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THE
ODD FELLOWS' RECORD;

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1846.

No. V.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONVICT.*

BY "Y.-L.E."

CHAP. IV.—THE DEPARTURE.—THE CONVICT.—THE
COXWAIN.

THE agony of my trial over, I had sufficient time to reflect on the degraded position my short but unfortunate career had placed me in, within the gloomy walls of a convict's cell. I saw the light from the sun come and go day after day, and as that light slowly and stealthily entered and departed, and no sound reached my ears but the grating of the lock as the turnkey came on his daily examination, my heart sunk within me at the recollection of the liberty I had hitherto enjoyed. What pained me most, however, was the grief of my poor, heart-broken mother. From motives of delicacy, I have refrained from describing the scene which followed my incarceration, at first, but now that I was torn from her, on account of my own guilt, a feeling of despair laid fast hold on her mind, so that when she came to pay me a last adieu, she was to every eye who had formerly seen her, but the shadow and remembrance of what she had been. Oh God! how my heart bled for her. As for myself, life and all its joys were gone, and I could have laid me down happily and died.

At length the day of our departure arrived, and, however much I expected to suffer as a convict, I hailed the dawn of that morning with pleasure. I wished to be far away from the scene of my ignominy, vainly imagining that remembrance would become obliterated as distance intervened. All things being ready for our removal, the prisoners were led out handcuffed to a coach which stood at the entrance to the prison. As the great door opened, and the refreshing breeze of the morning fell unbidden on my burning cheeks, I raised my eyes to look upon the surrounding objects for the last time. But from whence comes that hum of human voices? They are not shouts of joy, nor peals of laughter. They sound like the whispers of persons in eager conversation, mingled with stifled groans, and heavy sobs. Half a dozen paces forward, and all is explained. On each side of

the passage leading from the jail to the coach, are congregated crowds of eager gazers,—some brought there from curiosity—others deeply interested in the fate of some one of the prisoners. Could my poor mother be amongst the number! This thought made me tremble. I determined not to look round, for fear I might encounter her mournful gaze; but the more I felt inclined to do this, the stronger became the desire to satisfy myself, whether she might be present. Not being able to control this feeling, I cast a quick and anxious look, first on the one side, and then on the other, and had all but come to the conclusion, that none was among the crowd who felt uneasy on my account. I was about to withdraw my eyes, when a move was made amongst the assembly near to the place where the coach was placed. I had no power to withdraw my eyes from looking in that direction, and on the crowd opening to admit of some one who was eagerly pressing forward, I was nearly struck powerless on beholding the very person who had been the chief instrument in causing my downfall,—it was my unlucky companion, John. His eyes were red, and the tears on his cheeks told that he had been crying. In an instant my mother stood at his side,—to please her, he had forced a passage that she might be permitted for the last time to look upon her lost, but dearly-beloved son. I have stated before, that she was sadly changed, and when I recollected that all her suffering had been on my account, I could not help inwardly cursing my folly. Tears came as a relief, and while I lifted both hands to wipe my eyes, the sight of the handcuffs excited her so much, that she had only power to repeat my name, when she fell back into the arms of John. I rushed forward to support her, but was soon reminded by one of the officers in attendance, that this could not be allowed. I cast one glance at the unconscious form of her who had watched over my childhood, and who had so often prayed to God that I might be kept from evil. From her I turned my eyes on John. He seemed to read my thoughts, for, as I entered the coach, he called aloud, "Forgive me, James,—I will be a son in your stead."

How can I forget that morning—big as it is with so many things to be remembered. On that morning I was forced to bid a long farewell to the land of my fathers and the land of my birth. True, my acts had disgraced me, but I was not hardened in guilt. Had I

* Continued from page 51.

been so, the pangs of that fearful day would have been spared me. Seventeen summers and winters have come and gone since then, and yet the remembrance of my agony at that time, forces the crimson to my cheeks, and compels conscience itself to shrink from the encounter. Oh, Glasgow, Glasgow! not far from thy precincts I first drew the breath of life. Within and around thee I had built airy castles. Happy hours I had spent near thee, and though many agonising thoughts have dwelt within my bosom since I last saw thee, yet the bitterest, the keenest, the most trying pang ever I experienced was brought into play on that never-to-be-forgotten morning; and as the sad sound of my dear mother's "Jamie, Jamie!" died upon my ear, I became dead to all around, and as the rattling of the coach went on, freighted with its wretched cargo, I was soon borne beyond all familiar spots. On that morning I had parted from all that was near and dear to me—friends, home, acquaintances—and—degrading, painful thought!—I was a convict, and my destination New South Wales.

After various incidents of slight interest, we at last reached the "hulks," on board of which we were kept for some time till a transport was in readiness, to carry us to Botany Bay. The preparations for this event being completed, we were huddled on board like so many beasts, and the vessel shortly after weighing anchor, we commenced our passage for England's penal colony. How the time passed I need not state, as most of my readers know something of what a sea-voyage is; and from the strict watch which was kept over us, our own minds were the only monitors or companions we had to commune with; let it suffice, therefore, to say, that at the end of five months and four days, we were safely landed at Hobart Town.

Whatever opinion I had formed of my future prospects during the voyage, I must candidly admit that, bad as I thought the situation of the convict would be, my mind was not prepared for the sad scenes brought before my eyes, in the contemplation of which, I found in truth that my situation was one, much worse than I had ever conceived of the state of a slave.

At the time we landed, Hobart Town was very ill supplied with water, and the governor had set a project on foot for cutting into Wellington Mountain,—a high hill, at the bottom of which the town stands,—in order, if possible, to discover a spring by which the inhabitants would be supplied with water. As all the convicts who had arrived before us were otherwise engaged, the governor ordered that twenty of our number should be set apart for this undertaking. It was my lot to be appointed one of the party nominated for this task, and a fearful task we had to perform. It was in the very depth of winter, but to interest us some little in the enterprize, we were promised, if successful in finding the spring, some indulgence in our situation as convicts. Drowning men are said to catch at straws, so, in our position, anything which had even the most distant hope of alleviating our sufferings, was eagerly seized upon. This hope kept us for some

time alive, else we must otherwise have sunk under the influence of the extreme cold. It was, however, all to no purpose, for at the end of seven weeks, we were carried back to town, almost frozen to death, and were obliged to go into hospital for the treatment of our frozen limbs.

While in hospital, circumstances took a turn in my favour, for which, at the time, I sincerely thanked God. My appearance, conduct and otherwise, was not that of a person who had imbibed vicious habits, but, on the contrary, I was unassuming and thoughtful; I was also extremely cautious not to commit myself by any unbecoming act. One day a Captain W—— called to examine us. He seemed pleased with my appearance, and entered into conversation with me. This circumstance gave me no thought at the time, but on recovering, I was agreeably surprized to learn that the Captain had got me appointed coxwain of his gig. Whatever situation a convict may be placed in, he cannot expect either kind looks or words, so, when put into a place of trust, however limited the power, he generally uses it to make those under his jurisdiction, already miserable enough, ten times more so. Being tyrannized over by those who are their superiors, they shew the petty tyrant in their turn. However little experience I had, I was perfectly aware of this fact; but on revolving the course I ought to pursue in my mind, I resolved to act in a way contrary to the above. I felt no wish to become a tyrant. I, therefore, did all in my power to make those under me as comfortable as my means would admit, and, in return, I experienced the kindest usage from the captain. Thus seven months passed very pleasantly, but it is said of some things, "they are too good to last long," and so it turned out with the pleasure I experienced in the captain's service.

One day the captain informed me of his intention of taking a trip to an Island on the coast, called Maria Island, situated about 150 miles from Hobart Town. He intended taking a party of ladies and gentlemen with him. For this purpose he was to be favored with the governor's barge, his own gig being too small, and the governor's barge pulling eight oars. The captain only allowed me a given time to have the barge brought round to an appointed place, with a full complement of hands to work her. Fortunately I accomplished my task in good time, but I had scarcely seen that all was right, when the captain and his party arrived. The party consisted of his daughter, niece, and other two ladies, and three gentlemen. The word "all right" being given, we hoisted a lug sail, and, with a fine breeze from the N. W., we were soon scudding gallantly along on what turned out to be a rather perilous voyage. Everything went "merry as a marriage bell" for the first day, and when the gloom of evening began to darken around us, we had reached as far as Sloping Island, where it was agreed we should go ashore. We were soon landed, and, with the assistance of the crew we got tents erected for the ladies and gentlemen, having brought canvas and poles with us for

the purpose. As for myself and the crew, the lug sail answered to screen us. After a hasty but no less hearty supper, we prepared for sleep, and arose in the morning well refreshed by a night's sound repose. Having prepared breakfast for the party, it was soon partaken of, and we again embarked, a stiff breeze having set in from the S.W. We continued our course without encountering anything worthy of remark, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, landed at East Bay Neck, where we kindled a fire, and pitched our tents for the second night's rest.

From the circumstance of my being often up and down the coast with the gig, I had become well acquainted with the history of the various places along its line. I was aware that our situation that night was neither so safe nor so comfortable as I could have wished. Not a few seamen had been murdered by the natives of the place, and I felt certain that if we escaped being surprised by them, it would only be in consequence of their having retired further inland, or from our own watchfulness. Accordingly, after supper, and when both the captain and his party and the crew had retired to rest, I continued seated at the fire, determined to act a cautious part, and, if possible, guard against being surrounded by a host of savages, for I looked upon the natives as such. While I was thus seated, I could not help thinking on the many changes I had experienced;—my mind, at times, soaring far, far away, and, in imagination, I was once more mingling among my merry youthful companions. Then again the truth would dart across my wandering thoughts, and, thinking on the horror of my position, the warm tears trickled down my sun-burnt cheeks. The scene around was well calculated for reflection. On each side towered ponderous trees, the huge branches creaking and groaning with their weight. At a little distance from the fire stood the canvas tent, and the flickering blaze of the burning wood falling faintly on it, shedding a pale, dim ray, gave the whole a melancholy appearance; while overhead the clouds were dark and heavy looking, and the hollow murmuring of the ocean, rendered the scene, to my simple ideas, wild and romantic.

