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# ODD FELLOWS' RECORD;

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1847.

No. 5.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

## WILLIE'S WANDERINGS.

By Y-LE.

SKETCH NO. III.

ACTIONS, good or bad, bring their own reward. Yet how often do we find men who, being punished for the violation of a law of God, (for all guilt involves such a violation) endeavour to trace the cause of such punishment everywhere but to themselves. Willie found himself an exile. He had left his native country, and every endearing association connected with it. Memory, it is true, held her sway, and under her influence he could revel still in the festivities of his native village—mix with the companions of his boyhood—wander over hills and through vallies—call up every well known spot, and fight his youthful “battles o'er again;” but the voices and the forms were departed, and he felt himself lonely and a stranger. Still, he could not bring his mind to acknowledge that his own conduct was the spring from whence emanated the bitter waters he was now forced to quaff.

While Willie was living at his friend's house, events big with interest to his family were transpiring. He had left them in a temporary dwelling, previous to his departure, as upon the result of his mission depended whether his future years should be spent in the town or country. On the day following that on which he departed for the country, his eldest daughter, an interesting girl of about eighteen years of age, left the house, in order to visit the vessel by which they had taken their passage, for on board of it were the only living beings, save her own family, she knew.

There is a melancholy pleasure connected with a visit of this description, which some may not, and which others cannot, understand. The last step taken on the soil of your fatherland, put you on board that vessel, where, during weeks of doubt and anxiety, you were carried through the “waste of waters” and the dangers of the deep, and when you step again upon land, the soil you tread is not European, and you must now mix with people of all kindreds, and tongues, and nations. The eye may scan the surrounding objects, but like the dove from Noah's ark, it returns again, without meeting a spot on which it can satisfactorily rest. Hundreds of people may move here and there, but the kind smile and sympathetic greeting of friends and

neighbours, is not seen; and, should a form at a distance remind you of some well remembered one of old, and your eye hastens to recognise and greet him, the kindly glance is repulsed by the dollars, or bales, or barrels, which seem stamped on the anxious countenance of the colonist. Such feelings creep over you, and thus you take an interest in the vessel which has set you down where you are surrounded by circumstances which give rise to such thoughts. But we must return from our wanderings.

Jane, for so she was named, possessed a feeling of the above description, and to enjoy which, her present visit was intended. Her stay on board was not of long duration; but after leaving the ship, she loitered on the wharf, as if loath to shut out from her sight, the only object with which she was familiar. While thus engaged, she was closely watched by a lady at a short distance, for the scrutiny was so keenly carried on as to attract the notice of one of the boys on board the vessel. The lady having satisfied herself with the close inspection she had taken, soon after walked over to where Jane stood, and with a smile on her face, that would have overcome a sister of mercy, drew Jane into an unguarded conversation; and the guileless, simple-minded girl, gave the strange lady all the particulars respecting her own position and prospects in coming to a new country.

After some other conversation of a general nature, during which the strange lady had impressed Jane with a favourable idea of her character, the lady said—

“I feel so fatigued—the heat is so oppressive, that I think a sail across the river would revive me. I would take it kind, were you to accompany me. There are steamboats which cross, and re-cross, every half hour; the sail would, I know, do me good, and it would tend to cheer you, and make the day pass all the happier. I have business of great importance to attend to, (and she drew from her dress a splendid gold repeater, and held it towards Jane) I see I have at least half an hour to spare, and as we are both to reap some advantage from my proposal, we will now walk down to the steamboat. No, no,” she continued, seeing that Jane was about to urge some objection to the plan, “I will take no excuse. I know what you would say—but it will cost you nothing, my good girl; and you may as well spend the time with me, as walking about here;” so, placing Jane's arm under her own, she hurried her

off towards where the steamboat lay. During the whole of the time, she kept up an incessant talk of the delightful view to be had from the river, by which the poor girl was so bewildered, that she scarcely knew where she was till the steamer was shoving off from the wharf; and then serious thoughts entered her mind as to the propriety of the step she had taken, however lady-like the person who had enticed her might be.

Jane was in a sad situation, yet relying on the assurance of her companion, that they would return in the time stated, and the many expressions of kindness which she received, her fears were so far quieted, and she was ultimately reconciled to her position. The scene was new to her, too, and every expression of wonder which she gave utterance to was seized upon by the lady to answer it by some well-timed remark to keep her in a pleasant mood.

While this was going on, the steamboat was rapidly moving onwards on its course, but had Jane been acquainted with the situation of the various towns or villages which line the banks of the St. Lawrence, the fact would have darted across her mind, that the course the vessel was pursuing was an opposite one, or nearly so, to that which she was told it would take. This fact, however, she was not aware of, and her mind had been excited so much by the stories of her companion, that the vessel's destiny seemed of no importance to her. Nuns' Island, and its secluded inhabitants was beyond her credibility, but when she was informed that it was not the only establishment of that character in the country, that there were several of them, her astonishment was greater. All things considered, it must not be wondered that when she was landed at Laprairie, the time occupied on the passage appeared so short, as to confirm her belief in the statement that half an hour would suffice to take them back to Montreal.

As they had reached their destination, the lady suggested that as it would be a few minutes before the vessel returned, it would only be increasing the pleasure of their trip were they to walk up the village. There was no great harm visible in this simple proposition, and as Jane's curiosity was raised by what she had already seen and heard, she readily agreed to it. As they wandered leisurely through the main street, the lady was accosted by a young gentleman, who seemed to be on very friendly terms with her, and the lady, with the utmost politeness, introduced Jane as a young Miss of her acquaintance, lately from Scotland. The young gentleman expressed the great pleasure he experienced in the honour conferred upon him by this introduction, and exerted every means in his power to impress the simple girl with a high opinion of his qualities as a young man of good sense and nice virtue.

"You must be tired, ladies," said he, "and although it is an act I am very seldom guilty of, still, considering the place, the company, and that you have a few minutes still to spare, I must insist on you accompanying me to the hotel, and partaking of some refreshment."

The old lady mildly muttered thanks, while Jane was so bewildered, that she had no power to withdraw the arm which the young gallant had now forced under his own, and as her companion and him moved forward, Jane was compelled to keep them company.

Seated in the tavern, for hotel it could not be considered, the young man ordered some wine, one glass of which he handed to the old lady, which she finished in so scientific a manner, as to lead to the belief that this was not her first attempt. He could only allow Jane half a glass, as he knew it was not polite for young ladies to show off their accomplishments in this department, and also because he thought it was not altogether a good habit for that interesting portion of the community to indulge in. This consideration was so kind, and so frankly expressed, that Jane, out of compliment to the young gentleman, could not do less than partake of the portion allotted to her, as it was only on consideration that she was from home, that he offered it to her as a refreshment. Jane swallowed the liquid.

Ere this, the reader will have suspected the character of Jane's companion, whose vocation is one of the blackest that can disgrace society, and which consisted in seducing strange and inexperienced girls for the vilest of purposes. In the foregoing imperfect sketch it will be seen by what insidious and ensnaring means open-hearted and confiding young women are lured into the meshes of the snare which is set for their destruction, and that the attempt did not succeed in this instance, was no fault of the base and degraded parties who undertook the girl's ruin.

Jane had seldom, if ever, tasted wine, and although the little she had taken was followed by a sense of oppression, yet she did not account for this feeling otherwise than as the natural result of having drank the small quantity given her. Notwithstanding this, she became uneasy and anxious, nor would she rest, in spite of all remonstrances to the contrary, till they were once more on their way to the wharf. The boat had not left, nor was it intended that it should leave for some time, and although Jane did not perceive the imminent danger which hung over her, still she began to think that all was not right. This feeling increased as she felt a drowsiness creep over her, and she became shy of the attentions bestowed upon her by the old lady and the youth. They did all they could to get her withdrawn from the gaze of a few persons who were waiting for the sailing of the steamer, but Jane, while she retained consciousness, evaded their importunities. In spite of all her endeavours, the wish for sleep increased, and in this dilemma, she knew not how to act. Her fears were raised in proportion, as she became less able to withstand the drowsy influence, till at length she worked herself into a state bordering on despair. At this juncture, a lady and gentleman arrived on the wharf, and Jane, from some cause she could not describe, having lost all confidence in her companions, rushed forward to the two strangers, and in accents of the deepest distress, urged them to take her under their care, till they arrived in Montreal. The strangers

were astonished, and endeavoured to ascertain why such a request was made. Jane's lady companion advanced with the young man, and claimed her as their servant, who had attempted to run off, and because they had followed, and captured her in company she ought not to have been in, she was afraid of returning, in case her conduct should be exposed.

In the state the poor girl was in, this horrid charge nearly rendered her senseless. Exerting all her strength, she replied in a burst of delirious grief—

“Oh, no! oh, no!—that woman took me away from my friends—that young man and her have given me something to drink—do not let them touch me—take me to Montreal; do take me,” and then the poor thing fell senseless to the ground.

Several persons were now congregated around the unfortunate girl. The gentleman to whom she had appealed, took the lady who accompanied him aside, and after a short conversation, he advanced to where Jane lay, when he found the procuress giving instructions as to what should be done. He immediately stopped her proceedings, and looking her sternly in the face, he said—

“That young person, whoever she may be, asked my protection; that she will have. If you have any claim upon her, you can prove such claim in a court of law; but out of my sight she shall not go, till such time as I can ascertain the truth or falsehood of your story.” So saying, he called some of the hands from the steamboat, and had Jane removed on board.

From what we have stated, it is scarcely necessary to add, that Jane's protector suspected something wrong. He had heard of cases of seduction, and the events which had transpired before his eyes, bore evidence that the girl had not been in good hands, but whether the excited state in which she appealed to him arose from intoxication, or was the effect of some other obnoxious drug administered to her, he had no means at hand of ascertaining. Whether the girl's story was true or false, the plan he had adopted would lead to no evil; therefore he determined to keep watch over her, till their arrival in Montréal. His lady also entered heartily into the business, and as soon as Jane had been put on board the steamboat, she applied herself seriously to the task of recovering the unfortunate girl from the state of unconsciousness into which she had fallen. Meantime, the procuress and her degraded paramour were full of vengeance at the unexpected termination of their diabolical plot, and were loud in their threats of law proceedings against the humane individual who had stepped between them and their intended victim.

The captain of the steamer was on shore at the time the circumstances detailed above took place, but no sooner was the gentleman who befriended Jane aware of his presence, than he laid before him a faithful report of what had occurred, and requested him to visit the girl. The captain did so, and on looking at her, he remarked, “Surely that young woman came from Montreal on our last trip—if so, there was an elderly female with her. I recollect, when the engine was set in motion to proceed here, that a young wo-

man seated near to where I was standing, expressed a wish to her companion to get on shore, but what answer was returned to her desire, I was too busy to pay attention to. I think the elder one wore a pink bonnet; but if you will point her out to me, it will probably bring the circumstance more immediately to my recollection!” The captain and the gentleman, therefore, walked to a part of the vessel where the guilty parties could be seen on the wharf, for they had not ventured on board. On coming to the cabin end of the vessel, the captain and his companion were so fortunate as to confront the parties they wished to see, but conscious guilt compelled the base seducers to turn from the scrutiny. The captain, however, at once recognised the female as being the person he had alluded to, and he could not help complimenting Jane's protector on the noble resolution he had formed. It was then agreed that the case should be put into the hands of the police, so soon as they reached Montreal; but the degraded actors, suspecting how matters stood, hovered near till the vessel was about to leave, and then, instead of going on board, walked away in a contrary direction, nor could any one give information respecting where they had gone.

The remedies applied to Jane, by the lady, were so far successful as to make her aware of her position, and the narrow escape she had experienced of being ruined, not only for time, but for eternity. The poor girl's ideas were very confused, from the effects of the stupifying draught, but she understood sufficient to make her thankful to God for the timely assistance rendered her.

In the meantime, her long absence from home caused the utmost uneasiness to her mother. And at last, she got so anxious, that she went to the ship to make inquiry respecting her daughter. All, however, that was known of her, was gathered from the boy who had seen her speaking to a strange woman, and that he had seen them go in the direction of the Laprairie boat. Thither the grieved mother went, but no boat was there, and she was told that it would be some time before the boat returned. What could she do; there was no one to whom she could apply for advice, and with a sore heart, she bent her steps towards home, in the hope that Jane might have arrived there, during her absence, and if not, that she would return and wait the arrival of the boat, to see if she could gather any intelligence from the people on board respecting her missing daughter. She arrived at home, but no one had yet seen Jane, and the mother, with tearful eyes, returned to the wharf, to await the arrival of the steamboat.

At length the boat came in sight, and many a fervent prayer silently arose to God, that her poor Jane would be restored to her. If a mother's feelings are keen, so is her eye quick to recognise those she loves, but it was long ere this sorrowing mother could recognise her for whom her eye wandered over every part of the vessel. At last, in a corner, near which a lady was seated, she caught a glimpse of a female figure extended on one of the seats—she knew the dress to be

that of her daughter's, but why was she in such a position? She must be ill—she might be dead. Oh, the harrowing sensations of such a suspense. No sooner was the vessel made fast to the wharf, than the fond mother sprang on board, and in a moment was by the side of her poor girl;—but why describe the meeting, or the bursts of alternate grief and joy, of that parent and child.

