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THE

ODD FELLOWS' RECORD;

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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

VOL. II. MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1847. No. 12.

(*For the Odd Fellows' Record.*)

ASTRONOMY.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE SUN.

THAT at so vast a distance, the Sun should appear to us of the size it does, and should so powerfully influence our condition by its heat and light, requires us to form a very grand conception of its actual magnitude, and of the scale on which those important processes are carried on within it, by which it is enabled to keep up its liberal and unceasing supply of these elements. Placed at a distance of 95,000,000 of miles from our Earth, its diameter is computed to be 882,000 miles.—If we compare it with what we have already ascertained of the dimensions of our own, we shall find that in linear magnitude it exceeds the Earth in the proportion of 111½ to 1, and in bulk, in that of 1,384,472 to 1.

It is hardly possible to avoid associating our conceptions of an object of definite globular figure, and of such enormous dimensions, with some corresponding attribute of massiveness and material solidity. That the Sun is not a mere phantom, but a body having its own peculiar structure and economy, our telescopes distinctly inform us. They show us dark spots on its surface, which slowly change their places and forms, and by attending to whose situation at different times, astronomers have ascertained that the Sun revolves round its axis, performing one rotation in a period of 25 days, and in the same direction with the diurnal rotations of the Earth *i. e.* from west to east. Here, then we have an analogy with our own Globe; the slower and more majestic movement only corresponding with the greater dimensions of the machinery, and impressing us with the prevalence of similar mechanical laws, and of at least, such a community of nature as the existence of inertia and obedience to force may argue. Now in the exact proportion in which we invest our idea of this immense bulk with the attribute of inertia, or weight, it becomes difficult to conceive its circulation round so comparatively small a body as the earth, without, on the one hand, dragging it along, and displacing it, if bound to it by some invisible tie; or, on the other hand, if not so held to it, pursuing its course alone in space and leaving the earth behind. If we tie two stones of equal weight together and fling them aloft, we see them circulate round a point between them, which is their common centre of gravity; but if one of them be greatly more ponderous than the other, this common centre will he proportionally nearer to that one, and even within its surface, so that the smaller one will circulate, in fact, about the larger, which will be comparatively but little disturbed from its place.

Whether the earth move round the Sun, the Sun round the earth, or both round their common centre of gravity, will make no difference, so far as appearances are concerned, provided the stars be supposed sufficiently distant to undergo no sensible apparent displacement by the motion so attributed to the earth. Whether they are so or not must still be a matter of enquiry; and from the absence of any measureable amount of such displacement, we can conclude nothing but this, that the scale of the sidereal universe is so great, that the mutual orbit of the earth and Sun may be regarded as an imperceptible point in the comparison.

Admitting, then, in conformity with the laws of dynamics, that two bodies connected with, and revolving about each other in free space do, in fact, revolve about their common centre of gravity, which remains immoveable by their mutual action, it becomes a matter of further enquiry, whereabouts between them this centre is situated. Mechanics teaches us that its place will divide their mutual distance in the inverse ratio of their weights and measures, and calculations grounded on observed phenomena, inform us that this ratio, in the case of the Sun and the earth, is that of 354,956 to 4, the Sun being, in that proportion more ponderous than the earth. From this it will follow that the common point about which they both circulate is only 267 miles from the Sun's centre, or about 1-3300th part of its own diameter.

Henceforward, then, in conformity with these statements, and with the Copernican view of our system, we must learn to look upon the Sun as the comparatively motionless centre about which the earth performs an annual elliptic orbit round the Sun; the Sun occupying one of the foci of the ellipse, and from that station quietly disseminating on all sides its light and heat; while the earth travelling round it, and presenting itself differently to it at different times of the year and day, passes through the varieties of day and night, summer and winter, which we enjoy.

CHAPTER V.

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES OF THE SUN.

When viewed through powerful telescopes, provided with coloured glasses to take off the glare which would otherwise injure our eyes, the Sun is observed to have frequently large and perfectly black spots upon it—surrounded with a kind of border less completely dark, called a penumbra. When watched from day to day, or even from hour to hour, they appear to enlarge or contract, to change their forms, and at length to disappear altogether, or to break out anew in parts of the surface where none were ever before. In such cases of disappearance, the central dark spot always contracts into a point, and vanishes before the border. Occasionally they break up, or divide into two or more, and in those offer every evidence of that extreme nobility which belongs only to the fluid state, and of that excessively violent agitation which seems only compatible with the atmosphere or gaseous state of matter. The scale on which their movements takes place is immense. A single second of angular measure as seen from the earth, corresponds on the Sun's disc to 465 miles; and a circle of this diameter—containing therefore nearly 220,000 square miles—is the least space which can be distinctly discerned on the Sun as a *visible area.* Spots have been observed, however, whose linear diameter has been upwards of 45,000 miles; and even if some records are to be trusted, of much greater extent.

Many other circumstances tend to corroborate this view of the subject. The part of the Sun's disc not occupied by spots is far from uniformly bright. Its ground is finely mottled with an appearance of minute dark dots or pores, which when attentively watched, are found to be in a constant state of change.

Lastly in the neighbourhood of great spots, or extensive groups of them, large spaces of the surface are often observed to be covered with strongly marked, curved, or branching streaks, more luminous than the rest, called *faculæ*, and among these, if not already existing, spots frequently break out. They may, perhaps be regarded with most probability as the ridges of immense waves in the luminous regions of the Sun's atmosphere, indicative of violent agitation in their neighbourhood.

But what are the spots? Many fanciful notions have been broached on this subject, but only one seems to have any degrees of physical probability; viz. that they are the dark, or at least comparatively dark, solid body of the Sun itself, laid bare to our view by those immense fluctuations in the luminous regions of its atmosphere, to which it appears to be subject. Respecting the manner in which this disclosure takes place, different ideas again have been advocated. Lalande suggests, that eminences in the nature of mountains are actually laid bare, and project above the luminous ocean, appearing black above it. while their shoaling declivities produce the penumbrae, where the luminous fluid is less deep. A fatal objection to this theory is the perfectly uniform shade of the penumbra and its sharp termination, both inwards, and where it borders on the bright surface. A more probable view has been given by Sir William Herschel, who considers the luminous strata of the atmosphere to be sustained far above the level of the solid body by a transparent elastic medium, carrying on its upper surface, or rather, to avoid the former objection, at some considerably lower level within its depth, a cloudy stratum which, being strongly illuminated from above, reflects a considerable portion of the light to our eyes, and forms a penumbra, while the solid body, shaded by the clouds, reflects none. The temporary removal of both the strata, but more of the upper than the lower, he supposes effected by powerful upward currents of the asmosphere, arising perhaps from spiracles on the body, or from local agitations.

That the temperature at the visible surface of the Sun cannot be otherwise than very elevated, much more so than any artificial heat produced in our furnaces, or by chemical or galvanic processes, we have indications of several distinct kinds—1st, from the law of decrease as the squares of the distances, it follows, that the heat received on a given area exposed at the distance of the earth, and on an equal area at the visible surface of the Sun, must be in the proportion of the area of the sky occupied by the Sun's apparent disc to the whole hemisphere, or as 1 to 300,000. 2dly, from the facility with which the calorific rays of the Sun traverse glass, a property which is found to belong to the heat of artificial fires in the direct proportion of their intensity. 3dly, from the fact that the most vivid flames disappear, and the most intensely ignited solids appear only as black spots on the disk of the Sun when held between it and the eye. From this last remark it follows that the body of the Sun however dark it may appear when seen through its spots may nevertheless be in a state of most intense ignition. It does not however follow of necessity that it must be so. The contrary is at least physically possible. A perfectly reflective canopy would effectually defend it from the radiation of the luminous regions above its atmosphere, and no heat would be conducted downwards through a gaseous medium increasing rapidly in density. That the penumbral clouds are highly reflective, the fact of their visibility in such a situation can leave no doubt. This immense escape of heat by radiation, we may also remark, will fully explain the constant state of tumultuous agitation in which the fluids composing the visible surface are maintained and the continued generation and filling in of the pores without having recourse to internal causes.

The Sun's rays are the ultimate source of almost every motion which takes place on the surface of the globe. By its heat are produced all winds, and those disturbances in the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere which give rise to the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. By their vivifying action, vegetables are elaborated from inorganic matter, and become in their turn the support of animals and of man, and the sources of those great deposits of dynamical efficiency which are laid up for human use in our coal strata.—By them the waters of the sea are made to circulate in vapour through the air, and irrigate the land, producing

springs and rivers. By them are produced all disturbances of the chemical equilibrium of the elements of nature, which by a series of compositions and decompositions give rise to new products and originate a transfer of materials. Even the slow degradation of the solid constituents of the surface, in which its chief geological changes consist, and their diffusion among the waters of the ocean, are entirely due to the abrasion of the wind and rain, and the alternate action of the season, and when we consider the immense transfer of matter so produced, the increase of pressure over large surfaces in the bed of the ocean, and diminution over corresponding portions of the land; we are not at a loss to perceive how the elastic power of subterranean fires, thus repressed on the one hand and relieved on the other, may break forth in points when the resistance is barely adequate to their retention, and thus bring the phenomena of even volcanic activity under the general law of solar influence. The great mystery is to conceive how so enormous a conflagration (if such it be) can be kept up. If conjecture might be hazarded, we should look rather to the known possibility of an indefinite generation of heat by friction, or to its excitement by the electric discharge, than to any actual combustion of ponderable fuel, whether solid or gaseous, for the origin of the solar radiation.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE MOON.

The moon, like the sun, appears to advance among the stars with a movement contrary to the general diurnal motion of the heavens, but much more rapid—so as to be very readily perceived (as we have before observed) by a few hours cursory attention on any moonlight night. By this continual advance—which, though sometimes quicker, sometimes slower, is never intermitted or reversed—it makes the tour of the heavens in a mean or average period of 27d. 7h. 43m. 11s. returning in that time to a position among the stars nearly coincident with that it had before, and which would be exactly so, but for causes presently to be stated. The moon then, like the sun, apparently describes an orbit round the earth, and this orbit cannot be very different from a circle, because the apparent angular diameter of the full moon is not liable to any great extent of variation. The distance of the Moon from the earth has been ascertained to be about 237,000 miles. This distance, great as it is, is little more than one-fourth of the diameter of the Sun's body; so that the globe of the Sun would nearly twice include the whole orbit of the Moon—a consideration wonderfully calculated to raise our ideas of that stupendous luminary.

As the Moon is at a very moderate distance from us, (astronomically speaking) and is in fact our nearest neighbor, while the Sun and Stars are in comparison infinitely beyond it, it must of necessity happen that at one time or other, it must pass over and occult or eclipse every star or planet within a zone or belt extending 5° on each side of the ecliptic. Nor is the Sun itself exempt from being thus hidden, whenever any part of the moon's disc, in her tortuous course, comes to overlap any part of the space occupied in the heavens by that luminary. On these occasions is exhibited the most striking and impressive of all the occasional phenomena of Astronomy—an eclipse of the Sun, in which a greater or less portion, or even in some rare conjunctures the whole of its disc is obscured, and, as it were, obliterated by the superposition of that of the Moon, which appears upon it as a circularly-terminated black spot, producing a temporary diminution of day light, or even nocturnal darkness, so that the stars appear as if at midnight. In other cases, when, at the moment that the Moon is centrally superposed on the Sun, it so happens that her distance from the Earth is such as to render her angular diameter less than the Sun's, the very singular phenomenon of an annular solar eclipse takes place, when the edge of the Sun appears for a few minutes as a narrow ring of light, projecting on all sides beyond the dark circle occupied by the Moon in its centre.

A solar eclipse can only happen when the Sun and Moon are in conjunction—that is to say, have the same or nearly the same position in the heavens. It will be seen that this condition can only be fulfilled at the time of New Moon; though it by no means follows that at every conjunction there must be an eclipse of the Sun. If the lunar orbit coincided with the ecliptic, this would be the case; but as it is inclined to it at an angle of upwards of 5°, it is evident that the conjunction or equality of longitudes may take place when the Moon is in the part of her orbit too remote from the ecliptic to permit the discs to meet and overlap. The phenomenon of a solar eclipse, and of an occultation, are highly interesting and instructive in a physical point of view. They teach us that the Moon is an opaque body, terminated by a real and sharply defined surface, intercepting light like a solid. They prove to us also, that at those times when we cannot see the Moon, she really exists and pursues her course; and that when we see her only as a crescent, however narrow, the whole globular body is there, filling up the deficient outline, though unseen.