While thus reflecting, I was suddenly startled by the sound of what I conceived to be a foot tread on some broken brushwood lying in the bush at some little distance from the place I occupied. I involuntary started up, gazing anxiously and uneasily around, but I could discover no form or cause for my alarm, and was about to set it down as the effect of overheated imagination; but scarcely had I applied this flattering unction to my mind, when the noise was repeated, even nearer me than when I at first heard it. Fears now crowded upon my mind, and a sense of danger laid its agitating fingers upon me. The inmates of both tents were asleep, and what would be the consequences if a host of savages were to dart upon us from the surrounding thickets! Were such the case, our deaths would be speedy and inevitable. I scarcely knew how to move; but God having restored calmness

to my mind, I made toward the spot where the crew lay, in the most cautious manner I could. There I stood, ruminating on what course I should next take. I did not wish to awake my companions, without being fully assured that danger was near. My suspense was but of short duration, for the figure of a human being that moment passed between me and the fire, as if in the act of reconnoitring. No time was now to be lost, as I felt confident he would not be alone. I therefore proceeded cautiously to awaken the crew, and making them aware of the danger, we prepared our fire-arms, with which we had been furnished by the captain, and then silently crept to the tent occupied by the ladies and gentlemen, determined to save them, if attacked, or perish in the attempt. Scarcely had we secured ourselves here, when we observed about forty of the natives surround the fire. At last they discovered the tent, towards which, after some little consideration, they quietly advanced, each armed with two spears—the right hand which held one being raised above the head. The spear was thus ready to be thrown at whatever object might present itself. From the position in which we were placed, we had a decided advantage over them, for besides their approaching between us and the light, we were partially concealed from them by intervening trees. Having no wish to create an alarm among the ladies, we did not make them aware of their critical position, and the men, used to obey my instructions, readily gave in to the plan I intended to pursue. I therefore allowed our savage enemies to advance pretty close to our hiding-place, when, giving the words "now for it," we fired in a body. The suddenness of this proceeding struck terror to our foes, for seeing some of their party shot dead, and others wounded, the rest uttered a yell past all description, and hastily fled to the bush. As might be expected, the captain and his guests rushed out to ascertain the cause. I had no words to meet their inquiries, but pointing towards two or three dead savages, this silent language told all that was necessary. The gentlemen then again returned to explain and soothe the ladies, while the captain remained with us, that we might have the benefit of his advice and direction in our further proceedings.

(To be Continued.)

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.)

THE pride of many parents is often productive of the worst consequences, and often chooses absurd ways. At the cradle of the child his future profession is already pre-ordained, before it is at all decided whether he have talents for it or not. For the ennoblement of the family, he is to rise higher, to play more shining parts than his parents and forefathers did before him. Thus the son of the labourer is apprenticed, without any means, to the artizan; the son of the artizan, without sufficient capital, to the business of the merchant; and the son of the burgher or peasant, without pre-eminent talents, sent to the higher schools in order to be prepared for a spiritual or learned station. When the best part of life has been lost in long preparation, we

become, much too late, aware of the error, and repentance follows in the track of inconsiderate pride.

We first discover the error either when the son completely fails in his destined profession, or when he has become half a man; when he complains; "If false ambition had not seduced my parents, who wished me to fill too high a post, I should have now been happier; I should be able to gain a more honourable and safer livelihood. I am now in a station where more is demanded of me than I can do. From want of sufficient means, I do not see how I shall ever be able to lead an independent and honourable life in the station that has been assigned me. My life long I shall be but a servant, or shall be forced to earn my bread accordingly and sparingly."

The desire of parents to raise themselves and their children above their station is in the present day a general evil, so that we see it almost everywhere. They have forgotten to seek their happiness and their renown in the station assigned them by God, and conceitedly wish to improve the dispensations of the world's rule.

This error most generally takes place in the treatment of the daughters. They receive an education which mostly exceeds their rank. Instead of accustoming them to that simplicity and frugality which are calculated to make an honest man happy, they are accustomed to all sorts of conveniences, to pleasures and dissipations, for which the future husband has often neither inclination nor capital. Instead of making it possible for them to render their own life and their husband's easier, by giving them a rich dowry, all savings are spent in dress and show, in order to make the daughter shine before all, in the hope that some rich man will prefer the virtues of this well educated girl to all fortune. The results of this are unhappily but too evident. The honest man, not able to maintain all the show, and supply the little conveniences and wants, to which the fine-educated daughter is accustomed, foregoes any alliance with the same. He rather chooses for himself one of his own rank, who, in the place of flimsy dress, brings him at least as much property as will assist him in the furnishing of his house. An ornamented poverty sinks into oblivion, and the high-flying plans of parental pride become humbled, according to the number of years in which the juvenile attractions of the daughter are fading away.

Hence the mass of unmarried, particularly in large towns, where the foolish desire of raising yourself above your station, and of doing as those who are richer do, is ever on the increase. Hence the mournful lot of such girls, who must bid farewell to their high pretensions, and, in order to be provided for, offer their hands to men whose employment, whose education, falls far beneath what they have expected. Hence the complaints, that apparently higher talents and nobler inclinations are at variance with the actual avocation; hence dissatisfaction with one's station; hence broken-up households, unhappy marriages.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

We learn with pleasure that a society is formed in the metropolis for the purpose of bringing together in harmony and brotherly love the natives of different countries. A meeting was held on Monday night, at White Conduit House, of the members, who consist of Germans, Poles, French, Italians, Americans, and English. The motto of the society is.—"Alle Menschen sird Bruder.—London Globe.

LEARNING AND WISDOM.

What a wide gulf there is between the mere scholar and the wise man! Books and a retentive memory may suffice to form the one; while the other possesses not only the material, but also the judgment to render it available.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

DURING the late war I first became acquainted with a young Englishman of the name of Russell, who, having on the death of his father, come into possession of some valuable estates in the West Indies, was at that time engaged in examining the value of his patrimony. In the prosecution of this object he visited Cuba, where my father, whose mercantile transactions were connected with his, resides, and where Russell resided for some weeks. He had a complete passion for the sea, and in the course of many pleasure trips among the neighbouring islands, in a fine little schooner which he had brought from England, we became the most intimate friends. There was a noble, almost a wild enthusiasm about his character, which, though it harmonized well with his athletic appearance, would have appeared Quixotic, had it not been borne out by his utter contempt of danger where danger really existed. I will give one instance out of many. We were beating up against a stiff southeast breeze off Cape Tiburon in Hispaniola, when one of the men, who had gone aloft to take in a reef in the topsail, sung out to those below, that a piratical galley was bearing down upon us with all sail set. Russell and I were at that time in the cabin, and having exhausted every social subject of amusement, we engaged separately and almost silently, I in turning over a set of engravings of sea-fights, and Russell in lazily setting up a few of the ropes of a frigate, which he was making as a model. Immediately, however, that the man entering the cabin, doffed his cap, and smoothing down his hair, told his story, Russell uttered a loud whoop of delight, and springing up with a haste which snapped half the spars in his beloved frigate, rushed on deck.

The man at the helm was waiting for the expected order to put the vessel about, and the crew were at the sheets and braces ready to execute the manœuvre; but Russell singing out "steady!" seized a spy glass to examine the pirate. In a minute or two he came down with a joyous expression of countenance, and seeing that his men were whispering discontentedly to each other, well knowing the bloody disposition of those pirates, he addressed them thus:—

"My lads! there are just a score of strapping negroes in the galley bearing down upon us; of course they will be well supplied with cutlasses and small arms, but they have not a single piece of metal among them; now you all know well enough that the little Petrel has the legs of these luffards, and my wish is to send a message from our long Tom in a friendly way; we can run when we can do no better; so all you who are willing to stand by your captain draw off to the weather side, and if there are any of you who are afraid of a few naked blacks in a long boat with a lug sail, keep your present station."

Our crew consisted of four Englishmen, a Scotchman, a Dutchman, and three negroes; and it was curious to observe the effect of their captain's speech upon them. The Englishmen gave three loud cheers and sprang to the weather side of our little craft; the Scotchman more slowly but quite as determinedly, followed, muttering that it was "by nae means prudent;" while the Dutchman, without uttering a single word, turned his quid in his cheek, squirted the juice deliberately over the lee bulwark, and hitching up his trousers walked after his companions. The negroes alone remained standing; they seemed utterly terrified at the idea of attacking these bloody and remorseless pirates, of whose atrocities they had heard and seen so much, and cast fearful glances at the nearing galley, as if they felt their long knives already at their throats.

A good dram, and a threat of keelhauling them, however, presently put them all right, and they bustled about with great alacrity to get the "long Tom" (a long-barreled gun which we carried, and which was

generally stationed amidships) placed astern, with the muzzle depressed, and covered with a tarpaulin. For my own part, I was more familiar than Russell with the barbarous cruelties of our pirates. I confess that I did not enter into the affair with the joyousness which he seemed to feel. I knew that a moment of irresolution, a chance shot, or missing stays, might place the pirates alongside of us, and then there was nothing for us but torture and death. However, I had every confidence in the excellence of our seamen, in Russell's coolness, and, above all, in "long Tom." The crew seemed also to consider the gun as their principal defence, for every glance at the approaching pirates was followed by one directed at the manœuvres of one of their companions, who, under cover of the tarpaulin, was crammng "long Tom" with what he called his "grub," being several pounds of grape shot, old spike nails, and so forth.

We were still standing off on the starboard tack, and the pirates, not at all expecting the warm reception we were preparing for them, bearing down with a flowing sheet upon us, when Russell, hailing them through a speaking trumpet, ordered them to stand clear, or he would fire upon them. The only answer to this summons was a loud discordant laughing, which, coming down the wind to us, sounded as if they were already alongside. Turning round, with a calm smile on his face, Russell nodded to his men, who, having before received their instructions, rounded the little Petrel on the heel, and swept away on the larboard tack with a celerity, which could scarcely have been surpassed by the sea-bird whose name she bore. But though the manœuvre was performed with the most admirable dexterity, it placed the galley of the pirates for a moment within a hundred yards of us; and as, with our sails close-hauled, we stretched away from them, a shower of bullets discovered their vexation on being thus baffled. Most of the balls fell short, though two or three rattled through the cabin windows, and one whizzing between Russell and the man at the helm, snapped off one of the spokes of the wheel, and buried itself in the mainmast. "That's a Spanish rifle," said the helmsman, with great *sang froid*, "and you thundering thief in the bow of the boat fired it; I can see the long barrel shining yet; none of their clumsy muskets could have sent a ball as far into the spar of the little Petrel;" and he passed his hand down the splintered wheel spoke, as a person might examine the wounded limb of his friend. "Never mind," said Russell, "we'll return their civility presently;" and lifting his hat, he cheered on the pirates, who had got their boat round, and with sails and sweeps were labouring in our wake.

Meantime we got "Long Tom's" nose, as the seamen jocosely called it, levelled, and ready for being thrust out on the larboard quarter; the carpenter with his axe standing ready to smash the bulwark, which yet concealed the gun from our pursuers. They were soon so near us, that we could distinguish every individual of their crew, and fierce, bloody-looking wretches they were as ever I beheld. Most of them were nearly naked to the waist, where a belt, at which hung pistols and a cutlass, girded their brawny frames. A tall, grey-headed negro, stood at the bow of the boat, holding with one hand by the fore-stay, and the other resting upon the long Spanish barrelled gun that our steersman had before noticed. "I could hit him now, sir, if you would but trust me with your rifle for a moment," said the man, casting another glance at his partially shattered wheel. Whether Russell was pleased with that congenial pride in his vessel, and that desire to avenge an injury done to her, which every true seaman possesses, and which the wish of the helmsman discovered, I do not know; but, putting his rifle into the man's hand, and taking his place at the wheel, he simply desired him to make sure. Never did I see gratitude more forcibly developed than in the expression

of the helmsman's face, nor did I ever behold agony more fully displayed in human features than a moment produced in his. The gun which he was raising dropped from his grasp upon the deck, and his arm, shattered at the elbow, quivered convulsively at his side. A glance at the smoking of the pirate's rifle showed the cause of the sudden injury, while it gave proof of the quickness and deadliness of his aim. At this moment the men forward cried out that other galleys were making from the shore, from which we were now at no great distance; and looking round we saw two or three large boats pulling hastily out of a creek, where they had been concealed by the spreading cocoa nut trees and thick tangled underwood.

