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ASTRONOMY.

THERE is no science so worthy the attention and the careful study of man as that of Astronomy. It gives a grand and an imposing view of the power of that Almighty Being who said "Let there be light, and there was light"; and it tells of other suns and nobler systems, which revolve in the immensity of space, afar from the ken of frail-sighted man.

In the study of such a science it is necessary to prepare the mind for the reception of truth, by dismissing from it all hastily adopted notions regarding it, and to take nothing for truth which is not supported by the strongest and most conclusive evidence.

There is no science which, more than Astronomy, stands in need of such a preparation, or draws more largely on that intellectual liberality which is ready to adopt whatever is demonstrated, or concede whatever is rendered highly probable, however new and uncommon the points of view may be, in which objects the most familiar may thereby become placed.

Thus the earth on which we stand, and which has served for ages as the unshaken foundation of the firmest structures, is divested by the Astronomer of its immobility, and is found to revolve round an imaginary point in the centre, called the axis, and, besides, whirls with amazing rapidity through boundless space. The Sun and the Moon, which, to untaught eyes, appear as globular bodies, of no great size, are presented to his imagination as vast worlds—the one approaching in magnitude to the earth itself, the other infinitely surpassing it. The Planets, which appear only as stars somewhat brighter than the rest, are to him spacious, elaborate, and habitable worlds; several, vastly greater and more curiously furnished than the earth we inhabit. And the Stars themselves, properly so called, which to ordinary apprehension present only lucid sparks or brilliant atoms, are to him suns of various and transcendent glory—effulgent centres of life and light to myriads of unseen worlds; so that when, after dilating his thoughts to comprehend the grandeur of those ideas his calculations have called up, and exhausting his imagination and the powers of his language to devise similes and metaphors illustrative of the immensity of the scale on which this universe is constructed, he shrinks back to his native sphere, he finds it, in comparison, a mere point;—so lost, even in the minute

system to which it belongs, as to be invisible and unsuspected from some of its principal and remote members.

The magnitudes, distances, arrangement, and motions of the great bodies which make up the visible universe—their constitution, and physical condition, so far as they can be known to us—with their mutual influences and actions on each other, so far as they can be traced by the effects produced, and established by legitimate reasoning—form the assemblage of objects to which the attention of the Astronomer is directed.

But, besides the Stars, and other Celestial Bodies, the Earth itself, regarded as an individual body, is one principal object of the Astronomer's consideration, and, indeed, the chief of all. It derives its importance not only from its proximity, and its relation to us as animated beings, who draw from it the supply of all our wants, but as the station from which we see all the rest, and as the only one among them to which we can, in the first instance, refer for any determinate marks and measures by which to recognize their changes of situation, or with which to compare their distances. To those who, for the first time, have turned their attention to Astronomy, it will, no doubt, seem strange to class the Earth with the Heavenly Bodies, and to assume any community of nature among things apparently so different. For what, in fact, can be apparently more different than the vast and seemingly immeasurable extent of the Earth, and the Stars which appear but as dim specks hardly perceptible. The Earth is dark and opaque, while the Celestial Bodies are brilliant. We perceive in it no motion, while in them we observe a continual change of place, as we view them at different hours of the day or night, or at different seasons of the year. The ancients, accordingly, (one or two of the more enlightened excepted,) admitted no such community of nature; and by thus placing the Heavenly Bodies and their movements without the pale of analogy and experience, effectually intercepted the progress of all reasoning, from what passes here below, to what is going on in the regions where they exist and move. To get rid of this prejudice, therefore, is the first step towards acquiring a knowledge of what is really the case; and you will have made your first effort towards the acquisition of sound knowledge, when you have learned to familiarise yourselves with the idea that the Earth, after all, may be nothing but a Star.

ON THE MOTION OF THE EARTH.

In order to conceive the Earth as in motion, we must form to ourselves a conception of its shape and size. Now an object cannot have shape and size unless it is limited on all sides by some definite outline, so as to admit of our imagining it, at least, disconnected from other bodies, and existing insulated in space. The first rude notion we form of the Earth is that of a flat surface, of indefinite extent in all directions from the spot where we stand; above which are the air and sky—below, to an indefinite profundity, solid matter. This is a prejudice to be got rid of, like that of the Earth's immobility; but it is one much easier to rid ourselves of, inasmuch as it originates only in our own mental inactivity, in not questioning ourselves where we will place a limit to a thing we have been accustomed, from infancy, to regard as immensely large; and does not, like that, originate in the testimony of our senses unduly interpreted. On the contrary, the direct testimony of our senses lies the other way. When we see the Sun set in the evening, in the west, and rise again in the east, as we cannot doubt that it is the same Sun we see after a temporary absence, we must do violence to all our notions of solid matter to suppose it to have made its way through the substance of the Earth. It must, therefore, have gone under it, and that not by a mere subterraneous channel; for, if we notice the points where it sets and rises, for many successive days, we shall find them constantly shifting round a very large extent of the horizon; and besides, the Moon and Stars also set and rise again in all points of the visible horizon. The conclusion is plain that the Earth cannot extend indefinitely in depth downwards, nor indefinitely in surface laterally; it must have not only bounds in a horizontal direction, but also an under side, round which the Sun, Moon, and Stars compass, and that side must be so far like what we see, that it must have a sky and sunshine, and a day when it is night to us. You are already acquainted with proofs of the Earth's rotundity;—but a question may occur: Do not the immense elevations and depressions on the Earth's surface render this peculiar form a chimera. By no means. The highest mountain known does not exceed five miles in perpendicular elevation; this is only one 1600th part of the Earth's diameter; consequently, on a globe of 16 inches in diameter, such a mountain would be represented by a protuberance of no more than 100th part of an inch, which is about the thickness of ordinary drawing paper. The deepest mine existing does not penetrate half a mile below the surface: a scratch or pin-hole duly representing it on the surface of such a globe as our model, would be imperceptible without a magnifier.

The Earth moves round the Sun in 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes, at the distance of 95 millions of miles, and round its axis in about 24 hours. The former is called its annual, and the latter its diurnal motion. That the Earth is, in reality, a moving body, is a fact which can no longer be called in question,—it is, indeed, susceptible of the clearest demonstration. Either the Earth moves round its axis once in 24 hours, or the

Sun, Moon, Planets, Comets, Stars, and the whole frame of the Universe move round the Earth in the same time. There is no alternative or third opinion that can be formed on this point. If the Earth revolve on its axis every 24 hours to produce the alternate succession of day and night, the portions of its surface about the equator must move at the rate of more than a thousand miles each hour, since the Earth is more than 24000 miles in circumference. This view of the fact, when attentively considered, furnishes a most sublime and astonishing idea. That a globe of so vast dimensions, with all its load of mountains, continents, and oceans, comprising within its circumference a mass of 264,000,000,000 of cubical miles, should whirl round with so amazing a velocity, gives us a most august and impressive conception of the greatness of that Power which first set it in motion, and continues the rapid whirl from age to age!

Though the huge masses of the Alpine Mountains were in a moment detached from their foundation, carried aloft through the regions of the air, and tossed into the Mediterranean Sea, it would convey no idea of a force equal to that which is every moment excited, if the Earth revolve on its axis. But, should the motion of the Earth be called in question, or denied, the idea of force or power will be indefinitely increased. For, in this case, it must necessarily be admitted that the Heavens, with all the innumerable host of Stars, have a diurnal motion round our globe; which motion must be inconceivably more rapid than that of the Earth on the supposition of its motion. For, in proportion as the Celestial Bodies are distant from the Earth, in the same proportion would be the rapidity of their movements. To suppose the whole Universe moves round the Earth in the same time, would involve a reflection on the wisdom of its Almighty Author, and would form the only exception that we know to that beautiful proportion, harmony, and simplicity, which appears in all the works of nature.

It is recorded of the Astronomer, Alphonso, King of Castile, who lived in the 13th century, that, after having studied the Ptolemic system, which supposes the Earth at rest in the centre of the Universe, he uttered the following impious sentence—"If I had been of God's Privy Council when he made the world, I would have advised him better." So that false conceptions of the System of Nature lead to erroneous notions of that adorable Being who is possessed of infinite perfections.

With regard to the annual revolution of the Earth—if such a motion did not exist, the Planetary System would present a scene of inextricable confusion. The Planets would move sometimes backwards, sometimes forwards, and at other times remain stationary, and would describe looped curves, so anomalous and confused, that no man in his senses could view the all-wise Creator as the author of so much confusion. But, by considering the Earth as revolving in an orbit between Venus and Mars, (which all celestial observations completely demonstrate,) all the apparent irregularities of the Planetary motions are completely

solved and accounted for ; and the Solar System presents a scene of beauty, harmony, and grandeur, combined with that simplicity of design, which characterizes all the works of Omnipotence.

But, before we proceed to examine more in detail how the hypothesis of the rotation of the Earth about an axis accords with the phenomena which the diurnal motion of the Heavenly Bodies offers to our notice, it will be proper to describe, with precision, in what that diurnal motion consists, and how far it is participated in by them all ; or whether any of them form exceptions, wholly or partially, to the common analogy of the rest. We will, therefore, suppose a person to station himself, on a clear evening, just after sunset, when the stars begin to appear, in some situation where a good view of the Heavens may be had. He will then perceive, above and around him, as it were, a vast, concave, hemispherical vault, beset with Stars of various magnitudes, of which the brightest only will first catch his attention in the twilight ; and more and more will appear as the darkness increases, till the whole sky is spangled with them. When he has thus a while admired the calm magnificence of this glorious spectacle, the theme of so much song and so much thought—a spectacle which none can view without emotion, and without a longing desire to know something of its nature and purport—let him fix his attention more particularly on a few of the most brilliant Stars, such as he cannot fail to recognise again, after looking away from them from some time, and let him refer their apparent situations to some surrounding objects. On comparing them again with their respective points of reference, after a moderate interval as the night advances, he will not fail to perceive that they have changed their places, and advanced, as by a general movement, in a westward direction. If he persists, for a considerable time, in watching their motions, on several successive nights, he will perceive that each Star appears to describe, as far as its course lies above the horizon, a circle in the sky. Some, which lie towards the south, only remain for a short time above the horizon, and disappear after describing, in sight, only the small upper segment of their diurnal circle ; others, which rise between the south and east, describe larger segments of their circles above the horizon, remain proportionally longer in sight, and set exactly as far to the westward of south as they were to the eastward. But the magnitude of the circles themselves diminish as we go northward—the greatest of all the circles being described by those which rise exactly in the east point. Carrying his eye northwards, he will notice, at length, Stars which, in their diurnal motion, just graze the horizon at its north point, or only dip below it for a moment : while others never reach it at all, but continue always above it, revolving in entire circles round one point called the Pole, which appears to be the common centre of all their motions, and which, alone in the whole hemisphere, may be considered immovable. Not that this point is marked by any Star—it is a purely imaginary centre ; but there is near it one bright Star, called the Pole Star, which is easily recognized

by the very small circle which it describes, or it may be known by its configuration with a very splendid and remarkable Constellation, called by Astronomers the Great Bear.