The monthly changes of appearance, or phases as they are called, arise from the Moon, an opaque body, being illuminated on one side by the Sun, and reflecting from it in all directions a portion of the light so received. Nor let it be thought surprising that a solid substance thus illuminated should appear to shine and again illuminate the earth. It is no more than a white cloud does, standing off upon the clear blue sky. By day the Moon can hardly be distinguished in brightness from such a cloud; and in the dusk of the evening, clouds, catching the last rays of the sun, appear with a dazzling splendour, not inferior to the seeming brightness of the moon at night. That the earth sends also such a light to the moon, only probably more powerful, by reason of its greater apparent size, is agreeable to optical principles, and explains the appearance of the dark portion of the young Moon completing its crescent. For, when the Moon is nearly new to the Earth, the latter (so to speak) is nearly full to the former; it

then illuminates its dark half by strong Earth light; and it is a portion of this reflected back again, which makes it visible to us in the twilight sky. As the moon gains age, the earth offers it a less portion of its bright side, and the phenomenon in question dies away.

The physical constitution of the Moon is better known to us than that of any other heavenly body. By the aid of telescopes, we discern inequalities in its surface, which can be no other than mountains and vallies, for this plain reason, that we see the shadows cast by the former in the exact proportion as to the length which they ought to have, when we take into account the inclination of the sun's rays to that part of the Moon's surface upon which they stand. The convex outline of the limb turned towards the sun is always circular, and very nearly smooth; but the opposite border of the enlightened part—which, were the moon a perfect sphere, ought to be an exact and sharply defined ellipse—is always observed to be extremely ragged and indented with deep recesses and prominent points. The mountains near this edge cast long black shadows, as they should evidently do, when we consider that the sun is in the act of rising or setting to the parts of the moon so circumstanced. Some of the mountains which are distinguished in the body of the Moon form long and elevated ridges resembling the chains of the Alps and the Andes; while others of a conical form, rise to a great height, from the middle of level plains, somewhat resembling the Peak of Teneriffe. But the most singular feature of the moon, is those circular ridges and cavities which diversify every portion of her surface. A range of mountains of a circular form, rising three or four miles above the level of the adjacent districts, surrounds like a mighty rampart an extensive plain; and in the middle of this plain or cavity, an insulated conical hill rises to a considerable elevation. Several hundreds of these circular plains, most of which are considerably below the level of the surrounding country, may be perceived with a good telescope on every region of the human surface. They are of all dimensions, from two or three miles to forty miles in diameter, and, if they he adorned with verdure, they must present to the view of a spectator placed among them a more variegated, romantic and sublime scenery than is to be found on the surface of our globe. An idea of some of these scenes may be acquired by conceiving a plain of about 100 miles in circumference, encircled with a range of mountains of various forms, three miles in perpendicular height, and having a mountain near the centre whose top reaches a mile and a half above the level of the plain. From the top of this central mountain, the whole plain with all its variety of objects would be distinctly visible; and the view would appear to be bounded on all sides by a lofty amphithehtre of mountains in every diversity of shape, rearing their summits to the sky. The lunar mountains are of all sizes, from a furlong to five miles in perpendicular elevation. Certain luminous spots which have been occasionally seen on the dark side of the Moon, seem to demonstrate that fire exists in this planet. Dr. Herschel and several other Astronomers, suppose that they are volcanoes in a state of irruption. The bright spots on the moon are the mountainous regions. The dark spots are the plains or more level parts of her surface. These may probably be rivers or small lakes on this planet; but there are no seas or large collections of water. It appears highly probable that the Moon is encompassed with an atmosphere; but no clouds, rain or snow seem to exist on it.

The Moon always presents the same face to us; which proves that she revolves round her axis in the same time that she revolves round the Earth. As this orb derives its light from the Sun, and reflects a portion of it on the earth, so the Earth performs the same office to the Moon. A spectator on the lunar surface would behold the earth like a luminous orb suspended in the vault of heaven, presenting a surface about thirteen times larger than the Moon does to us, and appearing some times gibbous, some times horned, and at other times with a round full face. The lunar surface contains about fifteen millions of square miles, and is therefore capable of containing a population equal to that of our globe, allowing about fifty-three to the square mile. That this Planet is inhabited by sensitive and intelligent beings, there is every reason to conclude, from a consideration of the sublime scenery with which its surface is adorned, and of the general beneficence of the Creator, who appears to have left no large portion of his material creation without animated existen ce and it is highly probable that direct proofs of the Moon's being inhabited may hereafter be obtained, when all the varieties on her surface shall have been more minutely explored.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

STORY OF ARTHUR GRAHAM.*

CHAPTER III.

The individual who now comes forward, in our story, was an officer in the service of the East India Company, who held an office of some trust in their factory at Calcutta. He had been in the regular army in his youth, but had sold out in consequence of the displeasure of his father, who cast him off on his marriage with his late wife, a young lady of great accomplishments and good family, but wanting in that fruitful bond of domestic happiness, "Money." Having disposed of his commission, he had gone with his young wife to India, where he easily obtained a situation as clerk in the then semi-military establishment of the Company. His talents being properly appreciated by his chief, he had been put in the way of making a large fortune, and had secured a handsome competence, when the sudden death of his wife deranged his schemes, and sent him a wanderer in search of happiness to the land of his birth, where we found him at the close of the last chapter.

After the usual questions and reminiscences of friends in the country they had left, usual on such occasions, the travellers sat down to the plentiful meal which had for some time awaited them on the board. Mr. Graham placed Mary Beverly (for such was her name) by his

* Continued from page 165.

side, and was charmed with the ease and elegance which evinced themselves in every action. She had none of the "*mauvais konte*" so common to children of her years, (and they could not have been more than twelve,) but had all the manners of a finished lady, at the same time coupled with that bewitching "naiveté," so pleasing in young persons. But as she performs no mean part in the sequel of our story, we may as well spare the reader farther comment, by describing her.

Let the reader imagine to himself a face of the most perfect oval, lighted up by a pair of deep blue eyes, from which, as she spoke, intelligence and benevolence beamed like rays of light, beneath the dark fringes of her eyelashes; rich coral lips, which imprisoned within their portals a set of teeth which Venus herself might have envied; an ample forehead, bespeaking high birth, round which in Nature's luxuriance, hung clusters of auburn curls; a neck exquisitely formed, joined to a graceful though yet unformed figure, and a beautifully transparent skin; and Mary Beverly stands before the reader as upon that eventful day, when she burst in all her beauty on the dazzled vision of the poor bewildered Scotch boy. Being an only child, she had been the constant companion of her parents. Mixing in their society, with the facility natural to childhood she had imbibed its tone, and acquired that precocious elegance of manner, which so pleased and delighted the elder of our two friends, and which, it is unnecessary to add, was experienced in a still greater degree by our hero himself. But the reader must not suppose from this, our heroine to be one of those children expressively termed "old-fashioned." By no means. She loved the amusements of her age, and no laugh was merrier than hers, when time and place gave scope for youthful enjoyment and pleasant companionship.

The repast being ended, as was usual in those days the gentlemen sat for a length of time over their wine, and while former scenes and pleasures were discussed by the elders, our two juveniles, having got over their first restraint, in a short time became as fast friends, as if they had known each other all their lives. Mary produced her toys, of which she had no lack; and between explanation on the one hand, and enjoyment of the novelties thus presented, on the other, the time flew so quickly past, that bed time approached without either finding the matter for amusement exhausted; and it was with no small regret our hero bade "good night" to his pretty companion, when, in compliance with the wishes expressed by his patron, he retired to rest, in order to be prepared for the journey of the following day.

It was arranged by the gentlemen that they should proceed in company to the good city of York, as it was a place Mr. Beverly intended to visit, and where Mr. Graham, with all expedition, determined to place our hero at some boarding-school, in order to give him the benefit, as much as possible, of the short time he had to remain in England. There they proposed separating—Mr. Graham being called by business to the south, while Mr. Beverly would pursue his original intention of visiting the borders, and the south of Scotland.

Next morning, after a hasty breakfast, our friends set forward towards York, where they arrived without accident. Mr. Graham immediately made inquiries as to the best school where he might safely confide his *protegé;* and at last found one in the suburbs of the city which answered all his expectations, and where arrangements were forthwith entered upon for his immediate admission.

The day following, then, our hero, after an affectionate parting from both his new friends, the younger of whom shed tears as she bade him farewell, proceeded with his patron on foot to the seminary, for he wished to give some advice as to his future bearing and conduct while there.

"Arthur," said he, "you are about to be left for the first time among strangers, and it entirely depends upon yourself, what position you will occupy among them. You will find where we are going, many boys of your own age, and some younger. In all probability, as soon as you have entered your class, your classmates will make sport of your provincial accent, and play tricks upon you; which, though I could probably mention the whole of them, having been brought up in a similar Institution myself, yet, as they will be mostly harmless, it would be well to let your own experience put you on your guard against their repetition. Bear with this as well as you can, at first, for it is the fate of all new comers, and will save you a deal of trouble; but at the same time, should your companions persist in making a butt of you, I know you have too much spirit to allow such conduct to continue.

"So much for your conduct on the play ground. Now as regards your studies, throw your whole soul into them; do not get your tasks by heart, *as* tasks, but rather consider them as pleasant duties, which though perhaps at the moment irksome, yet are fitting you for filling respectably that station, which, as my adopted son, I intend for you."

As he concluded these words, they arrived at their destination—a large house surrounded by a wall. The house appeared in good condition as far as outward appearance went, but the as yet hidden mysteries shortly to be revealed, pressed heavily on the spirit of our hero; and it was with a throbbing heart that he listened to the approaching footsteps of the domestic on the stone floor, who answered the summons which Mr. Graham had conveyed through the intervention of a ponderous iron knocker, held between the teeth of a mimic lion, which Arthur thought seemed to give anything but a kindly welcome as they passed in.

P. Q.

MORNING AND EVENING.

When we rise, fresh and vigorous, in the morning, the world seems fresh too, and we think we shall never be tired of business or pleasure; but by the time the evening is come, we find ourselves heartily so; we quit all our enjoyments readily and gladly; we retire willingly into a little cell—we lie down in darkness, and resign ourselves to the arms of sleep, with perfect satisfaction and complacency. Apply this to youth and old age—life and death.—*Bishop Horne.*

THE CONVERT; OR, ODD-FELLOWSHIP TRIUMPHANT.

BY MRS. CHARLES DEWING TYLER.

(*Authoress of "St. James's," "The Broken Heart," &c. &c.*)

"Nay, nay, Mrs. Wilton, your reasoning will all be lost; argue as you will, I shall never countenance 'Odd-Fellowship;' you smile, but I tell you candidly, I never shall,—I am more inveterate against it than ever."

"But why so, my dear Mrs. Goodwin? I thought it had been impossible for you to have been more opposed than you were. What new cause for dislike can you allege?"

"Why, it was but yesterday they were parading the town with their nonsensical regalia, with music, flags, and banners, bedecked with sashes, medals, and favors, as if they were performers in some theatrical spectacle, instead of a band of serious, sober men, going to God's house to return Him thanks for His blessings bestowed upon them during the past year. And then to think my husband should be one amongst them! Oh! it is past all bearing, that he should have belonged to them too so long, and I, his wife know nothing of it; I verily think I can never forgive him for it. Oh dear! oh dear! that ever a respectable woman, like me, should live to be the wife of an 'Odd Fellow!' Had he been a journeyman, or labourer, it would have been rather different: but even then the very name itself is odious."

"Well, my dear friend, you have exhausted your volubility to no purpose; you have not told me now why you so dislike the Order; I like to have a reason for everything."

"'Order'—aye there you are again: 'Order'—why it's my belief they spread nothing but disorder. I wish the word was expunged from the vocabulary; never tell me again that

"Order is Heaven's first law"

I hate the very name of 'order!'"

"At any rate, my dear, I don't think that you can complain that Mr. Goodwin has become disorderly since he became one of the Or—— I beg your pardon, one of he fraternity."