It was now that Russell's perfect coolness and resolute courage displayed themselves. He put the helm into my hands, and giving the words "Ready, about," to his men, took up the rifle which the wounded seaman had dropped. The old negro was loading his piece, and we could hear his chuckling laugh at the success of his exploit. Immediately that Russell presented himself over the taffrail, there was a general volley fired at him by the crew of pirates, amid which he stood as unmoved as a rock, until, catching his opportunity, as our vessel hung on the top of a wave, he fired, and the old negro tumbling headlong among his companions, while his gun was discharged by the shock, showed that the Petrel and her steersman were fully avenged. "About ship," cried Russell, as he laid his rifle carefully on the deck, and looked at me with a half-suppressed smile of triumph. Every thing was so silent that the creaking of the wet canvas, as our sails gybed, was heard distinctly, but in an instant the little craft was about, and getting hold of the wind began to skip over the waves for the offing. The pirates were now on our larboard quarter, and within a few oars length of us, when Russell, with a hand steady as if he were writing an invitation to dinner, took the apron off "Long Tom" with one hand, received a lighted match from a seaman with the other, then nodded to the carpenter, who broke away the obstructing bulwark with one blow of the axe. I still think I see the horrified countenances of the pirates, and their quick dilated glances, as they discovered the gun, and their confused oaths, and the rattling of the oars and cordage, as they attempted to escape the expected range of the shot. At this moment of unutterable anxiety, when our lives depended upon the coolness of our captain, and the success of his discharge, I caught a glimpse of his features. He was, with his head turned from the gun, blowing gently at the match, to keep it clear from ashes; his countenance was, I thought, pale, but calm and resolved; the next moment it was shrouded in the smoke, as kneeling he stretched forward and applied the match to the touch-hole. We were not an instant in doubt. Russell had seized the moment when the partial confusion of the pirates had placed their galley within twenty feet of us, her huge sail shivering, and almost motionless on the crest of a wave. Before that wave had lifted the little Petrel,—before the smoke of the gun had drifted by,—the crash, and the plunge, and the horrible yells of the scattered and mangled wretches, assured us of their destruction. Their boat and great part of her slaughtered crew, wheeled down into the deep at our very stern, while a few who had not been wounded, struggled for a little time, and went down, one by one, as their strength failed. A stiff breeze and a flowing sail, soon placed us out of hearing of their dreadful cries for help, and out of sight of their still more dreadful features, convulsed with agony, and their eyes turned up white in the last death-wrestle. The next morning we entered St. Jago, to place our wounded men under proper care.—*Letter to a Friend.*

THE rose has its thorns, the diamond its specks, and the best of man his failings.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A SINGLE LIFE.

(Read before the Members of the Shakespeare Club.)

In casting my eyes over the city papers a short time back, I saw an advertisement announcing that a Lecture was to be delivered before the members of the Mechanics' Institute, on the subject of Matrimony. I must confess that I was a little annoyed on reading this, for I knew very well what it meant. I felt at once that it was an attack on that pure and delicious state, in which many of the wisest and best of both sexes have thought it right and proper to remain. A Lecture on the Advantages of Matrimony must, as a matter of course, be a reflexion on those who are not married. It would be a means, and certainly not a powerless means, of ticketing *them* as inferior articles in the great market of society. It would stick them up to be gazed and giggled at by every bull-calf who had coined an ugly image of himself out of the creative materials of nature. It would be to offer a premium for "babbies" and curtain-lectures, at the expense of the wise, reflective, and single. It would be, in short, to send abroad the monstrous idea, that man does not possess in himself all the materials of happiness, and to set up a doctrine which is positively denied by every day's proof and experience.

It is very strange, said I to myself, when I had read the advertisement of which I have spoken, that they will not let the old maids and the bachelors alone. Why should they always be having a fling at them? God knows they do little harm in the world, and it is very strange that they cannot be allowed to pursue their solitary course, without being reminded every now and then of their peculiarity. Not indeed that they care much about it, as far as the allusion itself is concerned, for they know the advantages of their position; but then it shows a nasty provoking spirit in their married brethren, which isn't amiable. There is no such immense victory, after all, in being the owner of a dowdy wife, and six fat children, that such a terrible noise should be kicked up about it. Deduct the wet-nursing and the squalling, and the schooling, and how much felicity remains? Take into consideration the horrors of the cow-pox, small-pox, scarletina, and the measles, and the credit side of parental blissfulness will be rendered very small indeed. Calculate the chances of a scolding wife, and the possibility of a noisy house, and then say in what respect Matrimony possesses such immense advantages, even on the score of comfort and convenience?

But this is the most superficial view of the question. There are other considerations of far greater importance, which it is desirable the world should know. If we merely took the amount of material comfort or discomfort that marriage presents, we on the celibacy side of the question, might be content to make it a drawn battle. We would positively consent to set off the inconveniences of marriage against the conveniences! We would allow that the discomfort of being called out of bed to breakfast at so unreasonable an hour as eight o'clock, was *partially* compensated by the fact that the breakfast was very nicely arranged when we did get it, and that the intense annoyance of being bullied into wiping your feet upon the door mat, was rendered just endurable by the regularity and order with which some other matters connected with domestic economy were ordered. This we might be inclined to admit; but this would not decide the question. There are other matters of much deeper importance connected with it, which the matrimonialists altogether keep out of sight. Their arguments are all drawn from the cupboard, and are most essentially vulgar. If it is a married woman who speaks, she

points to her husband and says "See how fat and clean he looks!—that is all my doing! It is I who feed him up with chicken-pie, mend his shirts, and turn him out like a gentleman. He was a perfect brute before I knew him. He used to tie up the holes in his stockings with pack thread, and didn't know what darning meant. Now he is kept comfortable. I've cured him of all his bad habits. He doesn't take wine—it don't agree with him. He has left off smoking—it was sending him to his grave. He doesn't know any of his old acquaintances; they were a bad set, and imposed on him horribly. In fact, he's quite an altered person altogether." Now I am content to allow this version, as far as it goes. We will admit that marriage improves a man's wardrobe, and adds marvellous variety to his dwelling. We know that it is favorable to what is called order, and that it is a sentence of banishment to tobacco. It brings a great amount of furniture into a man's dwelling, and arranges it with tormenting precision. It puts legs on broken tables, backs to chairs, and won't permit the spit to be turned into a poker. It has a great aversion to broken windows, and very soon ejects all the dogs from the parlour. It is most fastidious on matters of carpeting, and is decidedly favorable to bees-wax and rubbing. But, we would ask, whilst it does all this, does it render man a more useful or more social animal? Is it favorable to great literary efforts? Does it assort well with philosophy? These are the questions which it is really important to decide.

If we go to the histories of eminent persons of both sexes, we shall find that a large number never married at all, and that of those who did, too many, alas! married to regret it. Poets have seldom assorted well with their wives. Even Shakespeare—our own revered Shakespeare—seems to have made but a sorry business of it. He married Anne Hathaway, and there is every reason to suppose that the union was not a happy one. In his will, he dismisses her with a cold and brief notice. "I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture." Was this the kind of bequest an admiring husband would have made? Originally, too, he had forgotten her altogether, and the insertion of the bed and furniture was an after-thought. Will any one undertake to say that Shakespeare had not the materials for a good husband? Is it possible that the fault was on his side? I, for one, will not believe it. No doubt he had loved her in the bright days of their youth, and loved her as such a mind as his must have loved—with intensity. How did it happen, then, that he treated her so carelessly at last? Probably she was a scold, and gave her poor husband no rest;—such a one as Katherina was, before Petruchio tamed her. Or she may have been a gossip, and when the mind of the poet was occupied with deep thoughts, would tittle-tattle scandal of her neighbours. Think of her interrupting the bard in the midst of one of his soliloquies, to tell him some idle story of the day! That he did not love her is evident. She was eight years older than her husband, and may have grown coarse and vulgar. Whatever it was, there is the fact, and the matrimonialists must get over it as they can.

If we go to the writings of Shakespeare, we shall find him speaking on both sides of the question, according to the situation of his mouth-pieces. Now he is found to lean towards matrimony—now to go butt against it. Perhaps one of the most forcible arguments in its favor is that given by Benedict—"the world must be peopled." Against the silly passion itself, he has, however, exhausted his richest raillery. Thus it is that Rosalind describes love as a madness, which deserves to be punished, and gives as the reason why it is not so punished and cured, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that those who should use the whip are in love too. Again, the same inimitable lady raises her voice against the popular fallacy that men have ever died for love.

When Orlando talks in this foolish strain, she says, "No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." How true this is, a reference to the annals of surgery will sufficiently show. There is, I need scarcely say, no such disease known to medical men as a broken heart, in the sense in which it is ordinarily spoken of. The nearest approach to it occurred, I believe, in the case of one of Barclay and Perkins' draymen. He died indeed from a broken heart, but it was occasioned by over exertion in lifting a barrel of porter!

Of the Poets who come after Shakspeare, we have a long list of bachelor names. Goldsmith and Pope were both unmarried. The first loved the world too well to relinquish it for a back parlour and a wife, and the latter was of too sensitive and weak a nature to trust himself to female custody. Cowper and Gray also lived and died bachelors. For neither indeed was matrimony at all suited. They were men of retirement and contemplation, amiable but eccentric, and having a deep touch of that melancholy which waits too often upon genius. The author of the "Task" kept a portion of his affections for a colony of hares, which he took in the place of children, and whose histories he has thought it not beneath his genius to record. Thompson, the poet, was also, I believe, unmarried. A man who was so extremely lazy as he is represented to have been, could never have taken the trouble to conduct a courtship.

As we approach our own times, the list of bachelor and maiden names, and the names of wretched married people, swells out amazingly. Byron married to be miserable, and poor Shelley got rid of an uncongenial companion (his first wife) only by a most fortunate accident. The lady, I believe, tumbled out of a window and broke her neck. Byron has left us some remarks on his own case, which may be valuable. He says—

"There are so many undefinable and nameless, and not to be named, causes of dislike, aversion, and disgust, in the matrimonial state, that it is impossible for the public, or the friends of the parties, to judge between man and wife. Theirs is a relation about which nobody but themselves can form a correct idea, or have any right to speak."

Sir Walter Scott married a lady whose mind was certainly not calculated to excite the admiration of her husband, though she seems to have made him a very tolerable wife. It is told of this lady, that on an occasion when a party of literary people had assembled at Abbotsford, one of the gentlemen drew the attention of the hostess to the beauty of the scene, and particularly to a number of sheep, which, with their young ones, were grazing on the lawn near the house.—"What innocent beauty there is in those little creatures, Lady Scott, is there not? Do you not love them?" he observed. "Oh! beautiful!" was the answer, "I am so fond of lambs, particularly with mint sauce."

Campbell, the poet, was also married, but I am rather inclined to think, the union was not happy. Mr. Rogers is unmarried.