Thanks and the gratitude of their whole lives, were all they could bestow on her protectors; but the feelings of the person who acted so Christian a part, are better to be desired than a crown of rubies.

#### ADDRESS.

*Delivered to Oriental Lodge, No. 7, I. O. O. F., on the 7th April, 1847.*

BY A PAST GRAND.

**NOBLE GRAND AND BROTHERS,**—My predecessors who have appeared before you, have expressed the humble opinions they entertained of their own abilities to perform the tasks imposed upon them, and their profound respect for the high talents and discrimination of yourself, Sir, and the Brethren of this Lodge. If it were necessary in them, it is doubly so in me. And, Sir, it is for novelty's sake only that I dispense with that accustomed prologue. I have not been longer than others a member of the Order. I have no means of information upon the subject not accessible to you all. I cannot hope to be of use to you in the remarks I may make—and, Sir, I almost despair of even amusing you by my endeavours. A twice-told story is always stale; and I have not been enabled to find out, either nook or corner, hole or cranny, in the whole field of Odd Fellowship, which has not been explored, and searched, and raked, and gleaned, and gleaned again, by the Brothers who have already addressed you, until every flower and gem has been culled, and every idea clothed in varied phraseology.

I find myself, in catering to your tastes, of necessity driven to pick up here and there in its "high ways and bye ways" the scattered crumbs and fragments which my more fortunate Brothers have rejected as unworthy to grace their dainty offerings; and much do I fear that my collection will form but a heterogenous dish. Neither hash nor haggis nor fricassee, have ever been thought palatable by those accustomed to the loin and the surloin.

But, Sir, to close this egotism, I have weighed my anchor, I have unfurled my canvass to the breeze, and though I get beyond my soundings and meet with troublesome head winds, I hope with all the allowances that my friend may make for me, again to return to port, and safely to moor my frail bark in a charitable haven without having been sorely tossed in my perilous path by satire and criticism. And never did ancient with more of fervor pour out his libation to propitiate his heathen god, than do I pour out my prayers, beseeching your clemency. The impotence of man at his birth, his wants and helplessness in infancy, his habits and the vicissitudes to which he is subject

through life—all combine to shew his dependence upon his fellow-man. He is in his nature and habits, social and gregarious; and it does not require the words of Holy Writ to convince us "that it is not good for him to be alone"; but the evil propensities of mankind in a barbarous state, are such that they prey upon each other—they rob each other—they murder each other,—nay, Sir—they eat each other;—and for their protection, the tribes of old associated together for mutual assistance;—hence the origin of the different nations of the world.

The confusion of tongues also has divided and subdivided the inhabitants of the earth into thousands of different castes. The rays of the Glorious Sun, Sir, have contributed also to separate man from his fellow-man; in the North we see the white man, at the South we see the black; in the East he is tawny, and in the West he is red, with declensions and shades more varied in their hue and tint than even a painter could imagine. Yet these distinctions, numberless though they be, are but a tittle of those which the religious views of mankind produced, till what with difference of origin and of language, of colour and of creed, the numerous inhabitants of the earth were like the descendants of Ishmael of olden time, with their hands against every man, and every man's hands against them. But, this was not enough: man could still find cause of dissension with his fellow. A diversity of interests, of tastes, and of opinions, upon political and domestic economy were a fruitful source of disunion; and, Sir, we are astonished at the vast amount of human misery, which was generated by these causes. By them rivers of blood have been shed, and human beings enough to have covered the face of this wide world have been the miserable victims. That this state of things once existed, I apprehend, Sir, will not be for an instant denied,—that it now exists may be more problematical. But, Sir, have mankind become one family? Do the lion and the lamb lie down together? Have privation and suffering and want ceased to exist? Methinks, Sir, that echo answers nay,—we hear of wars and rumours of wars—of crimes of darker dye—yea, of murder and desolation, that walk at noon day,—of poverty, of misery, of squalid starvation—not of tens and hundreds, but of thousands and tens of thousands. And, Sir, he who ponders upon the state of his fellow-man, will (misanthrope though he may be) pity their unfortunate condition; and ask, how is it to be ameliorated? Let us ask ourselves, how can it be effected? Man is comparatively endowed with capacity and power, with intellect and with soul,—but, Sir, individual enterprise and skill can never produce great results: it will scarcely enable a man to eke out a miserable existence. But there is a strength in unity—there is a power in the combined force of the many who are individually feeble. All that is great and good and useful which we owe to our fellow, has been produced by a community of interest, a combination of force, and a concert of action. There was force in the illustration of the dying father, who, wishing to impress this truth upon his offspring, desired them to break the

bundle of twigs first collectively, and then singly.—United we stand—divided we fall. With concert of action and organization, that which is so difficult for faith to perform, is accomplished. Mountains are removed—vast internal and external improvements are effected—canals and rail-roads are made—rivers and lakes are tunnelled—the air, the bosom of the sea, and the bowels of the earth are converted into thoroughfares for men—the very elements have been subdued and rendered subservient to their command—they can say to the sea as King Canute would have said “Thus far shalt thou come”—they have chained the winds to our oars and our chariot-wheels, and the very lightnings of heaven have been caught, and tamed, and trained, and are now submissively working in harness—they have performed tasks at which individual enterprise would have shrunk backaghast. To improve the condition of our race was an Herculean task—humanity and philanthropy demanded that we should place our shoulders to the wheel. Great and praiseworthy were the attempts of charitable and devout men in favour of their species. Long, continued and zealous, have been the labours of religious denominations therefor; and powerful the crusades of nations to that end—with how little success, Sir, I need not repeat.

Individuals could not cope with their adversary,—the world was jealous of sectarian ambition,—and there is implanted within man's nature that which will induce him to resist and reject even benefits attempted to be imposed by force. The panacea had not been yet discovered,—time rolled on,—the same scenes were again enacted and re-enacted,—and again were the results alike unsatisfactory. The sword might exterminate, but could never christianize the heathen, no civilize the barbarian. And even in civilized lands the division was not between the believer and the infidel, nor between Christian and the Jew only,—Catholic and Protestant—Churchman and Heretic, were alike engaged in deadly strife. A war of extermination was waged between the professed followers of the One God,—the Churchman oppressed the Puritan, and the Puritan the Quaker. And, Sir, from the quarrels of the patricians and the plebeian, the monarchist and aristocrat, the whig and tory, the federalist and the democrat, the world has been one uninterrupted scene of strife. Mankind, in the words of the poet, have borne “the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, and the proud man's contumely.”

At last, Sir, beneficent societies, of various forms and names, were organized for the purpose of remedying this evil; but in their composition, there still remained particles of the same leaven. Each of them was imbued in some measure, with the unfortunate sectarian, political, or selfish views; and the benefits derived were necessarily circumscribed. The ball of evil continued to roll onward and downward, gaining from each revolution additional impetus and increased velocity; till, at last, certain of the wiser men of Britain discovered the so-long-hidden treasure—a treasure infinitely more valuable than the Philosopher's Stone, which could turn all that it touched into gold—a trea-

sure which bids fair to redeem mankind from its degrading thralldom. An effort, not of a puny individual, but the combined effort of the powerful, was required; not, Sir, for one attempt only, but a continued unremitting and resolute trial—“a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.” Nobly did our predecessors—the early Odd Fellows—dedicate themselves to the work. The great tree, of which we are but a scion, was planted and watered and cultivated,—the feeble shoot thrived and grew apace—it put forth the tender leaves of hope—it became a healthy plant, a promising shrub, a vast tree of huge growth, whose protective branches seemed likely soon to extend themselves over the whole face of Creation,—thousands upon thousands were fleeing from the baneful influences of party and of strife; and were basking beneath its gentle influences and shade, and feasting upon the ripe and clustering fruit it bore,—Faith, Hope, and Charity. The bright banner of our Order was from its every branch floating to the zephyrs, and proclaiming our motto of “Friendship, Love, and Truth.” A glorious millenium seemed to have dawned upon our benighted race. And as the mountain of snow melts before a summer's sun, so melted away the doubts, suspicions and fears, that man entertained of his fellow, before the bright effulgence of an Order, whose principles had no alloy of egotism and selfishness—whose arms were open to embrace the whole brotherhood of Adam's race—myriads upon myriads flocked to its standard. But, Sir, in progress of time, the bright prospect was overcast and beclouded. The success of our Order, great though it was, did not continue to realize the sanguine expectations of its founders. Its votaries, flushed with success and happiness, relaxed their efforts for the benefit of others, and abandoned themselves to the pleasures of a selfish enjoyment. The jealous world again suspected, and not without cause, that the object of our affiliation was gaiety and pleasure; and it remained, Sir, for the patriarchs of our Order on this continent, to remove the last blot from its escutcheon—to rear the edifice till its head should tower far above all others of temporal institutions—till the envy and hatred and jealousy and malice of the world, like Noah's dove, should find no place whereon to set its foot. And this was our boon.

'Tis a rich inheritance, Sir. Be it our care, that it descend again from us, unsullied in purity; and that we too may say, we have not lived and laboured in vain. May our efforts never be relaxed, till the last son of Adam shall have felt the benign influence of Odd Fellowship, and shall have enrolled himself under its banner. Then, Sir, will our mystic secret cease to exist,—then will the object of our organization have been accomplished. Long, long ere that, you, and I, and all our brethren here, will have been gathered to our fathers, and the places which now know us, will know us no more. Our children and our children's children, may have gone to that “undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.” But our Order must exist,—its elements can

nèver be dissolved, when others melt as with "fervent heat."

I have at some length dilated upon the evils incident to our nature, as they have existed, and now exist,—upon the futility of all attempts to redress those evils, before the establishment of Odd Fellowship,—and upon the capabilities of that Order alone to redress them,—permit me now, Sir, to say a few words of the peculiar duties which devolve upon us, in our connexion with this great body;—of our duties to ourselves—of our duties to our Lodge—of our duties to our Order—and of our duties to the world at large.

Ours is a beneficial association—a fraternal compact, having for its object the general good of mankind, and particularly the immediate benefit of our Order. Our duties to our Brethren and our Order are, however, secondary to those we owe to our God, our country, and our families. It is not the duty of an Odd Fellow, either in the Lodge or elsewhere, to compromise the duties he owes his Maker, or the religion of that particular sect to which he belongs. We require no religious test, other than a belief in the same God, our Creator and Preserver; yet we respect not those who do not to the best of their ability adhere to the tenets of that religion which they profess; and so far from its being our duty to protect a Brother who shall have offended against the laws of the land in which he lives, it is peculiarly our duty to see that we are not even the passive instruments of his escaping the punishment it inflicts.—We do not confer our benefits to the injury of others—we assist each other in misfortunes, not brought upon us by immorality; but we protect none against the requirements of law. I have referred to these two more particularly, inasmuch, Sir, as I find prevalent error in relation thereto. Men say we make the requirements of our Order, paramount to our religious duties. They say we help and screen a Brother, be he right or be he wrong—they were never more mistaken. With the duties we owe each other, Sir, it is not my intention to occupy your time. I believe that the fraternal regard existing between us, is sufficiently strong to ensure the punctual performance of those duties. They were well defined and described by Brothers Parker, Baxter, and Steele, and as I am told energetically urged upon us by Brother Johnson. We do not so soon again require to be reminded of them; but allow me to recommend a courteous and gentlemanly demeanour, between the members of our Association, both in and out of the Lodge, as calculated to preserve that harmony so necessary to its success. but, Sir, I believe that we require far more to be reminded of our duties toward those who are still out of the pale of our Order. Are we not liable, Sir, to excuse ourselves for our inattention to the wants of the needy, by the payment of our quarterly dues to the Lodge, and the assessments made upon us for the benefit of our fraternity; is not our mental answer to the indirect appeals made by destitution upon our charities? Apply to the world of which you form part, there are more legitimate demands upon my sympathy?

Permit me now, Sir, to enquire what are our obli-

gations to be charitable—of our charities, and of the calls upon our charity. The greatest of the virtues, says St. Paul, is Charity. And, says Shakespeare—

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed—  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown."

And, Sir, if I may add from the words of Byron—

"He is no fool who charitably gives  
What he can only look at whilst he lives;  
Sure as he is to find when hence he goes  
A recompence which he can never loose."