"Why, to speak the truth, I certainly have no room to complain of him—a better or a kinder husband cannot be; he may be equalled, but not surpassed. That is the only thing I can allege against him during our marriage, his becoming an 'Odd Fellow' (my greatest aversion) without my knowledge: but I must confess he bore my anger, when I found it out, astonishingly; for I was in a most vehement passion—he was provokingly cool. He merely replied to all my storming once, and that was only—'Well, my dear Sophia, when judgment resumes her sway, I will endeavour to reason with you upon the absurdity of your prejudices,' and left the room. I have scarcely seen him alone since; for yesterday he was at their anniversary dinner—and to-day we had company both to breakfast and dinner, somewhat unexpectedly; this evening he has been particularly engaged in the counting-house, so that we have had no time for a domestic 'tête à tête' since the disclosure. And I must confess I rather dread it, for I am somewhat warm in temper, and Augustus quite the contrary; and although we seldom differ on any topic, I feel assured we shall on this; for love him as I may, he will never bring me round to approve of Odd-Fellowship."

"His bearing your anger so patiently was one of its good effects; I assure you, dear Mrs. Goodwin, it makes men better husbands, better fathers, kinder neighbours; its wide-spreading philanthropy causes them to view each other as brothers."

"Another of its ill effects, it knows no equality; then again, its secresy—oh! the evils of those secret organized societies; witness their direful effects in our manufacturing districts this last summer. All such societies, Mrs. Wilton, are, in my opinion, unconstitutional, opposed to all good order and government; calculated to disseminate no other principles but those of anarchy, democracy, riot and republicanism."

"A truce with such ridiculous fantasies. Her Majesty has not a more loyal body of men in her dominions than the 'Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows,' and I feel somewhat proud that my dear lamented husband was one of their body."

"Dear Mr. Wilton an 'Odd Fellow?' why you astonish me! I thought he was always a man piously inclined."

"And nothing will make a man more so, than being an Odd Fellow; provided he but follow up its precepts. I was once as averse to it as you are, and now it has not a more zealous advocate. Why, I derive some portion of my little income from the 'Manchester Unity,' and as soon as my son is old enough, I shall wish him to become one of its members; but for that body, he would never have been apprenticed."

"You derive a portion of your income from the 'Odd Fellows?' My dear friend, you astonish me! I have always understood you were born and educated in affluence; but disobeying your father by your marriage, he left you but a slender annuity of forty or fifty pounds per year. In fact, it has been always a matter of surprise to me, how you could command such a genteel appearance out of so poor an income."

"It is too late this evening, Mrs. Goodwin, or I would relate to you the history of my early life, and my conversion to 'Odd Fellowship'; besides, I hear Mr. G. leaving the counting-house—to-morrow evening I will bring in my work after tea, and by your cheerful fireside, once more retrace my life of sunshine and storm; even if time would permit to-night, I feel unequal to the effort—the remembrance of past days again opens wounds I had thought well nigh healed. Your husband's step is on the stair, receive him with a smile; if you feel your anger rising, try the old-fashioned method of counting one hundred; and if that will not succeed, try the other one of holding your mouth full of cold water. Depend upon it that it is an infallible cure; do that, and I prognosticate that between Mr. Goodwin's arguments and mine, we shall yet make a convert of you. Good night."

"Your rhetoric will all be expended in vain, rely upon it. But come time enough to-morrow for a dish of tea; there's no one Goodwin likes to see here so well as yourself; he always says you are a sensible—but you'll say I flatter, I know. Good night, dear Mrs. Wilton."

The next evening, the tea equipage removed, the hearth swept, an extra candle lighted, Mrs. Wilton's worsted-work taken from her bag, Mrs. Goodwin's knitting from her basket, the curtains drawn, and the room quiet, warm, and comfortable, Mrs. Goodwin raised her eyes to her friend's face, when Mrs. Wilton instantly exclaimed, "Your eyes, dear Sophia, do not plead in vain—I have not forgotten my promise; I have schooled my throbbing heart, and feel now quite nerved for the task; but my story will not be a long one, remember."

"Nor would I have you utter a syllable of it, if it will cause you a moment's regret."

"Quite the contrary. I shall take a pleasure in relating it; particularly if I can but succeed in removing your prejudices—prejudices which I am sure originate not in the heart, but the head."

"Proceed; I am all attention, but on one subject adamant."

"I was born in the 'Metropolis of the British Empire,' and the same moment that I beheld the light, my mother died; consequently, a mother's tenderness I never knew. My father was a wealthy citizen—I, the undoubted heiress to all his wealth. The affection which he bore my mother was lavished upon me three-

fold; no expense was spared, nothing thought too good, or too great for a motherless child. Our relatives were few, and our meetings like 'angel's visits, few and far between,' consequently I felt for them no affection, and the only love I knew was for my fond, my doating father. As I increased in years, masters of every kind were procured to render me well versed in all accomplishments; fulsome adulation was heaped upon me with an unsparing hand, and I was taught to believe that Nature had been as lavish upon my person as upon my mind. My father positively idolized me, and as I verged on womanhood, he formed golden visions for my future happiness, as he, poor misguided man, fondly imagined. At the age of seventeen I was, as it is technically called, brought out, and became that season the 'star of attraction,'—the admired of all admirers. My father's almost unbounded wealth, and great respectability of character, paved the way for our admission amongst the titled of the land; whilst he, dazzled by the attention lavished upon me, in fancy's eye already beheld me the bride of some titled scion of nobility, whose decaying fortunes needed a prop which would countenance an alliance with the only child of a wealthy cit."

"But you deceived his expectations."

"Do not anticipate my tale. That same year there came to reside with us, as confidential clerk, a young man of polished exterior, and of fascinating manners; to see him was to admire. He took his meals with us, excepting when we had company. As for myself, how empty, how insipid was the conversation I heard in our crowded rooms. The few months Mr. Wilton had been with us, he had given me far different ideas, far more interesting, lofty topics to ruminate upon, than I had been used to listen to. He was well read, having devoted all his spare time to the higher branches of literature: he was an excellent French scholar, and a most able mathematician. As I expressed a desire to become more versed in the French language—to express was but to have my wish fulfilled—my ever indulgent father requested Wilton to devote some time each day to my instruction, little dreaming, good easy soul, of the net he was spreading for us. My father was generally with us, but at times we were alone. Oh! what blissful hours they were to me—company lost all its charms—the intoxicating waltz, the gallopade and quadrille, the opera or theatre grew tasteless and vapid—I would forego the most brilliant assembly for an evening's sober, rational conversation with Eustace. Our tell-tale eyes had long told each other that we loved, and one evening my father being called away upon some business, we were left for nearly an hour together ere he returned. I had learned the pleasing truth that I was dear to Eustace, and unused to deception of any kind, unskilled in the arts of coquetry, with no mother to counsel me, I openly avowed my preference for him. Had you seen him in his youthful days, Mrs. Goodwin, you would not have wondered at my infatuation, for his person was as faultless as his mind."

"He was a very handsome man when I first had the pleasure of his acquaintance; I should think he was not then more than five or six and thirty.

"About that age. Months glided by like weeks; we lived in an elysium of love, with no anticipations for the future. The first alloy we experienced was the accidental discovery of my father's views for himself, though as yet I had been allowed to reject indiscriminately all who had offered for my hand. Alarmed at the discovery of my parent's intentions, Wilton suggested a private marriage, which imprudent step I listened to with avidity, rather than become another's bride. We calculated upon my father's dotage for me, and his partiality for Eustace, to forgive us, after the storm of disappointment had somewhat evaporated; alas! 'we reckoned without our host,' as the issue will show."

"Then he did not yield you his forgiveness?"

"You shall hear. After a union of about three months, my dear father received an offer of marriage for me, from the eldest son of the poor but proud Earl of Singleton, Lord Fitzharris, a young man of no intellectual powers, having a mind still plainer than his person. But no matter—he was a member of the aristocracy, and that was sufficient for my poor misguided parent; to see me a lady by title was all his aim—all his ambition. Entreaties were of no use—all the excuses I could allege to account for my rejection of Lord Fitzharris, were of no avail; his empty title my parent thought quite an equivalent for his empty purse, and still more empty head. Urged almost to frenzy, I fell upon my knees, and avowed my clandestine marriage. Never shall I forget that moment, should I live to the longest span allotted to humankind. My father's countenance assumed an almost deathlike appearance at the total annihilation of his air-drawn visions of my future greatness."

"My poor friend."

"As soon as his almost ungovernable rage allowed him to give utterance to his passion, he raised his hands to curse me—me, his only, his idolized child, and desired us to quit his house and his presence for ever. Eustace he upbraided as a fortune-hunter, and as the scorpion who had given him his death-sting. In vain my husband pleaded and urged that my fortune was the last object of his consideration—that it was myself alone he sought. Alas! my father was inexorable, and he raised his hands to curse me a second time, when I fell senseless at his feet. Wilton bore me to his own apartment, and with frantic grief he summoned an old and faithful domestic to me; fit succeeded fit, till my life was despaired of. Eustace never quitted me by day nor night—he administered my medicine, smoothed my pillow, and with fondest endearments strove to make me forget the past. But oh! that curse—a father's curse rang like a knell in my ears."

"But where was your father?"

"I should have said, the instant my husband bore me from the room, he ordered his carriage, penned a few lines, requested that as I had made my own choice, so I would take the consequence, and insisted that we should leave the house as soon as we could collect our things together, adding, that he should absent himself until we had left, and desiring us never to trouble him more, as he should endeavor to forget there were such beings in existence. After remaining a week in a precarious state, youth and a good constitution enabled me to bear the fatigue of being removed to a private lodging Eustace had caused to be taken for us at Hampstead, where for weeks I remained in a weak and low condition, attended with the most delicate attention and care by my beloved husband, who seldom quitted me for an hour, and then but to make enquiries after a situation amongst his friends. I observed that every Monday evening after I got better he was absent for an hour or two; but I did not feel lonely, as he always solicited our landlord's daughter, an amiable girl of about my own age, to bear me company until his return."

"Did you hear nothing from your father?"

"No; I made several efforts towards a reconciliation, but all my letters after the first one were returned unopened. It has been truly said, 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' for as I began to recover my health, I observed my dear partner's spirits flagged—his piercing eyes lacked their lustre, and his beautiful face became colourless; still he fondly strove to hide it from me, and whispered hope when his own heart was sickening at the name. One morning, (I shall never forget it) he essayed to rise and fell back fainting—from that bed he rose no more for twelve weeks. Oh! Mrs. Goodwin, the anguish of that time—to see that manly form enfeebled like an infant, and myself too

with the prospect of becoming in a few months a mother! To add to my horror, our money was all expended, and I was obliged to part with some articles of dress, which I also knew were too splendid for me ever to wear again: the sum so raised was soon exhausted where sickness reigned, and then one by one my jewellery also disappeared, to purchase necessaries for the dear one, for whose comfort I would have parted with even life itself."

"Poor creature! you must be unhappy indeed."

"The people with whom we resided were worthy creatures; they were former acquaintances of Wilton's and shewed us every kindness humanity could suggest. One day after I had paid them for our lodgings, (for up to that time I had punctually discharged every little debt) our landlord delicately hinted as to the state of our finances. I candidly told him the truth, for I always scorned a lie; 'Poor young lady,' he exclaimed. 'I wish I had known it before—you who have been used to every comfort affluence could command, to sell your clothes and trinkets for the common necessaries of life! Whilst you are under my roof, not another farthing will I receive till your husband is quite recovered and in some situation of respectability.' 'Oh!' I exclaimed, (bursting into tears, for his kindness quite overcame me,) 'that I shall never see again; Eustace will never recover.' 'Come, my dear madam,' said the good man, 'you must not despair thus—whilst there is life there is hope; and pardon me if I suggest to you the expediency of laying your troubles at the footstool of Him who has said—*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* Come to him by prayer, lay your wants before him with faith; for he hath said—*Knock and it shall be opened; ask and ye shall receive.*"

"He was a pious man, I surmise."

"He was a christian in word and deed; language like that was new to me indeed; amidst all my splendour—amidst all my sorrow—God had been forgotten; it is true I had attended church as a matter of form or fashion, and said my prayers at night, as mechanically as the clock strikes; but to my shame be it spoken, God was not in all my thoughts. Well, this good Samaritan visited my Eustace in his sick room, talked, read and prayed with him, till he became interested in the ways of salvation; from being a listener, I also became a learner of those sacred truths, (and what am I but a learner still) he visited my father, laid before him our condition, but of no avail were his visits, my father was inexorable. Every week he brought to our room a sum of money, small indeed to what I had been used to, but sufficient to procure the necessaries of life when used with economy, (which his kind wife strove to teach me,) he told me that it came from some brothers of Wilton's; I, poor novice, understood the term literally, and eagerly enquired why they did not visit him. I observed a faint smile pass over my dear husband's face, and as both remained silent, I did not press the subject further, through delicacy, thinking some family misunderstanding might cause the alienation between them."