Amongst a different class of literary men and women, the examples are not less striking, and it will be found that the ladies, in particular, have generally declined matrimony. That paragon of stiff perfection—

Miss Hannah More—after narrowly escaping, and pocketing some few hundred pounds from a reluctant suitor, died an old maid. Miss Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, Miss Aikin, Miss Martineau, Miss Barrett, Miss Eliza Cook, and many others whose names will suggest themselves, are all so many instances of the advantages of a single life. Had they been married, the chances are ten to one the world would have known nothing of them. The genius which they gave to literature would have been given to the kitchen and the nursery, and instead of stanzas and sonnets, we should have had only baby caps and puddings. How little suited their minds would have been for such employment, the fate of poor Miss Landon best shows. She threw off her old sweetheart, the muse, for a husband and the grave. She had quite mistaken her own nature, when she imagined that she was formed to be the mistress of Cape Coast Castle. Her home till then had been the home of the poetess,—wherever the sun shone and the palm tree lent its shade,—wherever there was the sound of flowing waters, and the music of birds—amidst the coral caves of the ocean, and on the summit of cloud-piercing rocks,—wherever there was love and peace and melody, there had she been wont to dwell. And all this she exchanged for a vulgar-minded husband, and a terrestrial hell. No wonder she was wretched. Though her death was mysterious, it was a mercy. To her the agony of existence, which all feel more or less, would have been insupportable.

There are several other names which afford not less powerful examples on the same side. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is one—Mrs. Norton is another. I will not stop to urge the vulgar enquiry—who is to blame in these cases, since in all probability the error was in the act of matrimony itself, and the misapprehension under which all parties laboured concerning it.

But poets and poetesses are an irritable race, and it were too much, perhaps, to expect that they should always get partners to their mind. How would it be possible, for example, to create a living Juliet—to bring into existence a being so good and pure as Cordelia—or to give body and breath to the wit and beauty of a Beatrice? Shakspeare's idea of women was of the most perfect kind, and his agony must have been great, if he found that he had married a trollop. I do not mean by this, that he would expect to find in the living creature, all the qualities he represented in his imaginative beings; by no means—no one understood better the extravagance of our passions, or possessed so strongly the power of reducing them to proper proportions; but what I do mean is, that with him disappointment in the selection of a wife, would be a very strong disappointment indeed.

But before I leave the poets, there is one name that I find I have strangely omitted—the name of one who sung of "Chaos and eternal night," the blind prophet who loved to wander "where the muses haunt clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill, smit with the love of sacred song." Milton was a bachelor. Three times he tried his luck at the speculative game of matrimony, and twice he burnt his fingers. Yet I could forgive him all his weakness, were it only for the sake of the beautiful sonnet in which he has preserved the memory of his *one* good wife—

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alceustus, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
Her face was veil'd; yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no other face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night."

(To be Continued.)

F.

THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1846.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

In our last number, we had the pleasure of recording the establishment of ten new Lodges in the upper part of the Province, and one, "Mercantile Lodge", in Quebec. It now gives us unbounded satisfaction to note the steady increase in numbers they have made since our last publication.

We give below a few extracts from letters received, and hope that our Brethren at a distance will continue to inform us, occasionally, of their progress.

"Cornwall, 23rd April, 1846.

"I am happy to inform you that St. Francis Lodge is still going on increasing in prosperity; there were nine propositions for membership on the 15th; favorable reports were made by the different Committees last night, and two new proposals submitted; and if these are all accepted, we will number thirty-two, next Lodge night, when there are more proposals to be made—five or six at least. I fully expect, before the 1st of July, that the Lodge will number upwards of fifty members."

"Picton, 27th April, 1846.

"In reply to your note of the 25th instant, inquiring how our Lodge succeeds, I have great pleasure in stating, that our most sanguine expectations are more than realised. It was only on the 9th of March last, we received our Charter and installed our Officers. On that evening we initiated eight members. Since that time we have only had six meetings, and we now number thirty-nine members, and at our next meeting will probably initiate ten or twelve more. Three months ago, the Society of Odd Fellows was hardly known among us, even by name. It now stands high among all classes of the community, and I have little doubt, that at the end of our first quarter, we will have nearly one hundred members on our books. We meet every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock."

"St. Catharines, 28th April, 1846.

"Yesterday we buried Bro. Duncan McPhail, who was one of the six you initiated on the night you were here; he fell from the pier at Port Stanley, and was drowned. We numbered twenty-six at last meeting, and have a very comfortable room, immediately over the office of Bro. John Maulson."

"Toronto, 2nd May, 1846.

"Tecumseh Lodge, No. 15, I.O. O.F. exceeds my most sanguine expectations. We have now fifty-four members, all of them good men and true; the utmost harmony prevails, and is likely to continue. We have seven to initiate next Friday. We bid fair to be a prosperous body—our Lodge room is fifty feet by twenty, and we shall soon be obliged to furnish double rows of seats."

"Quebec, May 7, 1846.

"Our new Lodge, of which I am a member, is increasing rapidly. We now number upwards of fifty, with several to make."

"Brock Lodge, No. 9, Brockville, May 11, 1846.

"We get on delightfully. You can have no conception how much the Order is venerated by all who have joined it in our city. We will have Brothers Hardie and Dickson's names handed down to posterity, for having been the founders in this place of an Association, which appears to carry in its element the very essence of Friendship and good-will to all men. * * * * * Our Lodge numbers upwards of forty, all 'Honest Chieftains.' * * * * *

We regret to announce that Brother Alexander Ferguson, a member of Commercial Lodge, No. 5, died in this city on the 1st instant. Brother Ferguson was much esteemed by all who knew him. He was, in the words of the Poet, "an honest man, the noblest work of God." His remains were accompanied to that sad "bourne from whence no traveller returns," by a number of his brother Odd Fellows, belonging to the different Lodges in the city.

We are also sorry to learn that Brother Duncan McPhail, of Union Lodge, St. Catharine's, C.W., was drowned on the 23th instant.

HISTORY OF THE ORDER.*

II.—THE MANCHESTER UNITY.

At the meeting of the "Grand Committee," held at Manchester in the year 1814, as stated in our last number, the government of the "Independent Order of Odd Fellows" was entrusted to "a Committee of Grand Masters, Past Grands, Noble Grands, Vice Grands and Secretaries, of different Lodges," presided over by a Grand Master. This body was authorised to "exercise the power of enacting laws for the government and regulation of the Lodges subordinate to them, and of passing judgment upon grievances between brethren." At a subsequent meeting held in the month of May in the same year, the constituent members of this Committee were declared to be "the Officers of each Lodge in the District." and they were instructed to meet quarterly for the transaction of business. At the quarterly meeting in August following, it was decided that the "officers of each Lodge" should be held to mean the three principal officers merely; and in April, 1815, the Grand Committee was further altered by the admission of Past Grands of Lodges, in addition to the Noble Grands, Vice Grands and Secretaries.

In October 1814, we have the first record of the title of Grand Lodge, a body being then in existence in Manchester under the name of the "Abercrombie Grand Lodge." It seems uncertain whether the Grand Committee already mentioned, was for the time merged in this "Grand Lodge," allowing it to wield the power and authority delegated to the former in the month of January preceding, or whether this body was merely a subordinate Lodge, which had ambitiously assumed the above title. From the events which succeeded, the latter case seems the most probable; for at the meeting of the Grand Committee, in January, 1815, the Abercrombie Grand Lodge is recognised as a working Lodge under their jurisdiction, retaining the same title.

The first Grand Master chosen was James Christie, who filled that chair during the years 1814-15. He was succeeded by John Lloyd, who remained in office till the year 1819. During this period several districts had been formed, such as the Leeds, the Lancashire, &c., having separate local governments, but all subordinate to the Grand Committee; an extension of the organisation, which had been attended with the most beneficial effects. Efforts had also been made to consolidate in one body the various Orders of Odd Fellows throughout Great Britain, a scheme which was energetically supported by James Mansall, who was chosen Grand Master in 1819, and by William Armit, who succeeded him in the following year. The negotiations entered into for that purpose, had for a time the very opposite effect. The governing body of the London or Union Order, which had assumed the title of the "Grand Lodge of England," now summoned the Lodges of the Manchester District to submit to their jurisdiction, threatening expulsion as the penalty

of disobedience. The Officers of that District, not much alarmed at the prospect of expulsion from a body to which they did not belong, remonstrated against this assumption of authority, and appealed for support to the subordinate Lodges of the London Order. The result of this step was, that many of these Lodges, together with others which had hitherto been working separately, joined themselves to the Manchester District, which from this time was *facile princeps* of the Order of Odd Fellows throughout the kingdom.

About this time, the Abercrombie Grand Lodge seems to have renewed its pretensions to legislative powers over the other Lodges of the Order, and an enquiry was entered into in the year 1821, by the Grand Committee, on the call of twenty-eight Past Grands and Past Grand Masters. This investigation resulted, first in the suspension, and ultimately in the expulsion, of the aspiring Lodge, which united itself, shortly afterwards, to the London or Union Order.

At the quarterly meeting of the Grand Committee in December 1821, a re-organisation of that body, under the title of "Grand Annual Moveable Committee," was determined on, to take effect in the following year, if approved of by the subordinate Lodges. The project was favorably received, and in May, 1822, the first Grand Annual Moveable Committee, having assembled in Manchester, proceeded to enact a Constitution for its government. By this it was provided that the Committee should consist of the present and past Officers of the various Districts, in good standing; that its sessions should be held annually during Whitsun week; and that the place of meeting should be changed every year—the next locality to be fixed on by ballot at each annual session. William Armit was elected Grand Master, and Hanley in Staffordshire, was decided on as the next place of meeting.

On the 29th May, 1823, the Committee accordingly met at the above-mentioned place, to the number of ninety-three deputies. The Constitution previously discussed was now finally adopted, and the title of "Manchester Unity" for the first time assumed, as distinctive of this branch of the Order.

Under this organisation the Manchester Unity continued its rapid increase. In the year 1825, the "Patriarchal Order," was first introduced; and the "Odd Fellows' Magazine," which had been set on foot by P. G. Wardle, was recognised as the official organ of the Order. During the years 1826-27, principally through the exertions of P. G. M. Thomas Armit, a reconciliation was effected with the Abercrombie Grand Lodge, and with the Lodges in Liverpool previously in connection with the London Order, and negotiations for a union with that Order were commenced, though without any successful issue.

At the Annual Moveable Communication, (as the meetings of the Grand Committee were now termed,) held at Nottingham, in June 1827, a Board of Directors was established, for the management of the affairs of the Order during the intervals between the annual sessions; and more than 300 Lodges were reported as

under the jurisdiction of the Manchester Unity. At this Session, G. M. Thomas Wildey, the founder of Odd-Fellowship in America, was present as a Deputy from the Grand Lodge of the United States, and was welcomed with much cordiality. The Degrees of the Covenant and Remembrance, together with the P. G.'s Degree, which had originated in America, were communicated by him, and adopted by the Committee.