Our Order is in a condition more prosperous than its annals have ever yet recorded. Such has been the accession to our ranks within the last three years, that if our success should be continued in the same ratio for twenty years, we should, like Alexander, have nothing to conquer: and in the Province of Canada, the onward march of Odd Fellowship is not surpassed by that of any other country. In point of numbers and success, our own Oriental is a hopeful offspring, which will never bring down with sorrow, the grey hairs of its progenitors. Though reared in this Eastern wilderness, it is not "born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." Our numbers are large: our members are highly respectable. We have never yet been called to mourn in memory of a Brother; and in the vicissitudes of life, no member of our Lodge has ever been reduced to suffering and want. Slight and temporary illness is the sorest evil with which any one of us has been afflicted. In the abundance of our happiness, ought we to be chary and miserly and selfish? Ought we not to be charitable? We may have performed our duties to our Lodge, and our Brethren. Those duties have been in nowise onerous. We may, most of us, and perhaps all, have had occasion to be charitable. Our right hands may have done good when our left hands knew it not; but (I ask not for answer) have we performed all the good we could perform? Have we done more? Have we not done less than others for the good of mankind? Let your answers be to yourselves; and see that there are loud calls upon our charities, I might refer you to numberless evils that require redress—to insupportable misfortunes with which man is afflicted and lives. But there is one crying evil which places all others in the shade, and in view of which the ordinary troubles at which we so often repine, hide their diminished heads. I point you to the once green shores of Erin—the land of the brave and noble—the land of eloquence and wit—the land from whence some of us and many of our ancestors came—once the land of the happy, now by an unforeseen dispensation of Providence rendered a land of starving millions. Of the lamentable and heart rending condition of that country, I shall not now speak—it has already been depicted to you all; and from every account we hear, we learn that language is not capable of conveying the half of the horror. Let us not content ourselves with saying with the immortal Irishman, Moore, in his song, "Isle of beauty fare thee well," but let us throw our mites into the treasury of the poor—already have thousands given their munifi-

cent and princely gifts—already have hundreds of Lodges come generously to the rescue; and in deeds of love through this drama of life, let not the Oriental be behind other Lodges—let us never cease to be charitable—and let no exertion be relaxed until every son and daughter of Ireland may sing in their joy "*Erin go Bragh.*"

Sir, my apology is due to yourself, Sir, and the Lodge, for trespassing thus long upon your patience and attention during this incoherent address. I regret, Sir, that you have not been better repaid. I thank you for your attention and for the compliment of supposing me able to be of service to the Lodge.

B.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

### WHO'D BE A GOVERNESS ?

It is the fashion now-a-days among retired tradesmen, or shop-keepers, (those who have become wealthy, is meant,) to educate their daughters at home. Like most fashions, it is followed because the aristocracy, the magnificos, of the land, whose purses are as long as their pedigrees, long, long ago, made the rule. The imitators seem not to have reflected upon the almost measureless distance between them and the titled magnates who can clearly trace their lineage to a warlike ruffian of the days of Billy the Norman, and whose estates have been preserved in the line direct by the law of entail : they seem not to have reflected on that when they concluded to engage a Governess for Amelia Arabella Tompkins Snobs, or the daughter of the many Dollys, Pollys, and Mollys "born in garrets and in kitchens bred," but whom the "almighty dollar," like the weight and pulley, has hoisted into parlor, drawing-room and boudoir. Had they done so, they, perchance, would not have conceived the ambitious thought of having their daughter taught at home, where never daughter of their race was ever taught before, any art or accomplishment more refined than clear-starching, stitching, sweeping, dusting and scrubbing. But no,—we are entirely wrong—whenever did vulgarity ever hesitate to imitate its "betters"? One can easily understand why a daughter "of all the Howards," whose blood has flowed in titled line "ever since the flood," should be instructed in the art of mental horticulture beneath the towers, within the baronial halls of her lordly progenitor : in a society so factitious as that of England, he must be indeed an idiot who perceives not most clearly why it should be so :—it would be indeed a casting of pearls into the very mire to subject to possible contamination by associations with the descendants of serf and villain, the daughters of a princely line, (albeit that all of us have come of Adam and Eve, and the family that was saved in the Ark) but any one can perceive, though blind as a bat, why it is that the daughters of Oxygen should not inhale the foul vapor of the mine :—but it is not so easy of comprehension why the prudent, practical, pains-taking, plodding, persevering Briton, who, so patiently, through years and years of industry and toil, has groped his way upwards to pecuniary independence, should follow

so humbly, so meanly, so obsequiously, as he does, the observances which characterize a class in society whose exclusiveness has no foundation more solid than the "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces," one sees at times, on the horizon, of a magnificent sunset or sun-rise.

Let us not lose ourselves however, in a labyrinth of discussion on the merits or demerits of the Constitution of English society,—nor venture into the maze of inquiry, how little be natural, how much artificial—what proportion real, and according to reason, what proportion ideal, visionary, false or vicious. Let us stick to our text :—"Who'd be a Governess?"

To reply to the question properly, one must first inquire, what must be the qualifications of a Governess. She must be thoroughly educated; she must, *pour commencer*, be mistress of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody :—of figures of Arithmetic and figures of Speech. She must have a smattering, at least, of most of the 'Ologies, and all of the 'Doxies; Geography, must be at her fingers' ends; Astronomy, History, and the use of the Globes, she must be acquainted with, as a matter of course,—else, how pretend to "teach the young idea how to shoot:"—German, she need not know, nor Spanish, for we have the authority of Voltaire for saying the former is the language of horses, and the latter of the Gods; and little as may be thought of the condition of a Governess, or much as may be thought of it, it is not considered indispensable she should in the one case descend so low as the stable, or ascend, in the other, to the altitude of the Gods,—but she must be well grounded in French, (her not being able to *speak* it, is not a *sine-qua-non*, provided she can *teach* it,) and she must know sufficient of the bird-like Italian to be able to explain to her sweet pupils what *cicerone* or *cecisbeo* is, and how the words are pronounced, and why, in a way so outlandish and killing to the Queen's English, even if she can do little else. She must be religious, she must be moral, but, above all, she must be skilled in manners. We say, above all, for the worthy parents of the "young ladies" placed under her charge, usually look to the Church for the teaching of religion and morality to their offspring, and in those matters, overlook the Governess, but manners,—not merely ordinary good-manners, but uncommonly good-manners,—in the Governess, are indispensable. She must be able to teach the gentle Sophonisba Anchovy, child of a long ancestry of fishmongers, how to pass muster at Cheltenham or Tunbridge-Wells, with daughters of the higher grades of Society,—if not to be mistaken, most naturally, for the fair scion of a ducal line :—it is not expected of her that she shall create the real diamond, but, it is expected, she shall be mistress of the art of making the paste brilliant, with such skill, as to deceive the most eminent of dealers in precious stones. The Governess must be able to teach besides, music, drawing, dancing and the graces;—plain and fancy needle-work as matters of course; and a thousand and one other matters and things, too numerous to mention in the limits of an advertisement, as that prince of Auc-

tioneers, George Robyns, was wont to say, when he had got through the catalogue of actualities, and rioted in the exuberance of a fecund imagination.

There is, however, another class of persons who engage Governesses: your economical class who cannot find the ways and means to send their daughters to fashionable boarding-schools, and are too proud to send them to common ones. They hire their Governesses as they hire their servants of all work, that is, they drive as hard a bargain as they can with the luckless young creature who has been drilled through long and sorrowful years into acquaintanceship with the art of "teaching made perfect."

Let us next inquire what class it is that usually supplies the demand for Governesses. It is that which forms the lowest stratum of what is known as genteel society;—daughters of men of limited incomes: of poor Doctors of Law, Medicine and Divinity: of half-starved Curates of oily Rectors, such an one as Oliver Goldsmith, with more poetry than truth, described, as:—

"A man to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Or daughters of decayed Merchants, half-pay Officers, and such like.

That is the class:—Gentility sits at their doors, but Poverty within,—they have their show room like a milliner and dress-maker, whilst the rest of the house is as unfurnished as a Jeremy Diddler's pocket. Comfort, peace, independence, every thing is sacrificed in order "to keep up appearances": cheese-parings, candle-ends, and scraps of eatables, are looked after steadfastly as one does after a box marked, "Glass—this side up—with care." The class that foolishly persists, hoping even against hope, to make all their sons, gentlemen, their daughters, fine ladies. They strive by mortifications of the flesh to escape from mortifications of their pride and vanity. The privations of years pay for the accomplishments of the boarding-school; and when these are obtained, they find the apples of hope (so beautiful in the distance,) to be filled with the ashes of disappointment. The tender slips they have so carefully reared and protected, are taken from the dwellings warmed by affection and love, and transplanted into the cold and cheerless chambers of the sordid stranger, where they seldom encounter anything more pleasant than the arrogant hauteur of the well-born, or the rudeness of the vulgar rich. There are of course exceptions to the rule. We have known many instances of persons of patrician rank, of such delicacy of mind and sentiment, as never to forget courtesy towards the dependent; as we have known instances among those of the numerous class of plebeian rich, of whom the same may be said,—for Dame Nature is essentially a Democrat. She knows no distinctions of rank. The human engines from her foundry, are all duly marked and numbered before they are sent forth to work their way through the world: and there is no mistaking them, wherever found,—in the palace or hut,—in high or low places. Many a gentleman of Nature's stamp, guides the plough, or earns his bread by the sweat of his brow,—as many a gentleman of that factitious rank

created by an artificial state of society, is the meanest production of Nature's laboratory. Nature's gentlemen are oftentimes found in the ranks of a Regiment, when the Colonel or General who commands them was intended by Her Democratic Majesty to be a Private; and would have been so, but that, to adopt a common, though expressive phrase, "he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth": and just as it is with men, so is it with the female portion of the human family. The diadem has circled many a brow never destined by Nature for anything higher than a washer-woman's tub, as many a Plebeian's wife has been "a gem of purest ray serene," intended to shine in the galaxy of rank,—and, to return our subject, many and many a lady has been, and is, very, very many degrees lower on Nature's scale than the Governess whose uneasy head seeks, but finds not, repose beneath her roof. Alas and Alack a day, for the poor Governess!—who shall tell what she suffers from the insolence of rank? "the spurns her patient merit of the unworthy takes"? Who shall tell how often her blood has boiled and bubbled with wrath under the contumely of the proud, or the coarseness of Nature's journeymen or journey-women?

Dickens, that master-painter of men and manners whose magic wand draws tears from Stoic, and mirth from even the Blue Devils themselves,—what a picture has he painted of the poor Governess, under the roof of the vulgar rich:—let any one who wishes to see it, take up his "Martin Chuzzlewit," and he or she will find the following description of what the refined sometimes take of the coarse. The brother of a Governess had come up from the country to see her, and was ushered by an impertinent menial into a room of "the wealthy brass and copper founder's" dwelling, where, his sister suffered as Governess:—

"Dear me!" said Tom, "this is very disrespectful and uncivil behaviour. I hope these are new servants here, and that Ruth is very differently treated."

His cogitations were interrupted by the sound of voices in the adjoining room. They seemed to be engaged in high dispute, or indignant reprimand of some offender. He was standing before the window, wondering what domestic quarrel might have caused these sounds, and hoping Ruth had nothing to do with it, when the door opened, and his sister ran into his arms.

Tom looked at her with great pride, and when they had tenderly embraced each other, exclaimed, "but, what's the matter? how flushed you are! and you have been crying!"

"No, I have not, Tom."

"Nonsense," said her brother stoutly, "that's a story, —don't tell me,—I know better,—what is it, dear? If you are not happy here, as I very much fear you are not, you shall not remain here."

Oh! Tom's blood was rising; mind that. Tom could bear a great deal himself, but he was proud of her; and pride is a sensitive thing. By all the pins and needles that run up and down in angry veins, Tom was in a most unusual tingle all at once.

"We will talk about it, Tom," said Ruth, giving him

another kiss to pacify him. "I am afraid I cannot stay here."

"Cannot!" replied Tom, "why then, you shall not, my love. Heydey! you are not an object of charity! upon my word!"

Tom was stopped in these exclamations by the footman, who brought a message from his master, importing that he wished to speak with him before he went, and with Miss Pinch also.

"Show the way," said Tom, "I'll wait upon him at once."

Accordingly they entered the adjoining room, from which the noise of altercation had proceeded, and there they found a middle-aged gentleman, with a pompous voice and manner, and a middle-aged lady, with what may be termed an exciseable face, or one in which starch and vinegar were decidedly employed. There was likewise present the eldest pupil of Miss Pinch, who was weeping and sobbing spitefully.

"My brother, Sir," said Ruth Pinch, timidly presenting Tom. "Oh!" cried the gentleman, surveying Tom attentively; "you really are Miss Pinch's brother, I presume? You will excuse my asking, I don't observe any resemblance."

"Miss Pinch has a brother, I know," observed the lady. "Miss Pinch is always talking about her brother, when she ought to be engaged upon my education," sobbed the pupil.

"Sophia! hold your tongue," observed the gentleman. "Sit down, if you please," addressing Tom.

Tom sat down, looking from one face to another, in much surprise.

"Remain here, if you please, Miss Pinch," pursued the gentleman, looking slightly over his shoulder.

Tom interrupted him here, by rising to place a chair for his sister. Having done which, he sat down again.

"I am glad you have chanced to have called to see your sister to day, Sir," resumed the brass and copper founder, "for, although I do not approve, as a principle, of any young person engaged in my family in the capacity of a Governess, receiving visitors, it happens in this case to be well-timed. I am sorry to inform you that we are not at all satisfied with your sister."

"We are very much *dis*-satisfied with her," observed the lady. "I'd never say another lesson to Miss Pinch, if I was to be beat to death for it!" sobbed the pupil.

"Sophia!" cried her father, "hold your tongue."

"Will you allow me to inquire what your ground of dissatisfaction is?" asked Tom.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I will, I don't recognize it as a right; but I will. Your sister has not the slightest innate power of commanding respect. Although she has been in the family for some time, and although the young lady who is now present, has almost, as it were, grown up under her tuition, that young lady has no respect for her. Now," said the gentleman, allowing the palm of his hand to fall gravely down to the table: "I maintain that there is some-

thing radically wrong in that! You, as her brother, may be disposed to deny it —"

"I beg your pardon Sir," said Tom. "I am not at all disposed to deny it. I am sure that there is something radically wrong,—radically monstrous, in that."