"And were they not his brothers who sent the supplies?"

"Nominally so, but not affinitively. Our kind host suggested that it would be as well to discharge our medical attendant and procure another, for he thought the one employed did not understand Mr. Wilton's complaint. Good soul, I afterwards, found the complaint he meant was want of cash. He took upon himself to discharge the doctor, and in the course of the day introduce another, under whom, through God's blessing, my beloved Eustace began to recover rapidly; though but the shadow of his former self. One day I spoke about payment to Dr. Sims, 'Madam,' he courteously replied, 'I am already paid by the pleasure of your and Mr. Wilton's acquaintance, besides he and I are brothers.' 'Brothers!' I exclaimed with astonishment, 'that cannot be, you are joking!' 'Nothing was ever further from my thoughts than joking at this moment:' said he, 'Mr. Wilton and myself, and also our worthy host here, are brothers of one Order; we are Odd Fellows, madam, of whom no doubt you have heard; brethren who visit each other in sickness and adversity, administer pecuniary and medicinal relief where required, and alleviate as far as possible, the ills mankind are prone to.' 'Is it possible,' I rejoined, 'that Odd Fellows profess such principles as those? I had always looked upon them with abhorrence, as a society of secret disaffected demagogues, who wanted nothing more than a leader to stir them into open rebellion.'"

"My opinions exactly, Mrs. Wilton."

"'I shall be most happy, madam,' replied Mr. Sims, 'to remove such erroneous impressions from your mind. As to being disaffected, there is not a more loyal body of men in these realms; I am sure they would rally round their sovereign if danger threatened, aye to a man; as to their secresy, there is no more than is necessary. How should we be able to detect impostors, were it not for a few secret words; or, to speak technically, the pass-words and signs?—we should not know a brother. Then we have fines for swearing—for drunkenness—for indecent conversation; neither do we allow any political arguments to be discussed in any of our Lodges. I assure you, madam, we endeavour as much as possible to promulgate principles of the soundest morality; and I shall be most happy, if I have been the humble means of removing your false impressions, and proving to you that we can act to each other, although strangers, as brothers.' Sir, I answered, I cannot, after what I have witnessed of your and our kind host's conduct towards us, I should be ungrateful indeed to doubt any longer; though I will candidly acknowledge, had I known before my marriage that Eustace had been an Odd Fellow, I should have shrunk from an alliance with him; but with such principles as these, I am proud that my beloved husband is one of their Order.'"

"My dear friend, I am surprised indeed; I little thought they professed such principles as these."

"Nor I, my dear, till then. Besides finding a medical attendant in sickness, they allow a really munificent sum per week, if the case require it; in cases of death a very good sum is paid for a husband's funeral expenses, and also a smaller one at the death of a wife. Then again, by a man paying a trifle extra per week towards the widow's fund, it secures a small annuity to his wife, provided she is the survivor. Some Lodges provide for the children also; my son was placed apprentice through those means."

"My mind really begins to waver."

"I shall yet bring the structure to the ground, dear Sophia, depend on it, although you said on that subject you were adamant. But to conclude my tale. After the lapse of a few weeks, through the instrumentality of Dr. Sims, my beloved Wilton procured the situation of chief clerk to your husband's predecessor and uncle, the first Mr. Goodwin, which led to the acquaintance between our two husbands, and which continued inviolate till my dear Eustace's lamented death."

"Did your father never become reconciled to you?"

"You shall hear. Years rolled on—my boy was getting near ten years old, and was almost idolized by us, for I had only him. I should observe, I repeatedly in that time wrote to my dear father, for my heart yearned to behold him once more—it was my only care, for a happier couple never lived. On a new year's eve, after eleven years' silence, a letter arrived from my parent, bearing his forgiveness, and expressing a desire that we should dine with him on the morrow, thereby commencing the new year happily, and to make arrangements for our residence with him, as he could no longer bear his lonely, childless hearth. Sleep that

night was banished from our eyes; never did child count on the morrow as I did. Alas, alas! when that morning dawned, my father was found in his bed a corpse. An apoplectic fit had seized him, brought on, no doubt, by excitement and overjoy at the prospect of our meeting. To add to our grief he had died intestate, and his immense fortune went to a distant relative, who had not the kindness nor gratitude to present us with a single shilling."

"My poor friend, what troubles you have known."

"'He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' enabled me to bear them. The next I knew was my dear partner's loss—oh! the heaviest trial of all; but even that God has enabled me to bear. Whatever afflictions he may have in store for me, I trust that I shall be enabled to bow meekly to his decrees. Out of my beloved Eustace's income, by strict economy, he saved sufficient to purchase me a small annuity, which, with what I derive from the 'Manchester Unity,' enables me to pass my days, if not in affluence, in comfort."

"But still, Mrs. Wilton, there are some things connected with Odd Fellows, which I think I never could countenance; for instance, their wearing aprons,—sashes I do not like, but aprons are unbearable."

"Both of which, take my word for it, have some religious meaning attached to them, as have all their rites and ceremonies, believe me."

"I never knew you to utter an untruth yet; and as such really is the case, take my hand—there, you have made a convert of me. Aye, laugh on, I can bear it. My motto always was, that it was better to confess an error than remain in one."

"Assuredly my adamantine friend. But there is one more incident in favour of Odd Fellowship, which I forgot to name, and which convinced me more than ever of the good they did. Of course, amidst such a large body of men we cannot expect all to be perfect —there are some scape-goats undoubtedly: besides, to look for true perfection of character is wrong, when we know there never was but one perfect: but to my tale. Shortly after my Eustace became in Mr. Goodwin's service, in one of his commercial journeys, when within a few miles of home, he was attacked with a violent fit of the spasms, to which he was subject at times. The pain was so severe that he drew up to a small roadside public-house, and requested some warm brandy and water; the good woman of the house (for her husband it seems was absent) was alarmed at her visitor's condition, ond aroused a young man, who was lodging there for the night, with the account that she feared a gentleman below was dying. He instantly arose, proffered his assistance, and after my dear husband had partially recovered, he jumped into the gig with him, although a very wet night, and drove him to his own door. Struck with such unusual humanity, after he had taken some refreshment, I ventured to thank him for the great kindness he had shewn an entire stranger, and to offer, if I should not offend him, some little remuneration. 'Put up your purse, madam,' said the young man, 'I should scorn to receive a farthing for having done my duty; we are not strangers, as you may imagine, we are brethren, the tie of Odd Fellowship unites us, and in rendering Mr. Wilton this trifling service, it is no more than any other brother of the Order would have done.'* I suppose, Sophia, I may use the word now?"

"As much as you please, dear Mrs. Wilton, and I will exclaim once again, that 'Order is Heaven's first law.' But here comes Augustus."

"Let him hear your recantation; nay make it now, and let me be witness of your reconciliation."

"Dear Augustus, behold in me a convert. Pardon. I beseech you, the warmth I shewed yesterday. Mrs. Wilton has this evening removed all my scruples; be as much of an 'Odd Fellow' as you please, provided you are not odd to your Sophia."

"That dearest, I shall never be, whilst you so sweetly acknowledge your errors. I was a true prophet—I knew those prejudices originated in the head, not the heart. Mrs. Wilton, I proffer you my thanks for the conquest you've achieved."

"None, Mr. Goodwin, are my due. I am so convinced of the utility of the Order that I am always ready to become its advocate; and I only wish a society of odd females was formed, with our gracious Queen for its patroness, and I prognosticate "Odd Fellowship" would become triumphant the globe around.—*Thretford, Norfolk.*

* A fact.

DUES AND BENEFITS.

One of the most beautiful features of the Order of Odd Fellows, is the pecuniary relief it affords brothers, when sick, or unable to pursue their usual avocations. It is not unfrequently the case, that their sick brothers are poor, and have no other resources, during their illness, than the little sums they receive from week to week from their Lodges. To them, therefore, and to nearly all Odd Fellows, these benefits are of immense importance. Mechanics and other labouring men, have come into the Order with the expectation that, in case of sickness, their wants will be supplied. Now it is of the last importance that our beloved Association have the *ability* to answer all these demands, and accomplish faithfully all that she has pledged herself to do. But it is evident the Association cannot meet all its liabilities, in the way of benefits, without funds; and where will these funds come from? Of course, from the premiums, or *dues*, as they are called. But are we certain that the present rates of dues, are sufficiently high to cover all losses?

It is true, the amount of dues, as well as benefits, is regulated by particular Lodges, and, consequently, varies considerably, in different localitles. But in nine-tenths of the Lodges, the established rates of premiums will not exceed three dollars per year; or about six cents per week: while the benefits average, perhaps, *four dollars per week.* Now it is clear, that with this low rate of dues, the Order will not *always* be able to meet its liabilities. We say *always*; for at present, having abundant revenues from other sources—the fees of initiation and degrees—the treasury of the Association is overflowing. But their extra revenues will, at length, gradually diminish; and the time will come, when we shall have nothing to depend on but our quarterly dues. Even now, with the *present* small number of our beneficencies, it may be questioned, whether the ordinary dues would be equal to the demand. But if there is this disproportion between the dues and benefits *now*, when the sick among us are comparatively few, what will it be, when our sick lists become vastly more extensive, as must be the case hereafter. Now we are all young, and strong, and in health; but we shall become old, infirm, and sick. Twenty years hence, there will be a far greater proportion of sick members, than there is at present. The very fact, that now we are all generally young and well, seems to indicate that a time will come when we shall be old, and many of us sick together. And if, now, the quarterly dues alone will not cover all losses, what shall we do when these losses come to be increased ten or twenty fold? It is all-important that our Lodges should have just and clear views of this matter. It would be well if the Grand Lodge of the United States would appoint a committee of competent men, to prepare a *table of premiums and benefits* for the guidance of Lodges and Encampments. Such a table, based upon sound calculations, like those of our Life Insurance Companies, might be prepared with very little labor; and we are sure it would be of incalculable advantage to the Order. Now, there is not one Odd Fellow in a hundred, who has any knowledge at all of the principle upon which this system of benefits is founded. We sincerely hope that this subject will be brought before the supreme tribunal of the Order, and there receive that attention which its importance demands.—*Gazette of the Union.*

DO BROTHERS KNOW EACH OTHER?

We heard a brother say a few days since, that there were many members of his Lodge with whom he was unacquainted, and, indeed, with whom he cared not to form an acquaintance. We at once came to the conclusion, that he had not been instructed in the true principles of Odd Fellowship. Or, if such instructions had been imparted, his mind was too obtuse to comprehend them. The object and predominant tendency of Odd Fellowship, is to bring men in close contact with each other, and to make them acquainted. Where this object is not accomplished, Odd Fellowship is defeated in its purpose. And no man is a true Odd Fellow, until, in the spirit of the Institution, he is ready and willing to take every member of the fraternity by the hand, and greet him as a brother. Brothers should make it a point to know each other. No matter what may be the disparity between their circumstances—they should mingle freely—as men of one heart and mind. Let the doctrine be inculcated, and find general exemplification, that beneath many a rough exterior is hid an honest and true heart. Let social feelings prevail. Let all distinctions arising from condition and circumstances be erased. The brethren should know each other, not only in the Lodge, but out of it. It is not by any means an exhibition of *Friendship*, for brethren of the same Lodge to be unacquainted. It is no proof of *Love* to pass each other by with no recognizing glance or nod. However strong their predilections in favor of *Truth* may be, it does not argue that they are very *true* to the principles they profess—to treat with coldness the brother who is as deserving as themselves. The brother to whom allusion has been made above, no matter how great his attainments in Odd Fellowship—there are *degrees* of duty and *equality* which *he* has *not yet* taken. Let no man be admitted into the Institution, with whom we are unwilling to form an acquaintance and fellowship; but after he is admitted, let him be recognized as a brother. Let intimate social relations be cultivated.

TO WIVES.

The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be, "How shall I continue the love I have inspired? How shall I preserve the heart I have won?"

1.—Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the calamities of life. Make it a repose from his cares—a shelter from the world—a home not for his person only, but for his heart. He may meet with pleasures in other houses, but let him find pleasure in his own. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should he be silent and thoughtful, do not heedlessly disturb him; should he be studious, favour him with all practicable facilities; or should he be peevish, make allowance for human nature, and by your sweetness, gentleness and good-humour, urge him continually to think, though he may not say it, "this woman is indeed a comfort to me: I cannot but love her, and requite such gentleness and affection as they deserve."