At the Communication of 1830, held at Leeds, upwards of 500 Subordinate Lodges were reported, constituting 65 Districts, and in consequence of the establishment of several Lodges in the Principality of Wales, instructions were given to translate the Work of the Order into Welsh. The next few years exhibited a steady onward progress, and in 1834 the number of Lodges had increased to upwards of 700. At the Annual Communication held this year at Bury, the Laws and Work of the Order were thoroughly revised; not only was the verbal Work much changed, but a complete alteration was made in the various signs, passwords, grips, &c. In consequence of this change, a misunderstanding unfortunately arose between the Manchester Unity and the Grand Lodge of the United States, which ultimately led to the severance of intercourse between the two bodies.

Having brought our history to this point, we shall, in our next number, revert to the establishment and progress of the American branch of the Order, with which we are ourselves more immediately connected.

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(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

### THE PRINCIPLE OF ASSOCIATION.

THE necessity of association for mutual help and support, appears to have been experienced at a very early age of the world; for we find the Postdiluvians uniting their counsels to devise a plan by which they might be prevented from dispersion; and, after the confounding of their language, associating in tribes and nations, and thus forming the foundation of the present nomadic and national distinctions. Nor is it surprising, when a view is taken of the various contingencies of human life, and the accidents to which families are continually exposed, which no human foresight can prevent, or legislation provide for, bitter experience has led at various times, and under various modes, to the institution of plans for meeting such emergencies, which have been crowned with greater or less success. Some have been of a more public character, and received the sanction and support of different governments—some have been established by private individuals, and some by communities—some with the view to the promulgation of peculiar tenets in religion or politics, and others for the promotion of individual security and the welfare of posterity.

Of late, this subject has been regarded with more peculiar interest, especially since the population of the older countries of Europe have become too dense, and the prairies of the United States have offered such inviting fields for the location of those Associations, which, on

the plan of a common stock, were desirous fully of testing its validity. The Mormons, the Shakers, the Furrierites, the Owenites, &c. &c., have all located themselves with these views and feelings; but as they have been all connected, either with some land scheme, or some fanatical and irrational idea, they have failed to accomplish the benevolent results which might otherwise have been anticipated: and it remains yet to be tried, whether men can be associated together in communities for general advantage on a sound and rational basis, in which one will consent to forego the private advantages of aggrandizement and luxury, for the welfare of a community, and share with them patriotically the moderate enjoyment of all that can make life a scene of rational pleasure and social intercourse, or consent to remain in their present position of extremes—the very rich and the very poor. We are not disposed to think so ill of human nature as to consider the plan altogether impracticable, but fear it is surrounded by so many difficulties, that we must wait till the Golden Age of the World's History again appears, before it can be realized.

In the meantime, a number of private Associations have been called into existence, which are calculated, to a very large extent, to mitigate the contingent sufferings of humanity, and alleviate the woes of bereaved kindred. Some have been for a lengthened period of time in operation, but others are of recent date, and rapidly multiplying.—The Association of Free Masons long stood almost alone, and was universally celebrated. Its field was the world; but being of too aristocratic and exclusive a character, it did not meet the wants, or suit the tastes, of the bulk of mankind. Associations of a similar character, but more confined in their operation, are now taking its place, while it is also more circumscribed within its limits, and now embraces a very small portion beyond the circle of the aristocracy. These are generally on the footing of subscriptions for their support, an internal government and administration of their affairs, and an allowance to the sick and aged; funeral expenses on the decease of a member, and sometimes allowance and assistance to widows and orphans. Where economically conducted, and judiciously managed, it will be seen at once that they are eminently calculated to accomplish a benevolent end, in alleviating the sufferings and meeting the wants of mankind, arising from accident, sickness, and death; and therefore no prudent man should neglect the opportunity thus afforded him, for providing against "a rainy day," to which, indeed, such societies act as a powerful stimulus. The example, order, and prosperity of their members, are well calculated to make a powerful and beneficial impression, and their unity to soften down those unhappy asperities, which arise from political and sectional prejudices.

Amongst these I am happy to see the Society of Odd Fellows take so conspicuous a place, and to witness its ramifications directing their tendency to the utmost verge of the green earth. This

vigorous tree will doubtless take the place of the Parent Stock, and throw out its mighty branches so as to overshadow the whole family of man, and exhibit its fruit for the "healing of the nations," which, when bound by such social and benevolent ties, can never consent to their being severed by the rude arm of war, or allow their repose to be disturbed by the shrill note of the war bugle. Surely if any thing is calculated to make the strife of my passions cease, it is the consideration that my neighbor is my brother, who contributes to assist me when I am sick, to wait upon and console me when on my dying couch, to bear me to the tomb, and to comfort and relieve my widow and my bereaved little ones, and wipe the bitter tears of sorrow from their pale cheeks when I am in the grave.

Who then can withhold his hand and name from Societies, so well calculated to benefit him personally, relatively and socially? J. J. D.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

### THE SPRING.

THIS buoyant, revivifying season has returned. All nature rejoices, and not the least, he, the Monarch of all he surveys, that usually noblest, though sometimes meanest, of creation—Man. Leaves have come forth on the trees,—the songsters of the grove are again amongst us, discoursing in notes harmonious to the swelling gladness of our hearts, at sight of the many brilliant evidences of the season, and under the sensations which the removal of the icy fetters of a Canadian winter permits us to feel.

What a contrast does one short month, in these latitudes of America, present! In the early part of April, ice bound the huge St. Lawrence firmly; snow covered hill and *savanne*, and frigid was the atmosphere to the extent of compelling almost furnace heat in our mansions to command comfort. In the early part of May, steamers and ships from *outré-mer*, fill the harbour of Montreal, the fields and the trees are clad in their vestments of green, and the soft heat of a southern sun steals over us, causing the warm current that visiteth the heart, to act upon every feeling and sentiment as delightfully, as reputed of the fabulous waters that restore to the old the buoyancy and strength of youth.

In England, the first of May is a gala day for lads and lasses. They sally forth to the green fields, and amuse themselves with forming *bouquets* of the early offerings of vegetation—the cowslip and the daisy. Here, we cannot celebrate the good old English practice, for the reason that it is seldom, on the first of May, one cannot perceive the congealed prints of the footsteps of winter. It is a pity our climate should be so cold, in comparison with that of England. It is a pity that, in respect of climate, we could not introduce into our fair province, a little of that "British practice," of which we hear the Provincial politician talk so glibly. However, there is sweetness, if there be bitterness, in our cup;—if we be somewhat overmuch frost-

bitten, we have greatly less of that blue-devil inspiring weather, of which the term "Scotch-mist" is the best description we can think of in the rapid flight of our pen. So, let us not complain over much! It is quite certain, that our climate, from November to February, (both months inclusive) is far less repulsive than that of England. If we require buffalo and bear-skins more, we require fewer macintoshes and umbrellas; and then we have not such an army of blue-devils and infernal hobgoblins, to fight withal, as the honest John Bull. This is a great boon—a very great one indeed. If any one of our readers has ever had the misfortune to encounter the goblin force, he will admit, we are sure, that the *real* horrors our gallant countrymen passed through, in their terrific encounters with the desperate soldiers of the Punjaub, must have been mere moonshine and child's play, in comparison with the *unreal* horrors, a "Scotch-mist" atmosphere engenders. They may sing in Old England as much as they please, about "the glorious sea," but they cannot have one half our experience of "glorious old Sol," notwithstanding we have five months of winter.

We regret much that our own *time*, and the restricted *space* of this Record of Odd-Fellowship, prevent further dalliance with so splendid a theme as Spring; and we bid adieu to the beautiful subject, in the words of a beautiful poet:—

## SPRING.

"Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring,  
Hitherward cometh like hope on the wing,—  
Pleasantly looketh on streamlet and flood,  
Raiseth a chorus of joy in the wood;  
Toucheth the bud, and it bursts into bloom;  
Biddeth the beautiful rise from the tomb;  
Blesseth the heart like a heavenly thing!  
Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring!"

Song—sweetly saluteth the morn!  
The robin awaketh and sits on the thorn,  
Timidly warbles, while yet in the east  
Twilight from duty hath not been released;  
Calloeth the lark, that ascendeth on high,  
Greeting the sun in the depths of the sky,  
Tellethe the talented blackbird to sing,—  
Welcome! oh welcome! beautiful Spring!

Life! love! in gladness serene,  
Wander in innocence over the green;  
Dwell in the garden, and meadow, and wood,  
Sing on the mountain, and shine in the flood;  
Smile on the bud as it bursts into bloom,  
Welcome the beautiful, fresh from the tomb;—  
How the heart blesseth each fair living thing!  
Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring!"

II.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

## THE CEMETERIES OF MONTREAL.

MANKIND are always disposed to judge favorably of themselves, or those whom they love, or of things they love. We see this in the domestic circle; in love of country; in politics; in every thing. However harsh may be one's tone towards others, it is sure to be quite musical and soft, when speaking of one's own offences, or the offences of one's wife, or of one's children,—so with regard to one's home, or one's country. However repulsive may be the climate of one's birth-place,—however barren its soil,—however rude and barbarous one's countrymen,—however ugly one's countrywomen,—they will, notwithstanding, be defended

and their pretensions be maintained, as of old, knights-errant did the fame of their "faire ladies," against all, maligners, or against any who doubted their supremacy. It is a feeling indigeuous to the soil, and cannot be extirpated.

These remarks are made, preparatory to a few observations in respect of the Cemeteries of Montreal. It cannot be pretended by the warmest lover, or greatest admirer, of our "good old town," that its Cemeteries are calculated to win for it golden opinions. He might be full of excuses to the stranger, or the fault-finder from abroad, for such a state of things as exists,—he might preach by the hour about our poverty,—the injury to society from the difference of races among us, &c. &c., but he would candidly admit, if asked by "one of us," that our Cemeteries are discreditable, nay, disgraceful, to our citizens.

The grave, under any circumstances, even when surrounded by flowers, is a fearful object to contemplate. Some poet has written, "disguise it as thou wilt, still, Slavery, thou art a bitter draught!"—the lines may more strongly, greatly more so, be applied to Death. However full of hope may be the occupant of the dying couch of a joyful resurrection, it is, nevertheless, a dark and dreary hour, that of "the body parting with the soul,"—however resolute the soldier—no matter how familiar he may have been for years with grim-visaged war, and all its fearful realities,—its bloody fields of battle;—though he may have come to pass by his dead companion without a sigh; or his dying comrade, writhing in all the agony of crushed limbs and ghastly gashes, without a tear; yet, when his own last hour is ringing, when the dark shadows of the grave, like the pall of night, are fast falling around him, even *his* hero-heart will faint—he will feel to the inmost recesses of his manly breast, a creeping, crawling, nauseous fear. The coward dares not look upon it,—the brave man shudders at its contemplation. He may be more than willing to die a thousand deaths, rather than be disgraced once,—he might rush into the grave with frantic joy, rather than be dishonored, but even then, its terrors would freeze his heart and congeal his blood. Yes, the grave is indeed a fearful thing!