He will further observe that the apparent relative situations of all the Stars among one another is not changed by their diurnal motion. In whatever parts of their circles they are observed, or at whatever hour of the night, they form with each other the same identical groups to which the name of Constellations have been given. It is true that, in different parts of their course, these groups stand differently with respect to the horizon ; and those towards the north, when, in the course of their diurnal movement, they pass alternately above and below that common centre of motion described before, become actually inverted with respect to the horizon, while, on the other hand, they always turn the same points towards the Pole. In short, he will perceive that the whole assemblage of Stars visible at once, or in succession, in the Heavens, may be regarded as one great Constellation, which seems to revolve with a uniform motion, as if it formed one coherent mass, or as if it were attached to the internal surface of a vast hollow sphere, having the Earth, or rather the spectator, in its centre, and turning round an axis inclined to this horizon so as to pass through that fixed point or Pole already mentioned.

Lastly, he will notice, if he have patience to out-watch a long winter's night, that those Stars which he observed setting in the west, have again risen in the east, while those which were rising when he first began to notice them, have completed their course and are now set ; and that thus the hemisphere, or a great part of it, which was then above, is now beneath him, and its place supplied by that which was at first under his feet, which he will thus discover to be no less copiously furnished with Stars than the other, and adorned with groups no less permanent and distinctly recognisable. Thus he will learn that the great Constellation we have before spoken of as revolving round the Pole, is co-extensive with the whole surface of the sphere, being, in reality, nothing less than a universe of luminaries surrounding the Earth on all sides, and brought in succession before his view, and referred (each luminary according to its own visual ray or direction from his eye) to the imaginary spherical surface, of which he himself occupies the centre.

There is, however, one portion or segment of this sphere of which he will not thus obtain a view. As there is a segment towards the north, adjacent to the Pole above his horizon, in which the Stars never set, so there is a corresponding segment, about which the smaller circles of the more southern Stars are described, in which they never rise. The Stars which border upon the extreme circumference of this segment, just graze the southern point of his horizon and show themselves for a few moments above it, precisely as those near the circumference of the northern segment graze his northern horizon and dip for a moment below it to re-appear immediately. Every point in a spherical surface has, of course another diametrically opposite to it :

and as the spectator's horizon divides his sphere into two hemispheres—a superior and inferior—there must, of necessity, exist a depressed pole to the south, corresponding to the elevated one to the north, and a portion surrounding it, perpetually beneath, as there is another surrounding the North Pole, perpetually above it.

“One Pole rides high—one, plunged beneath the main,
Seeks the deep night and Pluto's dusky reign,”

By travelling in a southerly direction, the spectator gradually discovers Stars which are not seen in our latitude; and if he pass the Equator, and travel still further south, the Southern Pole of the Heavens will become elevated above his horizon, and the northern will sink below it, and the more so the farther he advances southwards; and when arrived at a station as far to the south of the Equator as that from which he started was to the north, he will find the whole phenomena of the Heavens reversed.

Many endeavours have been made to reach the point which is called the North Pole of the Earth, but hitherto without success; a barrier of almost insurmountable difficulty being presented by the increasing rigour of the climate; but a very near approach to it has been made, and the phenomena of those regions have proved to be in exact correspondence with its near proximity. Such is an account of the diurnal motion of the Stars, as modified by different geographical situations, not grounded on any speculations, but actually observed and recorded by travellers and voyagers.

When directing our eyes to the spacious vault of Heaven, and beholding the myriad of Stars which spangle its surface, a very important question presents itself. Do these Stars and the greater Luminaries of Heaven preserve for ever one invariable connection and relation of place among themselves, as if they formed part of a solid though invisible firmament, and, like the great natural landmarks on the Earth, preserve immutably the same distances and bearings from each other? If so, the most rational idea we could form of the universe would be that of an Earth at absolute rest in the centre, and a hollow crystalline sphere circulating round it, and carrying Sun, Moon, and Stars along in its diurnal motion. If not, we must dismiss all such notions, and enquire individually into the distinct history of each object, with a view to discovering the laws of its peculiar motions, and whether any, and what other, connection subsists between them.

So far is this, however, from being the case, that observations, even of the most cursory nature, are sufficient to show that some, at least, of the Celestial Bodies, and those the most conspicuous, are in a state of continual change of place among the rest. In the case of the Moon, indeed, the change is so rapid and remarkable, that its alteration of situation with respect to such bright Stars as may happen to be near it, may be noticed any fine night in a few hours; and if noticed on two successive nights, cannot fail to strike the most careless observer. With the Sun, too, the change of place among the Stars is constant and rapid; though,

from the invisibility of Stars to the naked eye in the day-time, it is not so readily recognized, and requires either the use of telescopes and angular instruments to measure it, or a longer continuance of observation to be struck with it. Nevertheless, it is only necessary to call to mind its greater meridian altitude in summer than in winter, and the fact that the Stars which come into view at night vary with the season of the year, to perceive that a great change must have taken place in that interval in its relative situation with respect to all the Stars. Besides the Sun and Moon, too, there are several other bodies, called Planets, which, for the most part, appear to the naked eye only as the largest and most brilliant Stars, and which offer the same phenomena of a constant change of place among the Stars; now approaching, and now receding from, such of them as we may refer them to as marks; and, some in longer, some in shorter periods, making, like the Sun and Moon, the complete tour of the Heavens. These, however, are exceptions to the general rule. The innumerable multitude of the Stars which are distributed over the vault of the Heavens, form a Constellation which preserves, not only to the eye of the casual observer, but to the nice examination of the Astronomer, a uniformity of aspect which, when contrasted with the perpetual change in the configurations of the Sun, Moon, and Planets, may well be termed invariable. It is not, indeed, that, by the refinement of exact measurements, prosecuted from age to age, some small changes of apparent place, attributable to no terrestrial cause, cannot be detected in some of them; such are called, in Astronomy, the proper motions of the Stars; but these are so excessively slow, that their accumulated amount (even in those Stars for which they are greatest) has been insufficient, in the whole duration of Astronomical History, to produce any obvious or material alteration in the appearance of the Starry Heavens.

This circumstance, then, establishes a broad distinction of the Heavenly Bodies into two great classes; the fixed, among which (unless in a course of observations continued for many years) no change of mutual situation can be detected; and the erratic and wandering (which is implied in the word planet, *planetos*—a wanderer,) including the Sun, Moon, and Planets, as well as the singular class of bodies termed Comets, in whose apparent places among the Stars, and among each other, the observation of a few days, or even hours, is sufficient to exhibit an indisputable alteration.

There are not wanting natural districts in the Heavens which offer great peculiarities of character, and strike every observer: such is the Milky Way, that great luminous band, which stretches every evening all across the sky, from horizon to horizon, and which, when traced with diligence, and mapped down, is found to form a zone completely encircling the whole sphere, almost in a great circle. It is divided in one part of its course, sending off a kind of branch, which unites again with the main body, after remaining distinct for about 150°. This remarkable belt has maintained, from the earliest age, the same relative situation among the

Stars; and when examined through powerful telescopes, is found (wonderful to relate!) to consist entirely of Stars scattered by millions, like glittering dust, on the black ground of the general Heavens.

Another remarkable region in the Heavens is the "Zodiac," not from anything peculiar in its own constitution, but from its being the area within which the Sun, Moon, and all the greater Planets are confined. To trace the path of any one of these, it is only necessary to ascertain, by continued observation, its places at successive epochs, and entering these upon a map or sphere in sufficient number to form a series, not too far disjoined to connect them, by lines, from point to point, as the course of a vessel at sea is mapped down from day to day. Now, when this is done, it is found, first, that the apparent path or track of the Sun on the surface of the Heavens, is no other than an exact great circle of the sphere, which is called the Ecliptic, and which is inclined to the Equinoctial at an angle of about $23^{\circ} 28'$, intersecting it at two opposite points called the Equinoctial points, and which are distinguished from each other by the epithets Vernal and Autumnal; the Vernal being that at which the Sun crosses the Equinoctial from S. to N.,—the Autumnal, when it quits the Northern and enters the Southern Hemisphere. Secondly, that the Moon, and all the Planets, pursue paths, which, in like manner, encircle the whole Heavens, but are not, like that of the Sun, great circles, exactly returning into themselves and bisecting the sphere, but rather spiral curves, of much complexity, and described with very unequal velocities in their different paths.

They have all, however, this in common, that the general direction of their motion is the same with that of the Sun, viz., from west to east, that is to say, the contrary to that in which both they and the Stars appear to be carried by the diurnal motion of the Heavens; and, moreover, that they never deviate far from the Ecliptic on either side, crossing and recrossing it at regular and equal intervals of time, and confining themselves within a zone or belt (the Zodiac already spoken of) extending 90° on either side of the Ecliptic.

The apparent complication of their movements arises (that of the Moon excepted) from our viewing them from a station which is itself in motion, and would disappear could we shift our point of view and observe them from the Sun. On the other hand, the apparent motion of the Sun is represented to us under its least involved form, and is studied, from the station we occupy, to the greatest advantage. So that, independent of the importance of that luminary to us in other respects, it is by the investigation of the laws of its motions, in the first instance, that we must rise to a knowledge of those of all the other bodies of our system.

THE AFFECTIONS.

It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head, with very little attention to the heart. From Aristotle down to Locke, books without number have been composed for cultivating and improving the understanding; but few in proportion, for cultivating and improving the affections.
—*Lord Kames.*

(From the *Odd Fellows' Chronicle.*)

AN ATTEMPT TO POURTRAY AND ENJOIN TRUTH.