"Good Heavens!" cried the gentleman, looking round the room with dignity, "what do I find to be the case! what results obtrude themselves upon me as flowing from this weakness of character on the part of Miss Pinch! What are my feelings as a father, when after my desire (repeatedly expressed to Miss Pinch) that my daughter should be choice in her expressions, genteel in her deportment, as becomes her station in life, and politely distant to her inferiors in society, I find her, only this very morning, addressing Miss Pinch herself as a beggar!"

"A beggarly thing," observed the lady, in correction.

"Which is worse," said the gentleman, triumphantly, "which is worse, a beggarly thing! A low, coarse, despicable expression!"

"Most despicable," cried Tom. "I am glad to find there is a just appreciation of it here."

"So just, Sir," said the gentleman, lowering his voice to be more impressive, "so just, that, but for my knowing Miss Pinch to be an unprotected young person, an orphan, and without friends, I would, as I assured Miss Pinch, upon my veracity and personal character, a few minutes ago, I would have severed the connection between us at that moment, and from that time.

"Bless my soul, Sir!" cried Tom, rising from his seat; for he was now unable to contain himself any longer; "don't allow such considerations as those to influence you, pray. They don't exist, Sir. She is not unprotected. She is ready to depart this instant. Ruth, my dear, get your bonnet on.

"Oh, a pretty family!" cried the lady. "Oh, he's her brother! There is no doubt about that!"

"As little doubt, madam," said Tom, "as that the young lady yonder is the child of your teaching, and not my sister's. Ruth, my dear, get your bonnet on!"

"When you say, young man," interposed the brass and copper founder, haughtily, "with that impertinence which is natural to you, and which I therefore do not condescend to notice further, that the young lady, my eldest daughter, has been educated by any one but Miss Pinch, you — I needn't proceed;— you comprehend me fully, I have no doubt you are used to it."

"Sir!" cried Tom, after regarding him in silence for some little time, "if you do not understand what I mean, I will tell you. If you do understand what I mean, I beg you not to repeat that mode of expression yourself in answer to it. My meaning is, that no man can expect his children to respect what he degrades."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the gentleman, "cant! cant! The common cant!"

"The common story, Sir!" said Tom; "the story of a common mind. Your Governess cannot win the confidence and respect of your children, forsooth! Let

her begin by winning yours, and see what happens then."

"Miss Pinch is getting her bonnet on, I trust, my dear?" said the gentleman.

"I trust she is;" said Tom, forestalling the reply, "I have no doubt she is. In the mean time I address myself to you, Sir. When you tell me, that my sister has no innate power of commanding the respect of your children, I must tell you that it is not so; and that she has. She is as well-bred, as well-taught, as well qualified by nature to command respect, as any hirer of a Governess you know. But when you place her at a disadvantage in reference to every servant in your house, how can you suppose, if you have the gift of common-sense, that she is not in a tenfold worse position in reference to your daughters?"

"Pretty well! upon my word," exclaimed the gentleman, "this is pretty well!"

"It is very ill, Sir," said Tom, "it is very bad, and mean, and wrong, and cruel. Respect! I believe young people are quick enough to observe and imitate; and why or how should they respect whom no one else respects, and every body slights? And very partial they must grow—oh, very partial—to their studies, when they see to what a pass proficiency in those same tasks has brought their Governess! Respect! Put any thing the most deserving of respect before your daughter in the light in which you place her, and you will bring it down as low, no matter what it is! I speak without passion, but with extreme indignation and contempt for such a course of treatment and for all who practice it," said Tom. "Why, how can you, as an honest gentleman profess displeasure or surprize, at your daughter's telling my sister she is something beggarly and humble, when you are forever telling her the same thing yourself in fifty plain out-speaking ways, though not in words;—and when your very porter and footman make the same delicate announcement to all comers?"

Such is a description of the not at all unusual treatment young ladies of the class of Governesses have to submit to. It is the common charge of "the brass and copper founder class," that they cannot command the respect of the pupils, the while the young ones hear them constantly alluding to the Governess as an inferior, a poor dependent, a servant, though a teacher! Her speech, her manners, her habits, are criticized before the brats—how can the brats respect her?

That, however, is only one of a thousand samples of what the poor creatures who have been educated up to the high literary elevation of a Governess, must submit to. Happy it is for those who have a brother to protect them; but alas! there are many who have none in the wide world to look to.—in the veins of none living, flows kindred blood. Their souls, poor things, get bruised into such soreness by contumely and scorn, that they often pray God to take them to His rest; or they become hardened and callous by bad treatment into selfishness that forgets what is right; or seek refuge from rudeness and insult in marriage with men of uncultivated minds and coarser habits.

We have referred in the preceding observations to the condition of the Governess in England solely. In the United States, it is not one tithe so bad; there, a different political system has knocked away the bulk-heads which divide the Ship's Company of Old England into so many castes: there, they have a flush deck, fore and aft; the classes who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, or the skill of their fingers, or by domestic service, wear no livery of inferiority as in our own land; they are consequently much more independent, and the Governess partakes of the heart's-ease conferred upon those who earn their bread there by service. In Russia, the Governess is held in such respect that she is led forth as an honored guest, taking precedence of the pupil whose education she has completed. In England, says one writer, "it would be difficult to ascertain her position,—charged with the sole care of the 'precious jewels' of an illustrious house; considered competent to cultivate their minds, to form their manners, to enlarge their views, that they may keep their position and become all that is desired in an English gentlewoman—the person who does all this, if admitted into society at all, is thrust, unintroducted, into a corner, and expected to retire when the younger children are sent to bed—is slighted by the servants, who consider her a servant,—and looked down upon as a person to be dismissed as soon as done with by the mistress! For one Governess who receives a pension for past services—services which can never be repaid—there are protected and prosperous, a hundred ladies-maids; it is not at all uncommon to meet with pensioned servants, but a pensioned Governess is a *rara avis*: we find them in hospitals and work-houses, when they are overtaken by ill-health, or faded into old age."—Who'd be a Governess?

Many a high spirited girl, of gentle blood and *recherché* training and education, when deprived by death of father, and a home of elegant comfort, chooses to accept the situation of Governess, rather than eat the bread of dependence, (the bitterest of all bread)—and the Reader may imagine how often her pillow must be wetted by the scalding tears of indignation drawn forth by the contumelious arrogance of the haughty, the assumption of the under-bred, or the coarseness of the vulgar rich: the Reader may fancy the thousand and one mortifications, rebuffs, lectures, and annoyances, she must encounter where English appreciation of Governesses obtains; let the Reader suppose such a girl to be treated as Dickens describes Tom's sister to have been treated by the wealthy brass and copper founder,—and all the flashings of eye with wounded pride, and curling of lip with scorn, and heaving of bosom with indignation, will rise before the mind's eye uncalled for.—Alas! for such a girl.

An English lady of rank and fortune once wrote to her titled son in London, to procure a Governess for her. She described what she wanted: something of the nonpareil order of womankind,—intellectual of high mental cultivation; morals, pure as new-fallen snow;—manners, such as would pass current in the most aristocratic saloons of Paris, St. Petersburg

or Vienna; patience, proof against all annoyances, as coat of Milan steel against cloth-yard-shaft, and we know not what besides. The son replied,—“My dear mother, when I find the person you want as a Governess, I shall make her my wife!” He was a man of sense.

It is, in sooth, a strange, a most singular, fact, that, such as we have described should be the treatment, generally, of Governesses by the British people; and yet, when one examines attentively and with scrutinizing eye, the whole fabric of English Society, he ceases to feel surprised at that fact, because he sees a multitude of other things equally surprising,—equally unwise,—equally silly, and equally monstrous. We shall cite one and then close this over-long disquisition about Governesses. Free as England is,—intelligent as she is,—cherished as is common sense within her boundaries—there is not a country of the globe where there is such slavish subservience to mere titled rank, as there.

Fathers and Mothers, who survey with pride, your blooming daughters, ye ought of all others to be kind to the Governess, for—

Like her now—all motherless  
Your child may yet seek  
The place of a Governess,  
Humble and meek.  
Hark! she's spoken to gruffly—  
Your eyes fill with scorn:  
“My child treated so roughly!  
Gods! can it be borne?”  
Treat HER then with courtesy,  
Honor and Gentleness;  
Be affable to her  
Because she's a Governess.

II.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

### SPRING.

Who loves not Spring, with its budding leaves,  
Which clothe the woods again?  
Youth loves it more than the bursting sheaves  
Of autumn's yellow grain.  
Sweet emblem of the dawn of life,  
Thy praises let me sing,  
With many a joy thy days are rife—  
I love thee, happy Spring!

How pleasant is spring! Who loves not to wander over its blooming fields, and see the early primrose and violet, modestly, like virgin innocence, lifting their pretty heads, on some sunny bank or sheltered nook? Who delights not in the notes of the songsters, as various as their plumage, which make the woods ring again with their melody? Who but participates in the intense enjoyment of the patient cattle, as they stretch their cramped and swollen limbs on the sweet, cool grass, after a long winter's confinement? Who can look without complacency on the gambols of the lambs on the upland leas, as in many a circle, they give vent to their happiness? In this, though in few other things, men all agree they love Spring. Spring has been properly selected as the emblem of Youth, for it is the earnest of things to come: like the hopes of youth, the hopes of the husbandman are brightest in spring, and from it, as in youth, we may generally form an opinion of what will follow. What, to the de-

sponding sufferer, on the sick couch, has such a cheering influence as the prospect of Spring? What medicine, to the invalid, has such an effect as the fragrance of the early blossoms, and the odour of the fresh-turned earth? What attractions to the dying one, in the last stages of consumption, can this earth afford, compared with the early Spring? It renews the ties which bind them to the existence they are about to quit, and they almost regret that their enjoyment of it is so soon to close. Summer, with its gaudy splendour; Autumn, in its natural beauty; Winter, with its fireside comforts,—cannot be compared to Spring. Nature, animate and inanimate, rejoices in its presence—let us, then, hail with acclamation, its early advent among us. One of the choicest gifts of our Creator—let us praise Him for all his goodness.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

### THE MOUNTAIN STORM:

(A Fragment.)

BY J. R.

Peal after peal, comes booming through the skies,  
And quick as thought the white-forked lightning flies,  
While catraacts of rain descend from heaven,  
From tossing clouds before the tempest driven.  
The streams are swollen to rivers in an hour,  
And on the plains their new-found strength they pour:  
Soon they destroy the fruits of peasant toil—  
The farmer's grain, the shepherd's flocks they spoil;  
O'erturning all that dares to bar their course,  
Seaward they rush with unabated force:  
There all their short-lived power they quickly lose,  
And in its ample bosom find repose.

Montreal, 5th May, 1845.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

### BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BY J. R.

I love to gaze on beauty's form,  
Tho' not arrayed in human guise;  
I love to look upon the storm—  
I love to look on summer skies!

There's beauty in the gentle lamb,  
Or war-horse eager for the fight,  
The fawn when feeding with its dam,  
Or eagle in its towering flight.

There's beauty in the thrush's note,  
Or thunder rolling through the sky;  
There's beauty in the battle's shout;  
There's beauty in a maiden's sigh.

There's beauty in the raging sea;  
There's beauty in the glassy lake;  
There's beauty in the new mown lea;  
There's beauty in the wildest brake.

Where'er we turn, fresh beauties rise;  
From earth to heaven—the whole is good:  
To prove *this* “chance”, the scoffer tries;  
But all bears impress of a God!

Montreal, 5th May, 1847.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of Bro. McAllister's letter, dated Picton, April 22.

Brother Bell's letter, dated March 22, bearing date Peterboro', March 24, on the envelope, was duly received on Wednesday last. Where the mistake has occurred, we cannot say: we are inclined to think that it was at the Montreal Office. In reply to the last paragraph in Brother Bell's letter, we answer in the negative.

We have replied by mail to the Rev. Brother Taylor, of Peterboro', and hope that the letter enclosed by us from the Grand Sire, will prove satisfactory.

Brother H. J. Hensleigh's letter, dated St. Catherines, April 17, has been received, and its contents attended to.

Brother Francis Thompson's letter, of the 3rd instant. We hope to hear from him again when convenient.

## THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1847.

CELEBRATION OF THE MERCANTILE LODGE,  
QUEBEC.

ON Wednesday evening, 28th ultimo, the Brethren of the Mercantile Lodge of Odd Fellows celebrated the anniversary of its establishment. The large hall of the Parliament Buildings was obtained for the occasion, and fitted up with the greatest taste and appropriateness of display. Around the walls, the several flags of Old England, from the huge Ensign to the smaller Union Jack, were hung, interspersed with banners bearing various devices, and with drapery of brilliant hues. The three chairs were canopied, each canopy bearing the usual motto of the Order. One of these chairs attracted universal attention, and the mysterious emblems surmounting it—*three goats*—gave to it paramount attraction. This dread device had also for supporters two long crooks, the whole bearing upon the gossipping story that the occupant of this seat superintends the dread ordeal of goat-riding, which the uninitiated say has to be essayed by every candidate for Odd Fellowship. What part of the torture the crooks enacted none could guess; but all looked upon them with wondering curiosity.