But why should it be made more fearful?—why should we omit to do what may rob it of some of its repulsive features? Why not substitute for dank grass, beautiful flowers? Why, instead of ditches half-filled with muddy water, not have a receptacle for the beloved though inanimate form, that shall be, at least, dry? At present, the relatives of a deceased person are fated to see the mortal remains of one cherished and beloved, defiled, ere yet the grave be closed. Does a father stand by, whilst the undertaker and his assistants are preparing the cords to sustain the coffin that contains the body of a dear child, whilst being lowered into the last resting-place of mortality—what does he behold?—A hole, of which the bottom is a puddle of muddy water! and, into that liquid filth, he is about to see plunged, the box that contains the remains of one,

over whom, perhaps, for years, he had watched with a tenderness and love, such as none but a parent can imagine; a tenderness which has bound his heart with cords so strong, that the bursting of them is as the rending earthquake; he is fated to see the object of unspeakable affection, infinitely more valuable to him than the most precious of worldly goods,—deposited in muddy water! There is no help for it; no Cemetery of Montreal presents anything, in the shape of a grave, less offensive to the eye—less breaking to the heart. We have supposed the case of the burial of an infant, because it is the one from which the writer of these lines has most recently suffered,—but the observations apply with perhaps greater force, where a husband performs the duty of burier of the dead to the wife of his bosom; or a son to the mother, whose memory is enshrined in the most profound affection—the deepest veneration.

There are few amongst us whose hearts will not acknowledge the fidelity to nature of the picture we have drawn. There are few who have not realized the dreadful sensation excited by the capping horror we have described, at a moment when the proudest spirit is humbled in the dust. It is a needless horror, heaped upon us at a time when we are least able to confront it; when sorrow has weighed us down, and the usually buoyant spirit is sunk in the dreary, fathomless, depths, of desolating grief.

Yet, with that cruel treatment of the soul, our citizens have put up, from the foundation of the City to the present hour: glimpses of a rising sun of worthier feelings, however, begin to be perceived. Advertisements in the newspapers show that natural affection is at work to emancipate itself, in respect to sympathy for the feelings of the living for the dead, from the icy chain of apathy. We hear of the Trafalgar Cemetery, and we see that the purchase of one hundred acres is contemplated by the Trustees of the Protestant Burial Ground, for a place of interment. This is highly gratifying. Sincerely do we hope, there may be no impediment to the consummation of these projects, but that we shall soon be able to point out to the stranger the proof of the existence amongst us, of that exquisitely tender sentiment,—sympathy for the dead.

It is a strange fact, that the Heathen or Pagan world should have presented greatly more of that sympathy, than the Christian;—the ashes of his fathers were guarded as a precious deposit by the Roman,—the bones of the ancestral dead, were preserved and watched over by the barbarians of the northern hive. In modern times, we see the North American Indian, driven from his hunting grounds by Republican cupidity, and that remorseless spirit of aggrandizement, that characterizes the British democracy of America,—we see that Indian weeping over his afflictions far away in the prairies of the vast West, and the chiefest of those afflictions is, that the bones of his tribe are insulted by the foot of the Christian spoliator. We see the Mohammedan, whom Christians term the Infidel, we see him reverence the resting-places of the dead; cy-

presses wave their mournful branches where they repose, and affection waters the sacred earth with tears.

The Parisians, reputed so volatile, so mercurial, and reproached by the Briton for frivolity and shallowness of heart,—mark how they honor their dead! At no time, no season of the year, shall the traveller or the tourist, visit the great Parisian Golgotha, and not perceive abundant evidences of an undying affection for the dead. The aged, the young—the rich, the poor—the happy, the wretched, are there seen mourning;—the father, the mother, hang wreaths of *immortelles* on the memorial marble; the widow ornaments the tomb of him she vowed to love,—and little orphans are to be seen bearing flowers through the gates of Père la Chaise, to strew them over the grassy grave, where sleeps their fondly-remembered, tender mother, whom they shall never behold again on earth. It is a touching sight to see the little helpless things, in charge of their *Bonne*, sitting on the mound beneath which is buried *the only one* that prized them beyond all earthly price, sobbing for “*chère Maman qui ne reviendra plus,*” to guard and protect them when waking, to watch over them asleep, to shelter them from the freezing winds of relations’ care! These are sights we do not see in Montreal! Go to our burial-grounds,—you see no flowers there;—you see scarce an object to furnish the slightest evidence, that parent, or brother, or son, or daughter, or friend, has ever looked with tearful eye and swelling heart, upon the little mound of earth that marks where sleeps and moulders the “*coffined one,*” unless it be the cold memorial marble, whereon one’s taste is often shocked to see much stronger evidence of human vanity and adulation of the living, than of an ever-living, never-dying affection for the departed. Go to our grave yards, and there you see the dead packed so closely in rows, that one cannot but think the earth for which money is given, is deemed far more valuable than the earth which was once a father, a mother, a brother, a daughter, an infant angel. Ah! this is not as it should be! Parents of Montreal, awaken! Citizens of Montreal, be astir! Let the stain of neglect of the dead be washed from our shield.

H.

#### EXTRACT OF A SPEECH DELIVERED AT WASHINGTON BY J. BURROWS, M. D.

OUR Order is no political association. We are united by no political bond. We give no political pledge. We entertain no desire for political power. I wish myself to be perfectly understood, under the solemn responsibility of my situation, as a public expounder of the principles of the Order, I pronounce before the law, that we know each other only as citizens, we show each other no peculiar favor, nor divest the community of any of their just rights.

To the strong ground assumed by the opponents of secret associations—the extra-judicial character of their obligations—I declare ours requires no fealty which compromises the high and exalted duty we owe our country, in any station which we may be called upon to act as citizens. In all controversies, whether legal or political, we are impartial witnesses, impartial advo-

cates, and impartial judges. We owe a duty to our God, our country, and our families, *paramount* to any by which we are bound to the Order.

We exercise to each other the fraternal feelings of friends and associates; not that blind and treasonable adhesion, which would seclude society at large from participation in our affections. We sustain our brethren under oppressive persecution, not from the high requirements of legal justice. We are an association, not superior to, and independent of, but subservient to, the established laws of the land.

Our Order is no religious association. It inculcates no particular sectarian tenets, but assuming the moral code laid down in the volume of divine inspiration, as the correct rule of conduct, it points its followers to the beauty and propriety of its requirements. "Do unto others as you would wish that others should do unto you," is one of the first principles presented to the initiated. Arrogating no higher prerogative than the regulation of the moral conduct of its members, it embraces within its bosom men of every sect and religious tenet. While to infidelity it grants no sanction, no approval, it applies typically the signs of the Order to the inculcation of some peculiar moral principles, and leaves the spiritual application of the doctrines of the Bible, as the more elevated, and more exalted duties of religion. It requires no blasphemous obligation—it wounds not the sensibility of the professor of any Christian tenet. It is a common ground upon which men of every religious persuasion can meet. It is the neutral point of morality. It persuades man to be virtuous by pointing out to him the loveliness of virtue; to be benevolent, by opening before him a rich field for his generosity, and furnishing objects for its exercise.

Our association is a fraternal compact, acting on the doctrine of good-will to all men. We consider those united to us as requiring more peculiarly our attention and esteem.

We are interested in the welfare of each member of our family circle. We confine, or ought to confine, our family disputes within the walls of our own temples; and in this consists the true mystery of our Order. Assuming no higher duty than the cultivation of the friendly relations of society, we wish to tread the paths of secrecy and morality, and strengthen the bond of union which exists among us. "But why, if your association be such as you represent it, not unfold *all its mysteries* to the world?" Our doors are accessible to every applicant, whose moral conduct would make him a worthy inmate of our temples of benevolence. Go beyond this, and our grand design would be defeated. We wish to be secluded, separate from the world, yet meriting the approbation of the liberal and the good. We meet in our family circle; hear the complaints of the friend whose sensibility has been wounded, and make that atonement which our principles require. We compel, under pain of fraternal displeasure, our members to act justly in their intercourse with the world and each other, in cases where *legal enactments* cannot reach.

Our Order is an extended beneficial association. To this end all our forms, all our ceremonies tend.

To relieve the distressed, the wretched, and the destitute among us, is our chief aim; and in this respect, I say it with no vain spirit of boasting, Odd-Fellowship can compare with any similar institution in this country.

In Maryland, with the concerns of which State I am better acquainted than any other, where Odd-Fellowship is in the full tide of successful experiment, her charitable appropriations have been, as appears from the official statement of her Grand Lodge, more liberal than her means led me to anticipate. Her school fund, for the education of the Orphans of Odd Fellows, is beginning to be applied with energy to that laudable object. In our own District, where the Order is pro-

portionably weak in number and resources, some of the Lodges have contributed during the last autumn, to the relief of their sick members, with praiseworthy liberality. To enable us to accomplish these objects, a small tax is levied, which constitutes a fund, *sacred* by the rules of the Order, for the relief of sick or distressed members, their widows or orphans. This, which has been appropriately termed the "Poor Man's Saving Fund," is distributed with no penurious hand to the worthy member in distress, but is *refunded* with that liberality which justice requires.

To the member who deposits in this treasury, with that punctuality which his means will allow, when disease overtakes him, and he is rendered unable to be employed for the benefit of himself and family, this fund is offered for his support, until, restored to health, he is enabled by his renewed exertions for the good of the Order, to repay the obligation, if any, he may be under. With such objects identified with the designs of our Order, it has not escaped calumny or ridicule. Our association has been adjudged by the conduct of some of its unworthy members, and received the censure of the ungenerous and illiberal.

I have endeavored to show that our Order was neither a political nor religious association, but a moral compact; and, if such be its character, some charity should be extended towards us, at least by the disciples of that system which inculcates higher duties, and higher responsibilities, than the mere requirements of morality. From the political sophist who derides our forms, I would call for proof, of the absolute propriety of many of the usages which exist among all the civilized nations of the earth, and are considered requisite in their intercourse with each other. Our ancestors, when they established themselves in America, discarded many of the forms of the old world, but many still remain, equally absurd and ridiculous. To the reflecting mind, any form may be justified which is promotive of a just and proper object.

Members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, to you I appeal for the truth of the position I have assumed—that our Order is founded on the principles of benevolence—that friendship is the bond of our union—and the *active* cultivation of the generous feelings of the heart, our object. Our creed is honorable; our designs praiseworthy; and the means for their accomplishment legitimate. On this occasion, it is proper for each one of us, to take a retrospective view of our lives, and examine how we have performed our duties—how we have discharged our stewardship. Has there been no room for censure even from the liberal and the good? If we ask for pardon, we must evince contrition. We must be resolved that renewed exertions for the elevation, the relief, and the consolation of man through this dreary path of life, shall make some atonement for our dereliction of duty. A wide, uncultivated field is open before us; a new era has commenced in the history of man. The day of the cloistered student and abstract metaphysical speculation has passed away. Ours is an age of *enterprise, of action*. The reign of the dogmatist has ceased, the power of the mental tyrant has terminated, and mankind, from the vast laboratory of experimental philosophy, has extracted the precepts of *practical knowledge*.

