges. The election just concluded is said to have resulted as follows: Nathan Jones G.M.; W. S. Cappeller, D.G.M.; Amos Moore, G.W.; W.C. Earl, G.S.; George D. Winchell, G.T.; W. B. Kennedy, G. Rep.

The General Relief Committee of Columbus report for the six months ending Dec. 31st, 1875, as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Balance, July 3rd.....	\$ 94 83
Assessments.....	95 53
Loans and relief returned...	26 00
Weekly benefits returned..	319 00
Funeral expenses returned..	7 00
	\$543 36

DISBURSEMENTS.

Loans and relief.....	\$ 29 00
Weekly benefits.....	319 00
Funeral expenses.....	9 00
Paid for nursing.....	85 00
Expenses.....	19 00
	\$459 00
	\$ 84 36

RHODE ISLAND.

The Providence *I. O. O. F. Record* reports the death of a brother who was probably one of the oldest Odd-Fellows living. Brother Benjamin Downing was born in Stamford, Conn., on the 10th day of March, 1784, and at an early age was left an orphan boy to roam and support himself. At the age of 14, by his request he was apprenticed to a Mr. Tilton of New York, to learn the trade of chairmaker, and during his apprenticeship fared roughly. Soon after the expiration of his services, he went to sea and landed in England; and while in that country joined the Odd-Fellows on the 10th day of January, 1808. He returned to America next year. Soon after reaching New York he made enquiries as to whether or not the Odd-Fellows' Society was known in the United States, and learned that the Shakespeare Lodge of New York, had been formed by a party of Englishmen, in the year 1806, having gone into operation on the 23d of December, of that year. He connected himself with the order, and was a useful member—more especially in Columbia Lodge, No. 1, which was organized in 1822.



Mr. Downing was present at the organization of the Grand Lodge of New York, and was one of the six who composed that Grand Lodge. Previous to the institution of the Grand Lodge, the Columbia found themselves with only fifteen dollars, and this at the time when thirty were required to pay for the charter to the Grand Lodge. Mr. Downing, however came to the rescue and gave his individual note for the balance, but he stated to friends in after life that

he never was called upon to pay it, and he does not think it was ever cancelled. In June, 1823, Mr. Downing was appointed by Grand Sire, James Wildey, a delegate to accompany him for the purpose of instituting new Lodges in Massachusetts.

Through his long life, he is reported as having been honest and faithful, and devoted to his country, his family, his lodge, and the Order. He died at Newport, R.I. on the 7th of January, 1876, aged 91 years.

### LODGE CARDS.

We will insert Lodge cards in the following manner, for one year, for \$3.00, and send a copy of the JOURNAL to the Lodge. Secretaries will please notify us when corrections in names of officers are to be made.

#### ONTARIO.

**DOMINION LODGE, No. 48, LONDON,** meets every Wednesday evening. H. J. Boyd, N. G.; Geo. Heron, R. S.

**MAPLE LEAF LODGE, No. 57, ORANGEVILLE,** meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Travelling brothers invited to attend.

**ST. THOMAS LODGE, No. 76,** meets every Wednesday evening at 7.30, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Victoria Block, Talbot st., St. Thomas. Visiting Brothers cordially invited. A. Murray, N. G.; F. Lindsay, V. G.; H. B. Terwilliger, R. S.

**LUCAN LODGE, No. 70, LUCAN,** meets every Tuesday evening. Sylvanus Gibson, N. G.; Chas. F. Pashley, R. S.

**RELIANCE LODGE, No. 89, GUELPH,** meets every Monday evening. Jas. H. McGregor, M. D., N. G.; Wm. Bourne, R. S.

**GRAND RIVER LODGE, No. 91, PARIS,** meets every Thursday evening. Thos. Walker, N. G.; T. Armstrong, R. S.

**NITH LODGE, No. 96, NEW HAMBURG,** meets every Thursday evening. Otto Prempich, N. G.; B. Tauber, R. S.

**GOLDEN STAR LODGE, No. 101, BRAMPTON,** meets every Thursday evening. H. Entlercott, N. G.; G. Ballantyne, R. S.

**HARMONY LODGE, No. 115, BRANTFORD,** meets every Tuesday evening. J. J. Dickson, N. G.; F. J. Grening, R. S.

**ROMELO LODGE, No. 164, STRATFORD,** meets every Tuesday evening. C. W. Young, W. Young N. G.; A. G. U. Coulton, R. S. Visiting Brothers cordially invited.

**DOLMAN LODGE, No. 174, AYR,** meets every Wednesday evening. Jacob Shoemaker, N. G.; T. M. Anderson, R. S.

**MOUNT ROYAL LODGE, No. 1, MONTREAL,** meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, 295 Notre Dame street, near the French Cathedral. Visiting Brothers cordially invited.

## LODGE PRINTING AND REQUISITES

AT THE FOLLOWING

### CHEAP RATES.

**CIRCULARS,** note size.  
500 copies, \$2.50; 1,000, \$4.00.

**ENVELOPES,** printed.  
\$2.50 to \$4.50 per 1,000.

**HEADINGS.**  
Letter size, \$4.50 per 1,000.  
Note size, \$2.75 per 1,000.  
If ruled, 25c. extra.

**LODGE BY-LAWS,**  
Bound in paper—100 copies, \$16 to \$20 according to number of pages. \$3.00 per 100 for all over the first 100,  
Bound in cloth, 3 cents per copy extra.

**ENCAMPMENT BY-LAWS**  
Are usually smaller, and come proportionately cheaper. Special rates on application.

**LODGE SEALS—**  
\$7.50 and upwards.

**SCENES.**  
Perfect and complete, \$42.00.  
(For the scenes, cash must accompany order.)

**ADDRESS—**  
Odd-Fellows' Printing and Publishing Association, Stratford, Ont.

THE

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, Editor.

Ellinwood's authorized verbatim reports each week of Mr. Beecher's

### Sermons in Plymouth Church.

All his literary productions, including the characteristic "STAR PAPERS," will be given. Serial Stories by

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.,  
(Author of "A Man without a Country," &c.)

HON. ALBION W. TOURGEE,  
Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, (Author of "Toinette," &c.,

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,  
(Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c.)

A comprehensive Family Religious Newspaper. Terms \$3.20 per year, postage prepaid. To clergymen, \$2.60.

*New and Unusual Terms to Agents.*

Cash Commissions. Outfit free.  
Send for particulars.

HENRY M. CLEVELAND, Publisher  
HORATIO C. KING, Asst. Publisher  
27 Park Place, New York

Volume I. of the JOURNAL, neatly bound in cloth, \$2.00. A few copies only left.