THE beauty of Truth, and the deformity of Falsehood, have been acknowledged in all ages. However sunk a nation may be in barbarism, or degraded and enfeebled by effeminate refinement, still, even then, will Truth find votaries—will find those, who, elevated by its sustaining power, will brave ridicule, imprisonment, and even death, for its sake. And yet of these two great antagonistic powers, Truth and Falsehood—sources of good and evil—the superior and holier influence of the former over the latter, is but seldom avowed. Indeed, the reign of Truth among us, comparatively speaking, is only in its infancy. For centuries Falsehood held mankind in its powerful sway, manifesting its dominion in a thousand forms; giving a false colouring to the history of a people; tainting its religion with superstition; creating false distinctions in society, that, hallowed by time, were looked upon at last as essential to its well-being; setting limits to the spirit of inquiry, or misdirecting its efforts: and all this while Truth lay concealed in the breast of man, like a treasure hid in a secret place, ready to be revealed by knowledge and intelligence. Our own national records strongly illustrate the pernicious effects of Falsehood, which are unhappily intermingled in various historical events. For example, our traditions of the feudal times *once* represented the people, who were then but slowly emerging from semi-barbarism, as well fed, contented and happy; enjoying the favor of powerful chieftains, who with a strong arm protected the oppressed and defenceless. This belief it was at that period the policy of the rulers of the country to inculcate, that they might the more securely keep their dependents in subjection to their will: as for those dependents—their tenant-serfs—their ill-formed notions of right and wrong, consequent upon their debased condition, made them credulous believers in any dogma, however opposed to reason and truth. The magnificence, too, though rude, in which the barons of old lived, served to strengthen the opinion entertained by the poor of those days, that they were in reality superior creatures, endowed by God with qualities far above the common: hence reverence for wealth and grandeur, not moral worth, became the doctrine of the many; for a long time they suffered patiently and in silence, content if they could procure enough of sustenance to support animal life. If any among his fellows, discerning the truth of the mental and physical degradation which enslaved the community, dared to think and act for himself—if of humble birth, the searcher after Truth too often met with persecution and ignominy for presuming to exercise the noble privilege of thought. The results of such a state of things were evidenced in a belief in the wildest theories. Falsehood, in the doctrine of astrology, taught its votaries that the planets ruled the destinies of mankind; the medicinal art was in a languishing condition, its operations being often entrusted to the illiterate and unskilful; the literature of the country was at a low ebb; oral tradition and the scribes, offered the only medium of communication; and the minds of the multitude were held in thralldom by those who, for selfish purposes, kept them in the darkness of ignorance. But the creative skill of man at length raised up a remedy for the unhealthy state of society: the discovery of printing came to check the career of error and falsehood; and from that epoch has man been progressing. New truths are being expounded every day, and man no longer, as of old, fears to make his discoveries known to the world. The scientific astronomer has assumed the position of the superstitious astrologer: who, to evince that the heaven of falsehood yet lingers among us, exists in the person of the ignorant and often self-deluded fortune-teller. Medicine has its followers in learned and intelligent

men; and by their acquirements and skill such men are constantly finding new modes of conquering disease, and thereby prolonging the duration of human life. Empiricism will exist till the important truths of medical science are fully known and appreciated.—Popular fallacies are being daily exposed by the literature of the country, which has attained a high and honorable position by recording faithfully the events of history. The printing-press, indeed, offers innumerable sources to disseminate the pure and mind-liberating doctrine of Truth. Falsehood, too, often employs the press to promulgate untruths; but doubtless that Providence who has endowed man with the reasoning power which, expanding with each generation, frees him gradually from bigotry and prejudice, will enable him finally to detect Falsehood, however cunningly it may be arrayed in the garb of Truth.

The foregoing remarks may perhaps serve as a prelude to the aim we have in view, namely, to inculcate the undefiled and simple doctrine of Truth. As a nation is only truly eminent in proportion as it rises in moral dignity; it follows that, to form virtue in the mass, it should be practised by each individual member of that mass. The observance of truth in all things will help to raise us in the social scale; give us self-respect; and, if studied aright, without tending to make us vain, but rather humble. To show the debasing influence of falsehood, what can more strongly evince it than the character of a hypocrite, whose life is one tissue of lies and deceit? How marked is our disdain of such a being, when his conduct is unmasked to our eyes! His knavery then recoils on himself. Even when sincere he is not believed, and all his actions are viewed with suspicion: besides, he has no sustaining influence to support him under the disgrace he has excited. Should his hypocrisy be of a religious nature, what an injury is done to the great truths of religion, when a pretender is found in its ranks! It shakes our faith in a creed, however excellent, when the turpitude of one of its seemingly zealous professors is detected. It behoves us, therefore, to mark our abhorrence of hypocrisy in every form, which is only an embodiment of the spirit of Falsehood itself.

Many of the errors that affect our political and social condition, may be traced to a disregard of Truth. The hollow candidate, who from the hustings addresses honied words and makes specious promises to those whose votes secure him a seat in the Legislature, is one of the bitterest opponents of Truth. If in after-life he succeed not in further cajoling those he has duped, his deceitful conduct is despised, and faith weakened in those, who only seek a place in the Administration to carry out measures for their country's good. And so with all who ask the suffrages of their fellow-men, whether in a political or social capacity—the trust-keeper sometimes suffers for the trust-breaker. The pretender to liberality is a hypocrite of another grade. With the words of freedom on his lips, tyranny dwells in his heart. At home, a domestic tyrant and hard taskmaster; abroad, a violent declaimer against those wrongs which he in practice inflicts. The sacred name of liberty is defiled when such men espouse its cause. Falsehood, too, is a great enemy to the progress of commerce. The man who takes advantage of the confidence reposed in him, to deceive and ruin his constituents, too frequently is the means of involving their dependents in the common loss. Credit, which to the commercial man is of vital importance, is destroyed, and the streams of trade for a time proceeds sluggishly. All these evils may be traced to a disregard of Truth. Had good faith been kept, a constituency would not have been deceived; freedom not profaned by false teachers; and the bankruptcy hall, the insolvent's court, and the workhouse, had fewer inmates.

In our friendly intercourse with men, we ought to offer, in ourselves, a practical illustration of the force

of Truth. If we perceive in any of our intimate associates an appetite for slander, we must endeavour as much as possible to eradicate so hateful a vice. Calumny is the offspring of falsehood, and at the best is an emanation of the most uncharitable feelings of our nature. To destroy such a quality is, therefore, to serve the cause of charity and truth. There is a mode of behaviour observed by some persons who, to acquire a reputation for truth-telling, speak on every subject with what they deem an honest bluntness. This practice is frequently more deceptive than any other style of speaking, since we do not so readily suspect the "out speaker" of falsehood as one more guarded in his demeanour. The advocacy of truth is not advanced by expressing too openly our opinions on any subject. It is our duty to defend what we consider the truth when attacked, but not to broach our ideas of the matter too obtrusively in the presence of others. Some people may be wedded to peculiar notions, which, however erroneous such may appear to us, have to them all the weight of conviction. What we cannot alter by reasonable argument, we ought not to condemn at the expense of the feelings of others. Truth is better served by quietly acting up to the opinions we profess, than violent declamation in their favour. In order to show our dislike to falsehood, we must, among other things, avoid telling what are significantly termed "white lies." This practice originates with some in a desire to raise a laugh, or carry on a joke; and, unlike downright lying, the persons imposed upon by these means, are generally undecieved when the purpose for which they are told is achieved. But this violation of truth will not bear the test of analysis; for, if we raise a smile at the expense of integrity, though we may amuse, we do not win respect, and we practise that which may become in time an incurable habit. In jesting too, through the medium of a "white lie", we very often sacrifice the feelings of an intimate associate, and a little pleasantry (if it will bear such a name) is dearly bought at the cost of a friend's estrangement. How many friendships, however, have been dissolved by means of a lie told in jest! Mirth at another's expense is at all times to be discouraged; and that which ought to be pointed with good-humour becomes tipped with malice, if meant not only to deceive another, but to bring him into ridicule. Let us, therefore, avoid this silly, contemptible habit; and the knowledge that our word will be taken as a guarantee of truth, will be a far superior testimony of esteem, than any conduct based on an opposite principle can earn for us. To show our sense of truth in the different relations of life, we must not, to acquire the reputation of possessing an obliging disposition, too readily acquiesce in any demand that may be made on our time, patience, or society. Reason should temper our impulses, or on the spur of the moment we may engage to accomplish that, which after-consideration will convince us is either inconvenient or impracticable. Before we make a promise, let us first consider whether it will suit our inclination and power to keep it; and then decide. If we too readily accede to a request made, with scarcely an intention of fulfilling our word, we act in the spirit of falsehood, and in time our promise will be held almost valueless. If, on the contrary, we refuse to make any appointment save what we feel bound to keep, though we must necessarily in some cases yield disappointment, still we cannot be reproached with telling an untruth—with a breach of what every man ought to value—a breach of our word.

Some parents make a practice of punishing their children more severely for telling a falsehood than for any other fault. In this they pay a tribute to the superior power of truth; and few men, however lax in moral principles themselves, wish to hear otherwise than the words of truth fall from the lips of their offspring. Yet how can parents expect their children to grow up in the tenets of integrity and purity, if they do not themselves

set a model? They must avoid the abuse of truth in any shape on all occasions; and it follows, allowing for the waywardness of human nature, that children will in most cases copy what they see so estimable in their parents. In correcting a child for committing a fault, we should not be too hasty in administering punishment, or we may engender the vice of falsehood in their infant minds. Often, to avoid a father's anger, children resort to a lie to conceal the error they may have committed. If they freely confess their misconduct, it is better to refrain from coercive measures altogether. Pursuing a contrary course, our injudicious severity will tend to close those channels of communion, which are naturally created between parent and child. Duplicity will then usurp the place of open-hearted confidence; and the success of one subterfuge may destroy for ever that ingenuousness which is so beautiful in youth, and so bright an ornament to manhood.