Immediately after the opening of the door an immense crowd poured in, until the building was completely filled below stairs and in the gallery. Between seven and eight hundred persons were present, and but for the excellent arrangements made, and strictly carried into execution, the utmost discomfort must have been experienced. As it was, all were well cared for, and no confusion prevailed. When all were seated, the *couv d'œil* from the gallery was both brilliant and imposing. A soft light from the central lamps fell upon the bright draperies of the chairs, and lit up with a pleasing effect the gorgeous regalia of the brethren of the higher orders,—who wore costly aprons and collars of velvet, decorated with deep, golden fringe, and sparkling with golden symbols,—it displayed, too, among the vast assemblage many a female face of beauty, beaming with expectant pleasure, and expressive of the glad bestowal of their influence upon so pure and meritorious an Institution.

The following is an account of the proceedings of the evening:—

## OPENING ODE.

Link'd in a cause most dear,  
We have assembled here,  
A Brotherhood.  
But late a feeble band,  
Now with full ranks we stand,  
Seeking with heart and hand,  
The greatest good.

Not for a proud display,  
Come we up here to-day,  
An idle throng.  
For no unmeaning rite,  
No purpose vain and light,  
We would our powers unite,  
To swell the song.

Thus in this noble strife,  
Throughout this mortal life,  
Each hour improve.  
When call'd to leave this shrine,  
With a sure pass and sign,  
May every Brother join,  
The Lodge above.

Brother SHEPPARD, D. D. G. S., then delivered the following Address in English:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND BRETHREN OF OUR FRATERNITY.—In performing the duty which devolves upon me, of opening the proceedings on this auspicious occasion, I have to express my regret that it has not fallen to the lot of one better qualified to perform the task. I will not attempt to address you in the language of the classics—the more simple and intelligible one of truth and sincerity is far more appropriate to the subject which it will be my province to bring under your notice, and I pledge myself to advance nothing in which I do not conscientiously place the most implicit faith.

Other brethren, much more competent to the task, will have occasion to lay before you the principles and advantages, as well as the origin and progress of Odd Fellowship. I shall make it my duty, as far as my humble abilities will permit, to combat the objections which have been advanced against the order, and have tended materially to impede its progress. If my efforts can tend to remove any doubts which have produced such objections, it will be a source of sincere congratulation to us all, and to myself a theme of happy contemplation to soothe my future days.

Before proceeding to that part of my subject, I cannot deny myself the happiness of expressing to you all, in the name of the Mercantile Lodge, our grateful thanks for your numerous attendance, and to our brethren, the officers and members of the Encampments and our sister Lodge, the sincere gratification which their presence affords us, and our appreciation of the favor they confer upon us in leaving their happy homes and comfortable fire-sides, prompted by that admirable feeling of fraternal affection which so peculiarly distinguishes our Institution. It is also very gratifying to me to notice the presence of several members of the Manchester Unity. I avail myself of the opportunity to tender our sincere gratitude for so marked a proof of kindly feeling on their part. In offering them the assurance of our sincere regard, I have to express a fervent hope that the present meeting may prove the harbingers of a closer connexion between the two branches of the Order, and that the day is not far distant when the whole fraternity of Odd Fellowship throughout the globe will become united in interests and feelings.

And how am I to express our deep gratitude to our fair friends, who, by their numerous presence, convince us that they continue ever ready to countenance and support any institution which they believe has for its object the moral improvement of the human family? As we claim for our society a peculiar tendency to produce that happy result, I do not hesitate to assure you, ladies, that it is your most sincere and affectionate friend, and that its precepts tend to secure those earthly blessings which you are constantly engaged in promoting. They enjoin the strictest observance of all the duties which the relations of father, husband and brother require, and which alone can secure our

mutual happiness. They disclaim all communion with those who neglect the daily duties of life, and stamp with decided reprobation every vice which mars the happiness of the domestic circle. You are, it is true, not admitted within our lodges; but I earnestly assure you that this arises not from a distrust of your discretion, or that we undervalue the powerful assistance which the wisdom of our counsels would confer upon us: it is because to you are assigned most important duties of a description more consonant to your nature. To you is reserved the angelic duty of allaying by your tenderness and soothing care the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind, to instil and encourage those feelings and sentiments which generations yet unborn will learn to bless. Your influence over us and over society at large would be much impaired were you to mingle in the discussions which necessarily fall to our lot. Your appropriate sphere is *home*—there your smile dispenses sunshine and happiness, there, without you, all is gloom and wretchedness: you are our equal and our firmest friend, when sickness and sorrow assail us, when temptation is near, you are ever at hand, prepared with your counsel and assistance, to pour the balm of consolation and withdraw us from danger. To you the following quotation peculiarly applies:—

A Seraph was sent from the realms of the blest,  
To plant hope and joy in the lonely one's breast,  
To comfort the mourner, to solace the sad,  
To bid the heart-stricken look up and be glad,  
And it came with the banner of love all unfurled,  
Unstained and triumphant to waive o'er the world,  
And the motto there blazon'd by spirits above,  
Had the heavenly watchword, Truth, Friendship and Love.

We are now assembled to celebrate the first anniversary of Mercantile Lodge No. 19, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Independent Odd Fellows of British North America. The increase of its members since its formation has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its founders, and is hailed as an omen that a large majority of our intelligent fellow citizens of all origins and creeds have become convinced that the objects of the Order were not misrepresented when they were assured that they inculcate the most noble feeling of philanthropy, and are eminently calculated to eradicate those evil passions by which the peace and prosperity of communities have been so frequently disturbed. Its operations have however been materially impeded by prejudices against an association which even yet is imperfectly known, but which lays claim to the dissemination of all the finer feelings of which our nature is susceptible. Suspicions have arisen against the probability that so much good could be contemplated by beings in whose nature selfishness was supposed to form a predominating ingredient; and it has been ungenerously insinuated that objects were aimed at which might prove dangerous to the peace, happiness and morality of society. Experience however daily proves the fallacy of these fears, and has removed much of this prejudice: the benefits which it has conferred, and a general tendency to render its initiates truly benevolent, affectionate and fraternal in their reciprocal relations, have, it is believed, proved to all except such as are unwilling to be convinced, that its precepts tend to the happiness of the human race. But there are, unhappily, in all ages, men who, from unworthy motives, refuse to be convinced, and by such, in days long passed, Galileo—the great, the learned Galileo—was sacrificed and expatriated, because he was the first to discover and declare that the earth was moveable, and the sun a fixed and stationary planet; this being contrary to the previously received opinion that the reverse was the fact. But notwithstanding this cruel sacrifice of one of the most mighty geniuses the world ever produced, our planet still continues to revolve, and will do so to the end of time. Although we live in the most enlightened age on record, when discoveries of the most startling nature are daily brought to light, it is a melancholy fact that men still exist who seek to stifle at their birth every institution of a moral nature, simply because it interferes with their antiquated notions. In support of this assertion, I will adduce some occurrences which have taken place under our own observation, and within the very city in which we reside. The St. George's Society;—that noble institution (which is now happily beyond the reach of cavil) when its members became sufficiently numerous to command public attention, met with powerful and decided opposi-

tion, because it was accused of having a political tendency and might therefore become dangerous to society; but has not that society nobly vindicated the purity of the motives which actuated its founders? I feel proud in acknowledging myself one of these, and I feel equal pride in stating, that those who were its most strenuous opponents have generously admitted their error, and have now become its best and most conscientious supporters. And did not the Temperance Societies on their first establishment among us, also meet with considerable obstruction, because they emanated from men whose humble position in life led the sceptical to oppose them, upon the plea that disinterested benevolence could not proceed from such a source. These former sceptics have however rendered the originators of those societies tardy justice, and we see at this day their principles become part and parcel of the creed of those from whom they met the most powerful obstruction; and so it is with us. Our noble and philanthropic institution will withstand the rudest shocks by which prejudice may assail it, it will continue as firm and unchanging as its principles are pure and elevated, strong in the consciousness of the correctness of our motives, and the benefits which our society it calculated to produce. We seek no adventitious aid, confident that we shall receive the approval and support of all unprejudiced and honest men: all we desire is to be allowed quietly and unobtrusively to continue the good work which our laws enjoin without factious interference from others. That the tree may be judged by its fruit and that we be not condemned without sufficient cause, to those who are still disposed to doubt our integrity, we say "join our ranks and judge for yourselves." I am prepared to stake my character, that no sincerely honest man will ever abandon the Order from a conviction of any impropriety in our proceedings; and with reference to those who from factious and unworthy motives, still continue to oppose our laudable exertions, we, in the spirit of true charity, address a humble prayer to the Supreme Being, in the words of our Redeemer—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The next objection I will proceed to notice, is one to which our opponents cling with the greatest tenacity, namely, "that we are a Secret Society." It may perhaps excite the surprise of many of those I have now the honor to address, to hear me give the most decided denial to an accusation so frequently and positively advanced, and yet I do most unequivocally and conscientiously declare, that ours is not what can fairly or honestly be called a Secret Society. Can that be considered a Secret Institution whose constitution, by-laws and regulations are printed, and may be seen by any person who feels disposed to become acquainted with their purport? Can that society be called secret whose members are known, and at all times prepared with pride, to admit themselves such; whose place and times of meeting are equally known to all the community among which they live? As well might it be said that every private family is a secret society, because the public are not allowed free admission in its dwelling, and that all which occurs within the domestic circle is not blazoned forth to the whole world. I am convinced there is not one present here who would not eject from his service an unworthy servant who could prove so recreant to his duty, as to divulge any circumstances connected with familiar domestic intercourse which might come under his notice. The establishments of merchants might with equal justice each be transformed into a Secret Society; many of their speculations are calculated to affect materially the pecuniary and other interests of those among whom they live, each has its secrets and private marks, to be known only to those who form part of such establishments, and the divulging of any of these would be punished as an unworthy breach of trust. Do not the ministers of the several religious bodies occasionally meet for the purpose of discussing the general interests of their respective churches? Do they, on these occasions, throw open their doors to the public, or do they publish to the world all that takes place at such meetings? Still, I venture to assert, they would contemptuously repudiate the idea of being classed among secret societies. It is true, that we have a mode of knowing each other, but this is adopted solely with a view of guarding our funds against fraudulent imposition, and their distribution among unworthy objects, not deserving or authorized to claim the benefits which the Order confers. Could the danger be obviated without this precaution, I

assure you the deliberations of our Lodges, and every circumstance with which the Order is connected, might at once, without detriment to its interests, be rendered as public as those of any other society.

I admit that associations in which oaths are exacted, and penalties inflicted in violation of law, whose meetings are held in secret places, and whose objects are hidden from the world, are to all intents and purposes secret societies of a dangerous nature. I entertain as decided an objection to such societies as any of those who are most prominent in objecting to Odd Fellowship on that plea; but our society is of a very different nature: the only pledge we require is the honour of our Brethren, and it is to us a source of sincere pride and gratification, that, in no instance has this pledge been violated. It must be evident, to all who feel disposed to view this subject dispassionately, and who are aware of the materials of which the Order is composed, comprising, as it does, a vast number of highly conscientious and honorable individuals, men who are sincerely scrupulous in conforming to all the principles upon which is based the religion which they profess and revere, that nothing can exist in its organization of an objectionable nature, otherwise such men would not continue to afford it their countenance and support. We maintain that our branch of Odd Fellowship is the handmaid of religion, and materially instrumental in advancing its interests and precepts: no one can become an Odd Fellow until he has declared his firm belief in the existence of a Supreme Being. I dwell on this point particularly, because I regret to say that much mis-apprehension exists as to the aim of our beloved Order: by it we are taught to admit the great fact, that man has fallen from the position which his Creator originally intended him to occupy; but that means exist by which the whole human race may be reserved from that state of degradation, and their restoration to virtue and happiness secured. We recognize religion as the effectual remedy for all the evils of life; our duty is to diminish the virulence of those evils, by insisting upon a universal brotherhood in the family of man, and illustrating the sincerity of that profession, by reciprocal relief and kindly offices to each other in the hour of need—by cementing the various elements of which society is composed in the closest bonds of friendship, love and truth, those admirable virtues which compose our motto—by rendering men social and humane—and by encouraging temperance, chastity and all the virtues of which our nature is susceptible. Thus we seek to improve and elevate the condition of man, to teach him, that, be his position what it may, he has it in his power to perform much good in his journey through life, and that it is his duty to seize every opportunity of doing so.

I beg you will believe that I am no Enthusiast, but that I feel strongly attached to this Institution, from an honest conviction of its intrinsic worth: I first joined it with hesitation, because I believed it merely a self-styled benevolent Institution, and that, like many of these, it conferred cold and humbling charities, which, although they may relieve momentary distress, leave rankling mortification and a feeling of degradation in the breasts of the recipients. But I found it, on the contrary, an Institution in which men of the most discordant views could unite, without sacrifice of private feelings or dignity of character, in offices of beneficence—that it gave them an opportunity of interchanging their opinions, and of becoming acquainted with the characters and principles of each other, thereby cementing that fraternal affection which it is our duty to grant to each other. I found that its laws enjoined us to "Honour all Men, Fear God, Love the Brotherhood, Honour the Queen,"—to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and assist in the education of the orphan. In addition to all this, I found that it tended to the development of those generous feelings of which the heart of man is susceptible—that it was eminently calculated to subserve the most substantial interests of religion and morality, and to promote the exercise of those virtues which alone can render us, as nearly as our frail nature will admit, the image of him after whose likeness man was formed. It discountenances ignorance and superstition, while it inculcates the most estimable feelings of friendship, love and truth, and the beautiful maxims:—"Judge not, lest ye also be judged,"—"Do unto your neighbour as you would that, under similar circumstances, he should do unto you."

