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THE
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1846.

No. VII.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE ADVANTAGES OF
A SINGLE LIFE.*

(Read before the Members of the Shakspeare Club.)

One of the most common objections to a single life is that it is *solitary*—that old maids and old bachelors live altogether by themselves. This is certainly a mistake. It is true that they enjoy a much greater degree of quietude than married people, but this is very different from solitude. They are relieved from the vulgar troubles of life, to be more capable of appreciating its enjoyments. They live for the world and not by the world. They contribute largely to the common stock of happiness, without drawing on the sympathies of others. Married people, on the contrary, are proverbially selfish. You never meet a Benedict but he makes a demand on your feelings. His wife has got the tooth-ache—the baby has caught a cold—or something has happened to the nurse, which has put the whole house in an uproar. If you visit him at home, the conversation is sure to turn on some matter connected with his establishment. He has imported a new kitchen stove, or he is trying some extraordinary experiment connected with the education of his children. With the bachelor, it is quite different. He has all mankind for his family, and does his best to be on good terms with the whole of them. There is a broad path to his heart, which every man may find who conducts himself like a gentleman and a Christian. His house is an *hostelry*, to which his friends are all welcome, and requested to make themselves at ease. The laws which govern there, are not like those of the Medes and Persians. There are no stiff rules respecting the position of the chairs, and no particular government for those independent members, the legs. A man may spit on the hearth, and not be excommunicated for ever—he may sing “jolly nose,” and yet hope to be forgiven. As to solitude, a bachelor is never alone. He has only to go into his chamber, and take down his Shakspeare, and he shall have glorious company. When he sends forth his cards, he shall have princes and lords, and fair ladies, and brave courtiers, and rare wits for his companions. He may summon the dark-eyed Beatrice from the arbour, or bring the laughter-loving Rosalind from the forest. If he is merry, there are Falstaff and Sir Andrew for the calling. If he is sad, Timon and the melancholy Jacques shall come sit at his table. He shall make love with Juliet, or weep with Cordelia—Isabella shall teach him fortitude—Hermione, endurance. He shall be chivalrous with Mercutio—compassionate with Orlando. In every humour he shall find some one to his mind—some one to keep him company.

How different is this to the married man! He has but one existence, and when he gets into the presence of his wife, dare scarcely call that his own. Whatever

his feelings may have been before marriage, afterwards their course is uniform enough. He enters upon a new career, and he is made to feel it. If he doesn't acknowledge the fearful change in words, he does by his looks. He feels himself, and every one else feels, that the spirit has gone out of him. His life is henceforth dull, slothful, spiritless, monotonous! Eggs, coffee, dry toast, curtain-lectures, gruel—slavery! One by one, every comfort is taken from him, and in a very short space of time, like the lean and slippered pantaloon of the play, he finds himself *sans* old acquaintances, *sans* wine, *sans* music, *sans* pipes, *sans* everything!

I confess that for myself, I never yet took leave of a friend on the verge of matrimony, without feeling very sorrowful. It is so very much like putting a man into his coffin, that it distresses me. It matters not that the unfortunate tells you, as he is sure to tell you—that marriage will make no difference in him, I know better—it will make a difference. It will put a chasm between us that cannot be passed over, save only by imitating his folly. It is the end of our friendship—the tale-piece of our love. From that moment, we are strangers in the world. It is true that he may not wish this, and will perhaps do all he can to prevent it, but here, as in every thing else, he will find himself the “slave of the ring.” Wives never tolerate their husbands before marriage acquaintances. Charles Lamb knew this, and most admirably has he described it in a chapter of his *Essays* devoted to that particular subject.

The ceremony of a wedding is to me a most melancholy spectacle. The church on such occasions looks like a temple of Juggernaut, at which a poor victim is about to be sacrificed. The bridesmaids, and the bell pullers, and the women with flowers, are all conspirators in the work, and urge on the poor doomed one as the priests in the East urge on their victim to self-destruction. If he hesitate, there is a dark-looking father, or a six foot brother, to keep him to his promise. If he strive to reason, there is the mother, with her gold-edged-china philosophy, and the young lady, with her pretty looks, to court him into folly. Turn which way he will, there is some seduction—some net spread to prevent escape. Is he poor? marriage is the royal road to economy. Is he sick? a wife will comfort him. Wants he brains? a woman's wit supplies them. In short, use what argument he may, there is some substantial reason ready why he should surrender up his happiness and his liberty.

I have, however, noticed, on the two or three occasions that I could bring my feelings to allow me to attend the funeral of a bachelor, that it is the ladies who engross by far the greater portion of the merriment. I can easily understand this feeling. Every such instance, is, of course, to them, a fresh occasion for triumph. Their own amiable thoughts tell them all that which the bride has managed to conceal from her partner. He sees in his now firmly-riveted wife, only the little delicate creature he led up to the altar—but

* Continued from page 83.

they can see farther than this. Between the betrothed and the wife, they know that there is a world of difference. What the mysteries of marriage are I know not,—what its effects are I do know. I have shuddered to witness the transmogrification that terrible ceremony produces. It must be some horrible jugglery which converts a pretty modest-looking girl into a red-faced flaunting virago, happy only in spanking the children, abusing the baker, and snubbing the poor flunky, her husband! If the “secrets of the prison-house” could be told, I am sure they would be dreadful. If married men only dared narrate all they suffer, it would indeed

“Freeze the young blood,

Make the two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
The knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

The history of human torture does not, I verily believe, contain anything to equal the preaching, poking, pummelling, and pestering they, poor souls, endure!

The following short extract from the life of Wesley, will just give a faint, and very faint idea, of this state of bondage and misery:—

“Wesley’s domestic life was not happy. When about fifty years old, he contracted a marriage with Mrs. Vizzell, a widow of independent fortune; having first agreed with her, that he should not preach one sermon or travel one mile the less on that account. His constant journeys were, no doubt, a heavy sacrifice to duty; but the lady kindly made it as light as possible, by allowing him no peace at home. Her temper was insufferable, and her jealousy equally positive and groundless. She is said to have frequently searched his pockets and opened his letters, and sometimes even struck him and tore his hair! Wesley himself, in writing to her, complains that she had tried him in numberless ways, laid to his charge things that he knew not, robbed him, betrayed his confidence, revealed his secrets, given him a thousand treacherous wounds, purposely aspersed and murdered his character, and made it her business so to do! At length, without assigning any cause, she left his house, and declared her intention never to return. Wesley, whose journal had previously been silent on her conduct, shortly mentions her departure, and adds these remarkable words, ‘non eam reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo.’ Their union—if so it can be called—had lasted twenty years, and Wesley survived their separation for twenty years more.”

One of the consequences of this state of things are the frequent acts of self-destruction committed by married men. As a general rule, bachelors do not commit suicide, simply because they do not commit matrimony. I have no doubt that if the investigation could be made, it would be found that matrimony and suicide go hand in hand. The more marriages you have, the more suicides you have. As the tyranny of the law does not allow a man to hang his wife, he goes and does the next best thing—hangs himself. With the aid of his matrimonial garters, he finds quiet in the grave. If he has a fear, it is perhaps that they may by and by place his tyrant near him, and that thought is alone sufficient to add agony to the pains of strangulation!

Enough, however, of these painful reflections!

Another of the charges urged against bachelors is, that they are useless. In what respect, I should like to know, are they useless? Matrimony, it is true, damps a man’s inventive powers, but celibacy sharpens them. When an unfortunate gets married, he gives the key of his wardrobe to his wife, and henceforward becomes a sluggard. But the bachelor surrenders neither his liberty nor his clothes-press, and either his mind or his fingers are always employed. His intellectual gaze takes in every article in his drawers, and calculates what shirts want buttons, and what require none. He seeks into the mysteries of darning, and upon occasions learns to hem. I have known brother bachelors who could show needle-work with the best sempstress that ever wrought a garment, and whose skill in the culinary art might make even Ude turn pale. And shall I be told that this is nothing? Is it nothing to be independent of the cook for one’s dinner and to be able to “carry on,” though the whole

generation of milliners and tailors conspire against you? The married man is doubly a slave because he is helpless. His wife has but to threaten him with a ragged garment, and he is left at her mercy. She gets at his pocket through his shirt-collars, and the fetters she exhibits to his eyes are a pair of undarned stockings!

I need scarcely say that married women greatly exaggerate these little services. They make a great deal of merit of a very little labour. I can imagine a community in which their services would not be required at all, and in which “every tub should stand on its own bottom.” I have frequently thought it would be a delightful thing for a number—say fifty of each sex—to set themselves aside from the great world, and seek happiness within the resources of their own minds. Fifty bachelors and fifty old maids would be enough to form a terrestrial Paradise! Imagine such beings participating in each other’s society without any selfish object—without claiming any rights of proprietorship, or exercising any rule of tyranny. Whilst young, their graces would charm—when old, their kindnesses would solace. They would see beauty fade away without regretting it, and the progress of age would be with them the progress of friendship. And when Death came, as he would come, to disturb their little society, they would meet him with philosophy, and endure his infliction with hope. How preferable this to the anxiety, the cares, the selfishness, that marriage is certain to bring!

And now a word or two of our sweet sister friends, the old maids. They have, indeed, much to complain of. What they suffer from slander, the world knows not—and yet how patiently they bear it! They are voted useless creatures, and yet every one demands their assistance. They are represented as selfish, and the world would want hospitals and almshouses but for them. They it is who rob the present to give to the future. Contrast the state of a married woman with that of a quiet old maid, and then say which is the happier creature. The one is full of cares,—always fretting, scolding, ailing. The other lives as a cricket, good-natured as a puppy dog, healthy as a trout! The married woman is never at peace, and if she has no real cares, makes imaginary ones. Her mind is always dwelling on some horrible circumstance. Perhaps the baby has swallowed a needle (they are always swallowing needles), or Master Bobby has tumbled into the hog-tub. Her life is a life of alarms, and her only satisfaction is, that she is permitted by the articles of marriage to enjoy the pleasure of making her husband just as miserable as herself. Oh, no; say what they may of the old maids, they are the only sensible part of the sex I could ever discover!

And now, in conclusion, lest I should be thought partial in my criticism, let me quote the remarks of a very old unmarried friend, whose opinions differ materially from my own on this not unimportant subject. He is absolutely rash enough to believe, that marriage is necessary to happiness, and in reply to my expostulations, has had the exceeding effrontery to write me a long epistle, in which he seriously defends the heresy, and endeavours to prove me in the wrong by what he very coolly calls “a fair statement of the question.” The following is a specimen of the special pleading with which he strives to support his case:—

“Every body makes way more readily for a man who is putting forth his best energies for one weaker and more tender than himself, whom he has respect to escort through the rough roughfare of life. We respect the office and him who discharges it. He may give you a sharp poke in the side which you may feel disposed to resent, and perhaps lift up your hand to do so; but the suppliant look of her at his side disarms you; you make way—if you have a heart, you do—and he moves on. He may have a surly countenance—a brutish manner. He excites your indignation—you eye him with anger, and say to yourself, “I should like to throw that fellow into the sea, if—” and here you pause, and look, not at him—“if it weren’t for that poor body at his side.” And so the couple pass on, sure of the sympathies

of all who are husbands and fathers themselves, and who have been or expect to be—and this is not leaving out many.