The whole system of the world is changed; the mass has become enlightened, and their united intelligence is brought to bear on every scheme for man's improvement. In this glorious march shall we be inactive? Will any one of us, conscious that his individual exertions form a component part of the great aggregate of moral power, neglect to do his duty? The numerous associations of the day, to enlighten, to reform, to elevate mankind, conforming to our principles, require our aid and support. In our own Order, much remains to be done. Its founders in this country have laboured vigorously, nobly. Influenced by the laudable prin-

ciples of the Order, let us be active; let the bond by which we are united remain un tarnished; let our *covenant* be renewed, and in the might of our motto—*"Friendship, Love and Truth,"*—we will go on from "conquering to conquer," until our Order shall embrace within its bosom the whole extent of our beloved country; and as its principles become known and appreciated, temples of benevolence will rise in every village, schools for the education of the orphan will be founded; and when our course here is terminated, and we are summoned from this earthly Lodge, to that Grand Lodge, whose Master is the Great Jehovah, our graves shall be moistened by the tears of the widow, whose bereaved heart we have consoled; and our names held in grateful remembrance by the orphan, whose mind we have enlightened.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

MR. EDITOR,—“Were I allowed to tell the secrets of the prison-house,” I might pourtray, to those who have not the good fortune to be members of our Order, a slight idea of what my feelings were, and what I thought of Odd-Fellowship, after I joined the Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1,—the parent of all the Lodges in the Province,—which I did at an early date after its establishment in this city by Brothers Matthews and Hardie, and I assure you that after the Initiation ceremony had been concluded, and the Lodge “declared closed,” I returned home with but a very poor opinion of the Order of Odd Fellows. But I am—luckily for myself in this case—not one of that class of persons, whose minds are sealed at first sight—nor do I conceive the practice of judging at first appearance to be an axiom of true philosophy. All persons, in the habit of forming premature judgments, should remember “that a man may have a rough unseemly exterior, yet a true honest heart within,—whilst others with a fine polished appearance and manners, may be void of all true honor and honesty.” I was therefore determined not to judge and form an opinion of the merits or demerits of the Order at first appearance, but to study with attention its doings, previous to leaving the Lodge, which I really intended to have done, did the Order not improve in my estimation.

After the proper time had elapsed, I applied for and received my Degrees. I noted carefully the progress the Order was making, the good it was likely to accomplish, the friendly feeling it caused to penetrate the hearts of all who took an interest in its working, the co-mingling of all political parties in the work of “Brotherly Love and Truth,” as soon as they entered the sacred walls of a Lodge-Room,—in a word—its beauties and its defects—(for there is nothing perfect)—and finding its beauties to overbalance any defects which the Order might have, I resolved to *stick* to the Lodge—at the same time considering myself a very lucky fellow in having entered into the Fraternity.

Such, Mr. Editor, are the sentiments of hundreds who join us; many of them, at first, take but a lukewarm interest in the Order's prosperity; but when

they become acquainted with the friendly principles the Order inculcates, and the amount of good which it has already done, and is likely still further to achieve, ere many years roll on, they will express themselves as I now do. A man's profession or trade cannot be taught him in a day, neither can the feelings which ought to dwell in the hearts of all good Odd Fellows, be learnt in a night. It is by constant application and attendance at the Lodge, that principles of benevolence towards mankind in general, will be impressed upon the mind so deeply, that they remain indelible till the end of our days.

Montreal, May, 1846.

A.

### EPITOME OF THE MORE IMPORTANT PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE.

Montreal, 7th August, 1845.

P. G. William Rodden from the Committee on Elections and Returns, made the following Report, which was accepted, and the recommendations concurred in.

That the Committee had examined the several Reports from the Subordinate Lodges, and had found all of them incorrect, and recommended that the reports of those Lodges having Representatives present, be referred to them for correction, and that the Grand Secretary enclose the Report of Albion Lodge, No. 4, to D. D. G. M., J. R. Healey, of Quebec, for correction.

The Installation of the Officers elect for the ensuing Term was then proceeded with, and P. G. William Rodden having been duly installed as M. W. G. Master by the R. W. D. Grand Master, George Matthews, the following Officers were formally installed by the M. W. Grand Master, Wm. Rodden:—

P. G. Thomas Hardie, as R. W. D. G. Master,  
P. G. W. A. Selden, as R. W. G. Warden,  
P. G. R. H. Hamilton, as R. W. G. Secretary,  
P. G. J. M. Gilbert, as R. W. G. Treasurer,  
P. G. John Holland, as R. W. G. Chaplain.

The appointment of Grand Guardian was deferred, as also the appointment of Standing Committees.

A communication from Prince of Wales Lodge No. 1, was read and considered, and on motion of P. G. J. Holland, seconded by P. G. W. A. Selden, the following Resolution was put and concurred in:—

Resolved,—That the Grand Secretary be instructed to address a letter to Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1, informing them, with reference to a communication addressed by them to this Grand Lodge, requesting that some action be taken relative to certain circumstances which, it is alleged, have transpired since a Card of Clearance was granted by that Lodge, to a late Member, affecting his character, that this Grand Lodge respectfully declines doing so, until there be some definite charge preferred against the person alluded to.

Which motion was concurred in.

A communication was read from Albion Lodge, No. 4, stating that the Lodge had fixed on the 22nd August as the day on which to celebrate their Anniversary, and requesting permission to that effect. Granted.

Montreal, 8th August, 1845.

Roll called; Minutes read.

The Committee on Elections and Returns presented the Quarterly Return of Queen's Lodge, No. 2, for the quarter ended on the 30th June, and reported the same to be correct.

A communication was read from Ogilvie Moffatt, Esq., Secretary of St. Paul's Masonic Lodge, requesting to know whether the Grand Lodge were disposed to

rent, for the use of that Lodge, part of the Odd Fellows' Hall, now in course of completion. Which, on motion, was referred to a Special Committee.—P. G. J. Holland, Joseph Fraser and D. Milligan.

A communication was next read from Brother Geo. Bourne, of Queen's Lodge, No. 2, offering to rent to the R. W. G. Lodge the shops underneath the building now in course of completion for the use of this Order. Which, on motion, was referred to the same Special Committee.

P. G. J. M. Gilbert, from the Committee on Finance, presented a Report relative to accounts, which was adopted and the accounts ordered to be paid.

P. G. Holland, from the Special Committee, to whom was referred Mr. Ogilvy Moffatt's communication respecting the renting of part of the Odd Fellows' Hall, now in the course of completion, to the St. Paul's Masonic Lodge, recommended that the Grand Lodge appoint a Committee to confer with Mr. Moffatt on the subject, with special reference to renting the Assembly Room for one night in each month, at such rent as may be agreed upon; which was adopted, and a Committee of three named, consisting of the M. W. G. M., R. W. D. G. M., and R. W. G. Secretary, to carry the recommendation into effect, with instructions to the said Committee that it be not rented for a less sum than £30 *p* annum, for the occupation thereof for one night in each month.

P. G. Holland, from the Special Committee to whom was referred Brother George Bourne's communication, offering to rent to the Grand Lodge the shops underneath the building now in the course of completion for this Order, reported; and the subject having been considered, it was ordered, that a communication be sent to Brother Bourne, informing him that the Grand Lodge decline renting the shops under the Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Grand Lodge then proceeded to the consideration of the communication from Br. J. L. Ridgely, Cor. Secretary of the R. W. G. Lodge of the United States, as to who were the proper Officers to authenticate the Returns, &c. of the subordinate Lodges—the consideration of which had been postponed at the last Meeting.

It was ordered—that the substance of the said communication be entered upon the Minutes, and that directions in accordance therewith be given to the different Lodges.

Resolved—That the M. W. Grand Master instruct the R. W. Grand Secretary to obtain for the use of this Grand Lodge, ten copies of the first volume of proceedings of the Supreme Grand Lodge of the United States—bound in a substantial manner.

Also—That a copy of the Report of the Special Committee of Grievances of Lodges, together with a copy of the Resolution passed by this G. Lodge thereon—touching a report made to the M. W. Grand Master by Commercial Lodge No. 5, relative to the initiation of candidates in Queen's Lodge No. 2, who had been previously proposed in Commercial Lodge, be transmitted by the R. W. G. Secretary to the Secretaries of the Queen's and Commercial Lodges.

P. G. Thomas Hardie, seconded by P. G. J. M. Gilbert, submitted the following Resolution, which was concurred in unanimously:—

That the thanks of this Grand Lodge are due, and are hereby tendered, to P. G. M. W. M. B. Hartley, for the very able and efficient manner in which he has fulfilled and discharged the duties of Grand Master of this Grand Lodge during the past term.

The following Resolution was submitted by P. G. D. Milligan, seconded by P. G. J. Holland, which was concurred in:—

That this Grand Lodge now proceed to the consideration of the proposed alteration of Section 7, Article 8, of the constitution of subordinate Lodges—referred to

in the minutes of last quarter—by erasing all the words having reference to one black ball, and amending the section so as to require only one ballot to be taken, and that the candidate be elected if three or more black balls be not found in the ballot box against his election.

The Ayes and Nays being taken, they stood thus: Ayes, 4; Nays, 3.

The consideration of the subject was then entered upon, and the Resolution adopted, and the votes being called for by Lodges, they stood thus:—In favor of the alteration, 4; Against the alteration, 3. Majority in favor of the alteration, 1.

On motion, the Grand Lodge resumed the consideration of the Resolutions offered by P. G. Thomas Hardie, seconded by P. G. J. M. Gilbert, which remained over for consideration on the adjournment at the last meeting, viz.:

That it is irregular for any Subordinate Lodge under this jurisdiction to permit a Committee of investigation of the character of an applicant for membership, to delay a final Report longer than two weeks from the time the proposition is made, or to delay a Ballot on the same, beyond the evening on which the Report is made.

P. G. M. H. Seymour, seconded by P. G. John Holland, moved in amendment to the original motion:

That the words "two weeks" be struck out and the words "four weeks" be inserted,—which amendment, on being put from the Chair, was carried.

The original motion as amended being put from the Chair, was carried.

P. G. John Holland then gave notice of his intention to propose a Resolution at the next meeting, relative to the election of members of distant Lodges to the highest offices in newly constituted Lodges, with reference to the inability of such officers by reason of their residing at a distance therefrom, to perform the duties devolving upon the said officers.

The M. W. Grand Master then appointed P. G. Charles F. Clarke, to the office of Grand Guardian for the present term.

The following Committees were then appointed by the M. W. Grand Master, viz.:

Committee on Elections and Returns—P. G. M. H. Seymour, Chairman; P. G. D. Milligan, P. G. W. Hilton.

Committee of Finance—P. G. John Holland, Chairman; P. G. C. P. Ladd, P. G. C. F. Clarke.

Committee on Correspondence—P. G. T. Hardie, Chairman; P. G. W. A. Liddell, P. G. Joseph Fraser.

Committee on Grievances of Subordinate Lodges—P. D. G. M. George Matthews, Chairman; P. G. E. T. Renaud, P. G. John Holland.

Committee of Supervision of Laws of Subordinate Lodges—P. G. W. A. Selden, Chairman; P. G. J. M. Gilbert, P. G. M. H. Seymour.