2.—Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty. These to a man of refinement, are attractions the most highly captivating; while their opposites never fail to inspire disgust. Let the delicacy and modesty of the bride, be always, in a great degree, supported by the wife.

3.—If it be possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the reputation, he will take some pains to deserve it; but when he has once lost the name, he will be apt to abandon the reality.

4.—Cultivate and exhibit with the greatest care and constancy, cheerfulness and good humour. They give beauty to the finest face, and impart charms where charms are not. On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner, is chilling and repulsive to his feelings; he will be very apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.

5.—In the article of dress, study your husband's tastes. The opinion of others on this subject is of but very little consequence, if he approve.

6.—Particularly shun what the world calls, in ridicule, "curtain lectures." When you shut your door at night, endeavor to shut out at the same moment all discord and contention, and look on your chamber as a retreat from the vexations of the world—a shelter sacred to peace and affection. How indecorous, offensive and sinful it is, for a woman to exercise authority over her husband, and to say, "I will have it so. It shall be as I like!" But I trust the number of those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner, is so small as to render it unnecessary for me to enlarge on the subject.

7.—Be careful never to join in a jest and laugh against your husband. Conceal his faults, and speak only of his merits. Shun every approach to extravagance. The want of economy has involved millions in misery. Be neat, tidy, orderly, methodical. Rise early, breakfast early, have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

8.—Few things please a man more, than seeing his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as of every other branch of housekeeping, is indispensable in a female; and a wife should always endeavour to support with applause the character of the lady and the housewife.

9.—Let home be your empire—your world. Let it be the scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let it be the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, of mother, and of mistress, you strive to shine. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor—let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. Leave to your husband the task of distinguishing himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home, and let your applause be that of your servants, your children, your husband, your God.

WINTER.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

We know 'tis good that old Winter should come,
Roving awhile from his Lapland home;
'Tis fitting that we should hear the sound
Of his reindeer sledge on the slippery ground.

For his wide and glittering cloak of snow
Protects the seeds of life below;
Beneath his mantle are nurtured and born
The roots of the flowers, the germs of the corn.

The whistling tone of his pure strong breath
Rides purging the vapours of pestilent death.
I love him, I say, and avow it again,
For God's wisdom and might show well in his train.

But the naked—the poor!—I know they quail
With crouching limbs from the biting gale;
They pine and starve by the fireless hearth,
And weep as they gaze on the frost-bound earth.

Stand nobly forth, ye rich of the land,
With kindly heart and bounteous hand;
Remember 'tis now their season of need,
And a prayer for help is a call ye must heed.

A few of thy blessings, a tithe of thy gold,
Will save the young and cherish the old.
'Tis a glorious task to work such good—
Do it, ye great ones!—ye can, and ye should.

He is not worthy to hold from Heaven
The trust reposed, the talents given,
Who will not add to the portion that's scant,
In the pinching hours of cold and want.

Oh! listen in mercy, ye sons of wealth,
Basking in comfort and glowing with health;
Give whate'er ye can spare, and be ye sure
He serveth his Maker who aideth the poor.

On Thursday night, a deputation from the Greenock District of Odd Fellows, went out to the frigate Macedonian, and there presented Commodore de Kay with a handsome speaking-trumpet; on a silver plate attached to it was the following inscription, neatly engraved:—"Presented to Commodore de Kay, of the U. S. frigate Macedonian, by the Greenock District of Odd Fellows, M. U. as a small token of their regard for him as a public benefactor.—*September* 1847.

THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1847.

CELEBRATION.

We mentioned in our last number that in all probability a celebration would be got up under the direction of a Committee to be appointed by each of the Lodges in Montreal. We are now happy to announce that this has been done, and that active preparations toward this end are now going forward, which, when completed, will be announced in the different Lodges, and through the public prints.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

" England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sport again;
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

The relation of the olden customs of Christmas have been frequent; but the pleasing illustration they produce of the merry and generous practices of our "gone by" brethren is, perhaps, an equivalent for their frequent intrusion.

Whenever imagination produces a picture of these festivities, we almost long for their existence again.

The manner in which this period of the year has been observed has often varied, though never with less veneration or hospitality than now. The observances of the day first became to be pretty general in the Catholic Church about the year 500. By some of our ancestors it was viewed in the double light of a religious and joyful season of festivities, and perhaps they were right in so thinking. Our Catholic ancestors acknowledged it with religious feelings. The midnight preceding Christmas day, every person went to mass, and on Christmas day three different masses were sung with much solemnity. Others celebrated it with great parade, splendour and hospitality. In short, from what can be generally gathered, it appears to have been a time when all individuals were determined to make themselves and all around them happy. Business was superseded by merriment and hospitality; the most care-worn countenance brightened on the occasion. The nobles and the barons encouraged and participated in the various sports; the industrious laborer's cot, and the residence of royalty, equally resounded with tumultuous joy. The wassail bowl and song, the roasted pears and chesnuts, the miseltoe and holly, were all the dear gifts of that season, and in their turn contributed to accelerate those feelings which promote generosity, and uncloud the mist which frequently obscures the more cheerful thoughts. From Christmas day to Twelfth day there was a continued run of entertainments, which, when we reflect that they were amusements coupled with numerous gifts of food and clothing to the more humble classes, it must have truly been the merriest month of all the year. Not only did our ancestors make great rejoicing on, but before and after, Christmas day. By a law in the time of Alfred, the " twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour" were made festivals, and it moreover appears from Bishop Holt, that the whole of the days were dedicated to feasting and jollity.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

No Empire, ancient or modern, of which we have any knowledge, can compare with that of Britain, whether we regard territorial extent, population, wealth, or power over sea and land.

The Roman Empire, after Carthage had fallen, and the Legionaries had marched triumphant from Britain to the Euphrates—the greatest of wh'ch History speaks—was still immeasurably less than that of which the Red-Cross of St. George is the symbol of dominion.

Remote posterity will be incredulous, in despite of what History shall record, that a small island in the German Ocean was the heart of this mighty Empire. Even at the present hour, with the facts living before us, it is so wonderful a spectacle, that it is difficult to realise. How shall it be with those who live in times as distant from the present day, as we, who now live, are from the conquests of Alexander? It will be pronounced a "a wondrous tale."

The " *Ultima Thule*" of the Romans has become the Colossus of the Nineteenth Century! The remote island, inhabited by painted Savages at the commencement of the Christian era, has been transformed into the ruling power of the globe!

The United States of America, once colonies of England, but now politically independent of her, will be viewed by the eye of remote posterity, as part of the British Empire of the present day: and much as the Republican Anglo-Saxons may now declaim against the mother country, the time is not very distant, when it will be their greatest boast to have had such a parent; as it will be the greatest boast of Old England, that her own children it was, who partly founded, and partly subdued, from the forest or from the enemy, the vast expanse of North America.

The Empire over which floats the British flag, is not so entirely British as that over which floats the "stars and stripes." In the former there are a hundred different languages spoken; there are populations of every religion under the sun, and " wide as the poles asunder," in all that distinguishes one nation from another. In the latter, there is but one language, one religion, one system of laws. The language from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Mexico to the regions of eternal frost, is English. The French of Canada are disappearing rapidly, and the German Immigrants become incorporate with the British population almost immediately after landing in America. There is no religion but the Christian in that vast territory, and the Law of England, with the exception of one comparatively insignificant portion, is the " law of the whole land." In truth, a family quarrel it is, and nothing else, which is the cause of the division of the British family, as seen at the present day: though there be

two nations yet are they "two joined in one." The quarrel of 1776 has not been forgotten yet, but the reminiscences of that period are each year becoming fainter, and will entirely disappear before the 20th century sets in.

But great as is the power, and wide the extent, of Anglo-Saxon rule, who shall set a limit to it? Forward, still forward, it moves, resistless. It overruns, it subdues, it absorbs, it annexes; and what it once engulphs, it never yields up again! Vast though be the possessions of the Anglo-Saxon, it is his boast, that not the sword, but the energy of a robust intellect, has given dominion to him. Wherever he has planted his flag, he has borne along with him the mild religion of Jesus, political freedom and the arts—the schoolmaster has attended his every step. How different this from the dominion of other countries!

The Colonies planted by Holland and France, have all, with some trifling exceptions, become ours; and they have either assumed, or are fast assuming, the British form and feature; and recent events have rendered it quite likely that similar will be the fate of the Colonies planted by Spain and Portugal. It is true, these Colonies are independent nations, but what an independence! They are like so many battered and shattered barks on the trackless ocean, without compass or rudder—floating about at the mercy of wind or wave. What has been seen in Mexico, of late? A vast and populous country overrun by a mere handful of our race; millions prostrate in the dust before thousands! and that may yet be the fate of all the populations from the Rio Grande of Mexico, to the Tierra del Fuego of Chili. It may seem overstrained to say so, but cannot, certainly, appear more so, than would have been the prognostic of the subjection of a nation of eight millions by a few thousands; and this is now matter of history! The eagle has fixed his talons in Mexico, and he will bear it aloft to the region of regeneration. The fate of Texas may be that of the entire of Spanish America, before long: the flag may change again and again, but it will only be divisions of the same race choosing distinct banners. If the conquest of Mexico be not maintained by the sword, it will as surely be secured by swarms of emigrants from the parent hive of the United States. They have tasted the honey, and have had experience of the ease with which it can be secured. Who shall say the newspaper-reading Anglo-Saxon nay? Is it the wretched, the ignorant, the priest-ridden Indian or Creole of Mexico? Vain thought!

The British Empire must not be restricted to its territorial extent; vast though that be, it conveys but a slight and feeble idea of the amazing influence and power exercised by the Anglo-Saxon race. The ships of Britain and the United States of America, are equal in tonnage to that of all the other nations of the earth. The Ocean is the domain of the Anglo-Saxon. In war, he would sweep it as with a broom; in peace, his energy and intelligence laugh at all rivalry. The commerce of half the world is in his hands; in every port of every country, civilized or barbarous, the merchants and traders of our race monopolize, by superior wealth, energy, enterprize, economy and industry, the golden harvest. The influence exercised by them in every land, is incalculable.

The British Empire is one on which the sun never sets; and well has it been said of the Anglo-Saxon—

> "Pride in his port, defiance in his eye,
> Behold the Lord of human-kind pass by!"

H.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Mankind, so far as their acquisitions of worldly gear are concerned, may be said to be found in two great conditions of life—prosperity and adversity. A middle state can hardly exist. For he is prosperous who does not sink into adversity, although his estate may be very moderate, and his acquisitions small. All who are not going down may be said to be doing well. To stand firmly is almost as well as to move onward—since uncertainty ever attends the future, and of the present only are we secure.

Riches and poverty are but comparative terms. We have heard of those who were "passing rich on forty pounds a year," and of those who actually suffered, with a rent-roll of many thousands. "The hope of riches is ever more than their enjoyment." So said Dr. Johnson, and he was a profound judge of human nature, and a moralist of rare acumen. When we are denied the actual necessaries of life, then we are poor, and then we know adversity; and it is a melancholy fact, that too large a portion of the human race have been fated to know its biting cares.

Custom, however, has given the name of want to the absence of superfluity, and it is this definition which has impressed the mind so strongly, as to influence to a very great degree, the conduct and opinions of men. With a large portion of the business-men of the world, not to attain all is almost as bad as not to have attained anything. The full fruition of their hopes, the arrival at some point which they have fixed as the goal of their wishes, is what they toil for—rising up early, and late taking rest. Still, prosperity and adversity are terms which vary in their meaning according to the spirit in which they are understood. They are comparative; and many interesting illustrations could be given of the sense in which different persons view them according to circumstances.

The prayer of Agur is much admired for its moderation and true wisdom. "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." In this brief expression of his wishes was exemplified a fine feeling, and it would be well for mankind if it were more prevalent. Yet even from adversity we may learn the soundest lessons. There are some privileges even in poverty. We may, says Dr. Johnson, be happy unenvied, healthy without a physician, and secure without a guard. But there are other things which it brings to our notice—other truths which it teaches us, too valuable to be overlooked.