"A family presses on a man; but it is like the soldier's knapsack; if it press on him, it also presses him on, and he would thank no one for relieving him of a burden which has become familiar and dear to him.

"Palk of free-masonry, marriage is the true free-masonry, without the badge of which a man is never truly received into society—never partakes of its amenities, its charities, kindnesses, and good offices. A bachelor in the world reminds me of nothing more (beauty put aside) than of a poor canary, which, escaped from its cage, and rejoicing in its freedom, comes in all confidence into the community of the feathered tribe; and how is it received? Is its loneliness pitied—does its situation excite compassion? Quite the reverse. Every bird is eager to give it a peck; quarrels are suspended that all may unite against the stranger; it is driven from tree to tree, from field to field, until, at length, exhausted by hunger and ill-usage, it sinks down dead.

"I do not mean to say that bachelors are quite so badly treated; they do not die of ill-usage. But then they are often wished dead, and when they do die, the world feels itself relieved of a burden—of a useless appendage—of an odd piece of furniture which would fit in nowhere; but having neglected to make a place for itself when it was malleable and moveable, is now so stiff and so awkward, that it is always in the way, and the sooner it is out of the way, it is often thought, the better. A married man, however old, goes with the world—is carried on by the general movement. But the bachelor sticks—years pass and find him in the same place—he is left behind. It is useless to complain of the harshness of the world towards the inoffensive bachelor. It lies in that principle of our nature which disposes us to regard with more favorable eyes the observance of, than the departure from fixed laws, and therefore it is, I believe, that the man who commits bigamy by having two wives, is looked upon with more leniency than he who has not one. The former has, at all events, erred on the right side!

"If a bachelor (mind, I speak all along of confirmed, irreclaimable bachelors) is rich, he is fair game for all the world—to be plucked without remorse. If poor, he is to be shunned by all prudent men; for he will be sure to fasten himself on you, to haunt your house, and pester you with his company.

"Yet who can deny the superiority of that man who keeps single, in order to cancel old obligations, over him who rushes into marriage, unprepared to meet new ones? No matter. From whatever motive a man marries—however weak, or selfish, or foolish—no sooner is he married, than all his sins are forgiven him. Imaginary terrors disappear as by a touch of a magician's wand. Gloomy faces are turned into smiling ones; warnings into congratulations; reproaches into blessings. The married couple may sometimes be disposed to enquire with wonder, where was the evil of thinking to do an act which every body congratulates you upon when done!

"To 'make an end on't,' there is only one thing which can, in the estimation of the world, redeem bachelors from the unpopularity which attaches to their state—it is some claim to the admiration or gratitude of man. He must take the world to wife—father all society; and even then he gets a cold partner—an undutiful son. But if he makes a mistake; if he has deceived himself as to the extent of his talents, the amount of his self-denial; if he want either the power to benefit others, or to overcome himself, then, tormented with the prospect of a happiness which might have been his, but which he gave up for the pursuit of a happiness which cannot be—in possession neither of the great world without, nor of a little world of his own—convinced, too late, that the real evils he shunned are not half so bad as the imaginary ones which take their place—tormented with unavailing regrets—deprived of healthy desires—seeking to create disinterested ties by the only passion to which he can appeal—self-interest—and disgusted because the fruit is of the nature of the tree—suspicious, discontented, changeful, or, at best, apathetic and selfish, even when most lavish, the confirmed bachelor becomes a misanthropist, an eccentric, or a sensualist. On the other hand, should the choice of celibacy be made in a spirit of self-sacrifice—with no selfish view—should the happiness of others, and not his own, be the obstacle to marriage—should the sympathies learn to take in a wider circle, or the mental powers to concentrate themselves upon a particular study, then the confirmed bachelor may find in Friendship, Philanthropy, Fame, a substitute, at least, for that happiness which was denied to him in the domestic relations of life."

With this summing up, Gentlemen of the Shakspeare Club, I leave the matter in your hands. You have heard the arguments, and have much interest in coming to a right conclusion; for of this you may be quite sure, that, as society and the law now stand, *it is much easier to get a wife, than to get rid of her.*

F.

Every man has in his own life follies enough—in his own mind troubles enough—and in his fortune evils enough, without being curious after the affairs of others.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONVICT.*

BY "V-LE."

CHAP. VI.—OUR RECEPTION.—RETURN TO HOBART TOWN.—AN APPOINTMENT AND ITS RESULT.—A PRISONER.—THE ESCAPE.—INCIDENTS ATTENDANT ON A RUNAWAY.

ON our arrival, the captain and the whole of the party were very kindly received by Major L——, the commandant of the Island, and his amiable lady. The wounded were also sharers in the Major's humane attentions, and were immediately placed under the care of the surgeon, who exerted himself as far as possible to alleviate their sufferings. Three days after our landing, the body of the gentleman killed in our encounter with the natives, was consigned to the grave, and in a day or two following, despite all the care and attention bestowed upon him by all parties, one of the crew died also. The two bodies were laid side by side, all distinction between their rank and circumstances being laid aside; and although both had breathed their last far from their friends and home, still they were not laid in their last narrow bed without tears of sympathy and sorrow for their untimely end. After these sad events over, we remained about a month on the island, expecting every day the arrival of a government brig with provisions. It was intended, in case of the brig calling, that the captain and his friends should take their passage in her, as the ladies were extremely unwilling to venture a return voyage in the barge. Day after day, however, passed on, and no appearance of the brig. Every day's disappointment added to the uneasy state of the captain's mind, and at last it was agreed between Major L—— and him, that I should be sent back with the barge, and that I also should be entrusted with the governor's despatches. On the evening of the same day on which this arrangement was made, I was sent for and ordered to put the barge in order, so that we might be ready to start next day. I was also instructed not to touch at the scene of our unfortunate disaster, nor indeed to touch land at all in my way back. It was also intimated to me that the government despatches were to be kept in my own possession, and that when we reached Hobart Town, I was to proceed directly to the government office, and deliver them to the governor, through his principal secretary. With these commands I took my departure from the island on the following day, the Major having appointed some of the hands on the Island to take the place of those who had been wounded, who, he intended, should be sent back with the first vessel that touched on her way to Hobart Town. We were four days and three nights on our passage, but it was accomplished safely, and the instant we reached our destination, I waited on the governor with the despatches. On the receipt of them by the secretary, he ordered me to be in waiting in the event of the governor wishing to see me; this step was the more necessary, as I wished for instructions as to the manner I should employ myself till the captain's return.

* Continued from page 83.

The governor having perused the contents of the packet, expressed a wish that I should be called into his presence. After putting several questions to me, he expressed his satisfaction at the manner I and the crew had conducted ourselves in the perilous situation of Captain W—— and his friends, and before leaving him, he rewarded me with the present of a sum of money and a free pass till the return of the captain. The same indulgence was also extended to those of the crew who had come down with me. Thus freed for a time from the trammels of the convict, I passed nine happy days in the enjoyment of every rational and instructive amusement within my power, as far as the little money I had received from the governor would admit of.

At the end of nine days, Captain W—— and his friends returned in the brig Prince Leopold, and immediately waited upon the governor. In the course of their conversation, the captain took occasion to speak very much in my favour, and the consequence was, that some days afterwards I was appointed to the command of a sloop of thirty tons, to be engaged in carrying provisions to several stations on the coast. For this responsible duty, I was not only to be at perfect liberty, but I was to receive a certain sum monthly. With this appointment, I had reached the pinnacle of my greatness, and for some time every transaction I was engaged in prospered under my hand, and for which I really felt grateful to God. But alas! the time of my trial was near at hand,—my prosperity and happiness was but of short duration, and the phial of God's wrath, opened on account of my iniquities, was almost too much to bear. The first token I received of this, was the death of my esteemed and worthy patron, Captain W——. In his death I felt that I had really lost a friend and protector, and I shed tears on his account, as sincere and full of sorrow as if he had been my father. In my deep sorrow for his loss, there was nothing selfish, although on many occasions after I had cause to regret his death. From this point, therefore, I begin to note the second series of my troubles.

Few months elapsed after the melancholy event I have just recorded, when the sloop was sold. I was therefore transferred to a schooner, named the Finisher, and I thought often afterwards that there was meaning in the name, for with her all my hopes of happiness in the colony were *finished*. My air-blown bubbles were all burst, and I was torn from comparative comfort and liberty, to undergo a second time the realities of a convict's life. In the schooner, I had two men to assist me, both, like myself, having

"Left their country, for their country's good."

One of the two was a quiet, easy, good-tempered fellow, and who, I really believe, had no viciousness or malice in his constitution more than the common run of mankind, but his neighbour was very differently constituted. He had, long previous to his transportation, connected himself with an obnoxious and daring gang of burglars, and from all accounts he was an adept at his unlawful

profession. In his youth he had been apprenticed to a locksmith; so that in joining the lawless association, he became a great desideratum. In confirmation of this fact, I will relate an instance. After he had, with other two of his accomplices, been apprehended, and was lying in prison awaiting trial, by some means or other, a small saw had been concealed about his person.

The window of the cell in which he was confined was strongly guarded by strong iron bars. He thoroughly examined the state of the whole, and then coolly calculated his chance of escape. The lead with which the bars in the window were secured in the stone, was within his reach; he therefore set about picking from the mass as many small pieces as he considered would be necessary for the construction of a key, with which he intended to open his cell door. He had no fire, neither had he anything in which to place the lead for the purpose of melting. At last he discovered in the corner of his room a small piece of sheet iron, placed upon a broken piece of the floor. He had little difficulty in forcing this off, and appropriating it to the intended purpose. His ingenuity was next turned to the melting process. In accomplishing this desired object, his attention was directed to the small lamp furnished him in the evening, over the light of which he placed the sheet iron, on which were laid the small particles of lead. In this manner he formed the whole into a key. The next step was to procure the impression of the lock on the cell door. He examined the door minutely. It was studded with strong iron nails, running up and down in an oblique direction. His plan was to cut a small piece out of the door, directly under the lock, to enable him to thrust his arm through the aperture thus formed, and putting his leaden key into the key-hole, by this means he would be able to fix the lead so that it would fit the lock, and thus open the door. The task he had assigned himself was a difficult one, but it was one he was determined to prosecute to completion, and he succeeded; so neat, so clean, had he performed his work, that unless with the closest attention and inspection of the part, it was impossible to detect the spot where the door had been cut, so very close were the joinings when the piece was inserted. He was now master of his own room, and could walk out and in when it suited, but which was only at a time when neither turnkeys or jailer were at hand. He and his accomplices possessed certain signals, and he was not long in finding out the cells in which they were confined, and he soon managed so to alter the key, that it opened their cell doors also. Thus having the means of meeting and acting in concert, a plan was soon formed, by which they intended attempting their escape. They had thus met for two or three nights, and always on retiring, the locksmith secured the cell doors, and then retired to his own, making the door fast by means of the opening he had cut under the lock, replacing the piece as if nothing particular had taken place. At last it was agreed as the most likely means of escape, that each of the three prisoner's blankets should be cut into stripes and attached to each

other, and in this way let themselves down, and so bid the gaol and gaoler farewell. The above arrangement had been agreed upon at their last meeting, and the night following was fixed upon for putting this project into execution; but their fondest anticipations were thwarted. On returning to his cell that night, in order to while away his time for one short day, and dream the intervening night over in pictures of future scenes of plunder, it so fell out that in the act of turning the leaden key in his own lock, the key snapped in two, in such a way as defied all his exertions to extract the one portion from the lock, and there it had to remain. The turnkey, on examining the cells on the following morning, was unable to introduce his key into the lock of the door on our hero's cell, and on an investigation taking place, the circumstances here recorded came out in evidence. It is needless to detail further particulars. I now found him one of my crew, and well may I regret the day he set his foot on board of the schooner, as the sequel will show that his character was not changed.