The M. W. Grand Master then made communication of his proceedings, and offered several suggestions with respect to the duty confided to him of superintending the erection and fitting up of the Hall, now in the course of completion, for the use of this Order. Which were approved of.

The following motion was offered by P. G. John Holland, seconded by P. D. G. M. George Matthews:

That no Dispensation be granted for the opening of any Subordinate Lodge out of this District, unless to such brethren as shall reside in the neighbourhood where said Lodge is to be established, excepting there be a deficiency of the requisite number to make the application, and that the three highest offices must be filled by those who reside in the place or neighbourhood where the Lodge is situated, unless in cases of extreme necessity.

When P. G. J. M. Gilbert, seconded by P. G. David Milligan, moved to amend the motion by striking out the last six words, which was carried.

The question then recurred upon the motion as amended, which was adopted.

## DIRECTORY.

## OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

## MONTREAL.

|                                                          |                                       |
|----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Wm. Rodden, <i>M. W. G. M.</i>                           | J. M. Gilbert, <i>R. W. G. Treas.</i> |
| Thos. Hardie, <i>R. W. D. G. M.</i>                      | John Holland, <i>R. W. G. Chap.</i>   |
| W. A. Selden, <i>R. W. G. W.</i>                         | M. H. Seymour, <i>W. G. Mar.</i>      |
| R. H. Hamilton, <i>R. W. G. Sec.</i>                     | Joseph Frazer, <i>W. G. Con.</i>      |
| C. F. Clarke, <i>W. G. Guardian.</i>                     |                                       |
| W. M. B. Hartley, <i>P. G. M., Grand Representative.</i> |                                       |

S. C. Sewell, D. D. Grand Sire,  
John R. Healey, D. D. G. M. for the District of Quebec,  
S. L. French, D. D. G. M. for the District of St. Francis, C. E.  
E. Murney, D. D. G. M. for the District of Victoria, C. W.

## HOCHELAGA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 1.

## MONTREAL.

|                                 |                                  |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| H. H. Whitney, <i>C. P.</i>     | Wm. Easton, <i>Scribe.</i>       |
| John O. Brown, <i>H. P.</i>     | J. A. Perkins, <i>F. Scribe.</i> |
| J. Cushing, <i>S. W.</i>        | John Dyde, <i>Treasurer.</i>     |
| C. C. S. DeBleury, <i>J. W.</i> |                                  |

Meet Second and Fourth Thursdays of each Month.

## STADACONA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 2.

## QUEBEC.

|                                   |                                      |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| John H. Hardie, <i>C. P.</i>      | Willis Russel, <i>Scribe.</i>        |
| John R. Healey, <i>H. P.</i>      | William Holehouse, <i>F. Scribe.</i> |
| A. J. Joseph, <i>S. W.</i>        | Samuel Wright, <i>Treasurer.</i>     |
| Wilcoek Lecheminant, <i>J. W.</i> |                                      |

## ROYAL MOUNT ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 3.

## MONTREAL.

|                                  |                                   |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Wm. Hilton, <i>C. P.</i>         | H. E. Montgomerie, <i>Scribe.</i> |
| Christopher Dunkin, <i>H. P.</i> | David Mackay, <i>F. Scribe.</i>   |
| John Irvine, <i>S. W.</i>        | John Sproston, <i>Treasurer.</i>  |
| John Murray, <i>J. W.</i>        |                                   |

## VICTORIA DEGREE LODGE.—NO. 1.

## MONTREAL.

|                                   |                                |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| E. H. Hamilton, <i>N. G.</i>      | Wm. A. Selden, <i>P. G.</i>    |
| Geo. P. Dickson, <i>A. N. G.</i>  | Thomas Hardie, <i>V. G.</i>    |
| Joseph Frazer, <i>D. A. N. G.</i> | R. H. Evans, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| H. H. Whitney, <i>Treasurer.</i>  |                                |

## PRINCE OF WALES' LODGE.—NO. 1.

## MONTREAL.

|                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| David Mackay, <i>P. G.</i>     | Andrew Wilson, <i>Secretary.</i>  |
| R. Cooke, <i>N. G.</i>         | A. H. Scott, <i>P. Secretary.</i> |
| H. F. J. Jackson, <i>V. G.</i> | W. Ewan, <i>Treasurer.</i>        |

Meet every Tuesday Evening, at Eight o'clock.

## QUEEN'S LODGE.—NO. 2.

## MONTREAL.

|                                 |                                   |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| John Irvine, <i>P. G.</i>       | W. Sache, <i>Secretary.</i>       |
| C. C. S. DeBleury, <i>N. G.</i> | R. A. Whyte, <i>P. Secretary.</i> |
| George McIver, <i>V. G.</i>     | John McDonnell, <i>Treasurer.</i> |

Meet every Wednesday Evening, at half-past Seven o'clock.

## PRINCE ALBERT LODGE.—NO. 3.

## ST. JOHNS.

|                                  |                             |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| T. L. Dixon, <i>P. G.</i>        | Edward Mott, <i>V. G.</i>   |
| Charles Wheeler, <i>N. G.</i>    | M. B. Landell, <i>Secy.</i> |
| John Phillips, <i>Treasurer.</i> |                             |

Meet every Monday Evening.

## ALBION LODGE.—NO. 4.

## QUEBEC.

|                                    |                                |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| George Hall, <i>P. G.</i>          | Abraham Joseph, <i>V. G.</i>   |
| James A. Sewell, <i>N. G.</i>      | P. Sinclair, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| William Hossack, <i>Treasurer.</i> |                                |

Meet every Monday Evening.

## COMMERCIAL LODGE.—NO. 5.

## MONTREAL.

|                                  |                                      |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| John Dyde, <i>P. G.</i>          | H. E. Montgomerie, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| Christopher Dunkin, <i>N. G.</i> | Samuel Hedge, <i>P. Secretary.</i>   |
| W. Sutherland, <i>V. G.</i>      | C. S. Ross, <i>Treasurer.</i>        |

Meet every Monday Evening, at Eight o'clock.

## VICTORIA LODGE.—NO. 6.

## BELLEVILLE.

|                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Alexander Judd, <i>P. G.</i>   | Smith Bartlet, <i>Secy.</i>       |
| Nathan Jones, <i>N. G.</i>     | Ezra Holton, <i>P. Secy.</i>      |
| Francis McAnnany, <i>V. G.</i> | Merrick Sawyer, <i>Treasurer.</i> |

Meet every Thursday Evening.

## ORIENTAL LODGE.—NO. 7.

## STANSTEAD.

|                                   |                                     |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Joseph C. Chase, <i>P. G.</i>     | H. Bailey Terrill, <i>V. G.</i>     |
| John W. Baxter, <i>N. G.</i>      | Austin T. Foster, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| T. Lee Terrill, <i>Treasurer.</i> |                                     |

Meet every Wednesday Evening at half-past Seven o'clock.

## CANADA LODGE.—NO. 8.

## MONTREAL.

|                               |                                      |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| John M. Gilbert, <i>P. G.</i> | James Gibson, <i>Secretary.</i>      |
| L. H. Holton, <i>N. G.</i>    | John Murray, <i>Treasurer.</i>       |
| John Young, <i>V. G.</i>      | Frederick Lane, <i>P. Secretary.</i> |

Meet every Friday Evening, at Eight o'clock.

## BROCK LODGE.—NO. 9.

## BROCKVILLE.

|                               |                             |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| George Sherwood, <i>N. G.</i> | George Morton, <i>Secy.</i> |
| John Rhynas, <i>V. G.</i>     | T. Webster, <i>Treas.</i>   |

Meet every Thursday Evening.

## CATARAQUI LODGE.—NO. 10.

## KINGSTON.

|                                |                                    |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| John A. McDonald, <i>N. G.</i> | Henry Gillespie, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| Donald Christie, <i>V. G.</i>  | John Fraser, <i>Treasurer.</i>     |

## PRINCE EDWARD LODGE.—NO. 11.

## PICTON.

|                              |                                    |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Henry Corby, <i>N. G.</i>    | D. L. Fairfield, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| Jas. R. Wright, <i>V. G.</i> | Aaron D. Dougall, <i>Treas.</i>    |

Meet every Wednesday Evening.

## ONTARIO LODGE.—NO. 12.

## COBOURG.

|                                    |                                    |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| D'Arcy E. Boulton, <i>N. G.</i>    | John S. Wallace, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| Stewart S. McKechnie, <i>V. G.</i> | Benjamin Clark, <i>Treas.</i>      |
| Henry H. Jackson, <i>P. Secy.</i>  |                                    |

Meet every Monday Evening.

## OTONABEE LODGE.—NO. 13.

## PETERBORO.

|                            |                                    |
|----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Geo. B. Hall, <i>N. G.</i> | William Cluxton, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| Chas. Perry, <i>V. G.</i>  | Henry Easton, <i>Treas.</i>        |

Meet every Monday Evening.

## HOPE LODGE.—NO. 14.

## PORT HOPE.

|                               |                                |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| E. Hickman, <i>N. G.</i>      | George Ward, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| M. F. Whitehead, <i>V. G.</i> | H. H. Meredith, <i>Treas.</i>  |
| Wm. Fraser, <i>P. Secy.</i>   |                                |

## TECUMSEH LODGE.—NO. 15.

## TORONTO.

|                                |                                    |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| W. H. Boulton, <i>N. G.</i>    | Richd. Kneeshaw, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| S. B. Campbell, <i>V. G.</i>   | J. G. Joseph, <i>P. G., Treas.</i> |
| J. W. Marling, <i>P. Secy.</i> |                                    |

Meet every Friday Evening.

## UNION LODGE.—NO. 16.

## ST. CATHERINES.

|                               |                                  |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| James Stevenson, <i>N. G.</i> | David Kissock, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| John Maulson, <i>V. G.</i>    | Chauncy Yale, <i>Treas.</i>      |

Meet every Monday Evening.

## BURLINGTON LODGE.—NO. 17.

## HAMILTON.

|                                 |                                   |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Henry McKinstry, <i>N. G.</i>   | W. A. Harvey, <i>Secretary.</i>   |
| W. M. Shaw, <i>V. G.</i>        | Jasper T. Gilkison, <i>Treas.</i> |
| Andrew Stewart, <i>P. Secy.</i> |                                   |

Meet every Saturday Evening.

## ST. FRANCIS LODGE.—NO. 18.

## CORNWALL.

|                                   |                                 |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| J. Dunbar Pringle, <i>N. G.</i>   | L. M. Putnam, <i>Secretary.</i> |
| J. F. Fringle, <i>V. G.</i>       | A. McDougall, <i>Treas.</i>     |
| Duncan McDonnell, <i>P. Secy.</i> |                                 |

Meet every Tuesday Evening.

## MERCANTILE LODGE.—NO. 19.

## QUEBEC.

|                                        |                                       |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Peter Sheppard, <i>N. G.</i>           | Samuel Wright, <i>Secy.</i>           |
| John Racey, <i>M. D., V. G.</i>        | Jas. Elliot Anderson, <i>P. Secy.</i> |
| William G. Pentland, <i>Treasurer.</i> |                                       |

Meet every Tuesday Evening.