The Lesson of truth is to be learnt in every grade of life; and wherever studied, it serves to exalt and purify the human character. It enables men to grapple with the errors of society, and suggests means to eradicate those errors. We ourselves live in an age clouded by falsehood; but, under providence, we trust the light of truth is dawning upon us. At present ours is an artificial state of existence; and so also, though in a different degree, is that of the untutored savage. There are few barbaric nations—perhaps indeed none—but what contain within them the germs of those desires, tastes, passions, inventive faculties, and intelligence, which may at some time, however distant, raise them to as high a position in the rank of civilization as we now occupy. Many centuries ago our barbaric forefathers wandered almost naked along the shores of Britain: their abodes, rude huts; their food, chiefly derived from the chase; their religion, the worship of idols, with but faint ideas of a Supreme Being. This was an age of darkness and falsehood. Time progressed, and the nation passed from the wild rule of painted native chieftains, to the scarcely less despotism of the feudal barons—through Pagan adoration, and the mystic rites of Druidism, to that divine creed, the doctrine of Christianity. And yet, though we have long had every means in our power to promulgate the true principles of religion, of morals, of history, of social and political economy, we have not yet arrived at any age of Truth: We do not now, it is true, torture and imprison our neighbour for differing with us in faith, but too many of us hold him in the light of a believer in a mistaken creed, arrogating to ourselves the possession of the only pure belief: we are no longer under the rule of tyrannical chiefs, who could at their will confine us in gloomy dungeons, scourge, brand, or compel us to do their lightest bidding, but too many lord it over their fellows with a high hand, if placed in such a situation of life as affords them an opportunity for so doing. Our history is yet tainted with the party feeling of those who compile it; men professing political opinions at variance with long accepted ideas on the subject, fear no more the pillory or the fine, but they too often meet with distrust, and perhaps lose *caste* in society, though posterity—tardy friend—may do them justice; and to point to a minor matter, the artisan does not now fear amercement, or the stocks, for daring to dress in fine cloth; but a departure from the "fashion" subjects the wearer to a charge of ridiculous taste, however his own judgment may sanction the choice; and it is with men as it is with things, and the most trivial circumstances point out the necessity of a nation's moving onwards. But our eyes are beginning to be opened. The mists of national antipathy are fading away, and we feel, if we do not avow it openly, that the inhabitant of every country or clime stands equal in the sight of God and man; our bigotry is fast taking the milder form of prejudice, and even our prejudices are daily shaken by some new truth revealed by the spread of knowledge. Let us hope, then, that

the same humanising power which is ever at work, which has brought about the present enlightenment, will bring also a better state of things; when man, ashamed of his artificial and false wants, circumscribes them, in order to assist his more indigent brother; when talent, allied with worth, will only be revered; when hypocrisy shall be unknown; and all shall be actuated by the true spirit of charity, which teaches man to live not for himself alone, but for all his kind; then shall be spoken a universal tongue—syllabled by angels—the language of TRUTH. G. F.

BEAUTY OF FACE AND PERSON—HINTS TO THE IMAGINATIVE.

THERE is no standard of beauty; we have a vague idea of what it is, but we cannot define it. It is poetical, not scientific. Were it scientific it could be reduced to rule; but poetry is beyond rule. It is a spirit without shape or form, ever eluding your grasp, though you acknowledge its presence, and feel its power. The impression which beauty makes is instantaneous.

It does not depend upon a process of reasoning; it is a pure feeling which accompanies the sight of the object of our admiration. But the nature of the impression is not determined solely by the object which makes it. The state of our own mind is a very important agent in the matter: and this is so variable, that we cannot be sure of a first, or second, or third impression being a permanent one; indeed, we almost invariably find that first impressions are fallacious, and that they do not lead to an accurate estimate of the object appreciated. The second view of a city, of an exhibition, of a rural scene, which we once admired, invariably strikes us as different from what we expected. No stranger ever visited Paris or London twice without making this remark; and no man ever visited a lady in the morning, whom he had met for the first time at a party on the previous evening, without feeling the truth of the well-known remark, that first impressions are deceitful.

Many, however, pretend that they take to, or take not to, a person at first sight. They are generally ladies who make this strong affirmation—made, we suspect, without much reflection; for all the world knows well that ladies may be gained by kindness, like men; and that unfavourable impressions may be worn off their minds by the usual means which nature has ordained for winning their affections. We suspect that ladies are deceived by Nature in precisely the same mode as gentlemen are; and we have this strong evidence in proof of what we say, that mostly all of them acknowledge—sometimes in fun, sometimes in earnest—what gay deceivers their husbands were when they were lovers only; and what simple, foolish creatures women are to believe that men are or will be what they profess to be and promise to become. If women are not deceived in men, why give men the name of "gay deceivers?" for this designation could scarcely come from the gentlemen themselves.

But we have on more than one occasion reminded our readers of an attribute of our common mother, Nature, which is seldom enumerated by her flattering worshippers—namely, her deceitfulness. Nature is very deceitful; she throws a fictitious varnish, a poetical mist, upon all her works, when viewed from certain positions. She is a syren that allures us merely to disappoint.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And clothes the mountain in its azure hue."

But when we approach it or tread upon its sides, and make it the foreground instead of the background of the landscape, we find all those azure, golden, and mist-like tints and shades supplanted by the commonplace boulders and pebbles, heather and furze, which present but little food for the poetical imagination, and make the fancy turn to some other blue distance—to

imagine a world which has no terrestrial locality, and is only to be found in our waking dreams. So it is with love and admiration of beauty—the impressions are most poetical and imaginative in the blue distance. The approach either converts them into an endearing relationship of conjugal attachment—a very different feeling from the young poetical love—or destroys them altogether. It invariably changes them. No man can see the mountain blue, or radiating tints like burnished gold, when once he has approached it; but he may see still greater beauties, and love it even more fervently and confidently than he loved it before; for now he sees it garnished with every variety of rural beauty—ravines, and rivulets, and water-falls, overhung with cliffs that are covered with oak and elm, ash and birch; with here and there the sequestered dell and the smooth lawn, where the winding path reveals new beauties at every step, and the heart feels satisfied that the fulness of Nature's riches is exemplified on the spot. This could not be seen in the blue distance; but it is better than the blue.

Some are agreeably, and others disagreeably, deceived by the blue; but all are deceived. If they were not, then imagination would be truer than the knowledge; whereas, it is only more gay. It is the blue that first charms us; we are caught by the distant mystery. Then the rich reds and purples confound us, and suffuse our cheeks with a glow of delight. It is the green and the brown in the foreground that reveal the plain state of the case. Our eyes are then opened, and we see where we are. We choose the mountain by the fancy; if it ultimately please us, we praise our own judgment; and if it displease us, we blame the mountain.

Face beauty is the first species of beauty that attracts our attention; and this is well; for though it be merely physical beauty therein that we look at, yet face beauty is more moral, intellectual and spiritual than personal beauty. The face reveals the mind and the soul; and a good judge of countenances forms an estimate at once of the character of the individual by the general expression of the features. Personal beauty implies physical strength; a good constitution is generally, if not always, the accompaniment of a well formed person. The two species of beauty do not always, nor often, co-exist. Beauty of countenance, and therefore of mind and temper, is frequently unaccompanied with beauty of person; and beauty of person is as frequently unblest with beauty of countenance. They are both of great value—so valuable, indeed, that many would hesitate which to choose, if compelled to accept of one only; but the one is evidently more *spirituelle* than the other.

There is a mystery about both species of beauty; and in this mystery lies the fascination. The face is a world of mystery in itself. Every expression of the countenance is a problem, and what an infinity of problems there are to be solved in a human countenance! The person has little expression; but then it has the mystery of clothing; and the two mysteries are quite sufficient to turn the head of the young student in affairs of the heart. Mystery is the atmosphere of imagination and poetry; here alone they love and delight to roam. Love makes men poets; and, as poets, they create all sorts of heavens, bowers of bliss, beds of roses, love cottages, and Arcadian plains, where gentle swains and ladies fair, dressed *a la Francaise*, do play on oaten straw pipes, and sing and talk of love all day; and live upon nuts, or drink of the pure brook or the shaded well. It is very beautiful, and young ladies think it so nice. This is the blue, the red, and the purple; and the farther off the better for this fascination, if there be merely a chance or faint hope of success. Therefore brothers and sisters do not fall in love with each other. They are too near; the mystery is not great enough. A little ignorance, a little difficulty in meeting, a little fear of failure, a little uncertainty about the reciprocity of feeling; in

short, a little blue, red, and yellow, to paint the distant mountain, are indispensable requisites for getting up a fascination.

But beauty is by no means necessary for getting up this fascination; it certainly tends to produce it, and to strengthen it; and it may with great justice be accused of doing more mischief in that way than plainness of countenance; but a person without any pretensions whatever to beauty may have great power of fascination by the influence of mind and manners. This, however, it may be said, is a species of beauty; but it is neither beauty of form nor of colour. The outline of such a person's face is, perhaps, ugly—as may also be the profile and the portrait; and yet the expression of the living countenance may be very pleasing. The inner man is beautiful, although the outward form is somewhat repulsive. It gradually gains upon you and wins you. This is beauty of expression, and is really a higher order of beauty, though generally the least appreciated. It is the last sort of beauty which either sex is attracted by; yet both sexes affect it, as an improvement to that which Nature has given them. They study smiles and simpers, and airs and ogles, and other species of craft, which belong neither to simple beauty of form nor of colour, but to beauty of taste and disposition, which reveals itself in the muscular movements of the countenance. Those who study it always overdo it, and never permanently please. The natural alone is true; and the severity of judgment exercised by our feelings ultimately detects the deceitful, and rejects it with dislike. The beauty of expression is a gift of Nature, as well as the beauty of form or of colour.

Form and colour are the two great attractions; a well-formed head, a well-formed face, bright eyes, and a fine person, seem all-sufficient for the slayers of hearts. They constitute such an amount of charms that they will conceal even a bad expression for a long time, or overrule the objections started by it when detected. Men and women both run into certain ruin with their eyes open, to gratify a passion for mere external beauty. Though well aware that the outward splendour conceals a moral skeleton which must speedily show itself when novelty ceases and affection decays, yet the spell is too powerful to be resisted, and they commit the moral suicide of a miserable union, as if urged to ruin by a fatal resolution. Splendid women are not unfrequently shrews and tergiversants, who open the eyes of their husbands to a few of the fearful secrets of domestic warfare very speedily after marriage. Majesty is not very compatible with amiability, and the repentant lover sometimes regrets that he had infused so much of the sublime into his ideas of the beautiful. Pretty faces, with little expression, do not retain their charms; colour is fickle and capricious, fugitive also; a cold, or a letter, or a party dispels it; and though the world may admire and even adore a painted beauty, a husband seldom does. Form, also, depends so much upon health and spirits for its perfect preservation, that the sunk cheek, and the shrunk nose, and the cracked lips, may, in a few short weeks, destroy the enchantment of years of courtship. And when we seek in vain for those superior charms of mind and temper—of the head and the heart—our eyes are opened, when it is too late, to the superior value of that immortal beauty, which is the last to be discovered, and the last to depart,—a beauty which will preserve the affections when the others fade, which can neither be marred by an accident nor destroyed by disease.

The power of beauty, we believe, is less in financial times like these than in the age of poetry, at least it is less powerful in leading to marriage. Men, like kings and queens, must marry in or above their sphere; they have but a limited circle in general prescribed to them. And money is very enchanting; it is a rival species of beauty which few men can resist. Women, also, are equally allured by it. A rich husband is generally preferred to

a handsome one. There is a sad struggle, we do believe, when a rich old gentleman rivals a poor young handsome fellow. But money generally bears the palm, and the carriage and horses, the livery servants, the rich dresses, drawing rooms and boudoirs, are found to be even more powerful in reaching the heart of woman than raven locks, black eyes, oval face, short upper-lip, and broad shoulders. Nor can we blame the frail one. In rustic times, or in rustic localities, the poverty of the poets, if there be such a poverty, may be very tolerable and even comfortable; but the common-place poverty of modern times, is really one of the greatest of evils; so very great that the heart even demands the sacrifice of the affections, in order to escape from it.