It being my duty to carry provisions to the stations along the coast, I was, in the performance of that duty, necessitated to be often absent from the vessel, while in port, for the purpose of receiving orders. One day, while lying at Hobart Town, not many months after I had joined the schooner, I was ashore, and during my absence the ex-locksmith took on board a quantity of stolen goods, of the knowledge of which I was entirely ignorant. The robbery became known, and, amongst other places, the schooner was searched, and the stolen articles found. The villain denied all knowledge of the transaction, nor could evidence be procured to convict him. The goods being found on board, and all denying any knowledge of them, the charge was preferred against me. In consequence of the vessel being under my care, I was held responsible, and committed for trial, as either having stolen the goods, or as being a party to their coming on board the schooner. Protestation was useless, appearances were against me, and I had the mortification, on my trial, of hearing myself pronounced guilty, and condemned to work in chains for twelve months.

This was a sore stroke to all my sanguine hopes. Innocent, and yet condemned; guiltless of the crime laid to my charge, and yet branded with the mark of infamy—the guilty wretch himself being at liberty, and I compelled to suffer a punishment earned by him, and which ought to have been visited on him alone. My heart burned with an anger which availed me not, and I was carried to a dungeon, more dead than alive, although the wish was more than half expressed, that, like Job, “I had never been born.”

After I had passed a few sad, melancholy days in prison, I was ordered out for the purpose of being removed to join a party who had been condemned to work in chains. This was a galling thought; and on my way to join them, I made up my mind to make my escape. My existence was now miserable, and this feeling determined me in concluding to free myself from the heavy, and, to me, unbearable yoke. In

taking this step, I was perfectly aware of the risk I run, and that in making the attempt, I might have my existence altogether terminated by a bullet from the sentinel's gun. Ruminating in this way, and with a soldier on each side, I kept mechanically moving onwards, heedless of surrounding objects; but my reveries were brought for the time to a sudden termination, by the sweet tones of a voice which I had known in more prosperous times. I felt ashamed, in the degraded position in which I was placed, even to look, but when I did so, my eyes met those of the daughter of my late lamented master, Capt. W. It appeared that she had been walking in the neighbourhood, and on recognizing me in such a sad situation, and although she was aware that it was against the rules, yet she could not resist the opportunity of inquiring into the cause.

Before I could summon courage sufficient to answer her, one of the persons in whose charge I was stepped forward to prevent any interview; he, however, took her aside and gave her an account of what I had been charged with. She expressed great sorrow, and bespoke for me kind treatment—placing two guineas in the fellow's hand to lay out to my advantage, which he solemnly assured her he would do, but which he never did; she then departed. I could not help following her with my eyes, wet, indeed, with unavailing tears, yet I was eager to catch a last glimpse, as I believed it would be, of the lovely daughter of my deceased benefactor.

I travelled in company with my guards till night-fall, when we took up our abode in a small house which stood by itself, about a quarter of a mile from the main road. The dwelling was little more than a hut, although it consisted of two apartments, and was inhabited by an old man and his wife. After enjoying some scanty refreshments, the inmates, myself and the soldiers excepted, retired to rest;—a hard wood seat being thought sufficient for me. The soldiers were obliged to keep a look out in case I might endeavour to escape, which I had determined in my own mind would be a very likely occurrence, at least if an opportunity offered itself. I noticed that the latch on the door was one of an exceedingly light construction, and which, with a very small force applied to it, was sure to yield. Could I but get quit of the chains upon my hands, I thought I would try and dart from the house, and trust the darkness of the night to aid me in eluding pursuit. These thoughts, it may be readily guessed, were too important in my estimation to allow me to close an eye. The soldiers, knowing the difficulties a runaway had to encounter, and that but few escaped, flattering themselves, at the same time, that the manacles with which I was bound were sufficient to prevent flight, yielded to the influence of the drowsy god. There was only a small table between them and me, their seat being the one next the door. Wistfully I watched their movements, till at length I had the extreme pleasure of hearing them breathe heavily, denoting that all their cares, crosses, and losses, were drowned in a deep sleep. Now, thought I, or never. Gently, yet forcibly, I began to push the iron rings over my hands; it was desperate work, but it was worth persevering in to

gain liberty. The skin on the thick part of my hands was drawn off bit by bit, as the rings were forced downwards; pain I felt none, for the thought of being free, and the deep trouble of my heart, chased bodily pain afar off. At last I succeeded; but the eagerness with which I had completed the task sent the heavy chain rattling upon the floor. The sentinels started; I rushed across the room, giving the door the weight of my body, desperation rendering my strength double to what it would have been in ordinary circumstances; it burst open, but at the same instant a ball from one of the soldiers' guns went whizzing past my head. I heeded it not, but rushed onwards towards the river side, expecting that I might be enabled to secure a passage in some vessel bound for another part of the globe. In this hope I was disappointed, for the guard-boat was in the neighbourhood, and had I shown myself, I would have been instantly seized, carried again to prison, and my punishment would have been doubled, if I even escaped hanging.

This circumstance I learned from a poor fellow whom I accidentally stumbled upon in the dark, but who did not betray me. He also advised me to make for North West Bay, where he said I might fall in with a whale ship. I accordingly turned my course in that direction; but no sooner had I done so, than I heard the sound of my pursuers, which immediately frustrated my designs, and compelled me to make at once for the mountains.

I continued, sometimes walking, sometimes running, during the whole night, and when, as day broke, I found myself at the foot of a high hill, which was plentifully covered with trees, it gave me some hope that here I might remain for a short time undiscovered. A small stream of water near the spot quenched my thirst, and, entering some brushwood, I stretched my weary limbs upon the ground, to enjoy, if possible, that repose of which I stood so much in want. Fear of being taken or starved kept me for some time in a feverish state of mind. At length the softener of human sorrows, sweet sleep, took me in his kind embrace, whispering in my ears the tales of happy childhood, and carrying me far away from the perils and dangers by which I was then surrounded. Happy moments! why did I ever awake to other scenes, and only to wish that that slumber had been my everlasting one? I awoke, however, in a state of terror at hearing the barking of dogs, engaged, as I supposed, with their master, in hunting the kangaroo. I drew myself more closely into the centre of the thicket, expecting every moment to be pounced upon by the dogs. In this state I lay for a considerable time, but no one approaching, I ventured out, and walked in the direction from which the sound had proceeded, keeping an anxious and watchful eye on every thing around, afraid that every step I took would lead me into the arms of my pursuers.

In about an hour I perceived the dogs in close chase after a kangaroo. I concealed myself behind a tree to watch their motions, and, if possible, discover from the countenance of their owner, whether I might venture

to entrust him with my secret. No one appeared, and, at last, the dogs mastered the poor animal. This act reminded me of my own situation and probable fate, and I could not stay the progress of a tear, as it came trickling down my weather-beaten cheek. I was hungry, however, and I saw there was little use indulging in such reflections; I consequently went up to the victim and its conquerors. When I approached, they left off worrying the animal, as they had no doubt been trained to do on the appearance of their master. Fortunately I had a knife, with which I cut a piece from the kangaroo for myself, and gave the remainder to the dogs, which I now perceived were four in number. I then went forward in the hope of reaching Big Sandy Bay, with the view of crossing the river at Storm Bay Passage, and thus get on to Bramie Island, where I would be, for a time, secure. Whilst jogging along, sorrowful enough, I was astonished at the baying of the dogs a little in the rear—they very soon joined me, nor would they, with all my endeavours, quit following me, wretched and unhappy as I was. This circumstance appeared quite a mystery. A stranger, and to meet with them in so wild a spot, it was altogether unaccountable why they should thus voluntarily join their fortunes, as it were, to a creature who dared not show himself openly. This fondness on their part, tended in a great measure to soothe my troubled mind, and, after caressing them, I pursued my journey till night forced me to seek shelter in some part of the mountain affording security. After having cut some small branches and placed them as a break-wind, I laid myself down; the dogs creeping close to my body, and from which I derived great warmth. My sleep, however, was very much broken, in consequence of the barking of the dogs, to keep off a very dangerous animal, termed a "devil," a small species of the tiger, I believe, and which are plentiful about the mountains in that quarter.

(T) *be Continued.*

THE TRAFALGAR MOUNT CEMETERY.

In a recent number, we commented on the condition of the Cemeteries of Montreal, reproaching our citizens with want of proper feeling for the dead, to say nothing of the exceeding bad taste which could permit so foul a stain on the character of the City. It were all in vain to make pretensions to refinement; it were ridiculous in the extreme to plume ourselves on superiority, while such strong proofs of insensibility of heart, and coarseness of mind, as the depositories for our dead, repulsive to the senses, disfigured the "Picture of Montreal." The stranger would need no other evidence of our social and intellectual inferiority as a community, than the sight of places of burial so neglected.

It was but the other day, a father and mother wept tears of despairing grief over all that remained to them of a daughter of tender years; so dear to them, that to have restored her to life, and health, and them, they would have parted with all their wealth, and cheerfully have undergone the privations of poverty. But such

might not be;—the beloved remains were coffined—their child was gone, never more to gladden their eyes in this world—their grief was at its height ('twas thought), but there was a horror in store for them, of which they little dreamt. On reaching the burial ground, it was found the earth of the grave had caved in—the coffin was at its verge, and the digging of the sepulchral hole had to be re-commenced. The recent heavy rains had so saturated the earth, (there is no drainage) that the loosened ground was little else than a thick mud. The re-making of the grave consumed considerable time, and during the operation, the parent and his surrounding friends, had abundant opportunity of *feeling*, how *dead* are the sympathies of the *living* of Montreal, to the finer sensibilities of our nature. Religion essayed to teach resignation to the bereaved; Reason's sententious voice, in cold, yet consoling accents, attempted to subdue their grief. But Religion and Reason, both, failed to relieve the acute suffering, occasioned by the utter neglect of the common decencies of life, towards the dead, as evidenced in the sad reality that funeral displayed. Every beholder exclaimed,—who has charge of the ground? where are its guardians? is there no one to superintend the dismal ceremonies of interment? Then, there must be none to protect the grave from violation by the body-snatcher, for the purposes of the surgeon's dissecting-room! All this was but too palpable—but it was no new reality. The spectators had seen the same sight previously, scores of times. Familiarity had hardened their hearts. It was, perhaps, only the parent, of all the throng, that felt, shudderingly, the cruel apathy of the living for the dead, that has, so long, disgraced this populous city.