Prosperity, generally, prevents us from knowing ourselves. The possession of wealth induces too many

to believe, that the respect and attention they meet with from the world are the tribute paid to their personal worth. Flattery looks like truth, and deference only a proper homage to merit. Our very defects are reflected back so pleasantly, and with such little distortion, that they become our amiable weaknesses, and they are left in full possession of the heart. But let fortune change, and the veil is torn aside! We then perceive how despicably false were those we most trusted. The fond friends who hung around us, partook of our hospitality, shared our purse, and who loved us for ourselves alone, are scared from the cover where they had nestled so pleasantly, and depart never to return. To find this out is sometimes worth a reverse or two in life. If the prosperous did not almost always think themselves exceptions to general rules, the knowledge of this fact, which every one finds out at some time or other, and certainly reads of in all the treatises which have ever unfolded the mazes of the human heart, would make a great difference in the conduct of men. Much of the wealth that is now scattered by the thoughtless and the vain, in securing the outward respect of the multitude, would be applied, with the fidelity of an honest stewardship, to the promotion of those benevolent and beneficial objects, for which humanity is ever pleading. The rustling silk and satin of the belle, would dismiss one or two shades of its brilliancy, to warm in modest folds the children of the poor; and the sumptuous dinners which folly provides, would be reduced in quantity by the generous share which went to fill the mouths of the hungry.

It is well, then, to consider prosperity and adversity as two necessary states of human existence, neither of which are permanent, both of which may be reversed; and which, if wisely considered, should make men better, and not worse. It is to this test of truth and experience, we should bring, if possible, every principle which regulates our conduct. It is the only way in which we benefit ourselves and others; and if in these occasional glances of ours at the condition of men, and those vindications of the great moral truths which meet us in our course through life, we can arouse the energies, or correct the errors, of a single reader, we shall not have lived in vain.

CONFESSION OF A DRUNKARD.

The following from the pen of Charles Lamb, the celebrated essayist, forms the most impressive sermon against intemperance that it has ever been our chance to meet, and the warning is the more solemn as it is no fancy sketch. The writer drew his materials from the melancholy lessons furnished by the latter days of his own life:—

"Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye—feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly with feebler outcry to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.

O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like-hermits! In my dreams I can fancy the cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you? For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit, (I speak not of habits less confirmed; for some of them I believe to be prudential) in the stage of which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep—the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard—is to have taken none at all. The pain of self-denial is all one—what that is I had rather the reader should believe on my credit than know on his own trial. He will come to know it whenever he shall arrive at the state in which, paradoxical as it may appear, reason shall only visit him through intoxication; for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties, by repeated acts of intemperance, may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear daylight ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend for the faint manifestation of their departing energies upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sooner intervals. Evil is so far good.

Behold me, then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gain, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong; but I think my constitution, for a weak one, was as happily exempt from a tendency to any malady, as it was possible to be. I scarcely knew what it was to ail anything. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are much worse to bear than any definite pains and aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the day-time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements; and am apt to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by my friend or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c., haunts me as a labor impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honor, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favorite occupations in times past now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily.

Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any connection or thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly interested me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears allied to dotage. My broken and inspirited nature seems to sink before any thing great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances concerning which I may say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of wickedness any further, or is this disclosure sufficient?"

KEEPSAKES.

A keepsake, like mercy, is twice blessed—it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes. No heart can be so dead to the best feelings of humanity, as not to throb with some little emotion when the eye is gazing in solace and secret on the last relic of one dearly loved. It hallows the mind and purifies the heart, and we have a saving faith, too, that it absolutely betters the morals. No very atrocious deed could be committed when the presence of one we esteemed and respected was near us to check every action. A locket containing the hair of one no longer living, is a melancholy, but yet gratifying memorial. It is a kind of pledge given to those on earth in anticipation of a blessed reunion hereafter. The hair too, is the last thing that decays, and is, therefore, the most appropriate relic of the dead. We never behold a locket suspended amongst the glittering jewellery in a pawnbroker's window, without being led into a train of most sombre reflections. What a struggle between life and death must that have been, that induced the possessor to relinquish this last token, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It is too painful a theme to dwell upon long. The heart sickens at the sight of things, the very possession of which speaks of former opulence and present poverty—of a once happy home, now deserted. These glittering memorials of love, these sacred offsprings of friendship, are here exhibited like the bony integuments piled up in the Parisian catacombs, as part and parcel of the virtually dead.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

ROME.

Rome, tho' no more proud mistress of the world,
But from thy throne like a usurper hurl'd,
Still art thou glorious; in the book of fame,
What so refulgent as thy mighty name?
What name, like thine, can stir the poet's soul—
What name, like thine, revered from pole to pole?
Oh! mighty mother of a mighty race,
In History's first page thou hast thy place;
Tho' sad and lonely now, still art thou grand
Like the production of some giant hand.
No common city thou. Old Rome all hail!
Thy fallen greatness let us now bewail.
Where are thy temples, palaces and fanes—
Alas! a race degenerate now profanes
Their holy precincts, and with ribald jest
Tread scoffingly where Cæsar was a guest,
Where is thy forum? What! is it too gone—
Where music, poetry and rhetoric shone?
Say, is this all remains of that proud dome
Where were decreed the destinies of Rome?—
Where lies interred the thing she held most dear—
A heart which never knew the taint of fear?
Are these few pillars all that now attests
That here proud Rome contrived her high behests?
Alas! too true. The Forum is no more
As once of Rome, the councillor and core.
'Tis gone!—The modern Roman opes his eyes,
When asked to show where "Marcus Curtius" lies.
What taints the breeze? Was that a smell of tar
And modern din, which comes our thoughts to mar?
Are those the sounds of wheels and busy life
Which with surrounding silence seem at strife?
No other are they. Rome!—how changed art thou!
Sad change! Is that a rope work—can it be—
Which 'mid time-honored fragments there we see?
Too true, alas! Nor is this yet the last
Of changes come upon thee since the past.
Thy Capitol, palladium of thy state,
Who are its masters?—what hath been its fate?
Do Roman hands repair to guard its pile—
And, guarding, talk of Roman fame the while?
No, no! Such fortune hath not been thy lot;
No Roman soldier guards the hallowed spot.
A Briton doth possess its shattered frame,
Scarce standing now—existing but in name.
A son of those who far in Thule's land
Died fighting bravely 'gainst thy conq'ring hand;
Yes, Rome, that isle of thine far in the north,
Now sends like thee, her conq'ring legions forth;
Yet different her motives, far, from thine—
To commerce, not to war, her sons incline;
But to protect them, will she bare the sword:
Freedom—sweet Freedom—is her battle word.
Where'er she comes, the slave's at once set free,
Sports him in sunshine, like the chainless sea.
All bless her name. Rome, would thy conquered lands,
Were they reanimate, upraise their hands
To call down blessings for maternal care
On them bestowed? Had all alike their share?
No, Rome, 'twas self that swayed thee, brought thee down,
Spoiled thee of conquest, reft thee of thy crown.
Hadst thou, like Albion, equal favour shown,
To thy new sons giv'n rights, e'en as thine own—
Hadst thou to commerce turn'd thine active mind,
And war and bloodshed for the plough resigned—
Thou hadst not fallen from thy high estate.
Thou wrought'st for this, and meritest thy fate!
Farewell, old Queen; the moral taught by thee
Before earth's Kings perpetually should be;
That they may learn to steer another course,
Avoiding thus thy fate—perhaps a worse.
The moral taught by thee this truth implies:—
"Prosperity in peace, not rapine, lies."

AUTUMN WINDS.

There is something peculiarly mournful in the sound of the autumn wind. It has none of the fierce mirth which belongs to that of March, calling aloud, as with the voice of a trumpet, on all earth to rejoice; neither has it the mild rainy melody of summer, when the lily has given its softness, and the rose its sweetness, to the gentle tones. Still less has it the dreary moan, the cry as of one in pain, which is borne on a November blast; but it has a music of its own—sad, low, and plaintive,

like the last echoes of its forsaken lute—a voice of weeping, but tender and subdued, like the pleasant tears shed over some woeful romance of the olden time, telling some mournful chance of the young knight falling in his first battle, or of a maiden pale and perishing with ill-requited love. Onward passes that complaining wind through the quiet glades, like the angel of death mourning over the beauty it is commissioned to destroy. At every sweep, down falls a shower of sapless leaves—ghosts of the spring—with a dry sorrowful rustle; and every day the eye misses some bright color of yesterday, or marks some bough left entirely bare and sear.

ON THE POETRY AND POETS OF THE AGE.

It is of a truth no easy task to set up a standard whereby we may judge of poetry and poets. If this were ever a difficulty in time past, how much greater has it become in these days, when opinion differs so widely as to the merits of various writers, and when every rhymester arrogates to himself a niche in the temple of the Muses. It is impossible, in an article circumscribed as this must necessarily be, to enter fully into the niceties of such a question; but as the mariner voyaging over strange seas is enabled to estimate differences, and to tell by certain signs and tokens how far off he is from land, so, in a few brief remarks, the qualities that belong to this divine art may be enumerated, and allusion made to its most successful followers now living and speaking amongst us.

Never was there made a more barefaced attempt to foist a fallacy on the public mind, than in giving out that because a man could string together a quantity of words which should jingle harmoniously, he was worthy to be elevated to the rank of a poet. Facility of versification, and richness of invention, may be, and are, inherent in the true poet, but they do not of themselves constitute a title to that distinguished appellation.

There is something of a far higher origin wanting to complete the proper characteristic which distinguishes the man of genius from the mere maker of couplets. To this something it is almost impossible to give a name, and assuredly no easy task to afford the reader a correct idea of the literal meaning and intrinsic value. It speaks for itself in the verse of the poet; it is the reflex of the noble thoughts that have been engendered in his brain, and are revealed in glowing words, which shine upon man's spirit with the lustre shed from the bright halo of inspiration that glitters on the brow of truth—truth one and immutable—the same in every age and in every clime. We must recognise in the works of the real poet, a thinking and an aspiring mind, and be able to trace his aspirations to the domains of the beautiful and true. Poetry of the simple fictitious order, and which serves no useful end, is, in our opinion, scarcely deserving of the name, and may be laid aside with the ephemeræ of its day. That the decline and fall of this species of versification is near at hand may be confidently predicted, and indeed is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. If it is an art which is to serve no purpose, let poetry at once be suffered to become obsolete and unknown, save in the fanciful imagery of some plaintive love-song. But poetry, beyond all other species of literature and the fine arts, has a natural tendency to elevate and exalt the sphere of man's usefulness, and to free him from the debasing influences of worldly pursuits. Poetry embodies the art of elevating the objects around and about us—of discovering and rendering apparent the beautiful in the familiar scenes of every-day life—of idealising reality, so to speak; yet to be what it professes, it must ever speak of, and answer to the truth. It is not confined to mere utterings; it is seen and felt in a thousand objects of nature, which to the eye of a prosaical, common-place mind, are mere rivers, woods, or fields, and nothing more. It is a fact that there are a great many poets among the mass of human beings, who are altogether unconscious of possessing one spark of this divine faculty. They see a beauty, and hear a music, to which they can give no name; they abandon themselves to a sense of pleasure in their admiration of things beautiful, but cannot tell whence it arises. There may be no expression in these men—they may make use of no symbols and no types—but for all that poetry lives and moves within them.

Imagination is necessary for the poet to clothe his thoughts in words, and this is a gift of nature's own bestowing, which no study can attain. Hence the poet is distinguished from the man in whom poetry lives; and thence it follows, that this art may be defined as liberating one of the highest faculties of the intellect; not cabined or confined, but speaking very intelligible language that shall vibrate through many hearts, and be listened to in all seasons and in all ages. For the real poet lives forever; like our own immortal Shakspeare. "He is not for an age, but for all time." He receives from nature an exquisite perception of the beautiful; and following out the just and unerring laws of compensation, this same nature gave him a voice by which he shall benefit his fellow-workers in the path of life—and this voice is expression, or, going further, we may say, *is poetry*. Of all the requirements which are specially needful for such a man, two must never be lost sight of—earnestness and truthfulness; for without these, poetry were a mere wanton idleness, a soft delusion. Nothing contributes more to the rapture with which we hang upon the pages of Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Dante, Homer and Burns, than the certain conviction we possess, that these men, each in his degree, were in earnest and spoke the truth.