But how does it happen that so many young women rush into marriage with young men of doubtful reputation and precarious circumstances, and all at once from gay and happy girls transform themselves into pale, disconsolate, and miserable wives? How often do we see such victims of the tenderest of passions walking alongside of some drunken, untidy, seedy-looking wretch, with hanging head and rueful look—how often, we say, do we see such victims of tenderness nagging their deaf and insensitive husbands in the street, telling them they ought to be ashamed of themselves, and that they are no men at all, and going through all the other cant phrases usually employed by the injured sex, to no purpose whatever, except to bring forth a growl or an oath from the satiated lover, who now hates the fair creature who a few months ago was the idol of his affections. Was she deceived, or did she marry him with her eyes open, in the vain expectation of being able to cure the evil after the gordian knot was tied? Too often the latter—a fatal delusion! Let all women beware of a drunken lover—a lover that even shows a foolish predilection for drunken or low society and pot-house companions. For the passion is almost certain to strengthen, rather than weaken, after marriage, when ruin is inevitable. This is moral deformity, and however black his eyes, however raven his locks, however short his upper lip and broad his shoulders, avoid the snare which is laid for your happiness, and run for your life. It is better to marry an ugly man with one eye and one ear and three or four teeth, but possessed of prudence and self-respect, of good moral principles and domestic habits, than run the risk of being yoked to a swell or a sensualist, who may bring you down at last along with himself into a London rookery. Never forget that beauty of character is the first of all beauty in man and woman, and is especially valuable in man, upon whom depends the preservation of the rank and respectability of the household.

Beauty we believe to be a snare to both sexes. It is a delusion; it is not understood, for when our eyes are opened we find we were mistaken. The Prince of Silesia, a few years ago, was ready to abandon his faith for a woman; he was married by a Lutheran and denounced by his Bishop. He went to Rome as a supplicant, and fell on his knees at the feet of his Holiness. His Holiness yielded and the marriage was confirmed. In two years he was disgusted with his wife and wanted another. The archbishop refused, and excommunicated the changeling. Was it real beauty that he loved, or was it a phantom? A phantom it all is, that is not based upon moral principle. Material beauty is the real phantom, and spiritual beauty is the solid reality.

The story of this prince is that of thousands of both sexes, who, like fishes, are allured by a false bait and caught in an evil hour, mistaking the material beauty for the real, and expecting to find in brute matter what nothing but the living spirit can afford. The beauty of both sexes is within. The outside is a mask, which it requires considerable skill to penetrate, but once seen through it can no more be seen, and the first impression is lost for ever. Then beauty often changes to deformity, and deformity to beauty; plainness of counte-

nance acquires new and mysterious charms, which were formerly invisible; the veil is torn from our eyes, and we experience another of Nature's tricks, by which she leads us from one envelope to another, till at last she opens the innermost of all, and then discovers gold or ashes.

THE FACULTY OF LAUGHTER.

Oh, glorious laughter! Thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back; that dost lay salve to the feet, bruised and cut by the flints and shards; that takes blood-baking melancholy by the nose and makes it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present; that makest man truly philosophic, conqueror of himself and care! What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove, was nothing but a succession of laughs—a chromatic scale of merriment that reaches from earth to Olympus. It is not true that Prometheus stole the fire, but the laughter, of the gods, to deify our clay, and in abundance of our merriment to make us reasonable creatures. Have you ever considered what man would be, destitute of the ennobling faculty of laughter? Laughter is to the face of man what synovia, I think (says Douglas Jerrold) anatomists call it, is to his joints; it oils, lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. Without it our faces would have been rigid, hyena-like; the iniquities of our hearts, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the faces of the best among us a horrid, dusky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at the top—for foreheads would then have gone out of fashion—and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter—as it is its first intelligence. The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end, by smiling upon us. Yes, smiles are its first talk with the world—smiles the first answer that it understands. And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins, and shakes its nurse's arms, or, in waggish humor, playing bo-peep with the breast, it reveals its high destiny, declares to him with ears to hear, the heirdom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and acutely as they will. They must find confusion in laughter. Man may take triumph, and stand upon his broad grins; for he looks around the world, and his innermost soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he of all creatures laughs. Imagine, if you can, a laughing fish. Let man, then, send a loud ha! ha! through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege.

WE ARE BROTHERS.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

I.

We are brothers, we are brothers,
To one goal our footsteps tend;
Then as through Life's paths we wander,
Let us be each other's friend.
What though tempests dark assail us?
What though thorns infest our path?
Our brave hearts will never fail us,—
Heedless of the tempest's wrath.

II.

We are brothers, we are brothers—
Wanderers in this world of care,
Many, many are our sorrows,
Yet we never will despair.
We will hope, and hope for ever,
For a brighter—sunnier day,
When the clouds which round us gather
All will melt and pass away.

III.

We are brothers, we are brothers—
Pilgrim wanderers are we here;
Let us then with words of gladness
Strive our pathway lone to cheer.
One bright star is ever shining
In the fair, or cheerless sky,
And that Star knows no declining—
The Star of Hope MAY NEVER DIE.

HAS MAN PROGRESSED ?

WHILST we believe that man has made great and real progress in substantial happiness and intelligence, we would not be classed among those who see nothing excellent in the past, and we heartily subscribe to the ideas expressed by HAZLITT in the following words:

There is not a lower ambition, a poorer way of thought, than that which would confine all excellence, or arrogate its final accomplishment to the present, or modern times. We ordinarily speak and think of those who had the misfortune to write or live before us, as laboring under very singular privations and disadvantages in not having the benefit of those improvements which we have made, as buried in the grossest ignorance, or the slaves of "poring pedantry;" and we make a cheap and infallible estimate of their progress in civilization upon a graduated scale of perfectibility, calculated from the meridian of our own times. If we have pretty well got rid of the narrow bigotry that would limit all sense or virtue to our own country, and have fraternised, like true cosmopolites, with our neighbours and contemporaries, we have made our self-love amend, by letting the generation we live in engross nearly all our admiration, and by pronouncing a sweeping sentence of barbarism and ignorance on our ancestry backwards, from the commencement—as near as can be—of the nineteenth, or the latter end of the eighteenth century. From thence we date a new era, the dawn of our own intellect, and that of the world, like the sacred influence of light, glimmering on the confines of "Chaos and old night;" new manners rise, and all the cumbrous "pomp of elder days" vanishes, and is lost in worse than Gothic darkness. Pavilioned in the glittering pride of our superficial accomplishments and upstart pretensions, we fancy that every thing beyond that magic circle is prejudice and error; and all, before the present enlightened period, but a dull and useless blank in the great map of time. We are so dazzled by the gloss and novelty of modern discoveries, that we cannot take into our mind's eye the vast expanse, the lengthened perspective of the human intellect, and a cloud hangs over and conceals its loftiest monuments, if they are removed to a little distance from us—the cloud of our own vanity and short sightedness. The modern sciolist stultifies all understanding but his own, and that which he conceives like his own. We think, in this age of reason and consummation of philosophy, because we knew nothing twenty or thirty years ago, and began then to think for the first time in our lives, that the rest of mankind were in the same predicament, and never knew anything till we did; that the world had grown old in sloth and ignorance, had dreamt out its long minority of five thousand years in a dozing state, and that it first began to wake out of sleep, to rouse itself, and look about, startled by the light of our unexpected discoveries, and the noise we made about them. Strange error of our infatuated self-love. Because the clothes we remember to have seen worn when we were children are now out of fashion, and our grandmothers were then old women, we conceive, with magnanimous continuity of reasoning, that it must have been much worse three hundred years before, and that grace, youth, and beauty are things of modern date—as if nature had ever been old, or the sun had first shone on our folly and presumption. Because, in a word, the last generation, when tottering off the stage, were not so active, so sprightly, and so promising as we were, we begin to imagine that people formerly must have crawled about in a feeble, torpid state, like flies in winter, in a sort of dim twilight of the understanding. "Nor can we think what thoughts they could conceive," in the absence of all those topics that so agreeably enliven and diversify, our conversation and literature, mistaking the imperfection of our knowledge for the defect of their organs, as if it was necessary for us to have a register and certificate of their thoughts, or

as if, because they did not see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and understand with our understandings, they could hear, see, and understand nothing. A falseness of inference could not be drawn, nor one more contrary to the maxims and cautions of a wise humanity.

SHOULD WE IMPUGN THE MOTIVES OF OP-
PONENTS.

It has been too common with all parties to impugn the motives, instead of answering the arguments, of opponents. Instead of showing that what was urged as reasoning was nothing but sophistry, disputants have rather tried to lower each other in the estimation of society: they catch up any stray word, harp upon any peculiarity of appearance, or rake up some bye-gone indiscretion. Though these things may be entirely out of place as far as the merits of the question are concerned, yet do partisans hail with pleasure such a stroke of policy as has the effect of discrediting an opponent. They seem to imagine that the best mode of making one see clearly is to throw dust in the eyes—they act as if they believed that the best mode of settling a disputed point is to attract attention to something else. This species of intellectual chicanery, this 'wolf-and-lamb' mode of reasoning, is one of those relics of antiquity which held all things fair in war. It is the besetting sin of all disputants—theological and political especially: it presents an almost insurmountable barrier to social harmony; it extends its baneful influence throughout the whole of society, and prevents very materially the full and fair discussion of a subject. It is time that every 'reasoner' should set his face against this policy, and on no occasion permit discussion of principles to descend to personal recriminations. It is curious—but no more curious than true—that men, who say that conviction depends on the weight of evidence, should be satisfied by ridiculing, when they might convince by reasoning, or overwhelm by testimony. They either have no faith in their principle, or have no courage to act upon it. But if it is the result of habit more than the want of argument, it is a bad habit, which we hope 'needs but to be seen.' The intentions of individuals, or even their characters, have seldom to do with the thing discussed—it is what they say which we have to consider; the proofs which they adduce or the evidence they offer which we ought to sift, without caring who brought it or why it was brought. Not bearing these things in mind has led many a one to subjects foreign to that in hand. To us it appears of great consequence that all parties should discontinue this imputation of motives, which, if true, seldom proves anything, whilst it keeps up feelings of acerbity, which it should be the endeavor of all to allay. No one individual has more right to consider himself a truth-seeker or the truth-finder than another, yet each seems to look upon himself as the only disinterested and positive one. We ought to take professions of others in the same way as we should desire our own to be received. That all may come to the discussion of any subject with that determination to be right, which a desire for truth can alone convey, must be a desideratum to which "reasoners" must look forward with ardour—and that the time is approaching they cannot be without hope, seeing that the shadow of its approach are even now visible in the different feelings existing amongst disputants in our Parliaments, and in our political religious discussions, compared with those of a few years ago.