Such scenes need never more be seen, if people choose. The Trafalgar Mount Cemetery offers the means. The surest guarantee is there afforded, that attention the most delicate towards the feelings of relatives and friends, accompanying mortal remains to the last resting-place, shall be observed—that the body shall be protected from the purveyor for the dissecting-knife—that the eye shall not be offended by the sight of a neglected—an utterly neglected—grave-yard, which is the picture presented to the eye by every burial-ground of Montreal, at this present hour! Surely, people will no longer choose the noisome Old Burying Ground, or that of the Victoria Road, as places of deposit for remains of father, mother, sister, brother, or wife, or children, when a *garden* is offered them—a garden, too, surpassing in advantage of locality, any of the hundred modern Cemeteries, modern refinement has prepared, whether in Europe or America? The *locale* of the Trafalgar Mount Cemetery, is really superb. But it is not the splendor of its position only, which recommends it; its elevation, forming part and parcel of the Mountain itself, will always protect it from invasion by the spread of population. This circumstance alone bespeaks a preference for the "Mountain Cemetery." It is no idle apprehension, that of seeing the Old Burying Ground invaded by the City

Surveyor to lay out streets and lanes, where now *our dead* are mouldering; for, even now, the Trustees of the Ground calculate on the price its acres will bring, by Public Auction, as Building Lots, as part of the means wherewith to buy a greater number of acres, at a far distance from the City. So that it is a certainty, that many years will not elapse, before the duty of *removing* their dead will be imposed on our citizens. Most disagreeable the thought!

It is now about thirty-five years, since the dead were *removed* in Montreal. Then, the present site of Great St. James' Street, was occupied as a Burial Ground. The dead, however, were not suffered to rest in peace, until, at least, their bones had crumbled into dust. The ground was granted,—and there are yet thousands living, who remember the sad and most disgusting spectacle, that *removal* presented. Spade and pickaxe were set to work, and in a brief period the coffins were exposed (decayed wood for the most part, which could not be raised entire), and the skeleton dead, and yet decomposing bodies, to which adhered shroud and mort-cloth, were exposed to the garish light of day, and the rude hand of the labourer *shovelled* the *remains* into shells, for conveyance to their new abode, but not their last, for already, the Trustees of the acres to which the removal was effected, are projecting another *removal* of their bones, and the removal will certainly take place, for public *convenience* requires it;—and when was it that public convenience hesitated to ride remorselessly over the feelings of the heart!

Let the Citizens of Montreal select the Mountain Cemetery, as the place, or as one of the places, of deposit for their dead, and they will have assurance that public convenience will *never* require the ground for streets and lanes and building-lots. A mountain never was, and never will be, the site of a city.

The writer of these observations, begs to refer the reader to the Prospectus of the Proprietors of the Cemetery, as *the best* recommendation of it. If it should thence be inferred, that the writer is a party interested, pecuniarily, in the Cemetery, the inference will be most erroneous. The only interest in it, he has, or that he can have, is, that it will, most probably, be the resting-place of *his* dead. It is for that reason, and that alone, that he urges upon the Citizens of Montreal, the patronage of the Trafalgar Mount Cemetery! As a citizen, he would wish to see Montreal adorned by a fitting place of sepulture, and, as a man, the desire approaches even anxiety. What a gratification will it not be, to have a spot so near to us, devoted to meditation and melancholy, and sacred to mourning,—not merely divested of the unpleasant features of our present Burial Grounds, but adorned by taste, and preserved by care and attention! Grief will be softened. It will be a place of consolation to the bereaved—of relief to the afflicted. Even the minds of the unimaginative will, under such circumstances, and in such a spot, fancy a spiritual communion with their departed relatives or friends.

THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1846.

HISTORY OF THE ORDER.*

IV.—THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

DURING the year that followed the establishment of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the Patriarchal and Royal Purple Degrees were received from the authorities of the Order in England, between whom and the new Grand Lodge, the most friendly correspondence was maintained.

In the summer of 1826, a visit was paid to England by the Grand Sire Wildey,† who was every where received by his brother Odd Fellows, with the utmost respect and attention. On his leaving the city of Manchester, the brethren of the Order there, desirous of presenting him with a gold medal, or some other mark of their respect and esteem, took steps to have his views on the subject privately ascertained. In reply he suggested, as the most acceptable gift they could bestow, a Charter for the Grand Lodge of the United States, confirmatory of that from the Duke of York Lodge, which it then held. The request was at once complied with, and on his return to America, the Grand Sire carried with him a Charter, of which the following is a copy:—

I. O. O. F.

"This Dispensation, granted by consent of the Grand Master and past and present Officers from various Lodges connected with the Manchester Unity, assembled in grand Committee.

"In consideration of the Charter formerly granted by the Duke of York Lodge, Preston, to certain officers and brothers of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in Baltimore, in the United States of America, We, the undersigned respectively, officers of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in Great Britain, do ratify, grant and confirm such Charter; and also, hereby grant, authorize and empower the Grand Sire, Deputy Grand Sire, Representatives and Proxies of the Grand Lodge of the United States of America, to conduct the business of Odd Fellowship, without the interference of any other country, so long as the same is administered according to the principles and purity of Odd Fellowship. This Charter being granted as a free gift from the Grand Annual Moveable Committee, in Manchester, assembled on the 15th day of May, in the year 1826.

"In witness whereof, we have hereunto affixed our seals, displayed the colors of our Order, and subscribed our names the day and year above written.

William Armit, G. M.	Robert Naylor, Pr. G. M.
Thos. Derbyshire, D. G. M.	B. H. Redfern, Pr. D. G. M.
Mark Waddle, P. G. & C. S.	Thomas Armit, P. G. M.
Beaumont Hodgson, Treas.	John Duckworth, Pr. P. G. M.
L. W. Smith, Pr. G. M.	Moses Lee, Pr. P. G. M.
John Taylor, Pr. P. D. G. M.	T. Abbott, Pr. G. M."

The exertions of Grand Sire Wildey in this matter were acknowledged by a unanimous vote of thanks at the Annual Communication at Baltimore, in May, 1827. At the time of the Grand Sire's visit to Manchester, certain alterations in the working of the Order, estab-

lished by order of the Annual Moveable Committee, were communicated to him, and were by him laid before the Grand Lodge of the United States, on the above occasion. Much disapprobation of the alteration was expressed by the assembled Representatives, and the following Resolutions were agreed to:—

"Resolved,—That we consider the alteration in the S.'s, an innovation of the ancient landmarks of the Order, and that we firmly adhere to the E. S., C. S., P. W., and G. That all Brothers be instructed in the new, as well as the ancient S.'s, to the end that if any one of us should visit England, or become acquainted with one who has only the new S.'s, he may be enabled to prove or be proven by him.

"Resolved, also,—That the Grand Lodge of the United States do request the Lodges in the Manchester District who are about to visit this country, and that they be requested to communicate our wishes on this subject to all the Lodges in England."

During the ensuing year, the Order found firm footing in the District of Columbia, by the successive establishment of Central Lodge, No. 1, at Washington, and Georgetown Lodge, No. 2, at Georgetown; and at the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in May, 1828, nineteen Lodges in all were reported as subordinate to its jurisdiction.

At the above Session, Encampments were for the first time recognised as a regular branch of the Order. The "Patriarchal" and "Royal Purple" Degrees had, according to the custom of the Manchester Unity, been conferred only on members of Grand Lodges, and the "Golden Rule" Degree was only granted to Brothers of the Scarlet Degree, of the highest standing. On the 6th May, 1827, however, several members of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, made application to the said Grand Lodge for a Charter for an "Encampment of Patriarchs," with authority to confer these three Degrees on Brothers having attained the Scarlet Degree. The Charter was granted, and the "Encampment Lodge," as it was at first styled, was found to work with much energy and usefulness. The matter was brought under the notice of the Grand Lodge of the United States, by the Annual Report of the Grand Lodge of Maryland at the above Communication, and the discussion of the subject resulted in the adoption of the following Resolution:—

"Resolved,—That the Grand Lodge of the United States most strenuously recommends the establishment of Patriarchal Encampments throughout the different States, as they will prove of considerable use and benefit to the Independent Order."

Notwithstanding this strong recommendation, it was not till the lapse of some years that the Patriarchal Branch was cordially adopted by the Order in general.

In spite of the disapprobation with which, as we have seen, the alterations in the work were received by the Grand Lodge of the United States, they were yet acquiesced in, rather than interrupt the harmony and good feeling existing between the Branches of the Order in England and America. A cordial correspondence continued to be maintained across the Atlantic, and the following Resolution, passed at its Annual Communication in 1829, shows the feeling which animated the Grand Lodge of the United States:

"Resolved,—That the thanks of the Grand Lodge of the United States, be voted to the Grand Master, Deputy

* Continued from page 89.

† The title of "Grand Sire" supersedes that of "Grand Master" for the first time, at the Annual Communication of 1826; no record, however, appears in the Minutes of the Grand Lodge Proceedings, relative to the cause or mode of this change.

Grand Master, Officers and Brothers of the Manchester Unity Annual Moveable Committee, for their unwearied exertions, tried fidelity, and unremitting industry, in advancing the interest, and promoting the prosperity, of the Independent Order.*

At this Communication the Returns showed the number of thirty-one Subordinate Lodges, under the jurisdiction of five Grand Lodges—the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia being now added to the four which had originally constituted the Supreme Grand Lodge. The term of four years for which P. G. M. Wildey had been elected Grand Sire, having now elapsed, he was again chosen, almost unanimously, to fill the same office.

In the course of the subsequent year, the Order was established in New Jersey, Rhode Island and Delaware, and showed increasing prosperity in all the Old States, with the single exception of Massachusetts, where a state of dissension and disorganisation unfortunately existed. The report of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania at the annual communication of 1839, alone showed a larger number of Lodges than the whole Order in America could boast of in the preceding year that Right Worthy Body having under its jurisdiction thirty-three subordinate Lodges, one Subordinate and one Grand Encampment, and four Degree Lodges.*

Our Right Worthy Grand Secretary, R. H. Hamilton, left Montreal about the commencement of the present month, for the purpose of installing the Officers Elect of the various Lodges lately established in Canada West. Our brethren there will, we are certain, be much gratified by his visit; and his experience in the working of the Order will enable him to be of great service in the instruction of the infant Lodges. We hope to receive from our R. W. Brother, on his return, much interesting information as to the state and prospects of Odd Fellowship in the western portion of the Province.

The Brothers residing in Bytown, we understand, are anxious to establish the Order in that place, and, we believe, they will have an opportunity of doing so, on the return of G. S. Hamilton, who carries with him the requisite authority for opening a Lodge in that locality.

* This is the first institution, by regular organisation, of a body in the Order, for the exclusive purpose of conferring the degrees. Formerly, it was a general practice for the members to assemble at their Lodge House on the Sabbath day, and for the N. G. of the Lodge, or such person as he might select for the purpose, to "deliver lecture" as it was termed. It was then changed to meeting on some convenient evening in the week, but without organisation, or any certainty of being provided with competent assistance to perform the ceremony with proper effect. This practice obtains under many of the Grand Lodges of the present time. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania was the first to discover the means by which the N. G.s of the Subordinate Lodges could be relieved from duties ostensibly theirs, and to transfer the same to those who had gradually acquired experience, and whose attention would not necessarily be diverted from improving in their qualifications, by the cares and responsibilities incident to the charge of the Lodge while in session, and of the sick and distressed during its vacation. The example has been followed by other Grand Lodges, with signal advantage to the efficiency of the administration of the degrees, and to the uniformity of work.—Note to Journal of Proceedings of G. L. of U. S.