Can it then be matter of surprise that I feel sincerely attached to such an Institution? It would be culpable in

me did I not seek to secure its interests, and avail myself of every suitable opportunity of commending its precepts. I hope the day is not far distant when its opponents, convinced of their error, will become its most sincere friends and supporters; thereby according to it, that justice to which it so eminently entitled.

Brother REAL ANGER then addressed the meeting in French:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The committee appointed to arrange the celebration of the anniversary of that body of Odd Fellows, called the Commercial Lodge, No. 19, has charged me to address to you a few words on the principles and advantages of the association. This is not an arrangement of which they will have much cause to boast; but your kind indulgence, and the interesting character of the subject confided to me, makes me hope to secure your attention for a few moments.

I am about to disclose to you, and to set before your eyes, the profound and interesting mysteries of this so called secret society, which, across the illusions of malice and prejudice, has appeared to your imaginations like a society of bad men, of vampires, or of sorcerers. I am about to tear the veil in which some pretend that the society envelopes itself, and to initiate you into its secrets. It is true, the society does possess a great secret, a powerful engine, an irresistible talisman, which enables it to obtain the most astonishing and marvellous results. Certainly, ladies, there is something in that to excite your curiosity; well, it is just that which I am about to reveal to you. It consists in rendering man better, and more happy by the practice of truth, benevolence, and charity. Behold the mighty secret of our order—that powerful magic, of which I have spoken to you—the great object of that formidable association, which has for its motto—"Friendship, Love and Truth."

Before entering on more minute details relative to the principles and advantages of the Order, I must say one word to you on its origin, and on its introduction to America. Antiquarians derive its origin from the reign of the Emperor Nero, in the year A. D. 55, and believe that they find its first traces in an association known at Rome under the name of "Fellow Citizens." It had not for one of its objects, as ours has, the rendering of pecuniary assistance; but was merely an engagement for mutual protection against physical attacks and dangers. The existence of such a society, in an age of political persecution, is extremely probable, and must have been of immense advantage. It is said that it was imported into Spain in the 5th century, and was simultaneously established in the 12th century in Portugal, France, and England. But this depends merely on obscure and vague traditions, destitute of authority; and the Order, which has truth for one of its mottoes, casts them aside as curious traditions. It is, however, necessary to acknowledge, that in all ages, the necessity of social connection, and mutual protection, must have induced the formation of societies with similar advantages to those offered by our own. It is certain, that towards the middle of the last century, societies were formed in England, at London and Liverpool, under the name of Odd Fellows. Distinct and isolated at first, they connected themselves, towards the end of the century, in several great unions. In their origin they had no other object than amusement and social enjoyment; but towards the year 1809, some enlightened and benevolent men, belonging to these societies, considered that it would be a happy reform, and profitable for humanity, if these joyous clubs were converted into societies of benevolence and charity. This idea met the taste of a large number of the members, and about the end of 1813, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was founded. They afterwards organized themselves under the name of the Manchester Unity, which, in 1830, already counted five

hundred lodges or sections. From 1806 to 1813, a lodge, neither very numerous nor very prosperous, appears to have existed at New York; but it was not till 1819, that Thomas Wildey, an English gentleman, entirely devoted to the propagation of the principles of the Order, founded the lodge "Washington, No. 1, at Baltimore, which obtained a charter from England in 1824, and had flourishing affiliated societies in every state of the union. In 1834, the different interests of the European and American populations, obliged the societies of either continent to dissolve their connection, and reconstitute themselves in two grand associations, distinct in their organization, but one in their principles and objects. In 1843, three lodges were successively established at Montreal; the Prince of Wales, No. 1, the Queen, No. 2, and Prince Albert, No. 3; and at Quebec were established, in 1844, the Albion Lodge, No. 4, and in 1846, the Mercantile Lodge, No. 19, of which we celebrate to day the first anniversary. At present the order numbers twenty-five lodges or sections spread throughout all parts of the Province. I believed it my duty to this meeting, to trace this rapid history of an institution, new and little known in this country.

The association professes to have no principles peculiar to itself; it has merely selected those which secure the order and stability of modern communities. Friendship, love and truth are words of order, not of a religious sect, but of a purely social confraternity, which can receive into its bosom persons of all creeds, all origins, and all classes, in order to direct their efforts to a common end; that is to say, to the practice of universal benevolence. We are a joint stock company, having for our capital truth, friendship, and love; and this company has for its double object, the amelioration of the moral and physical condition of man. Its principal object is the mutual protection and assistance of its members, and the solace of the indigent and sick, of the widows and orphans; lastly, consolation in every kind of misfortune.

Religion, it is true, recommends all these things; but we do not misconstrue its spirit, when we engage ourselves conjointly to the practice, in a more special manner, of these principles and these virtues. The Gospel has an object more elevated, more grand and more important; that is to say, the future welfare of man. But it does not forbid the amelioration of our condition during the pilgrimage of life, and in this age of egotism, when all the world strives to be rich and powerful, and when merit means but gold, how often does it not become important to oppose a dam to the torrent, by a solemn and special engagement, to the joint practice of benevolence and charity.

I repeat it, this society has no principles apart from the rest of mankind. What distinguishes it, is a solemn engagement to fulfil the duties which are imposed by religion, the state, and the family. A stranger to politics and to religious discussion, it desires that each member should be faithful to his worship and government; a good citizen, a good father, a good husband, and a good son. It expects that each should practise faithfully the rules of his belief; it recommends the strictest temperance and the strictest integrity in affairs, the love of country, and that of the human race, which it regards as one great family.

Odd Fellows are a society of brethren, who have promised, on their honour, to aid and mutually to protect each other. They have raised a common fund for the consolation of common adversity. The family of each of the members is under the guard and protection of the Order; and in the day of misfortune, the widow and orphan will receive solace and succours, sufficient to dispel the horrors of entire desolation. They will be able to draw on the coffers of a mutual assurance, which has made a reserve, not of its pecuniary capital only, but of those more noble affections of the heart—

friendship, love, and truth. The society has not exclusively for its object the assistance rendered by pecuniary succours: it also professes the moral amelioration of its members: it places them under each others superintendence, and enjoins them to aid each other with counsel and advice. Besides the advantages of mutual succour, it is necessary to consider the good, which must result from the union of men of all classes and creeds, who learn to know, to esteem, and to love one another, and who get rid, in the end, of the prejudices, hatreds, and jealousies which exist among them. It is in Canada, especially, that the effect of these unions ought to produce that fusion of sentiment which a long and painful experience has rendered so desirable. It is impossible to calculate the advantages of drawing together all kinds of energy, each bound by honour to aid the rest. It is sufficient to remark, in order to a judgment on the other kinds of advantage, that the entry to all the lodges is open to any member, who may be travelling, and who may demand relief, in case of need, from any of them. It is, especially in foreign countries, exposed to trickery, to contempt, and to the accidents, which attend the traveller in his journey, that it becomes important to know that one is surrounded by faithful and devoted friends, ready, in case of need, to fly to your aid.

One of the great advantages of the association is this, that it has an organization always ready for the day of misfortune, when it is of importance to render prompt assistance. There is no need of preliminary assemblies, of placards, accounts, and nominations of committees; the society is there, all ready and perfectly organized. It was able, by these means, to take the initiative,—to show the example, and bear the first relief, in case of the fire and of the disaster at the theatre. The Odd Fellows were, again, the first to subscribe, and raise the funds for unfortunate Ireland; and, before the citizens of Quebec were able to assemble, their collection was already on the way.

The astonishing development that arts, industry and commerce have received in our days is well known, thanks to the spirit of association, which has made it impossible to believe anything impossible, to a combination of human will and perseverance. And wherefore should not the spirit of association, directed towards a moral end, attain the same results? Is it doubtful that the united funds of a work of charity delivered with uniformity and system, must produce a greater sum of good than individual charities thrown about at hazard and singly? Those who accuse the society of egotism, who reproach it with the exercise of a charity within itself, and with an exclusive liberality, know nothing of the fundamental principles of its constitution. They know not that the duty of Odd Fellows is to treat every member of the great human family as a brother and a fellow-citizen. The Odd fellow ought to rid himself of the narrow ideas of distinctions of origin and caste; he knows that he has brethren, friends and protectors wherever he goes. He ceases to entertain that vulgar mistrust and estrangement which so many have for foreigners, on account of their race, language or creed. As he has funds destined for his assistance throughout the world, and as he can everywhere claim part of them at need, his heart in like manner is open to all. He gives and receives on a larger scale than other men. Lastly, the Odd Fellow practices universal charity.

Now when the prodigies of steam, of electricity, and of so many other discoveries have made all the world travellers, let us rejoice that we belong to a society which charges itself with the introduction of one people to another people, and of one continent to another continent, not by that cold and formal introduction of etiquette, which engages to nothing; but by one that must lead to a sincere friendship founded on the noblest sentiments.

But has the association for its principle a secret society? No, assuredly. What is a secret society? It is a union of men, bound together for some unlawful purpose, which hides itself in some dark shadow, and permits the world to remain ignorant of its existence—it is one of which the principles are unknown—of which the meetings are clandestine. They require secrecy, for their object is obnoxious to good manners and to law. But are the members of our society bound by horrible oaths—do they consent to pay their heads as the price, should a revelation ever happen to escape them? On the contrary, our principles, the place of our meetings, our officers and our members—even our anniversaries are all known to the public. Every man, every body, every association, has its secrets. The Odd Fellows have some too, and their nature is no mystery. The Council of the sovereign, financial institutions and banks, commercial firms, trading companies, and the liberal professions—all these have some secrets for their protection—some conventional marks—some vaults, proof against burglary. Odd Fellows, who are Cosmopolites, have also need of some word of order, by which they may know one another throughout the world—that they may secure themselves against trickery and imposition. They have funds in common, with a peculiar destination. It is necessary to have some means of preventing intruders from unduly availing themselves thereof. These signs are in very truth the keys of our strong box, as the vaults of a Bank are the safeguard of its depositors. It is not this which constitutes a secret society in the bad sense of that expression. We are not united by oaths, but by honor—by an obligation analogous to that entered on by members of temperance societies. Our principles and our rules are set before the public by means of our publications. A secret society would not invite the public to take part in the celebration of its anniversary, and certainly would not charge one of its youngest members to speak to you of its principles and advantages, without control or restriction.

I hope, that in leaving this place, you will be able to say that, if the principles you have heard developed, have not rendered virtue dearer to you, at least they have done nothing to lower your esteem for it; and that you will allow, that, in sitting in the midst of the Odd Fellows Society, far from breathing the air of corruption and immorality, you were enabled to respire, like a sweet balm, the salutary teachings of truth, benevolence, love, justice, and honour.

I flatter myself, ladies, that you have recovered from the horror with which our Order inspired you; and that if any among you, with a heart full of warm hopes, is about to choose him, who appears to her the most worthy of her esteem and confidence—if she discover that he is an Odd Fellow, the solemn obligation he has contracted, to practise truth, benevolence, and love, will not afflict her; but, on the contrary, will fill her heart with joy and hope.

Brother CHARLES HOLT spoke as follows :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—You have heard from my Brethren who have had the honor of addressing you this evening, what we have to say in answer to those who look upon our Association as a Secret Society, who, under this belief, condemn us, and hold us up as a body dangerous, instead of beneficial, to the community. What those Brothers have said in defence of our Order, and in explanation of its principles, and of the advantages resulting from it, not only to its members but to society at large, has met, I trust, with the meed of your approbation.

Upon me has devolved the humble task of informing you, who we are, whom you have honored with your presence, whence we came, and what has been our progress as an Institution. This I shall endeavour to do very briefly, if you will kindly favor me with your attention for a few moments.

We admit, and we make the concession without a feeling of regret, that our Order cannot lay claim to an exalted

lineage; that we cannot proclaim ourselves as sprung from an illustrious stock; that the pride of glorious ancestry is not ours. And yet we may say, if we speak of our Order as having had its origin at the time and place of which we have the first authentic records, if we go no farther back than to the commencement of the eighteenth century, and to no greater distance than to England; then perhaps we may be entitled to say, that, in one sense, has our origin been high and illustrious. If we look, not at "the grime's stamp," but at the gold itself; if we are of opinion that sterling merit and true integrity confer rank and lustre upon those in whose breasts the pure flame burns, then may we proudly boast our ancestry. Our fore-fathers stood not in the high places in society, they displayed neither ribbands nor stars: within, and not upon, their breasts they wore the insignia of their rank. They were nature's noblemen, although in the scale of worldly rank, they occupied no higher station than that of honest and industrious members of the working classes of the chief manufacturing towns of Great Britain. Honorable toil neither weakens the powers of the mind, nor deadens the sensibilities of the heart. Amidst their arduous labors, those thoughtful men, animated by the desire of providing, when they should be no more, for the comfort and well-being of those most near and dear to them, and also practically acknowledging the influence of those precepts of Christianity which inculcate brotherly love, and sympathy in the distresses of our fellows, associated themselves together for the purpose of carrying into effect the ends which they had in view—formed the body from which we descend, and designated themselves by the appellation of "Odd Fellows." Their reasons for so styling themselves they have not transmitted to us, but so it was that the Association was formed. Weak, then, in numbers and in influence, but strong in good purpose and in hope, the Brotherhood soon became a goodly tree, the roots of which spread far and wide. Springing from a rich soil,—the best feelings, the most noble impulses of the human heart; warmed and nourished by the rays of that sublime doctrine which teaches man how he may wash from his soul the stain of sin; the growth of that tree has been rapid and vigorous, and the lips of suffering humanity in many lands have tasted of its pleasant fruits. Under its branches many a sick and weary traveller in this vale of tears has found repose and shelter, which elsewhere he had sought in vain.