Of the poetry and poets of the present day, it is confessedly an ungracious office to speak; for opinions are still strangely divided as to the merits of our very cleverest writers. It would seem that an entirely new school has sprung up within the last few years—a school of a very different order to any that has preceded it. Its merits appear to consist in the elaboration of intense thought, and the power of clothing with a beauty all their own things of every-day life. To this may be added a high sense of the loveliness of external nature. Its chief defects consist of a too great disregard of the conventionalities of the world, an occasional looseness of construction, and in many places considerable obscurity. Wordsworth, who was never more read than he is at the present time, may be called the high priest of this new fraternity. Of his longer poems we will not now speak; but upon the shorter pieces, particularly the sonnets, we must bestow our warmest eulogium. In this class of composition, he stands without a rival; in it he displays all the pathos and energy of a man of feeling, and of the most refined mind. We open the volume at random, and take the first verses that present themselves:—

SONNET,

On Sir Walter Scott's quitting Abbotsford for Naples.

"A trouble not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height;
Spirits of Power assembled there complain
For kindred power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again and yet again:

Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope."

The late Thomas Hood, whose comic effusions have so often set the table in a roar, was very successful in this walk of poesy. We may instance his Sonnet on Silence as being a perfect model for the gentle craft; but as a specimen of his more general style, we will adduce this, his last dying inspiration—

STANZAS.

"Farewell Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows clouds the light,—
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upwards steels a vapour chill;
Strong the earthly odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose.

Welcome Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould."

Rogers, Moore, and Leigh Hunt, cannot be said to have any characteristics in common with this new epoch of the poetic art; therefore on this occasion, we will not enter into their merits, which belong to a totally different order. Tennyson, among the writers of this school, however, claims a distinguished position, and deserves a more lengthened notice here, for his poetry is elsewhere attracting general attention, and daily appealing, by its energetic beauty, to fresh audiences.—In the verses of this poet there is an accumulative force and apposite flow of rhythm, which will convert, in due season, even such of his readers as are most inclined to waver in their faith, and fail in their appreciation of his great genius. His verses will yet find an echo in many a young and susceptible heart. His sympathies are grandly felt and nobly expressed. If ever man possessed that which an American writer has designated as OVER-SOUL, it is this man. To quote is to mutilate him. He must be read, learnt by heart, studied, read again, and, more than all, *thought over*. Then will come a discovery of the natural beauty of his poetry. "The Two Voices," the "Morte d'Arthur," "Locksley Hall," "Mariana," "Dora," the "Day Dream," are all gems not easlly matched.

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

No poet ever betrayed the effect of high thinkings so freely as this one. None ever concentrated beautiful ideas so thoroughly or so well. Nearly allied to him in style, is a lady who has lately entered the pale of matrimony, Mrs. Browning. In some of her compositions we are astounded at the force and fervour which glow and move in every line, and can scarcely be persuaded we are listening to chords struck by a woman's hand. Here, too, we trace the impressions produced by intense thought; and are charmed with the music of its melodious flow, and delighted with the very agreeable fancies we encounter at every page.—The "Romaunt of Margaret," the "Poet's Vow," and "Lady May," are examples of her great command of language and the power of depicting emotion. It is to be regretted that conceits should so often mar the effect of many of her most pleasing verses, and the constant recurrence of forced rhythms, made-up words, and accentuated particles, is objectionable.

The poetry of Browning, the husband of this talented lady, as exhibited in his "Bells and Pomegranates," and "Sordello" and "Paracelsus," is in many respects very striking, but the obscurity which accompanies it detracts so much from its merits, that few persons are tempted to pursue it. Horne has done some wonderful things; his plays, and the epic "Orion," are as finely conceived as they are ably executed. He is gifted with a nice judgment, and can adapt his verses to the scene or time of their action with great facility and fluency.

Many passages in Taylor's "Van Artevelde" are equal to some of the best productions of our old Elizabethan dramatists. This author is peculiarly happy in delineating character, and in the episode which divides the two parts of his historical play, there are bits of exquisite imaginary power, which must delight at every fresh reading.

In thus reviewing what has been passing of late years in the regions of poetry, and noticing some of the leading minstrels of the age we live in, it must not for a moment be supposed that the subject has been otherwise than cursorily treated.

There are many meritorious authors, pilgrims bending their steps towards Parnassus, persons of genius, whose names and productions have not been here alluded to. The theme is one which embraces a number of remarks and observations, incompatible with the limits of a single article. The subject is a most interesting and attractive one, and increases in its importance to the literary world with every passing year; for education is making rapid strides throughout the country, and the knowledge of this great fact has a natural tendency to stimulate the mass of mankind to inquire who are the presiding spirits of the age. The question has been here mooted, and but imperfectly answered; still it is to be hoped that it may, in some slight measure, assist the inquirers who would investigate a subject of so lofty a nature.

MEMORY.

I am an old man—very old;
My hair is thin and gray;
My hand shakes like an autumn leaf,
That wild winds toss all day.
Beneath the pent-house of my brows,
My dim and watery eyes
Gleam like faint lights within a pile,
Which half in ruin lies.

All the dull years of middle age
Have faded from my thought;
While the long-vanished days of youth
Seem ever nearer brought.
Thus, often at the sunset time
The vales in shadow rest,
While evermore a purple glow
Gilds the far mountain's crest.

O'er happy childhood's sports and plays,
Youth's friendships, and youth's love,
I oft times brood in memory,
As o'er its nest the dove.
In fancy through the fields I stray,
And by the river wide;
And see a once beloved face
Still smiling at my side.

I sit in the old parlour nook,
And *she* sits near me there;
We read from the same book—my cheek
Touching her chestnut hair.
I have grown old—oh, very old!
But she is ever young,
As when through moonlit alleys green
We walked, and talked, and sung.

She is unchanged—I see her now
As in that last, last view,
When by the garden gate we took
A smiling short adieu.
Oh Death! thou hast a charmed touch,
Though cruel 'tis and cold;
Embalmed by thee in memory,
Love never can grow old.

D. M. M.

A STORY OF APSLEY HOUSE.

One fine autumn day in the year 1750, as his majesty George II. was taking a ride in Hyde Park, his eye was attracted by the figure of an old soldier who was resting on a bench placed at the foot of an oak tree. The king, whose memory of faces was remarkable, recognised him as a veteran who had fought bravely by his side in some of the Continental battles—and kindly accosting him, the old man, who was lame, hobbled towards him.

"Well my friend," said the monarch, "it is now some years since we heard the bullets whistle at the battle of Dettingen; tell me what has befallen you since."

"I was wounded in the leg, please your majesty and received my discharge and a pension, on which my wife and I are living, and trying to bring up our only son."

"Are you comfortable? Is there any thing you particularly wish for?"

"Please your majesty, if I might make bold to speak, there is one thing that would make my wife, poor woman, as happy as a queen, if she could only get it. Our son is a clever boy, and as we are anxious to give him a good education, we try every means in our power to turn an honest penny—so my wife keeps an apple stall outside the Park gate, and on fine days, when she is able to be out, she often sells a good deal. But sun and dust spoil the fruit, and rainy weather keeps her at home—not near enough to keep our boy at school. Now, please your majesty, if you would have the goodness to give her the bit of waste ground outside the Park gate, we could build a shed for her fruit stall, and it would be, I may say, like an estate to us."

The good-natured monarch smiled, and said—"You shall have it, my friend. I wish that all my subjects were as moderate in their requests as you." He then rode on, followed by the grateful blessings of his faithful veteran.

In a few days, a formal conveyance of the bit of ground to James Allen, his wife, and their heirs forever, was forwarded to their humble dwelling. The desired shed was speedily erected, and the good woman's trade prospered beyond her expectations. Often, indeed, the king himself would stop at the Park gate to accost her, and taking an apple from her tempting store, deposit a golden token in its place. She was thus enabled to procure a good education for her son, who really possessed considerable talent.

Years rolled on. George II. and the veteran were both gathered to their fathers; but Mrs. Allen still carried on her trade, hoping to lay up some money for her son, who was become a fine young man, and had obtained a situation as head clerk in a large haberdashery establishment. He lived with his mother in a neat, though humble dwelling-house, a little way out of the city; and thither he hoped soon to bring a fair young bride, the daughter of Mr. Gray, a music teacher, who resided near them. "Sweet Lucy Gray!" as her lover was wont to call her, had given her consent, and the happy day was already fixed.

One morning, however, when Mrs. Allen proceeded to her place of merchandise, she was startled to perceive the space around her stall filled with workmen, conveying stones, mortar, and all the implements necessary for constructing a building. Some were standing around the shed, evidently preparing to demolish it."

"Come, old lady," said one of them, "move your things out of this as fast as you can, for we can do nothing until the shed is down."

"My shed?" she exclaimed, "and who has given you authority to touch it?"

"The Lord Chancellor," was the reply—"he has chosen this spot for a palace that he is going to build, and which is intended to be somewhat grander than your fruit stall. So look sharp about moving your property, for the shed must come down."

Vain were the poor woman's tears and lamentations; her repeated assertions that the late king had given her the ground for her own, were treated with ridicule; and at length she returned home heart-sick and desponding.

Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come alone. That evening Edward Allen entered his mother's dwelling, wearing a countenance as dejected as her own. He threw himself on a chair and sighed deeply.

"Oh mother," said he, "I fear we are ruined. Mr. Elliot has failed for an immense sum; there is an execution on his house and goods, and I and all his clerks are turned adrift. Every penny we possessed was lodged in his hands, and now we shall lose it all. Besides, there have been lately so many failures in the city, that numbers of young men are seeking employment, and I'm sure I dont know where to look for it. I suppose," he added, trying to smile, "we shall have nothing to depend upon but your little trade—and I must give up the hopes of marrying sweet Lucy Gray. It will be hard enough to see you suffering from poverty, without bringing her to share it."

"Oh, Edward," said his mother, "what you tell me is hard enough; but, my dear boy, I have still worse news for you." She then, with many tears, related the events of the morning, and concluded by asking him what they were to do. Edward paused.

"And so," said he, at length, "the Lord Chancellor has taken a fancy to my mother's ground, and her poor fruit-stall must come down to make room for his stately palace. Well, we shall see. Thank God we live in free, happy England, where the highest has no power to oppress the lowest. Let his Lordship build on—he cannot seize that which his sovereign bestowed on another. Let us rest quietly to-night, and I feel certain that all will be well."

The following day, Edward presented himself at the dwelling of the Lord Chancellor. "Can I see his Lordship?" he inquired of the grave official who answered his summons.

"My Lord is engaged just now, and cannot be seen except on urgent business."

"My business is urgent," replied the young man—"but I will await his lordship's leisure."

And a long waiting he had. At length, after sitting in an ante-room for several hours, he was invited to enter the audience chamber. There, at the table covered with books and papers, sat Lord Apsley. He was a dignified looking man, still in the prime of life, with a pleasant countenance, and quick penetrating eye.—"Well my friend," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"Your lordship can do much," replied Edward; "yet all I seek is justice. You have chosen, as the site for your new palace, a piece of ground which his Majesty king George II. bestowed upon my parents and heirs forever; and since my father's death, my mother has remained in undisturbed possession. If your lordship will please read this paper, you will see that what I state is the fact."

Lord Apsley took the document, and perused it attentively. "You are in the right, young man," he said; "the ground is indeed secured to your family by the act of our late gracious sovereign. I took possession of it, believing it to be a waste spot, but I now find I must become the tenant of your surviving parent. What does she expect for it?"

"That," said Edward, "she is satisfied to leave to your lordship. We are confident that the chief lawgiver of our country will do right."

"You shall not be disappointed, young man," replied the Chancellor. "I was offered a site for my palace equally as eligible, at a yearly rent of four hundred pounds. That sum I will pay to your mother, and have it properly secured to her heirs forever."

Edward thanked his lordship and respectfully withdrew.

Before a week had elapsed, his mother was established in a neat and comfortable dwelling in one of the suburbs; and ere two had gone by, sweet Lucy (no longer Gray) might be seen in the sunny little garden filling a basket with the fruit of a golden pippin tree, and which the old lady pronounced to be almost as fine as the apples which his gracious majesty King George II. was wont to select from her stall at Hyde Corner.

And thus it came to pass that the stately mansion of England's warrior duke is subject, at the present day, to the ground rent of four hundred pounds a year, payable to the representatives of the apple-woman.

THE RURAL BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND.