BE NOT OVER-RIGHTEOUS!

How can one be over-righteous? will perchance be the exclamation of the reader as glances his eye on the above motto: Surely one cannot be *too* righteous? True; but there is such a thing as *prudery* in morals, and affectation, even in religion. Therefore, we repeat the admonition—be not over-righteous!

Perhaps there are none so dangerous to morals and religion, as these over-righteous folks. The profligate is certainly not so, for the *bane* of his conduct is accompanied by the *antidote* of loss of respect: vice is—as the fabulous apples—beautiful to the eye, but filled with ashes. Profligacy, though oft-times luscious to the taste, is felt and acknowledged even by the profligate, to be painful in its effects—destructive as the cholera. Punishment follows vice, in one shape or another, as certainly as night follows day. The open foe of morals and religion is, therefore, not so dangerous as your over-nice and over-scrupulous moralist or religionist.

Odd-Fellowship has not less to dread from him of scrupulosity so nice, and withal so rigid and stern, that the venial errors of youth or of fashion, are reprobated as severely as the crimes against society of the audacious and the hardened. The light dance, or the merry viol, are to him abominations; and he attempts their proscription by the Lodge! For the frailties of our nature, he can make no allowance. Mirth and pleasure flee his presence. He is a Puritan, tricked out in regalia. Benevolence, the cynosure of Odd-Fellowship, is made a subsidiary. Charity—that covereth a multitude of sins—he demands shall be covered with sackcloth. He may be likened to a Protestant Trappist. He walks with measured tread, raises the warning finger with the precision of a drum-major, and fixes his eyes on sublimated sanctity, with almost as little divergence as the Hindoo enthusiast who keeps his optics fastened on the bridge of his nose for a life time, to honor Vishnu or propitiate Kali.

Far be it from us to be blind to evil doing, or to encourage, by over-leniency, the practice of immorality; on the contrary, no one is more fully convinced than the writer, of the incompatibility of habitual transgression of morality by Members, (involving respectability of character), with the maintenance of the Order's respectability,—but there is a proper limit to severity, as to leniency; and it is far less reprehensible, far less dangerous, to overstep the limits of the latter, than of the former. Too much kindness, like too much of anything, is bad, but even its badness is accompanied by an appeal to the feelings far more likely to be listened to, than the stern voice of severity overmuch.

The dog who lost the meat by catching at its shadow in the water, is the type of him who attempts moral reform by excessive scrupulosity; grasping at too much influence, he loses what his general conduct may have conferred on him. As it is easy to take a horse to the water, but impossible to make him drink, so tyranny, undue severity, or aught compulsory, will assuredly have a prejudicial effect on Moral Reform.

They greatly over-do this matter in certain parts of the States which adjoin Canada. Male Reform, and Female Reform, and Adult Reform, and Young Men's Reform—Societies, are not unfrequent, but it is yet to be ascertained, whether "a little blindness and much kindness," extended to he erring, would not be a great deal better, and reform more, than the stern severity of judgment, or the cruel proscription, which follows crime, or even error. Many an Outcast—many a hapless, abandoned, female,—curses the severity that prevented return to virtue,—and they are not wrong (in a majority of cases) in attributing their degradation and obduracy, to those well-meaning (doubtless) yet erring, brothers or sisters, who brand with hot iron, whatever the offence.

There are Brothers in our ranks, far less inclined to be "a little blind and over-kind," to error, than to brand with the hot-iron. They do injury, instead of good. Punishment reclaims not.

Intemperance is a vice, but does it follow that expulsion from the Order must be the consequence of occasional indulgence in the glass that sparkles on the board? There are Brothers who will loudly say, Aye! Now, there is no vice more degrading than that of intemperance, yet an occasional transgression beyond the limit of temperance (though improper) is not an offence so serious as to justify a proposition to expel the offender from the Order. To rule it such, will be to make a Lodge of Odd-Fellows, a Temperance Society; whereas, it is an Association for Benevolence, and Charity, and Brotherly-kindness, and Mutual-relief, under the pressure of want, or misfortune, and mutual consolation in the dark hour of grief or sickness.

In the same way, the practice of fighting duels is a detestable one: it is repugnant to humanity: inconsistent with Christianity, incompatible with the possession of lofty intellectual powers, and the conscious dignity such powers inspire; it is moreover an absurdity. Yet, to rule that the being concerned in a duel, either as principal or second, shall be cause of expulsion from the Order of Odd-Fellows, would be most injurious to the Order.

A common opinion among Odd-Fellows is, that the attempts to introduce such rules into the Order are Inquisitorial, and should be resisted. The grand and vital principle of the Order, is Benevolence. Christian Charity and Brotherly Love are inculcated as duties. The cultivation of such sentiments and feelings is quite sufficient to insure to the Order public respect and private happiness. To beat about in quest of vices; to rule that an Odd-Fellow shall not be "the worse of wine," or that he shall not be engaged in a duel,—under pain of expulsion;—and to endeavour, thereby, and by other such rules, to make an Odd-Fellow a paragon of virtue and morality, is injudicious, to say the least of it. Let us be truly, and sincerely, and practically, Odd-Fellows;—Benevolence our polar-star,—Christian Charity our compass, Brotherly Love our Pilot, and our good and noble ship will never be wrecked. But once hoist the flag of "all the virtues,"

and the crew will desert in such numbers, there will soon be too few hands to work the ship.

H.

FIRE AT QUEBEC.

IN our June number we adverted to the distressing accident at Quebec, wherein several Brothers of the Order unfortunately suffered. Since then we have received the following communications on the subject from Albion Lodge, No. 4. The ready sympathy which immediately followed the unfortunate calamity, affords bright evidence of the beneficial tendency of Odd-Fellowship.

To the Editor of the ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

I AM instructed by Albion Lodge, No. 4, to transmit for publication in the July number of the *Record*, the accompanying Resolutions. The melancholy end of the three Brothers, which this Lodge has to deplore, will long be felt, and I sincerely trust that the Almighty, in his Providence, may never again visit us with a similar calamity.

I am,

Yours in F. L. and T.,

P. SINCLAIR,

Secretary.

Resolutions passed at a Meeting of Albion Lodge, No. 4, on 13th June, 1846.

"Resolved,—That the N. G. be authorised to make such arrangements as he may deem necessary, respecting the interment of those Brothers who perished in the conflagration of the Theatre last night, and to render such assistance to their families, as their circumstances may require.

"Resolved,—That the Members of this Lodge do attend in a body the funeral of those Brothers, who perished in the fire of the 12th instant, and that they assemble in the Lodge Room for that purpose, at the call of the N. G.

"Resolved,—That each Brother attend the funeral of the deceased Brothers, with crape on the right arm, a sprig in the left breast, and white gloves.

"Resolved,—That as a token of respect to the memory of those Brothers who have fallen victims to the conflagration of the 12th instant, the Members of this Lodge do wear the customary mourning for the space of thirty days, and that the Lodge Room be hung with black, under the direction of the N. G., for the same period.

"Resolved,—That we, the Members of Albion Lodge, deeply feeling the loss we have sustained, in the sudden removal, by the hand of Divine Providence, of our worthy and lamented Brothers, Stewart Scott, Horatio Carwell, and Richard Atkins, desire to express our deep sympathy with their bereaved widows and families, and our readiness to render them such assistance as circumstances may require.

"Resolved,—That the N. G. be requested to forward in the name of the Lodge, a letter of condolence to the widows of our lamented Brothers, enclosing copies of the Resolutions passed by this Lodge at the present Meeting, and at the Special Meeting of the 13th instant."

REPORT OF SPECIAL COMMITTEE OF ALBION LODGE, NO. 4.

The Special Committee, to whom it was referred to draw up an authentic account of the late awful calamity, for publication in the *Odd Fellows' Record*, beg leave to report:—

That they have taken up the subject of reference, and although they have found it difficult, if not wholly impracticable, to obtain any authentic statement of the

cause and progress of the calamity so much deplored, they, nevertheless, have agreed upon the principal facts as recorded below.

On the evening of the 12th June last, at the close of an exhibition at the Theatre, of Chemical or Dissolving Views, an awful calamity—and one which can never be forgotten in Quebec, already twice visited in 1845 by conflagrations of fearful extent—was occasioned by the explosion or ignition of a camphine oil lamp, used on the stage or amongst the side scenes. The fitting up of the stage, and the properties belonging thereto, being all of very combustible materials, the Proscenium was immediately in flames, which spread with extraordinary rapidity to the body of the Theatre. Although the larger portion of the spectators had at this time retired without interruption—so that for some time after the alarm of fire was given, it was erroneously supposed by the sentry and others, outside the building, that no one was within—it appears that about seventy persons, as far as can be ascertained, had remained behind from some unexplained motive.

Immediately on the alarm being given, the citizens, many of the Brothers of the Albion Lodge, the military and police, hurried to the scene. From the impression which prevailed that the spectators had left the Theatre, attention was at first drawn to the safety of the adjacent buildings. But the work of destruction within, and that of the most appalling nature, had not been protracted. It is supposed that in less than fifteen minutes every part of the interior was on fire; and, on the arrival of the firemen and citizens to the rescue, the victims were seen in the passage and staircase, vainly extending their arms towards the impassable gulf of flame and smoke. The unfortunate spectators, who had remained behind in the Theatre, terrified by the approach of the devouring element from the stage, and nearly insensible from panic and the suffocating vapour of the camphine, which had exploded, rushed to the staircase by which they had entered, and precipitating themselves into the confined passage at the bottom, there became hopelessly jammed in the narrow space—and the outside door having, by some unexplained accident, become closed, they were soon suffocated and consumed!

It was only possible for those outside to rescue a few persons, who, when the door was forced open, were nearest to the place of exit. The other sufferers were seen crowded one upon another, their limbs so entangled and interlaced, that no human efforts, even with the risk of dislocation—which, it is believed, did actually occur—no intrepidity, and no personal hazard, on the part of the bystanders, could avail to save them. An awful and portentous silence reigned over this scene of terror—the victims were entirely resigned to the fate which they saw was inevitable; and a very few minutes now terminated the sufferings of about fifty individuals!

It is supposed that about twenty persons succeeded in making their escape by the pit door, which mode of egress was only known to a few—and which, after some delay, had been broken open. The number of bodies recognized in the morning was forty-six, and there were three or four besides, supposed to be those of strangers to the city.

It is consolatory to reflect that many of our citizens, together with several officers of the garrison, distinguished themselves on the melancholy occasion by the greatest zeal and presence of mind. Their names will ever be gratefully remembered by the survivors and their relatives, but it is beyond the scope of this report to introduce them here.