—Reasoner.

THE GO-BETWEEN.

There is, perhaps, not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which we mean that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from another.—Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

AFFECTATION OF INDIFFERENCE.

THERE has risen up within my memory a habit, an affectation of indifference, if you like to call it so, to all things on this earth; which indifference is born of a corrupt and degraded heart, and of satiated and exhausted appetites. To a high mind, furnished with keen and vigorous faculties, nothing on earth can be indifferent; for acuteness of perception, a quality which in its degree assimilates us to the Divine nature, weighs all distinctions. As God himself sees all the qualities of everything, whether minute or great, and gives them their due place, so the grander and more expansive the intellect may be, the more accurately it feels, perceives, and estimates the good or evil of each individual thing. The low and the base, the pallid taste of luxury, the satiated sense of licentiousness, the callous heart of selfishness, the blunted sensibilities of lust, covetousness, gluttony, effeminacy and idleness, take refuge in indifference, and call it to their aid, lest vanity, the weakest but the last point to become hardened in the heart of man, should be wounded. They take for their protection the shield of a false and tinsel wit, the answer of a sneer, the argument of a supercilious look, and try to glaze over everything to themselves and others, with a contemptuous persiflage, which confounds all right and wrong.—*G. P. R. James.*

ON JUDGING JUSTLY.

A perfectly just and sound mind is a rare and invaluable gift. But it is still much more unusual to see such a mind unbiassed in all its actings. God has given this soundness of mind to but few; and a very small number of those few, escape the bias of some predilection, perhaps habitually operating; and none are at all times, perfectly free. I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated. A watch-maker told me that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands, that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces, and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him that possibly the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet. On applying a needle to it he found his suspicions true. Here was all the mischief. The steel works in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions; and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be magnetised by any predilections, it must act irregularly.—*Cecil.*

MAN'S SUPERIORITY.

Man having thus settled to his own entire satisfaction the question of the weakness and inferiority of woman, and everything being done that training could do to produce such results as confirmed his conclusion, it necessarily followed that she was unfit to cope with the world or resist the manifold dangers and temptations that surrounded her; and it was accordingly found necessary to hem her in by decorums and circumscribe her by conventionalities, which altogether precluded her from that self-education by experience, which the more active life of man afforded him. Frightened by his own vices and the weakness of the creature to whose keeping he must needs confide his honour and peace, he saw nothing left for it but turn the world into one large harem; perpetuating woman's slavery by perpetuating her ignorance; and teaching her, whilst he assumed a divine right to despotic sway, that it was the worst of treasons to herself—that is, that it was *unfeminine*—to dispute his claims. In short, he only discerned two functions for which woman could have been designed; namely, to be the slave of his passions, and the nurse of his babies in swaddling-clothes; and for these purposes he sought to adapt her—he fitted her “to suckle fools;” and verily he hath his reward—for she has done it!—*Mrs. Crowe.*

Few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater error than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be therefore incapable of doing hurt; there is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the meekest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in wickedness.—*Clarendon.*

THE COURAGE OF CANDOUR.

Strange that it should be so!—What do we study metaphysics for, or read novels—which should be metaphysics in action—but to get a peep into men's minds and motives? and if possible, if we were quite sure they would tell us their minds and motives, we might be more patient. But there is the rub—who dare be candid, except to some rare soul to whom we can speak as to our conscience! Men flee the Truth, and are so unaccustomed to her face, that it affrights them. We live in a continual seeming, and they are considered the safest and surest in society who practise this seeming with the most unvarying fidelity. The outspeakers are all sufferers by their honesty; they are not “dwellers in decencies;” and, whilst they rend their own veil, every man trembles for the integrity of his. Time and experience teach them prudence; till, at length, they learn to accommodate themselves to the climate; like some poor tropical plant, that is obliged to modify its nature to new circumstances, and cease to shed its flowers and fruits in an ungenial atmosphere.

ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT ANNUITY FUND.

ON Friday the sixth annual general meeting of members of this charity was held at the Freemason's Hall, for general business, and the election by ballot of twelve annuitants from a list of 51 candidates; W. John Savage, Esq. in the chair. The institution was founded for the purpose of granting annuities to reduced, aged, or afflicted Freemasons, in proportion to their age or circumstances, in sums varying in amount from £10 to £30 per annum. The report stated that last year there were 39 annuitants, at a charge of £720, which 7 deaths had reduced to 32, which, with yesterday's election, would make 44 annuitants for the present year. The receipts from all sources were £1,844 4s 10d, which, after expenditure, left a balance of £929 1s 2d, of which balance the committee had ordered to be invested £500, in addition to a funded capital of £5000. The business of the day being concluded, thanks were voted to the chairman.—*Standard.*

THE DEAD.

How little do we think of the dead. Their bones lie entombed in all our towns, villages, and neighborhoods.—The lands they cultivated, the houses they built, the works of their hands, are always before us. We travel the same road, walk the same path, sit at the same fire-sides, sleep in the same room, ride in the same carriage, and dine at the same table; yet seldom remember that those that once occupied those places are now gone—alas! for ever!

Strange that the living should forget the dead, when the world is full of the mementoes of their lives. Strange that the fleeting cares of life should so soon rush in and fill the breast, to the exclusion of those so near. To-day man stands and weeps over the grave of his departed friend; to-morrow, he passes that grave with cold indifference. To-day his heart is wrung with all the bitterness of anguish for the loss of one he so much loved; to-morrow the image of that friend is effaced from his heart and almost forgotten. What a commentary upon man!

THE STAR AND CHILD.

A Maiden walked at eventide
Beside a clear and placid stream,
And smiled as in its depths she saw
A trembling Star's reflected beam.

She smiled until the beam was lost,
As 'cross the sky a cloud was driven,
And then she sighed, and then forgot
The Star was shining still in heaven.

A Mother sat beside Life's stream,
Watching a dying child at dawn,
And smiled, as in its eye she saw
A hope that it might still live on.

She smiled until the eyelids closed,
But watched for breath until the even;
And then she wept, and then forgot
The child was living still in Heaven.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

STORY OF ARTHUR GRAHAM.

CHAPTER II.

At the close of the last chapter, we parted from our hero and his patron, as they were about to proceed on their way to England, mutually pleased with each other—the one, at having at last obtained a protector and friend whom he could love and respect, and the other, at finding a worthy object to take that place in his affections, left vacant by the death of his wife, which had taken place about four or five years before the time that our tale commences.

It is an established law of our nature, that there must exist some dear and cherished object on which to pour out the kindly feelings of the heart. There never was a human being yet but that, at some period of his existence, loved, and was beloved by some creature—it might be but one of the lower orders of creation, yet that was the point round which his affections centred, and which filled the vacuum which nature abhors, and which cannot exist for any length of time, either in the natural system or in that mysterious idea which we call the soul. Mr. Melville had been for a long time without this desideratum; it was then with a corresponding intensity of feeling that he now clung to his foster son, in whom he hoped to find a comfort and support in after years, and with no common interest he watched for every indication of character in his protégé Arthur Graham, or Arthur Melville as we will now style him. However, nothing ever showed itself, which tended in the least to degrade our hero in his esteem, while much every day came to light, which he could love and admire.

Arthur, notwithstanding his early treatment, which would have broken the spirit of most boys, was possessed of great firmness and decision of character, while that very treatment had induced a reflective turn of mind, which, as it was favorable to study, almost compensated for his educational neglect: he could read and write a little—his old friend the soldier, before-mentioned, having done so much for him—and Mr. Melville felt assured, that he only wanted a master for a short time to direct his study in the classics, to enable him to overtake many who had had all the advantages of early and careful tuition. He determined, therefore, having still about a year to remain in England, to place him for that time in one of those public seminaries at Carlisle or York, where, besides the advantage of the best teachers, he would gain a knowledge of the world, and reliance on himself, to be found nowhere else, I am convinced, but in establishments of a similar nature. How he got on at school, and his adventures there, we will, however, describe in their proper place, and in the meantime return to our travellers where we left off.

Travelling, in Scotland, in those days, was a very different affair to what it is at the present time; there were then neither steamboats nor railroads: stage-coaches were few, and from want of opposition their proprietors proportionally independent—paying as much attention to the remonstrances of the victimised traveller, as they did to the symptoms of dissolution

creaked forth at every movement by their delectable vehicles, which never, or seldom at least, started till there was a fair complement, and then, drawn by two decidedly consumptive-looking horses at the enormous speed of five miles an hour! Oh! “tell it not in Gath,” ye thirty-five-thousand-miles-per-second telegraphic operators! Yet such was undoubtedly the existing state of things at that time. Accustomed to the superior speed and business-like arrangements of the south, the reader may guess with what impatience the elder and more experienced of the travellers submitted to each new inconvenience and delay, and with what devout fervour he often wished drivers, horses, coaches, and all, at the bottom of the sea. For some time, he tried alternate menace and persuasion, but finding both ineffectual, he at last resigned himself to his fate, and found equal pleasure and satisfaction in answering the many, and at the same time pertinent, questions addressed to him by his young companion, who felt very differently. To him all seemed perfection; nothing could have been better than the arrangements; and it was not until he had seen the driver “blown up, sky high,” on several occasions, that he could divest himself of the idea that he was some great man, through whose complacency, and in whose private carriage, they rode; but he soon in his own mind reduced him to his proper level, and wisely determined, for his future guidance, never to judge entirely from appearances.

It would only be tedious to the reader to give any further details of their motions, till they get to England; as such a journey has been so well and faithfully portrayed by the greatest of novelists, in his “Antiquary” and other works. We will therefore commence our “traces of travel,” from the ancient town of Carlisle; into the spacious court-yard of one of the most frequented Inns of which, we may suppose their stylish English coach to be now entering.

When the coach had drawn up, which it did close to a range of broad stone steps, our friends got out, glad to stretch their cramped joints on *terra firma* once more. They found themselves in a spacious court, enclosed by buildings in the style of the times of the good Queen Bess, two stories in height, with projecting roofs, and high, ornamented brick chimneys; the windows were many and small—the doorways few and large; and the one immediately behind where they stood, being the entrance to the hostelry, was soon occupied by a smiling jolly-looking landlord—who heartily welcomed his new guests, of all degrees—and ushered them into the interior of his dwelling, at the same time addressing to each such conversation as he thought would be most agreeable.