It was in the year 1809, as you have been informed by my brother Angers, in the French language, that the Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity, was established upon a firm and secure footing; and to a member of that Unity belongs the honor of having carried the principles of Odd Fellowship across the ocean, and caused a scion of the tree to spring up and flourish in this western hemisphere. Thomas Wildey, whose name is known by all Odd Fellows to be but another word for charity, in its scriptural and best acceptation, who had left his English Lodge and home, and fixed his abode in Baltimore, returned in 1818 to his native land, for the purpose of procuring the means of conferring upon his adopted brethren in the United States, those blessings of Odd Fellowship which he had enjoyed. He returned with a warrant, by virtue of which was formed "No. 1, Washington Lodge, the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and of the United States of America." Thomas Wildey still lives, and the work of his philanthropic spirit, a temple of the Order, may now be seen upon every hill, and in every valley, of the territories of the great American Republic. In the city of New York alone, it is said, there are 10,000 Odd Fellows; and in many of the Lodges the proceedings are carried on in the French and German languages. It was in 1843 that the first Lodge of Odd Fellows was established in Canada. It is held in the city of Montreal, and is styled—"The Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1." There are now in Canada upwards of twenty Lodges; in Quebec, we number nearly six hundred Brothers.

At home the zeal of the Brotherhood is undiminished and unflagging. There is scarcely a village in England which does not contain an Odd Fellows Lodge. There are subject to the Manchester Unity two thousand six hundred Lodges; in numbers their members amount to nearly half a million; their funds amount to £1,000,000; their yearly income is about £300,000; they expend yearly in relief about £23,000 sterling. Their benignant rule is not confined to the limits of England; it has been extended

to Scotland and Ireland, and to the European Continent, to New South Wales.

Such has been our origin, such is the state of our Order in the Old World, and such has been its advance upon this side of the Atlantic. If the success of the past afford any criterion by which to judge of the reasonableness of the hopes which we entertain for the future, then may the Brotherhood look forward with confidence to a brilliant career. Like a pure stream, Odd Fellowship will flow through this fair country, fertilizing its moral heart, and securing the rich and abundant harvest of active and extended benevolence and charity. The present over-hung mists of prejudice and error will be chased away by the breath of reason, and of truth disclosing the principles of the Brotherhood by their works. We cherish and faith of the Brotherhood by their works. We ardently wish, that the day may soon come; indeed, we entertain firmly the belief that it is not far distant, when, along the banks of the noble river, upon which our City stands, and wherever else, throughout the Province, the spire of the modest parish church rears itself towards heaven, there will be also found the Odd Fellows Lodge. Into our ranks the ministers of the Gospel, of the Protestant religion, have deigned to seek, and have obtained admittance. It will be a proud day for the Order, when we also hail as a Brother the parish priest. Such an event may now appear as remote and impossible as it would be happy and gratifying; but we rely upon the invincibility of "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

It seems to me that my worthy Brother Sheppard has hardly acted like a true Odd Fellow this evening. Nothing is more repugnant than selfishness to the spirit of Odd Fellowship, and yet he has left me little or nothing at all to say about the Ladies. I can now do no more than express my humble opinion, that, if we have them with us, we shall care very little what odds are arrayed against us. They will be with us, though they know that we have secrets; but I trust they will pardon us, and that, notwithstanding they are peculiarly the sex privileged to have and to hold secrets, they will assist us without being too anxious to get at ours. But were not this consideration one sufficiently powerful to induce them to co-operate with us, they will do so, because they know, because they feel in their hearts, that Odd Fellows and Good Fellows mean one and the same thing. Those who have husbands and fathers among us, being compelled, by their love of truth, will tacitly admit, that ever since the eventful evening, when, after the mystic rites of initiation, with blanched faces and hair on end, and having barely escaped with life from the assault of our indomitable goat, those husbands and fathers returned to their homes, they have been more indulgent, more tender. Those that have brothers and friends among us, will find them more affectionate and more truly friends, if there be degrees in friendship; and those young ladies who are blessed with lovers among us, will be grateful to the Order for the delightful consciousness which their hearts possess, that it is nothing but Odd Fellowship that has made those lovers so assiduous and devoted.

Brother SOULARD then spoke in French, as follows:

**GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.**—After the eloquent discourses which have been pronounced, it seems to me that no objection can remain to be refuted; I shall therefore limit myself to a few short observations.

If the wisest and most virtuous men are often the butts for the shafts of calumny—if envy delights to tarnish the brightness of the purest and most praiseworthy actions—if the greatest benefactors of the human race have almost always met with death, exile, or the dungeon, as the reward of their labours, it ought not to be thought surprising that our society, which, like them, pretends to do good by practising virtue, such as a generous philanthropy in spires towards those suffering under the pains and trials of life, without regard to the distinctions of origin, nationality and creed, but looking upon all men as the family of one father, who is the author of all things—it ought not to be thought surprising, I say, that such a society should encounter enemies and detractors.

Experience has fully proved how much the united strength of men can do for their material well-being. It is association that has made man rise from the narrow pathways where he has grovelled for ages, and taught him to advance with enlarged steps on the high road of progress. Steam has filled up the ocean, and brought dis-

tant nations into contact with each other. Railroads have erased the lines which formerly separated states, and soon, Europe and America will fraternally embrace and kiss each other.

Men of heart and energy have considered that in this age of travelling and movement, associations like ours, spreading their branches throughout the entire world, might produce immense advantage, by assuring to the traveller the grateful thought, that he will not be entirely in a foreign land, when he has the means of finding counsel, succour, protection and brotherhood wherever he may go; and assuring to its settled members the same and even more numerous benefits. To attain so high an object, it is necessary that our views of humanity should be also high. It is necessary to admit this incontestible truth, which none but fierce fanatics deny—that in all countries, in all climates, and under every form of government, there exist good men—men of right views and generous hearts, whatever language they speak, or whatever religion they observe.

It was under the inspiration of thoughts fruitful as these, that our society had birth; and being established on the solid basis of justice, charity and truth, it will long brave calumny and insult.

Certain persons please themselves in representing us as a society whose familiar visitors are demons: they imagine that sorcery, alchemy, the research for the philosopher's stone, divination, witchcraft, and the composition of philters intended to attract the unfortunates who become initiated, are the ordinary occupations of our hours of meeting. The fearful tell us that a Roman Catholic cannot make one of our association, because it is secret, and as such, condemned by the Catholic Church. I answer positively, and without fear or mental reservation, that our society is not a secret society. I am aware that one great obstacle to its spread arises from the prejudices of the Catholic clergy against us. I know that respectable body is under the impression that we hide under the mantle of benevolence some secret projects hostile to their interests. I please myself, indeed, with the belief that this virtuous and enlightened body has always been actuated by the purest motives; nevertheless I must here render public testimony in favour of truth. That is the sacred duty of every man of conviction and principle—puerile fears cannot prevent him from fulfilling it.

A secret society is that of which the objects and the end are secret, or which, under any mask whatever, labours for particular ends, known only to the associates—of which the members neither permit themselves to be known nor recognised as such—of which the assemblies are held in secrecy and obscurity—lastly, it is one of those dark associations which have taken their rise in every time of trouble, in every country, and in all ages, intended for the overthrow of altars and the triumph of factions. Good policy, the law, and religion, proscribe with reason and justice, these kinds of association, for they may give birth to monstrous evils.

Can any one with good faith compare our society to such associations?—is it not, even, ridiculous to point out the difference? Is not our society avowed and public? Do not our members permit themselves to be known and recognised? Does not the city afford us the place of our assemblies? Has not Government declared that our society ought not to be ranked in the number of "secret societies" which our laws proscribe? Do we not count among our members, magistrates of probity, officers of Government, citizens subservient to the laws, and distinguished by their religious and civil virtues, and fathers of families of the most scrupulous morality? What stronger guarantee can we offer for the morality of our society, and the uprightness of our views.

If these reasons are not enough to make us believed when we assert that we have no concealed design, then I will say that we have an important secret, which is the key of our strong box. Each of us is interested in the preservation of a common treasure, and it is not astonishing that the secret is not revealed. The most indiscreet know well how to guard such a trust, because were it once disclosed, the robber might put his hand on the common treasure; then beware for the specie.

It will be readily understood, that as our association has ramifications in all the cities of Canada and the United States, it would be impossible to know the names of all the members, who amount to one hundred thousand in

number. Each Lodge being obliged to assist with funds not only its own members, but also travellers belonging to foreign lodges, we were bound to seek this means of preventing the rogueries which would inevitably follow the ordinary modes of introduction and acknowledgment. Certain signs and mystic words teach us to recognise one another wherever we may be. A note or a letter may be stolen—the wolf may assume the clothing of the shepherd, but he can go no farther. Curiosity does not carry us so far as to make it a case of conscience in a soldier who does not declare his countersign, or in the guardian of a treasure, who will not reveal the means by which it may be carried off from him. Why should it be otherwise with us?

Another grave objection is, that we take oaths. It is a sufficient answer to this to declare that it is false—that we take no oath. Honor is the only tie which secures the discretion of the members of our society; and I ought to add, to its advantage, that the word of honour is not administered except with the guarantee that we shall require from the new member nothing repugnant to his religious principles, his political opinions, or his family duties. All political and religious discussions are strictly banished from our assemblies, because they tend to divert us from the noble object that we strive to attain. Nevertheless, the society considers religion as the basis of all sound morality.

It remains for me to reply to one last objection. It is, that these associations produce a spirit of exclusion and attachment to cliques. I ask what association tends less to promote the spirit of exclusion than this, which invites the whole human family, without national or religious distinctions, to partake its benefits and advantages? Do they thus reproach national societies, and the many religious societies, evidently more exposed than we to the reproach? They do not; for malevolence decides, but does not compare. No one is offended when a man reaps the fruits of the seed which he has placed in the ground; yet they think it strange that he who contributes to the maintenance of a benevolent institution, should alone reap the advantages it affords.

The ties of family and friendship are not broken by Odd Fellowship, but are drawn still tighter by it. A good Odd Fellow cannot but be a good father, a faithful husband, a submissive and affectionate son, a constant and devoted friend, a virtuous citizen and an enlightened patriot. I believe I should fail in the duty I owe to this assembly, if I answered all the crowd of foolish objections that some oppose to our society. I have but one more duty to fulfill; it is to express the sentiments of gratitude suggested to me by the sight of the most charming ladies of this city, by their presence here to-night, encouraging our society to pursue the noble task it has begun. This is the highest encouragement that we could expect.

#### CLOSING ODE.

Strangers we thank you all,  
For this your friendly call,  
On us this night,  
Long may you happy be,  
In truth, Sincerity,  
Honor and Prosperity.

Good night! and as you go,  
Bear hence, and fully show  
Stamped on your Breasts,  
The seal of Friendship pure.  
And love through life t' endure,  
And truth, which still secure  
With honour rests.

The addresses were listened to with the utmost attention, and repeatedly applauded. They were happy and successful efforts, and those which were in vindication of the Order, sweepingly disproved the objections and idle accusations of its opponents.

During the evening the Band of the 93rd Highlanders played some delicious pieces, and the English and Canadian Glee Clubs—the former under Bro. F. H. Andrews, of Albion Lodge, whose excellent direction

they did ample justice to—sang some delightful compositions. The old glee, 'The Red Cross Knight,' was charmingly and effectively given, and commanded a loud encore.

The intellectual feast concluded, the supper room was thrown open, and here again the same excellent arrangements for the comfort of the company were visible, and felt by all. The refreshments, provided by Br. Scott, were in profusion, and defied the merciless attacks of the hungry and even the pockets and appetites of some of the youngsters to clear them away. That uninebriating drink "Odd Fellows Particular," as we suppose we must style lemonade, quenched the thirst of the guests, and even promoted hilarity, although minus the ingredient necessary to convert it into punch.

The evening's entertainments, on the whole, went off well and to the satisfaction of all, and will doubtless have the effect of multiplying the Order.

The Odd Fellows of the Ontario Lodge, Cobourg, subscribed the handsome sum of £45 15s., towards the relief of the destitute in Ireland and Scotland.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

QUEBEC, May 1st, 1847.

SIR,—I beg to enclose for insertion in your paper copies of Letters received from Messrs. D. Latouche & Co., of Dublin, and Adam Black, Esq., Lord Provost, of Edinburgh, acknowledging the receipt of £183 13s. 9d. Sterling, for the relief of the destitution of Ireland and Islands of Scotland, being the amount subscribed by Albion Lodge, No. 4, and Mercantile Lodge, No. 19, I. O. O. F.

I am, Sir,

Your obdt. servant,

J. MUSSON, Jun.,

Sec. Albion Lodge, No. 4.

DUBLIN, 18th March, 1847.