Your Special Committee have to report, that amongst the sufferers by this calamity, which has deprived Quebec of many most useful and respectable citizens, it is with grief they have to enumerate three lamented Brothers of Albion Lodge, namely—the late Alexander

Stewart Scott, H. Carwell, and Richard Atkins. The first of these gentlemen was an advocate of the Quebec Bar, and worthily filled the office of Clerk of the Court of Appeals. He died esteemed and lamented by a large circle of friends and acquaintance. With him perished his eldest daughter, in her fifteenth year; and he has left a bereaved widow and seven children, viz., four sons, of the ages of 14, 11, 9, and 4 years, respectively; and three daughters, respectively 7½, 6 years, and an infant under six months. The eldest son attends the Seminary. Two other sons have been at Mr. Jenkins' school, and one was at home for the holidays. The eldest daughter is at Miss Malone's seminary; the four younger children have not yet been at school. Mr. H. Carwell has long been favorably known as an importer of dry and fancy goods, and died highly respected on the fatal night, together with two of his children. He has left a widow and three children. Mr. R. Atkins was a very respectable grocer in the Upper Town, and on the night of the fire was accompanied to the Theatre by his mother, who also perished. He has left a widow and two children—one born since his decease.

Immediately after the fatal occurrence, the Albion Lodge, mindful of the duties which devolved upon it by the decease of their lamented Brothers, was called together by the N. G., and resolutions were passed to attend the funerals in a body, with the usual ceremonies and emblems. It was remarked with thankfulness that this was the first occasion since the formation of the Lodge, on which these funeral ceremonies had been required. A very large attendance was the result, and a long line of Brethren, linked together, each with a Brother of the Mercantile Lodge, preceded the funerals, respectively, to the places of interment, and presented a gratifying spectacle of that union of Friendship and Love, in life and death, which distinguishes the Order.

Your Special Committee has further to report, that letters of condolence were addressed respectively to the widows of the deceased Brothers by the Noble Grand, to which feeling and appropriate answers were returned, and are on the files of the Lodge. The usual benefits on the decease of Brothers, were received by the widows; and the last duties of sympathy were paid at a meeting of the Lodge, on the 22nd ultimo, when the following Resolutions were unanimously passed:—

Resolved,—That this Lodge receives with heartfelt satisfaction, the letters from Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1, Queen's Lodge, No. 2, and Commercial Lodge, No. 5, expressive of their sympathy and readiness to lend any assistance in their power to the widows and orphans of our lamented Brothers, who perished in the awful fire of the 12th instant.

Resolved,—That this Lodge recognises in the offer of assistance made by Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1, Queen's Lodge, No. 2, and Commercial Lodge, No. 5, a carrying out of the real principles of Odd-Fellowship, which reflects honor upon the Order in general, and upon these Lodges in particular.

Resolved,—That although the recent calamity will cause a heavy and continued drain upon the funds of this Lodge, still a hope is entertained, that by strict economy it will be able to meet the demand upon it, so far as after having paid the funeral benefits, to give a suitable education to those of the orphan children who come within the Bye-Laws of this Lodge.

Your Special Committee cannot conclude this report without expressing their great gratification at the receipt of letters of condolence from the various Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in Canada, which have been received, addressed to the Noble Grand of this Lodge, on the melancholy subject of this Report. All which is respectfully submitted.

J. C. FISHER,
Chairman of Special Committee.

Lodge Rooms, }
Monday, July 6, 1846. }

SECRET SOCIETIES.

AN article in the *Montreal Witness*, of the 1st June, argues against "Secret Societies," and among others against Odd Fellows' Societies. The writer lays down the following negative propositions:—"It does not follow, because a given course is in itself intrinsically wrong or bad, that no good can come of it." He then enunciates with a great many *nots*, what he calls the converse of the proposition, in these terms:—"That not being able to prove a matter intrinsically wrong, does not establish that it does not encourage, or is not the consequence of some other great evil." From this *converse* the writer sets out in fair moderate language to maintain, that Societies of Odd Fellows, of Free Masons, and of Rechabites, tend to wrong.

We maintain, on the contrary, that Societies, like individuals, are to be judged by their principles and actions. If the principles are bad, and the actions bad, the Society to which they attach must also be bad. If the principles are good, and the actions bad, or not consistent strictly with the principles, the tendency of the Society and its influence will, we should yield, be bad upon the whole. But if the principles are good and the actions also good, its influence will unquestionably be good. Influence is a product of principle and action, and is measured entirely by popular confidence. If people universally, or generally, perceive from experience, that a certain Society never does any thing except from a good motive and for a good end, they will acquire a habit of believing, that any action of which they see the result, but not the spring, in which that Society is engaged, is from a good principle. And this is only another way of expressing the tendency of the Society.

Now as to Odd-Fellowship, it is founded on the good feelings of our nature. Its principles, as far as known to the world—and we believe all of them are perfectly well known—are good. Nobody denies that they are good. No Odd Fellows' Society has yet been found teaching a bad one. Whether it have other principles, or not, is, *quoad* the world, a matter of indifference, as much so as the involuntary evil thoughts that rise in the breast of the best of men. If the world never see nor hear them revealed, no possible harm can arise to the world from their existence—supposing always that they do exist.

As to actions, as far as they are seen by the world, all men acknowledge them to be good. An Odd Fellows' Society never did nor sanctioned a bad action towards the world, or any unit of which the world is composed. How then is the tendency bad? The tendency—or, as we said before, popular opinion as to its qualities—depending upon the conduct of the Society, must be towards Charity, Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Odd Fellows' Societies are called Secret Societies, and in a certain sense they are, inasmuch as the initiated are the only persons admitted to their meetings. But that this secrecy has an evil tendency, or has a mischievous cause or object, as the application of the term is intended to insinuate, is not true. Its falsehood

is apparent from the fact, that the secrecy is not exclusive. All are admitted to any meeting of Odd Fellows, from whatever quarter of the world they come. The secret is communicated to persons in great numbers in all regions of the globe, and an Odd Fellow in any country has a right to be present at any meeting of Odd Fellows, upon pronouncing the talismanic word, and giving the talismanic sign. But even these great numbers of persons are not of one class. They are as varied in opinions, habits, professions, ranks, as it is possible to find men to be. Now if there were not a universality, and a uniformity of good, in the objects of Odd Fellows' Societies, and in their means of pursuing them, this could not be; and if they were secret, in the meaning that they excluded men of a particular opinion in religion or politics, or men of a particular class, they could not be as they are.

The writer we have referred to, vouches, from personal knowledge, as to the good effected by the *Rechabites*. Does he not know that many Rechabites are Odd Fellows? But he says that the good which even Rechabites accomplish, might be done by other means; and so of Odd Fellows. This may be safely granted, and effectually answered by the fact that these societies are as good a means as any of the "other" that could be thought of. Four and two make six, just as well as three and three; and provided the *six* is all you want, it is no matter whether you take the one way or the other to produce it.

J. M. F.

THE Patriarchal branch of the Order is keeping pace with the increase of subordinate Lodges in this Province, in a manner befitting the important position it holds. The three Encampments previously contained in our Directory, enjoy continued prosperity, whilst a reference to that portion of our present number, will show the roll of officers of a fourth—St. Louis Encampment—recently instituted at the city of Quebec. We are informed that the requisite formalities are now in progress towards an application for a Charter for a Grand Encampment in this Province. The necessary number of Encampments, and also of Past Chief Patriarchs, can be shown, and we doubt not the application will meet a prompt response from the proper authorities.

ORIENTAL LODGE No. 7, I. O. O. F., STANSTEAD.—This flourishing Lodge intends celebrating the anniversary of its establishment at Rock Island, Stanstead, on Wednesday the 29th instant. We trust that the invitations from Oriental Lodge, so kindly extended to all the Lodges in this city, will be accepted by as many of the brotherhood as can possibly spare a few days absence from the cares of business. The scenery *en route* to Stanstead should in itself be a sufficient recompense for the "hours of idleness" occupied in going and returning, to say nothing of the pleasure that awaits them after their arrival. The Rev. Albert Case, D. G. S., a talented and well known member of the Fraternity, will deliver an address on general matters connected with the Order, on the occasion.

THE ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1847.—The worthy publishers of this volume are taking time by the forelock, as may be seen on reference to our advertising sheet. It is there advertised for publication on the 15th of August next, and a very attractive prospectus is thrown out, which, if carried out, as we doubt not it will be, will ensure a work at once "valuable to the fraternity, and interesting to the public at large."

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

FAITH! What uncounted comforts lie hidden in that one little word! A shield for the unprotected—strength for the feeble—and joy to the care-worn and grief-stricken. Let thy saving and cheering influence descend upon every soul.

HOPE! Thou who hast a throne in every bosom, a shrine in every heart—what were the joys of earth without thy cheering light! Beneath thy brilliant beams, bright as the rays of the morning stars, the frown flits away from before the despairing brow. Who could dwell upon the arid wastes of life's desert, did not the torch-gleams point the road to future bliss! When sorrow ploughs up the heart with deep furrows, and the ties of life are sundered one by one, thy white-robed gentleness speaks peace to all within. Let thy beacon-blaze of celestial glory shine on in its unclouded splendour, till every darkened path be lightened by its cheering rays.

CHARITY! Greatest of all—the crowned queen among the virtues, the brightest hand-maid of religion and love. May thy steps never wax feeble, or thy heart grow cold. Let us mark the splendour of thy presence by every desolate hearth, and by every mourner's couch. Teach us to throw thy mantle of compassion over the ignorant, the erring, and the guilty. Let thy influence soften every obdurate heart, and reclaim every vicious mind.—*Talisman.*

THE ODD FELLOW'S CHARGE.

BY MRS. M. C. P.

"We command you to visit the sick, bury the dead, relieve the distressed, and protect the orphan."

Go, faithful brother, go! our charge is given,
And from our land by acts like thine,
May want and wo from virtue's door be driven,
And skeptics bow before thy shrine.

With "Friendship, Love and Truth" its motto, rear
Our banner floating o'er thy head.
Till Eden's flowers are blooming every where,
Cease not thy onward course to tread.

Go to the couch of him who now in vain
Is struggling with the conq'r'or, Death!
Whose nerves are travelled by the feet of pain,
Though angels wait the parting breath;
Go! tell the sufferer that his loved ones too,
On whom his dim eye fondly rests,
Shall find a sympathizing friend in you,
Whose care shall shield in their distress.

Odd Fellow, go! and your reward shall be
The calm expiring smile of Love,
As flies the soul into Eternity,
To join the happy Lodge above.

The tears of gratitude shall too be thine,
From widows and from orphans lone;
But most of all th' approaching smile divine,
That priceless boon shall be thine own.

And then in yonder dell where willows wave,
Thy brother's lowly bed prepare;
And let befitting garlands for the grave,
Unfading evergreens, be there.
Go! brother true! and let thy deeds proclaim
Thy Heav'n-taught precepts to the world;
Proud of thy mission, watchful of thy name,
Ne'er may the banner of the Odd be furled!

ARE YOU QUALIFIED FOR THE OFFICE?

QUALIFIED? of course I am. Do you think I'd accept an office I'm not able to fill?

I don't know that *you* would, but I've known it to be done.

You are Noble Grand—do you take good care to enforce the general laws of the Order, and to see that the By-Laws of the Lodge over which you preside are observed?

Well, I'm not sure that I know a great deal about them, but I get along as others have always done before me—and I reckon they know as much about such matters as you.

I don't question that, but they may have erred.

Well, if they have erred, how do you expect *me* to be right?

Why, havn't you the By-Laws before you? make yourself acquainted with them.

Oh! I can't be studying By-Laws all the time.

Well, if you are not willing to study the duties of your office, what did you take it for?

Why, for the honors—I want to have P. G. attached to my name.

But you are not worthy of such a title, unless you are qualified to fill the posts which lead to the honor.