“How did you find the road, sir?” said he to Mr. Melville, as he bowed him over the threshold, “the recent rains must have made them plaguy heavy and muddy, if I may judge from the coach, sir, which will take my fellows two good hours to clean: hope you met with no accident, sir—no highwayman, or anything of that sort, sir?”

“No, I can’t say we did,” was the reply, “we got on very well after getting this side the Tweed; but

we are very hungry, so, like a good fellow, shew us our rooms, and get us something to eat, for you know the proverb, 'there is little parleying between a full man and a fasting.'

The landlord of the "Cumberland Arms," being thus admonished, speedily shewed them two rooms, the one opening into the other, where, having seen their luggage properly conveyed, he left them to their ablutions, with the promise of speedily providing the necessary comforts for the inner man. A short time after he returned to say, that the only other people of quality then at his house, were a gentleman and his little girl, both in deep mourning, who appeared sad and solitary, and who had ordered dinner in another apartment, not wishing to mix with the company in the Travellers' Room, or "Table d'Hôte," as the French call it, but that he thought they would be glad of society of their own degree, and if Mr. Melville was agreeable, he would consult them, and arrange so that they should dine together. Mr. Melville's kind heart was interested for the mourner,—for such he took him to be,—and said he "would be glad to render the time less irksome to the stranger, as far as lay in his power, but what do you say, Arthur? shall we dine alone, or not?" "Oh! by no means, sir; I should very much like to dine with them," said he, the idea of meeting one near his own age, and of the opposite sex, being rather agreeable than otherwise. It was therefore arranged that they should dine together; and they only waited for the summons to join their new friends, where dinner was to be served. This soon came, and they proceeded below. On the way down stairs, poor Arthur felt his heart go "pit-a-pat" in rather a more energetic manner than was quite agreeable, and he felt as if he would rather encounter half a dozen boys in deadly conflict, and have run the chance of two black eyes, than meet this little girl whom he had never seen, and who, as afterwards turned out, was possessed of the most heavenly blue ones.

The door was opened, and our hero and his friend were ushered in; when, no sooner had the gentlemen cast eyes on each other, than they made a simultaneous spring forward, and grasped each others' hands, like friends who had not met for years: nor had they;—but our chapter fails us. As for Arthur, he saw nothing but a pair of blue eyes gazing at him, and a profusion of auburn curls, which shaded a face lovely as those angels which he dimly saw sometimes in his dreams.

P. Q.

OPENING OF THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL, TORONTO.

ON Wednesday evening last, the brethren of the I. O. O. F. gave a public entertainment on the occasion of the opening of their new Hall, in Church Street, to a select, yet numerous company. We entered the room shortly before eight o'clock, and found the seats were then mainly filled with the relatives of the members of the Order. In their arrangements a scrupulous anxiety was evinced by the brethren for the comfort of their visitors of either sex.

The walls were embellished with some elegantly framed prints and pictures in oil of a superior class.

The chairs were elevated, each on a dais with three steps, and covered by a canopy the drapery of which indicated the office held respectively by each incumbent. On the arc from which the curtains were suspended, a motto appertaining to the Order was legibly inscribed in gilt letters on a white ground. Shortly after the appointed time, the collared members of the Order were summoned to the robing room, from whence a procession was formed to the head of the Hall. Through a double line of those invested with the insignia mentioned, the officers, Messrs. Cameron, Campbell, Rhan and Duggan, passed to their respective chairs, when all the brethren took their seats. At this moment, the Hall presented a brilliant spectacle: all that taste in its decoration, all that beauty in the person of its guests could add to such a meeting was found here, while the gorgeous regalia of some of the members added not a little to what was indeed a startling, as it was a gratifying scene.

Among so many, it would be difficult to render anything like an account of who were present, but among others who met our eye, we recollect the Hon. Mr. Justice Jones, the Rev. Dr. McCaul, Mr. Sheriff Jarvis, Dr. Sheffington Connor, &c. &c.

Brother J. H. Cameron (Solicitor General) opened the proceedings, by expressing his regret that they would not be gratified by the attendance of the band of the 81st, as set forth in the programme. The learned Brother then read the following note:—

NEW BARRACKS,
Toronto, August 11 1847.

GENTLEMEN,—I am requested by Lieut.-Colonel Willcocks, to acquaint you that, in consequence of our orders to embark for Kingston, to-morrow, at very short notice, rendering it necessary to prepare for it this evening,—he regrets exceedingly, that the Band of the Regiment will not be able to attend the celebration of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows this evening.

I remain,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient humble servant,

HENRY E. SORELL,

Capt. 81st Regt., Pres. Band Com.

To the Committee of I. O. O. F.,
Church Street.

Mr. Cameron added, that so anxious were the Committee to fulfil their promise that they had waited on the Colonel since, but found the movements were such as would preclude the possibility of the attendance of the Band.

The District Deputy Grand Sire, Brother Campbell, then read a paper on the principles of the Order, which being pointedly and succinctly put, was listened to with much attention. In one part of the composition, Bro. C. observed that "Odd Fellows were open to the charms of female loveliness,"—this tribute to the fair sex drew forth some hearty cheers. Bro. Clarke then took his seat at the piano, when the company were favored with Bishop's Trio, "Blow Gentle Gales," by Mesdames Couninlock and Staines, and the Professor, in which they were warmly applauded, as the execution deserved.

For the treat which followed, we were not prepared. "Lo! hear the gentle Lark!" is a composition which we had not thought to hear well executed, save by those of long professional experience; but the success of Miss Staines herein, proves at once her talent, and the care bestowed in her pupillage. Marked expressions of approbation followed the performance.

Rossini's "Dunque Sono," by Mrs. Gouinlock and Mr. Clark, was well received.

The District Deputy Grand Sire then rose, and apologized to the meeting for their default in not giving "Dear England," but he felt that, in stating that death had that day entered the family of the brother who was to have given it, was a sufficient apology. An ex-

pressive silence followed, betokening sympathy with "the wounded spirit."

Shortly afterward, the master announced that Miss Staines had kindly consented to give another ballad, in lieu of "Old England." Amid the warmest plaudits she again came to the Piano, and gave "The Soldier tired of War's Alarms," and retired with the same manifestation of appreciation of her talent by the audience. There is one feature in her style—and it is a marked one, which cannot, we think, escape the attention of any—it is, the distinctness of her enunciation, even in difficult passages, and this with the strictest regard to the music. Her performance on Wednesday gave the best possible contradiction to the assertion, that the Saxon language is inconsistent or irreconcilable with the higher order of music.

To these pieces refreshments succeeded, which were served in a suite of rooms beneath the Lodge, where every attention had been paid to the comfort of the visitors, and where the creature-comforts were to be found in profusion.

On our return to the room, Brother Kneeshaw addressed the company assembled, on the objects of the Order, in a paper drawn up with considerable care, and evincing a warm zeal in the prosperity of the body.

Another of Bishop's popular compositions succeeded, "As it fell upon a day," in which Mrs. Gouinlock and Miss Staines distinguished themselves, as did the former in the ballad "Scotland and Charlie." An encore followed the performance.

In "When a little farm we keep," Miss Staines and Mr. Clark were very happy. Rounds of laughter greeted them in the performance, and to hearty calls for its repetition they were driven to succumb. When the applause, which was most vociferous, had subsided

Brother J. H. Cameron, Solicitor General, Canada West, rose, and addressing the Brethren and friends, said, that introducing himself to their notice, he would direct their attention to the mottos of the Order, which surmounted the chairs occupied by himself and his brother officers. It would not be needful for him to address them at any length, as the principles of the Institution had been explained to them by Brother Campbell—the objections answered by brother Kneeshaw.

They had a like affection for one and all—their motto "Friendship, Love, and Truth," was ever paramount, while they never lost sight of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Friendship, the sweetener of life; Love, the purifier of the soul; and Truth—but "truth needs no color—as beauty needs no pencil."

It has been stated on many occasions, that we do not recognise the Supreme Being in our formulary. I appeal, and fearlessly, to the motto that surmounts the chair opposite to me, and shew that in all our acts we rely on the Giver of all good. "In God we trust." We ask it—and we ask it confidently—are there any ties stronger than those of Friendship, Love, and Truth, united? and when to these we add that "golden rule," we cannot fear but that the principles of our Order, based on such a foundation, must continue to swell our ranks, and overthrow the prejudices of those, who may not now be inclined to recognise in them the elements of good.

These are the grounds on which the Institution, and we, as its officers, are presented to you; and although there are secrets which it has been deemed necessary to retain, yet we say to those who are willing to join the brotherhood, "come among us; we will explain their meaning; we will show the objects for which they were instituted."

Look around our Hall. Its mottoes sufficiently indicate the purposes we have in view;—to "visit the sick," "relieve the distressed," "bury the dead," "protect the widow," "educate the orphan,"—these are the

objects that address themselves to the souls of all, be they who they may.

We have brilliant examples in the world's history of individual exertion for the general good. We reverence the names of a Wilberforce, a Howard, and an Oberlin; and shall we be blamed if we band ourselves together with no motive but the love of God and the love of man made in His image, to incite us? It is in such an union as this, that we look for strength to beget strength, in the noble work we have given ourselves to do.

In the Union on the opposite shore there are now 100,000 men, brethren of our Order, dispensing a revenue of not less than a million of dollars per annum, which are spent alone in pursuance of the objects of Friendship, Love and Truth, and in pursuits in which selfish motives cannot be allowed to exercise any influence.

How do we stand in relation to those around us? When sickness comes upon us, the pain and anguish of our hour of trial are hard to bear, when we have about us, and kind voices breathe the sweet words around us, and hands of love smooth the pillow for the fevered head, and even the softest footstep is not heard in the darkest chamber, but oh! when we are alone without kindred or friends in a distant land, then we may think of the misery that attaches to an isolated death bed, where there is none of household affection to attend us; but while the signs of our Order are known, then, wherever we may be thrown, we are no longer strangers, but whatever may be the clime, whatever the country, a brother's hand clasps a brother's hand, and friendship and love unite to support and sustain us. Oh, is it nothing to know that in our last mortal agony we shall not be alone without human sympathy, and shall we be told that the consolation attaching to the fraternal attendance of our Order is nothing? Can we not rest with some satisfaction on the thought that, wherever we may die, if the mystic symbol be known, there will be troops of brethren to surround our bed, and to contribute to our best comforts and consolation in this life.

Whatever may be the disease, the sufferer is attended with the same care. His struggles may be fearful to look upon—he may have been struck down by the destroying pestilence, and disease and death may be in the atmosphere around him, yet still he is watched with unwearied tenderness, and the "labour of love" for him ceases but with his life.