SIR,—We are in receipt of your favour, of 23d ult., remitting Gibbon, Glynn & Co. £122 9s. 2d., which in course shall be placed to the credit of the Irish Relief Association, as a contribution from the Members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of B. N. America, residing in Quebec, for which we return you our warmest thanks on behalf of our suffering countrymen.

We are, Sir,

Your most obdt. servants,

D. LATOUCHE & Co.

Mr. Wm. Bennett,

Chairman Relief Com., I. O. O. F.

EDINBURGH, March 19th, 1847.

SIR,—In the name of the suffering Highlanders of Scotland, I have to thank you and the Members of Albion Lodge, No. 4, and Mercantile Lodge, No. 19, for the liberal contributions you have made, for the

supply of their necessities, and while your generosity will have the primary effect of relieving their immediate wants, and of exciting their gratitude to their benefactors, I have no doubt it will be followed with the more enduring blessings which attend charity, in the knitting together more closely the bonds of our brotherhood, and in strengthening that relations which tend to maintain and promote peace and prosperity among the nations.

With this I enclose the receipt of our Treasurer for £61 4s. 7d.

I have the honor to be, Sir,  
Your very obt. servant,  
ADAM BLACK,  
Lord Provost.

Wm. Bennett, Esq.,  
Chairman Relief Com. I. O. O. F.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

### THE TOOTHACHE.

BY A SUFFERER.

Oh, thou tormenting throbbing pain!—  
Thou cause of many a sleepless night!  
When shall I be at ease again?  
Oh, how I long for morning light!  
The morning comes, but yet I feel  
The nerve still aching with disease;  
My suffering I would fain conceal,  
For pity now can but displease.  
All seems distorted—nought seems right;  
Small causes now give much offence:  
Oh, heavens! I'm in a dreadful plight,  
This horrid pain is so intense.  
The dentist now!—I'll stand no more!  
This tooth would make the earth a hell!  
First comes a wrench—and then a roar,—  
The pain is gone! Good night—all's well!  
Montreal, 5th May, 1847.

### SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill: a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind:  
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,  
Is far beneath a noble mind.  
Full oft a better seed is sown,  
By choosing thus the kinder plan;  
For if but little good be known,  
Still let us speak the best we can.  
Give me the heart that fain would hide—  
Would fain another's faults efface,  
How can it pleasure human pride  
To prove humanity but base?  
No: let us reach a higher mood—  
A nobler estimate of man;  
Be earnest in the search for good,  
And speak of all the best we can.  
Then speak no ill—but lenient be  
To other's failings as your own;  
If you're the first a fault to see,  
Be not the first to make it known;  
For life is but a passing day,  
No lip may tell how brief its span;  
Then, oh! the little time we stay,  
Let's speak of all the best we can.

### CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom; waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was 100 years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he threw the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied; "I thrust him away, because he would not worship Thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonoured me, and wouldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave you no trouble?" Upon which, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. Go, then, and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

### FLOWERS.

Were this beautiful earth divested of its flowers, what a cheerless and barren aspect would it present! They speak to the heart in the language of love, and teach it lessons of humility and innocence. This earth might have been created without flowers to deck its fair surface, and yet sufficient for the happiness of man. But they have been kindly provided by a beneficent Father, to gratify our senses. They speak to man, with the "still, small voice" of Nature, reminding him of duties and affections. There is no occasion better fitted to lift the heart in praise, than the quiet morning hour, when the dew is yet fresh upon the meadow grass, and the wild rosebud is just opening. A silent yet useful lesson of humility may be learned from the lowly violet, as it reposes in calmness and content in its secluded bed. Flowers are among the most beautiful works of creation; yet they remain but a short time to gladden the heart. They wither and die, reminding us of our own mortality. But as they appear again, when the warm breezes of spring begin to blow, so may we rise again in beauty and great glory, to inherit an eternity of bliss, where never-fading flowers bud and blossom.

### THE IGNOBLE AND THE NOBLE.

Everything is vulgar and ignoble which degrades the fancy, and blunts the taste for the holy. Tell what direction thy thoughts take, not when thou, with lightened hand, constrainest them to a purpose, but when in the hours of recreation thou allowest them freely to rove abroad—tell me what direction they then take—where they then turn as to their most-loved home—in what thou thyself findest the chief enjoyment of thy inmost soul—and then I will tell thee what are thy tastes. Are they directed towards the god-like, and to those things, in nature and art, whereon the god-like most directly reveals itself in imposing majesty? Then is the god-like not dreadful in thee, but friendly; thy tastes lead thee to it; it is thy most loved enjoyment. Do they, when released from the constraint with which thou hast directed them towards serious pursuit, eagerly turn to brood over sensual pleasures, and find relaxation in the pursuit of these? Then hast thou a vulgar taste, and thou must invite animalism into the inmost recesses of the soul, before it can seem well with thee there. Not so the noble student. His

thoughts, when exhausted by industry and toil, return in moments of relaxation to the holy, the great, the sublime—there to find repose, refreshment, and new energy for yet higher efforts.

**BIRTHS.**

In this city, on the 6th ult., the wife of Brother R. D Macpherson, of a son.

On the 10th ult., the wife of Brother George Horne, of a son.

In this city, on the 5th instant, the wife of Brother John Leeming, of a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**

In this city, on the 11th ult., Brother T. P. Roe, to Margaret Kent, third daughter of Robert Howard, Esq.

In this city, on the 21st ult., Brother J. H. Evans, to Margaret, third daughter of the late Wm. Kerr, Esq.

At St. Ann's Chapel, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. D. Falloon, D. D., Brother J. W. Skelton, merchant, to Marianne, eldest daughter of the late Leslie Gault, Esq.

At Christ Church, on the morning of the 20th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, Brother W. C. Meredith, Q. C., of Montreal, to Sophia Naters, youngest daughter of the late Wm. E. Holmes, Esq., M. D., of Quebec.

**DEATHS.**

In this city, on the 2nd ult., Wm. Renwick, infant son of Brother F. P. Rubidge, aged 6 months and 8 days.

At his residence, Adelaide Street, Toronto, on the 10th ult., after a severe illness of five weeks, Brother Edward B. Palmer, aged 47 years, long in the employ of Messrs. Strachan & Cameron, Barristers.

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

**MONTREAL.**

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

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

**HOCHELAGA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 1.**

**MONTREAL.**

J. Cushing, *C. P.* Thomas Begley, *Scribe*,  
 John Dyde, *H. P.* Samuel Hedge, *F. Scribe*  
 Wm. Sache, *S. W.* J. A. Perkins, *Treas.*  
 John Smith, *J. W.*

**STADACONA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 2.**

**QUEBEC.**

A. Joseph, *C. P.* J. C. Fisher, *L. L. D., Treas.*  
 Samuel Wright, *H. P.* Wm. Higginbotham, *Scribe*,  
 Weston Hunt, *S. W.* Phillip LaSausur, *F. Scribe*.  
 James MacLaren, *J. W.*

**ROYAL MOUNT ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 3.**

**MONTREAL.**

John Irvine, *C. P.* James Gibson, *Scribe*,  
 Christopher Dunkin, *H. P.* W. H. Higman, *F. Scribe*,  
 Andrew Wilson, *S. W.* A. H. David, *Treasurer*,  
 Robert Macdougall, *J. W.*

**ST. LOUIS ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 4.**

**QUEBEC.**

Francis Bowen, *C. P.* Thomas D. Tims, *Scribe*.  
 James E. Anderson, *H. P.* George Hall, *Treas.*  
 William Holehouse, *S. W.* Benjamin Cole, Jr., *J. W.*

**WELLINGTON ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 5.**

**TORONTO.**

List not received.

**MOUNT HEBRON ENCAMPMENT. | NO. 6.**

**PETERBORO.**

H. S. Conger, *P. C. P.* Wm. Cluxton, *S. W.*  
 Charles Forrest, *C. P.* Wm. Bell, *Scribe*,  
 Rev. R. J. C. Taylor, *H. P.* P. M. Grover, *Treas.*  
 C. Perry, *J. W.*

**TOMIFOBI ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 7.**

**STANSTEAD.**

J. W. Baxter, *C. P.* Saml. L. French, *Scribe*,  
 J. C. Chase, *H. P.* J. M. Jones, *Treas.*  
 J. G. Gilman, *S. W.* H. F. Prentiss, *J. W.*

**MORIA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 8.**

**BELLEVILLE.**

Benjamin Dougall, *C. P.* Nathan Jones, *Scribe*.  
 Ezra W. Holton, *H. P.* George Neilson, *Treas.*  
 Alexander Judd, *S. W.* Gilbert C. Bogert, *J. W.*

**VICTORIA DEGREE LODGE.—NO. 1.**

**MONTREAL.**

Christopher Dunkin, *N. G.* James Gibson, *P. G.*  
 William Hilton, *A. N. G.* William Sache, *V. G.*  
 John Dyde, *D. A. N. G.* D. S. Walton, *Secretary*,  
 A. H. David, *Treasurer*.

**PRINCE OF WALES' LODGE.—NO. 1.**

**MONTREAL.**

W. Ewan, *P. G.* Geo. A. Pyper, *Secretary*.  
 J. Williamson, *N. G.* Angus Macintosh, *P. Secy*.  
 J. Fletcher, *V. G.* W. Scholes, *Treasurer*.

**QUEEN'S LODGE.—NO. 2.**

**MONTREAL.**

Wm. Easton, *P. G.* J. M. Tate, *Secy*.  
 A. H. David, *N. G.* J. P. Grant, *Treasurer*.  
 H. Dickinson, *V. G.* George McIver, *P. Secy*.

**PRINCE ALBERT LODGE.—NO. 3.**

**ST. JOHNS.**

J. H. Ripley, *P. G.* W. A. Osgoode, *V. G.*  
 D. L. Lewis, *N. G.* Geo. Ralton, *Secy*.  
 J. Aston, *Treasurer*.

**ALBION LODGE.—NO. 4.**

**QUEBEC.**

Wm. Bennett, *P. G.* John Musson, Jr., *Secretary*.  
 Weston Hunt, *N. G.* R. Nettle, *Treas.*  
 J. C. Fisher, *V. G.* P. L. Lesueur, *P. Secy*.

**COMMERCIAL LODGE.—NO. 5.**

**MONTREAL.**

Arch. H. Campbell, *P. G.* W. G. Mack, *Secretary*.  
 James Holmes, *N. G.* R. W. Mills, *P. Secretary*.  
 Robert Macdougall, *V. G.* W. H. Higman, *Treasurer*.

**VICTORIA LODGE.—NO. 6.**

**BELLEVILLE.**

Merrick Sawyer, *P. G.* J. H. Meacham, *Secy*.  
 F. W. Holton, *N. G.* J. P. Mordan, *Treasurer*.  
 G. C. Bogert, *V. G.* Charles P. Holton, *P. Secy*.

**ORIENTAL LODGE.—NO. 7.**

**STANSTEAD.**

T. Lee Terrill, *P. G.* J. M. Jones, *Secretary*.  
 H. F. Prentiss, *N. G.* Joseph C. Chase, *P. Secretary*.  
 John A. Pierce, *V. G.* Marshall Carpenter, *Treasurer*.

**CANADA LODGE.—NO. 8.**

**MONTREAL.**

F. B. Matthews, *P. G.* John Lovell, *Secretary*.  
 John Smith, *N. G.* J. Abbot, *P. Secretary*.  
 John Murray, *V. G.* E. R. Spong, *Treas.*

**BROCK LODGE.—NO. 9.**

**BROCKVILLE.**

Thomas E. Cribb, *P. G.* R. H. Street, *Secretary*.  
 Edmund Perry, *N. G.* Samuel B. Clarke, *Treas.*  
 Geo. W. Arnold, *V. G.* John Morton, *P. Sec.*

**CATARAQUI LODGE.—NO. 10.**

**KINGSTON.**

James Goodeve, *P. G.* James Bennett, *V. G.*  
 John Fraser, *N. G.* Wm. J. Martin, *Secretary*.  
 S. Scobell, *Treasurer*.

**PRINCE EDWARD LODGE.—NO. 11.**

**PICTON.**

W. H. Wallace, *P. G.* John Dickson, *Secy*.  
 Alex. Patterson, *N. G.* Thos. H. Carnahan, *P. Secy*.  
 A. D. Dougall, *V. G.* D. B. Stevenson, *Treas.*

**OTONABEE LODGE.—NO. 13.**

**PETERBORO'.**

Charles Forrest, *P. G.* W. H. J. Vizard, *Secretary*.  
 W. S. Conger, *N. G.* Wm. Bell, *Acting P. Secy*  
 Rev. R. J. C. Taylor, *V. G.* James Foley, *Treasurer*.

**ST. FRANCIS LODGE.—NO. 18.**

**CORNWALL.**

A. McDougall, *P. G.* E. H. Parker, *V. G.*  
 A. McLean, *N. G.* J. R. Ault, *Secy*.  
 P. J. Macdonnell, *Treas.*

**MERCANTILE LODGE.—NO. 19.**

**QUEBEC.**

Samuel Wright, *P. G.* Joseph Hamel, *Secy*.  
 Charles Gathings, *N. G.* Benj. Cole, *Treasurer*.  
 Robt. Chambers, *V. G.* Napn. Balzaretto, *P. Secy*.