Well, croaker and moralizer, have you ever been present at our Lodge when I was in the chair?

Not to my knowledge.

What, then, are you preaching about?

Well, let me ask you a question or two, by answering which I will judge of your capability.

Ask away.

Do you see that the brothers enter the Lodge Room in the manner prescribed?

I'm not very particular—I havn't time always to correct every little error.

Do you preserve the utmost decorum during the session of the Lodge—suppressing all conversation and mirth, when business is under consideration?

Can't say that I do—don't like to be so strict with the brothers—might offend them.

Do you enforce the law respecting regalia, requiring every brother to use such in the Lodge, as he is entitled to, and permitting none to sit there without regalia?

No, not exactly, I think that's a matter with which I have nothing to do. Let the brothers wear regalia or let it alone, as they like best.

Do you forbid brothers to leave the room, a dozen or twenty at a time, whilst a motion is pending before the Lodge, or whilst a communication is being read, to the great disturbance of all present?

Well, yes, I let all go who ask me; what right have I to keep men there if they don't choose to stay?

Do you make it a point to know your own, and induce others in office under you to know their parts in the initiatory exercises to be performed by you, or them, so that the beautiful ceremonial may not suffer martyrdom, and be sacrilegiously robbed of its effect upon the candidate by unconscious mouthing?

I don't interfere with the duties of other officers, and I attend to my own as I think best.

Have you a constant watch over the social relations of the brethren toward each other, cultivating the interchange of friendly courtesies, and kindly offices; and using your influence as far as may be, in preventing and reconciling differences, and in explaining misunderstandings, so that harmony may prevail, and the hearts of brothers may every day become more allied one to the other, by your example, setting a pattern of urbanity and probity?

It's not my duty to meddle in other men's matters. I have enough to do to keep my own straight.

Well, I suppose by this time you think I'm of the sort who meddle with other "men's matters."

Yes, I should say you have a strong desire that way. It's very possible I have. Can't help it, tho'—it's a

propensity. I'll ask you one more question. Have you ever read the By-Laws of your Lodge, and the general laws of the Order?

Well, no, I have not; I'd rather read Bulwer than By-Laws, any time.

Well, all I have to say is, the members of your Lodge didn't read you, or the honors would not have been conferred upon you, until you were found qualified.—*Iris.*

THE HEART.

"THE wisdom of the Creator," says a distinguished anatomist, "is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart." And how well does it perform its office!—An anatomist, who understood its structure, might say, before-hand, that it would play; but, from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive, that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out. Yet does this wonderful machine go on, night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having, at every stroke, a great resistance to overcome; and it continues this action for this length of time, without disorder, and without weariness. That it should continue this action, for this length of time, without disorder, is wonderful; that it should be capable of continuing it, without weariness, is still more astonishing. Never, for a single moment, night or day, does it intermit its labour, neither through our walking or sleeping hours. On it goes, without intermission, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours; yet it never feels fatigued, it never seems exhausted. Rest would have been incompatible with its functions. While it slept, the whole machinery must have stopped, and the animal inevitably perish. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working for ever, without the cessation of a moment,—without the least degree of weariness.—It is so made; and the power of the Creator, in so constructing it, can, in nothing, be exceeded, but by His wisdom!—*The Doctor.*

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

Montreal, 6th October, 1845.

THE R. W. Grand Lodge met this Evening at Eight o'clock, pursuant to adjournment.

Present—All the Officers of the R. W. G. Lodge, except the M. W. G. Master and R. W. Grand Chaplain.

R. W. D. G. Master in the Chair, during the temporary absence of the M. W. Grand Master.

Roll called.

Minutes of the Meetings which were held on the 30th ultimo and 1st instant, read.

The W. G. Marshall having been directed to retire and ascertain if Commercial Lodge, No. 5, was ready to have their Officers installed, and having returned and announced that they were ready,

The M. W. G. Master attended with the Officers of this R. W. G. Lodge, and duly installed the Officers elect in their respective Chairs, with the exception of the Treasurer, who was not present for that purpose.

The M. W. G. Master then took the Chair, and having called for the Routine Business in order, and for any new Business, and none being submitted, on motion, this R. W. G. Lodge was adjourned until to-morrow evening, at half-past Seven o'clock.

R. H. HAMILTON, *Grand Secretary.*

Montreal, 7th October, 1845.

The R. W. G. Lodge met pursuant to adjournment.

The M. W. Grand Master, aided by the Officers of this R. W. G. Lodge, having attended and installed the Officers elect of Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1, for the present Term, this Grand Lodge assembled and was opened in due form for the despatch of Business.

Present—All the Officers of the R. W. G. Lodge, except the W. G. Marshall and W. G. Guardian.

Roll called.

Minutes of the last Meeting of the 6th instant, read.

The Special Committee appointed to examine the Books, Papers, &c., of the R. W. G. Lodge, reported, that they had found the Minutes taken of the Proceedings of the R. W. G. Lodge, duly entered in the Book kept for that purpose—that the accounts with the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States and the Subordinate Lodges under this Jurisdiction, had been duly entered in the Lodge by Single Entry, and the various items of receipts appeared to have been correctly transcribed into the Cash Book, leaving a balance of £146 16s. 6d., &c.

(Signed)

M. H. SEYMOUR,
R. H. HAMILTON.

Which, on motion of P. G. J. Holland, seconded by P. G. J. Fraser, was accepted, ordered to be entered upon the Proceedings, and then to be placed on file, and the Committee to be discharged.

P. G. W. A. Selden, seconded by P. G. J. Holland, offered the following motion:—

That the following unfinished Business be laid over till next Quarter, and that the Grand Secretary be requested to fill up the blank, by recording all the unfinished Business of the Annual Session.

Which motion, upon a division, was lost.

P. G. Joseph Fraser, seconded by P. G. W. Hilton, then moved, that this Grand Lodge do now adjourn; which was carried, and the Lodge was thereupon closed in a proper form, and was adjourned *sine die*.

R. H. HAMILTON, *Grand Secretary.*

Montreal, 5th November, 1845.

The R. W. Grand Lodge assembled this Evening at 7½ o'clock, being the day appointed by the Constitution for the holding of one of the Quarterly Meetings.

Prayer by the R. W. Grand Chaplain.

Roll called.

All present except the M. W. G. Master, R. W. G. Warden, and W. G. Conductor.

The R. W. D. G. Master in the Chair, in the absence of the M. W. Grand Master, owing to sickness.

Past Grand M. H. Seymour, seconded by P. G. D. Milligan, moved,

That this R. W. G. Lodge do now adjourn, until Wednesday, the 19th instant, at 7½ o'clock, and then to meet for the despatch of Business; which motion was carried, and this R. W. Grand Lodge was adjourned accordingly in due form.

R. H. HAMILTON, *Grand Secretary.*

Montreal, 19th November, 1845.

The R. W. Grand Lodge assembled this Evening at 7½ o'clock, pursuant to Adjournment.

Present—All the Officers except the M. W. G. Master, owing to indisposition, R. W. G. Warden, and W. G. Guardian.

Roll called.

R. W. D. Grand Master Thomas Hardie, in the Chair.

Prayer by the R. W. Grand Chaplain.

Minutes of the last Meeting of the 5th instant, read.

The Grand Secretary presented the Credentials of the Representatives elect, viz.:—of Past Grands A. McGoun, Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1; Wm. Hilton, ditto; G. P. Dickson, Queen's Lodge, No. 2; Job Cushing, Commercial Lodge, No. 5; which were severally referred to the Committee of Elections and Returns.

The Grand Secretary presented several Communications which had been received at his Office during the recess—pending the reading of which—

On motion of P. G. J. M. Gilbert, seconded by P. G. Joseph Fraser, the Order of Business was suspended, that the Chair might name two members upon the Committee of Elections and Returns, to act in the place of the two absent members, to enable that Committee to report forthwith; and the Chair appointed P. G. S. C. Sewell, and P. G. J. Holland, upon the said Committee.

The Committee of Elections and Returns presented the following Report:—

Your Committee to whom was referred the Certificates of P. G.'s A. McGoun, Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1;

Win. Hilton, ditto; G. P. Dickson, Queen's Lodge, No. 2; Job Cushing, Commercial Lodge, No. 5; beg leave to Report,—that they find all correct with the exception of the want of dates to the Certificates of P. G. G. P. Dickson, of Queen's Lodge, No. 2—and would recommend that the latter be sent up to Queen's Lodge, No. 2, now in Session, for correction, and that the Past Grands in waiting, be afterwards introduced into this Grand Lodge.

(Signed)

M. H. SEYMOUR,
S. C. SEWELL,
JOHN HOLLAND.

Which, upon motion of P. G. Joseph Fraser, seconded by P. G. J. M. Gilbert, was accepted, and the recommendation adopted.

The Grand Secretary then resumed the reading of the Correspondence, which had been suspended, on motion, to admit of the introduction of the foregoing Business, and which, after being read, were severally referred to the Committee on Correspondence.

The Grand Secretary presented the following Quarterly Returns of Subordinate Lodges:—of Prince of Wales' Lodge, No. 1, Queen's Lodge, No. 2, for the Quarter ended 30th September; of Prince Albert Lodge, No. 3, Quarters ended 30th June and 30th September; Victoria Lodge, No. 6, Quarter ended 30th September; which were severally referred to the Committee on Elections and Returns.

P. G.'s G. P. Dickson, Queen's Lodge, No. 2, and Job Cushing, Commercial Lodge, No. 5, two Representatives elect, were in waiting to be admitted, and the Committee of Elections and Returns having reported their Credentials to be correct, the R. W. G. Master directed that they be admitted, and having been introduced by the W. G. Conductor, they were duly instructed in the Past Official and Grand Lodge Degrees, by the Worthy Grand Marshall, in the absence of the R. W. Grand Warden, and took their Seats as Representatives of their respective Lodges.

The Committee of Elections and Returns presented the following Report:—

Your Committee, to whom was referred the Annual Report of Albion Lodge, No. 4, and the Quarterly Report of Commercial Lodge, No. 5, beg leave to Report—

That they find the former correct, and the latter not correct, inasmuch as it is not filled up in accordance with the prescribed form, annexed to the Constitution of this Grand Lodge, and would recommend that the first be accepted, and the latter returned to the Representatives of Commercial Lodge, to be by them transmitted to that Lodge for correction.

All which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed)

M. H. SEYMOUR,
JOSEPH FRASER,
GEORGE P. DICKSON.

Whereupon P. G. R. H. Hamilton, seconded by P. G. John Holland, moved, That the Report be referred back to the Committee, with an instruction to Report in accordance with usage, in what particular the Report is incorrect, to enable Commercial Lodge to rectify any real error. Which motion was lost.

When P. G. S. C. Sewell moved, seconded by P. G. M. H. Seymour, that the Report be accepted, and the recommendation adopted. Which was carried.

On motion, the R. W. Grand Lodge then adjourned until Wednesday Evening next, the 26th instant, at 7½ o'clock, after Prayer by the R. W. Grand Chaplain.

R. H. HAMILTON, *Grand Secretary*.

Montreal, 26th November, 1845.

The R. W. Grand Lodge assembled this Evening at 7½ o'clock, pursuant to adjournment. The Meeting was held in the New Hall, Great St. James' Street, being the first Meeting held in that Building.