We know, or the majority of us know, of one brother who stood in this land of his adoption, almost unknown and alone, yet by the brethren of this Order was he anxiously attended in his dying hours, and his passage to the grave smoothed by the kindnesses of those who were knit with him in the bonds of "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

But this is not all. There are seasons and trials that "break down the strong arm, and make the man as a child." It is in such seasons that he may think he has only a weekly pittance on which to subsist—a pittance he cannot earn—and the anguish of his body is heightened by the agony of his soul, when he feels that he does not suffer alone—that others depend upon him for their daily bread—and his heart faints within him in his fears for those he loves. He becomes an Odd Fellow. He knows now that he has a brother to watch over his wants—that he belongs to a Society that will pay for what is needful, and that, should he sleep "the sleep of death," his brethren in the Order will watch over and provide for his widow and children. He dies, knowing that although alone, they have from 10 to 20,000 to defend and succour them, if need should arise.

Are our objects evil? Are they such that any can say a word in disparagement? No. Are we not daily taught in Holy Writ to show our charity towards those by whom we are surrounded; and surely it cannot be wrong for us to do that as an associated body that we

do or ought to do individually. We are called a secret society; but we are banded together only for good—our signs and symbols are only necessary safeguards against imposition and fraud; we can only be true Odd Fellows so long as we are honest men.

I see among our invited guests many of our brethren of the Manchester Unity. I should be happy if we all formed one united body; and I trust that the little differences that now separate us may be early removed. An objection has been urged that our Order is of American origin, but we are now an independent British North American Order, having a Grand Lodge of our own, and inculcating loyalty to our Queen and country as necessary to our well being as any other of our principles.

I have to thank you for your kind attention to what I have said, and have only to add to what our worthy Deputy Grand Sire said, in speaking of the ladies who have graced our hall with their appearance, "that they ought all to be in favor of Odd Fellowship," that bond of strength, union, first, and then that they should afterwards require that their husbands should join our Order, and become partakers of the pleasures and benefits of Odd Fellowship.

The hon. gentleman's address was heard with marked attention, and there were not wanting tributary tears to some of the truths so earnestly and pathetically told by the Most Worthy Past Grand. Few indeed could have listened without feeling how much of benevolence is identified with the great principles that guide and govern the members of the Order.

After a short interval, the Closing Ode and the National Anthem was sung, when the Company dispersed, and we shall not err in saying, highly gratified with the evening's entertainment.

What may be the prospects of the Order, we know not; but we do know that they have taken two most potent means to ensure success—the influence of the ladies, and that of music.

These added to the benevolent principles on which it is founded, must ensure the end all philanthropists desire. We wish the Institution "God speed."—*Colonist, August 13.*

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

"Oh I have had a dream, mother,
So beautiful and strange;
Would I could sleep on, mother,
And the dream never change!"
"What hast thou dreamed, my dear one?
Thy look is bright and wild;
Thy mother's ear is ready
To listen to her child."
"I dreamed I lay asleep, mother,
Beneath an orange tree,
When a white bird came and sang, mother,
So sweetly unto me;
Though it woke me with its warbling,
Its notes were soft and low,
And it bade me rise and follow,
Wherever it might go.
"It led me on and on, mother,
Through groves and realms of light,
Until it came to *one*, mother,
Which dazzled—'twas so bright.
As tremblingly I entered,
An angel form drew near,
And bid me welcome thither,
Nor pain nor sorrow fear.
"I knew not aught there, mother,
I only *felt* 'twas bliss,
And joined that white bird's song, mother,
Oh! canst thou read me this?"
"Yes, dearest, to thy mother
Such happiness is given—
The *Holy Spirit* was that bird,
That grove of light was *Heaven!*"

We have been requested to copy the following from the *Limerick Chronicle* of 16th June:—

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

To the Trustees of the Society of Odd Fellows, Cork.
Ballyfeard, Carrigaline.

GENTLEMEN—Among the many institutions which the spirit of charity has established to heal the wounds which the God of Charity has inflicted, the Society of Odd Fellows stands proudly pre-eminent. You are no longer a mysterious body—"From your fruits we know you." "He that abideth in Charity, abideth in God."

The Pharisee thought the Samaritan an *Odd Fellow* when he stopped to "pour oil into the wounds of his half-dead fellow-creature, on the road side;" your prototype was worthy of you, and you of him—let the heartless "go and do likewise." Those who before laughed at your name, now bless your charity; those who before questioned your motives, now laud your philanthropy. I heard your *young* affiliation scoffed at in Cork; but Hercules, in his *cradle*, crushed the serpent that would wound him. I acknowledge with profound gratitude the sum of Ten Pounds from your inestimable body. To those who would follow your example, I will say, that in my parish alone we have a daily average of five deaths from starvation; and unless I obtain aid from the benevolent, I must close my soup kitchens and bread shops upon the famishing poor. Fever and dysentery are become the auxiliaries of famine in the decimation of the poor.

Your's, &c.

CORNELIUS CORKRAN, P.P., Union of Tracton.

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.

The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the *London Quarterly Review*:

"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion, nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands or gilt buttons or velvet cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points! And no woman can dress well who does not. After this, we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well-informed thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady."

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence is not in word and in tongue, but in deed and truth. It is a business with men as they are, and with human life as drawn by the rough hand of experience. It is a duty which you must perform at the call of principle, though there be no voice of eloquence to give splendour to your exertions, and no music or poetry to lead your willing footsteps through the bowers of enchantment. It is not the impulse of high ecstatic emotion. It is not an exertion of principle. You must go to the poor man's cottage, though no verdure flourish around it, and no rivulet be nigh to delight you by the gentleness of its murmurs. If you look for the romantic simplicity of fiction, you will be disappointed; but it is your duty to persevere, in spite of every discouragement. Benevolence is not merely a feeling, but a principle—not a dream of rapture for the fancy to indulge in, but a business for the hand to execute.

THE POOR AND THE RICH.

That evil results, in many instances, from wealth, is sufficiently manifest; but it is not certain, on this account, that virtue is only safe in the midst of penury, or even in moderate circumstances. Nor, because the wealthy are often miserable, it is certain that happiness dwells chiefly with the humble. It may be quite true that no elevation such as riches bring about, insures perfect purity and amiableness of character, and that content is found nowhere; and yet there may be a more steady connection between virtue and easy circumstances, also between content and easy circumstances, than between the same things and poverty. The poor escape many temptations and many cares which beset the rich; but, alas! have they not others of a fiercer kind, proper to their own grade?—Let the statistician make answer. It is only, indeed, to be expected, that an increasing ease of circumstances should be upon the whole, favorable to moral progress, for it is what industry tends to; and industry is a favored ordination of heaven, if ever anything on earth could be pronounced to be such.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

"If we would be happy, we must glide along through life as the river does between its banks; expanding here, and contracting there—now in noisy shallows, and then in deep, still pools; accommodating itself all the way to the sinuosities of its surface, and the winding humour of its banks,—and yet leaving every rock and every projection, and clothing the very borders which so rigidly confine it, and compel it to double its length to the ocean, with green leaves and luxuriant flowers, from the beginning to the end of its course. But if, on the other hand, we want to be miserable, and make all about us miserable too, we have only porcupine-like, to erect our double-pointed quills, and then roll ourselves up in them with a dogged obstinacy, and we shall goad others, and be goaded ourselves, to the utmost degree of our wishes. O, there is nothing like 'lowliness, and meekness, and long suffering, for bearing one with another in love,' to lubricate the ways of life, and cause all the machinery of society to go without jarring or friction!"—*Blake*.

THE DAISY.

The daisy was Chaucer's favorite flower: and never since hath bard done it such reverence as the venerable father of English poetry. All worship, saving his own, is that of words only: his is the adoration of a heart which overflows with love for the daisy. He tells us how he rose with the sun to watch this beautiful flower first open, and how he knelt beside it again in the evening to watch its starry rim close; that the daisy alone could allure him from his study and his books, and when he had exhausted all his stores of beautiful imagery in its praise, his song was ever ready to burst out anew, as he exclaimed, "Oh, the daisy, it is sweet!" For his sake it ought to have been selected as the emblem of poetry, and throughout all time called "Chaucer's flower." For our part we never wander forth into the fields in spring to look for it, without picturing Chaucer, in his old costume, resting on his "elbow and his side," as he many a time had done, paying lowly reverence to his old English flower, which he had happily called the "Eye of Day."—*The Poetical Language of Flowers*.

POWER OF IMPUDENCE.

No modest man ever did or will make his fortune. The ministry is like a play at court; there is a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost. People who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still (thrusting heartily) are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd—is shoved about by every body—his clothes torn—almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get before him who don't make as good a figure as himself. I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it. How many statesmen have since acted upon Lady Mary Wortley's maxims besides the old Dragon of Wantley, who, if he did not obtain great political power, at least put money enough in his purse.—*Tait*.

PORTRAITS.

There is something mystical about those painted ghosts of ourselves that survive our very dust! Who, gazing upon them long wistfully, does not half fancy that they seem not insensible to his gaze, as if we looked our own life into them, and the eyes that followed us where we moved were animated by a stranger art than the mere trick of the limner's colours?—*Bulwer*.

GOOD ACTION.

The everlasting hills will crumble to dust, but the influence of a good action will never die. The earth will grow old and perish, but virtue in the heart will be ever green, and will flourish throughout eternity. The moon and stars will grow dim, and the sun roll from the heavens; but true and undefiled religion will grow brighter and brighter, and not cease to exist while God himself shall live.

BEAUTIFY HOME!

Men will say that appearance is nothing, and that the pleasures of the sight are not to be valued and cultivated! I say that appearance is always to be regarded; that we cannot render our homes too beautiful and attractive. Our first object should be to make our dwellings as convenient and comfortable as art can make them; our second object should be to render them to an equal extent tasteful and elegant. Do what we can, and all we can, we shall fall far short of rivaling even the simplest forms and combinations of nature.

POVERTY.

Oh Poverty! or what is called a reverse of fortune, among the many bitter ingredients that thou hast in thy most bitter cup, thou hast not one so insupportably bitter, as that which brings us in close and hourly contact with the earthenware and huckaback beings of the nether world. Even the vulgarity of inanimate things it requires time to get accustomed to; but living, breathing, bustling, plotting, planning, human vulgarity, is a species of moral ipecacuanha, enough to destroy any comfort.—*The Cairn*

The more we have of good instruments, the better; for all my children, not excepting my little daughter, learn to play, and are preparing to fill my house with harmony against all events: that if we have worse times, we may have better spirits.—*Bishop Berkely*.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it!
We seek to high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us:
But soon we're taught the earth has naught
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken:
Though all were night—if but the light.
From friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us!