Beautiful to behold is England on a sunny summer's day; so clean, so verdant, so full of quiet life, so fresh, wearing so lightly the garland of age. What a tree! that cottage, how fragrant it looks through its flowers;—the turf about that church has been green for ages. Here is a thatched hamlet, its open doors are lighted with rosy faces at the sound of our wheels; this avenue of oaks sets the imagination to building a mansion at the end of it. What town is that clustered around yon huge square tower? and the ear welcomes a familiar name, endeared by genius to the American heart. * * * * * * * *

At every pause in our walk the aspect of the landscape varied, under the control of the chief feature of the scenery, the encircling mountains, with their vast company of shadows, which, as unconsciously changing your position you shift the point of view, open or close gorges and alleys, and hide or reveal their own tops, producing the effect of a moving panorama. But a week since we were on the ocean, a month since in the New World,—now on the beaten sod of the Old—young Americans enjoying Old England. Every object within sight, raised by the hand of man, looks touched with antiquity; the grey stone wall with its coping of moss, the cottage ivy-screened, the Saxon church tower. Even what is new hasn't a new look. The modern mansion is mellowed by architecture and tint into keeping with its older neighbours. To be old here, is to be respectable, and time-honoured is the epithet most coveted. You see no sign of the doings of yesterday or yesteryear; the new is careful of obtruding itself, and comes into the world under matronage of the old. But the footprint of age is not traced in rust and decay. We are in free and thriving England, where Time's accumulations are shaped by a busy, confident, sagacious hand, man co-working with Nature at the loom, of time, so that little be wasted and little misspent. The English have a strong sympathy with rural nature. The capabilities of the landscape are developed and assisted with a loving and judicious eye, and the beautiful effects are visible not merely in the lordly domain or secluded pleasure-ground, where a single mind brings about a predetermined end, but in the general aspect of the land. The thatched cottage, the broad castle, the simple lawn, the luxurious park, the scattered hamlet, the compact borough, all the features which make up the physiognomy of woody, mossy, rain-washed England, harmonise with nature and with one another.—"*Thoughts in Europe, by an American.*"

The evil of grief is in the struggle against suffering. Consent to suffer, and you suffer not at all.

Every one who bears the name of a gentleman, is accountable for it to his family—*Gil Blas.*

An *angel* incapable of feeling anger, must envy the *man* who can feel, and yet conquer it.—*Jean Paul.*

If thou stoodest on a precipice with thy mistress, hast thou ever felt the desire to plunge with her into the abyss? If so, thou hast loved.—*Godolphin.*

THE DYING CHILD.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated from the Danish by Mary Howitt.

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright:
I see the angel-children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and, listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord!
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord!
Green, gold, and red are floating all around me;
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not thus sigh—it marreth my reposing;
And, if thou weep then I must weep with thee!
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing:
—Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

SNUFF TAKING.

Yet snuff is an odd custom. If we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings a pinch of a sort of powder, and then with the most serious air possible, as if he were doing one of the most important actions of his life (for even with the most indifferent snuff takers there is a certain look of importance) proceeds to thrust, and keeps thrusting it at his nose! after which he shakes his head or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well-being. It is curious to see the various modes in which people take snuff; some do it by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. These are epigrammatic snuff-takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff—a sort of essence of pins' points. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanour; they value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as the snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable; others with a luxuriance of gesture and a lavishness of supply, that announces a moister article, and sheds its superfluous honors over neck cloth and coat. Dr. Johnson was probably a snuff-taker of this kind. He used to take it out of his waistcoat pocket instead of a box. There is a species of long-armed snuff takers, who perform the operation in a style of potent and elaborate preparation, ending with a sudden activity. But smaller and rounder men sometimes attempt it. He first puts his head on one side; then stretches forth the arm, with pinch in hand; then brings round his hand, as a snuff-taking elephant might his trunk; and finally, shakes snuff, head and nose together in a sudden vehemence of convulsion. His eye-brows all the while lifted up, as if to make the more room for the onset; and when he has ended, he draws himself back to his perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he hath won over the insipidity of the previous moment by a sniff and a great "hah!"—*Leigh Hunt's Journal.*

MY COUSIN MARY.

It is pleasant to recall by-gone days, and wander again in imagination through the bright paths of youth and merrier fields of childhood, and though many a sad recollection and bitter association may crowd into view, yet not a few of the happiest hours of after-life, are spent in thus mentally living over our youthful days. One of the greenest spots in my childhood, is where, when a happy child, I wandered hand in hand with my cousin Mary;—she, a beautiful girl of seventeen summers, and I, a self-important urchin of six. Many wondered at her juvenile taste, but she let them wonder on—and happy in her innocent pursuits, she roved alone with me; while I, the merriest of the merry, felt when with her as if the whole world was the companion of my gambols, so *very great* was my estimation of her. Cousin Mary was an orphan, and for several years she had known no home but the one she shared with me under my father's roof; and our days glided on with nothing to disturb their tranquillity. But unfortunately—(for so I thought it)—I was not the only one who considered cousin Mary the most beautiful and sweetest of God's creation. A stranger, visiting our little village, saw her, and, struck with her rare loveliness, had sought an acquaintance; and I, pleased that another could enjoy so well our pasttimes, rejoiced in his coming, and was never satisfied unless he was a partaker. But soon jealousy was aroused in my bosom—for I found that my cousin Mary evidently preferred my friend George's society to my own; and when I flew sobbing to my mother, and vented my tears and complaint on her bosom, she told me it must not grieve me, for George was going to marry my cousin in a very short time: and so it was. A week from that time saw her the bride of him who had not wooed in vain.

How well do I remember that morning. She was to leave us immediately after the ceremony; and while all were congratulating her, I stood aloof, sobbing as if my heart would break. In a moment a kind arm was around me, and a soft cheek that could belong to none but cousin Mary, rested on mine. She had never looked so beautiful, and never did I love her so well; and as I clasped my arms tighter around her, I felt as if no one could separate us. But the dreaded moment came—the parting words were spoken—and the carriage, with her whom we held so dear, was soon lost to our sight. For days I pined for my play-fellow, and as I turned listlessly from my old employments, my only question would be, "When shall we hear of cousin Mary?"

One day I had wandered farther than usual from home, and returning, saw the post-boy galloping up the hill, and felt sure there was a letter from Mary. I dashed on full of joy and hope. As I burst into the parlour, my mother was weeping violently, while silent though eloquent tears rolled down my father's manly cheek. He drew me tenderly to him, and then came the mournful disclosure. The ship in which they had taken their passage had perished in a storm, and she was lost, and with her all on board. Deep and lasting was my grief; and though my sorrow was softened by age, yet now, as I gaze on the deceitful waters that perhaps have rolled o'er her loved form, and I think of her as I last saw her—the pure and joyful—a chastened tear silently drops to the memory of My Cousin Mary.

H.

HIGH LIFE AND MEAN THINKING.

How much nicer people are in their persons than in their minds! How anxious they are to wear the appearance of wealth and taste in outward show, while their intellects are poverty and meanness! See one of the apes of fashion with his coxcombries and ostentation of luxury. His clothes must be made by the best tailor; his horse must be of the best blood; his wines of the best flavour; his cookery of the highest zest; but his reading is of the poorest frivolities. Of the lowest of the animal senses he is an epicure—but a pig is a clean feeder compared with his mind; and a pig would eat good and bad, sweet and foul alike, but his mind has no taste except for the most worthless garbage. The pig has no discrimination, and a great appetite; the mind we describe has not the apology of voracity; it is satisfied with but little, but that must be of the worst sort and everything of a better is rejected by it with disgust. If we could see men's minds as we see their bodies, what a spectacle of nakedness, degradation, deformity and disease they would be! What hideous dwarfs and cripples—what dirty and revolting cravings and all these in connection with the most exquisite care and pampering of the body! It may be, if a conceited coxcomb could see his own mind, he would see the meanest object the world can present. It is not with beggary in its most degraded state that it is to be compared; for the beggar has wants, is dissatisfied with his state, has wishes for enjoyments above his lot; but the pauper in intellect is content with his poverty, it is his choice to feed on carrion; he can relish nothing else; he has no desire beyond his filthy fare. Yet he piques himself that he is a superior being; he takes to himself the merits of his tailor, his wine merchant, his coachmaker, his upholsterer, and his cook; but if the thing were turned inside out, if that concealed, nasty corner, his mind, were exposed to view, how degrading would be the exhibition!—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

BIRTHS.

In this city, on the 14th ult., the wife of Brother J. R. Fraser of a daughter.

In this city, on the 29th ult. the wife of Brother M'Donnough of a son.

At Lachine, on the 25th ult.. the wife of Bro. Thos. Allan, teacher, of a son.

On the 27th ult., the wife of Brother Dr. Scott, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

At Stanstead, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. R. V. Hill, Past Grand J. C. Chase, to Miss Fanny Gayford, daughter of Asa Gayford.

DEATHS.

On the 16th inst., at his residence, Notre Dame Street, after a long and painful illness of dropsy, Bro. John R. Fraser, son of the late Alexander Fraser of Dublin, Ireland, aged 39 years.

In this city, on the 24th inst., after a short illness, Brother R. T. Howden, Esq., Principal of St. Paul's School, aged 38 years, deservedly and sincerely regretted by all who knew him. His loss is a public as well as a privaie one, a loss which will be deeply felt, not only by a disconsolate widow and family, but by a large portion of the public, to whom he has rendered so much service as a Teacher, and particularly by the juvenile portion, who will now miss his kind instruction and example.

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C. M. Tate, *N. G.* | P.G. John Irvine, *P. Secy.*
W. E. Scott, *V. G.* | P.G. Geo. McIver, *Treasurer.*

PRINCE ALBERT LODGE.—NO. 3.
ST. JOHNS.

W. A. Osgood, *N. G.* | M. B. Landel, *Secy.*
J. Phillips, *V. G.* | T. L. Dixon, *P. Secy.*
J. Aston, *Treas.*

ALBION LODGE.—NO. 4.
QUEBEC.

J. C. Fisher, P. G. | H. S. Scott, *Secretary.*
John Dyke, *N. G.* | R. Meredith, *Treas.*
F. H. Andrews, *V. G.* | P. L. LeSueur, *P. Secy.*

COMMERCIAL LODGE.—NO. 5.
MONTREAL.

Robert Macdougall, *P. G.* | E. T. Taylor, *Secretary.*
W. G. Mack, *N. G.* | W. Hamilton, *P. Secretary.*
J. C. Becket, *V. G.* | Robert Mills, *Treasurer.*

VICTORIA LODGE.—NO. 6.
BELLEVILLE.
Returns not received.

ORIENTAL LODGE.—NO. 7.
STANSTEAD.
Returns not received.

CANADA LODGE.—NO. 8.
MONTREAL.

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

BROCK LODGE.—NO. 9.
BROCKVILLE.

J. W. Arnold, *P. G.* | W. Fitzsimmons, *Secretary.*
John Crawford, *N. G.* | John Chaffey, *P. Secy.*
John Bacon, *V. G.*

CATARAQUI LODGE.—NO. 10.
KINGSTON.

Jas. Bennett *P. G.* | Jno. Breckinridge, *Secy.*
W. S. Martin, *N. G.* | S. D. Fowls, *Treasurer.*
R. Barker, *V. G.* | M. Ferguson, *P. Secy.*

PRINCE EDWARD LODGE.—NO. 11.
PICTON.

A. D. Dougall, *P. G.* | R. Ramsay, *Secy.*
A. McAllister, *N. G.* | D. B. Stevenson, *Treas.*
James Cook, *V. G.* | D. S. Conger, *P. Secy.*

ONTARIO LODGE.—NO. 12.
COBOURG.
Returns not received.

OTONABEE LODGE.—NO. 13.
PETERBORO'.
Returns not received.

HOPE LODGE.—NO. 14.
PORT HOPE.
Returns not received.

TECUMSEH LODGE.—NO. 15.
TORONTO.
Returns not received.

UNION LODGE.—NO. 16.
ST. CATHERINES.
Returns not received.

BURLINGTON LODGE.—NO. 17.
HAMILTON.
Returns not received.

ST. FRANCIS LODGE.—NO. 18.
CORNWALL.

Wm. Kay, *P. G.* | John Walker, *Secy.*
P. Stewart, *N. G.* | A. B McDonell, *Treas.*
P. J. McDonell, *V. G.* | Joseph Tanner, *P. Secy.*

MERCANTILE LODGE.—NO. 19.
QUEBEC.

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

OTTAWA LODGE.—NO. 20.
BYTOWN.
Returns not received.

HOME LODGE.—NO. 21.
TORONTO.
Returns not received.

PHŒNIX LODGE.—NO. 22.
OSHAWA.
Returns not received.