Prayer by the R. W. Grand Chaplain.

Present—The M. W. Grand Master (in the Chair) and all the Grand Officers.

Minutes of the last Meeting of the 19th instant, read.

The Minutes of the Annual Session to the 6th August inclusive, were read and approved.

The M. W. Grand Master then presented his Quarterly Report, and expressed his regret that he had been prevented by indisposition, from doing so at the commencement of the Session.

P. G. Master W. M. B. Hartley, seconded by P. D. G. M. G. Matthews, moved,

That the said Quarterly Report be referred to a Committee to consist of three Members. Which was carried.

The Committee of Supervision of Laws of Subordinate Lodges, submitted the following Report:—

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the Province of Canada. The Committee to whom was referred the Communication from Victoria Degree Lodge, No. 1, relative to the mode to be observed in conferring the 5th Degree, would Report,

That having given the subject due consideration, they would recommend the following Resolution for adoption: (Signed)

W. A. SELDEN, Chairman.
J. M. GILBERT.
M. H. SEYMOUR.

Resolved,—That Victoria Degree Lodge, No. 1, be requested to conform strictly to the form laid down in the Degree Book, which says, that it must be conferred with solemnity.

P. G. Thomas Hardie, seconded by P. G. R. H. Hamilton, moved, That the Report be received. When P. G. D. Milligan, seconded by P. G. Joseph Fraser, moved in amendment, to add the words, "and the Resolution adopted."

P. G. Thomas Hardie called for a division of the Question. The Chair then put the Question—that the Report be accepted; which was concurred in. The Question then recurred upon the Resolution; which was adopted.

P. G. M. W. M. B. Hartley, from the Committee to whom was referred the Quarterly Report of the M. W. G. Master, having signified that the said Committee were ready to Report, P. G. M. H. Seymour, seconded by P. G. Joseph Fraser, moved,

That the Order of Business be so suspended, that the said Report may be submitted. Which was carried.

The Committee to whom was referred the Quarterly Report of the M. W. G. Master, then presented their Report.

P. G. M. H. Seymour, seconded by P. G. W. M. B. Hartley, moved,

That this R. W. Grand Lodge do now adjourn until Saturday Evening next, at 7½ o'clock. Which was lost.

On motion the Order of Business was suspended to receive the following Report from the Committee on Correspondence:—

We, your Committee, to whom was referred the Correspondence of this Grand Lodge, beg leave to Report,

That we have considered the same, and would recommend that it be disposed of as follows:—

That the following be referred to the Committee of Supervision of Laws of Subordinate Lodges:—

The Communication from D. D. G. Sire S. C. Sewell, in reference to a complaint made by the Lodges in the State of Vermont against the Order in Canada, for initiating Individuals living under their Jurisdiction; also the Documents from Oriental Lodge, No. 7, relating to the same subject.

Whereupon, on motion of P. G. G. P. Dickson, seconded by P. G. J. Holland, the Grand Lodge resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, to take the said Report and recommendations into consideration—P. G. C. F. Clarke in the Chair—and after some time spent therein, the M. W. G. Master resumed the Chair, and P. G. C. F. Clarke reported that the Committee had made some progress, and asked leave to sit again. Which was granted.

When, on motion, the R. W. Grand Lodge adjourned until Saturday Evening next, the 29th instant, at 7 o'clock, after Prayer by the R. W. Grand Chaplain.

R. H. HAMILTON, *Grand Secretary*.

NATURE has given us two ears and two eyes, and but one tongue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak.

A person observed to his friend, who was learning to take snuff, that it was wrong to teach one's nose a bad habit, as a man generally followed his nose.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's bad manners.

If you boast a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers.

D I R E C T O R Y .

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

MONTREAL.

<p>Wm. Rodden, <i>M. W. G. M.</i> Thos. Hardie, <i>R. W. D. G. M.</i> W. A. Selden, <i>R. W. G. W.</i> R. H. Hamilton, <i>R. W. G. Sec.</i> W. M. B. Hartley, <i>P. G. M.,</i> Grand Representative,</p>	<p>J. M. Gilbert, <i>R. W. G. Treas.</i> John Holland, <i>R. W. G. Chap.</i> M. H. Seymour, <i>W. G. Mar.</i> Joseph Frazer, <i>W. G. Con.</i> C. F. Clarke, <i>W. G. Guardian.</i></p>
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S. C. Sewell, D. D. Grand Sire,
John R. Healey, D. D. G. M. for the District of Quebec,
S. L. French, D. D. G. M. for the District of St. Francis, C. E.
E. Murney, D. D. G. M. for the District of Victoria, C. W.

HOCHELAGA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 1.

MONTREAL.

<p>John O. Brown, <i>C. P.</i> C. C. S. DeBléury, <i>H. P.</i></p>	<p>John Dyde, <i>S. W.</i> A. S. Menzies, <i>Scribe,</i> J. A. Perkins, <i>F. Scribe.</i></p>
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Meet Second and Fourth Thursdays of each Month.

STADACONA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 2.

QUEBEC.

<p>John R. Healey, <i>C. P.</i> A. D. Joseph, <i>H. P.</i> Samuel Wright, <i>S. W.</i></p>	<p>James Macfarlane, <i>Scribe.</i> Phillip Lesweuer, <i>F. Scribe.</i> William Holehouse, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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Meet First and Third Thursdays of each month.

ROYAL MOUNT ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 3.

MONTREAL.

<p>Christopher Dunkin, <i>C. P.</i> John Irvine, <i>H. P.</i> H. E. Montgomerie, <i>S. W.</i></p>	<p>John Sproston, <i>Scribe.</i> S. G. Patton, <i>F. Scribe.</i> John Murray, <i>Treasurer.</i> Andrew Wilson, <i>J. W.</i></p>
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Meet first and third Saturdays of each Month.

ST. LOUIS ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 4.

QUEBEC.

<p>J. A. Sewell, <i>M.D., C. P.</i> Francis Bowen, <i>H. P.</i> A. C. Buchanan, <i>S. W.</i></p>	<p>William Tims, <i>Scribe.</i> Robert Gilmor, <i>F. Scribe.</i> <i>Treas.</i></p>
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A. G. Pentland, *J. W.*

VICTORIA DEGREE LODGE.—NO. 1.

MONTREAL.

<p>Geo. P. Dickson, <i>N. G.</i> John Irvine, <i>A. N. G.</i> C. C. S. DeBléury, <i>D. A. N. G.</i></p>	<p>J. M. Gilbert, <i>P. G.</i> John Dyde, <i>V. G.</i> John McDonell, <i>Secretary,</i> A. H. David, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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Meet First and Third Thursdays of each Month.

PRINCE OF WALES' LODGE.—NO. 1.

MONTREAL.

<p>R. Cooke, <i>P. G.</i> H. F. J. Jackson, <i>N. G.</i> Andrew Wilson, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>W. Ewan, <i>Secretary,</i> D. Mair, <i>P. Secretary,</i> J. Fletcher, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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Meet every Tuesday Evening, at Eight o'clock.

QUEEN'S LODGE.—NO. 2.

MONTREAL.

<p>C. C. S. DeBléury, <i>P. G.</i> George McIver, <i>N. G.</i> W. Sache, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>A. H. David, <i>M.D., Secy.</i> John McDonell, <i>Treasurer.</i> J. H. Isaacson, <i>P. Secy.</i></p>
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Meet every Wednesday Evening, at half-past Seven o'clock.

PRINCE ALBERT LODGE.—NO. 3.

ST. JOHNS.

<p>Charles Wheeler, <i>P. G.</i> Edward Mott, <i>N. G.</i></p>	<p>T. L. Dixon, <i>V. G.</i> F. A. Mellowes, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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Meet every Monday Evening.

ALBION LODGE.—NO. 4.

QUEBEC.

<p>James A. Sewell, <i>P. G.</i> Abraham Joseph, <i>N. G.</i> C. N. Montizambert, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>	<p>John Maclaren, <i>V. G.</i> J. G. Clapham, <i>Secretary,</i> <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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Meet every Monday Evening.

COMMERCIAL LODGE.—NO. 5.

MONTREAL.

<p>Christopher Dunkin, <i>P. G.</i> W. Sutherland, <i>N. G.</i> H. E. Montgomerie, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>Arch. H. Campbell, <i>Secretary,</i> E. T. Taylor, <i>P. Secretary,</i> J. G. Horne, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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Meet every Monday Evening, at Eight o'clock.

VICTORIA LODGE.—NO. 6.

BELLEVILLE.

List not Received.

ORIENTAL LODGE.—NO. 7.

STANSTEAD.

<p>John W. Baxter, <i>P. G.</i> H. Bailey Terrill, <i>N. G.</i> Austin T. Foster, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>T. Lee Terrill, <i>Secretary.</i> Joseph C. Chase, <i>P. Secretary,</i> H. T. Prentiss, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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Meet every Wednesday Evening at Eight o'clock.

CANADA LODGE.—NO. 8.

MONTREAL.

<p>L. H. Holton, <i>P. G.</i> John Young, <i>N. G.</i> James Gibson, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>F. B. Matthews, <i>Secretary.</i> W. Macfarlane, <i>P. Secretary.</i> John Murray, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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Meet every Friday Evening, at Eight o'clock.

BROCK LODGE.—NO. 9.

BROCKVILLE.

List not received.

CATARAQUI LODGE.—NO. 10.

KINGSTON.

<p>John A. McDonald, <i>P. G.</i> Donald Christie, <i>N. G.</i> James A. Glassford, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>James Goodeve, <i>Secretary.</i> Lewis Cameron, <i>P. Secy.</i> John Fraser, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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Meet every Tuesday Evening at Eight o'clock.

PRINCE EDWARD LODGE.—NO. 11.

PICTON.

List not received.

ONTARIO LODGE.—NO. 12.

COBOURG.

List not received.

OTONABEE LODGE.—NO. 13.

PETERBORO.

<p>Geo. B. Hall, <i>P. G.</i> Chas. Perry, <i>N. G.</i> William Cluxton, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>Charles Ferres, <i>Secretary.</i> Wm. H. Wrightson, <i>P. Secy.</i> Henry Easton, <i>Treas.</i></p>
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Meet every Monday Evening.

HOPE LODGE.—NO. 14.

PORT HOPE.

List not received.

TECUMSEH LODGE.—NO. 15.

TORONTO.

List not received.

UNION LODGE.—NO. 16.

ST. CATHERINES.

<p>James Stevenson, <i>P. G.</i> John Maulson, <i>N. G.</i> David Kissock, <i>V. G.</i></p>	<p>George McKillock, <i>Secretary.</i> Geo. Prescott, <i>P. Secy.</i> Chauncy Yale, <i>Treas.</i></p>
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Meet every Monday Evening.

BURLINGTON LODGE.—NO. 17.

HAMILTON.

List not received.

ST. FRANCIS LODGE.—NO. 18.

CORNWALL.

List not received.

MERCANTILE LODGE.—NO. 19.

QUEBEC.

<p>Peter Sheppard, <i>P. G.</i> John Racey, <i>N. G.</i></p>	<p>Samuel Wright, <i>V. G.</i> Alex. Fraser, <i>Treasurer.</i></p>
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Meet every Tuesday Evening.