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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, FEBRUARY, 1846.

No. II.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONVICT.

BY "Y-LE."

CHAP. I.—INTRODUCTORY AND PARENTAL.

PARDON me, kind reader, if, previous to laying before you the hardships I endured as a convict, I state a few particulars respecting my early history, and the circumstances attending my transition from a state of liberty to one of worse than slavery. We have all a beginning in life, and that beginning, so long as our shield of second causes remain, is more likely to be one of innocence than of vice; but should He, in whose hands is the issue of all things, be pleased to take from us that shield, our life, taking the world as it is, is more likely to be influenced by evil than good; as there are few hands or hearts—very few indeed—willing to help or feel for the sorrows of a parentless or a fatherless child. The foregoing I take for granted, as, had it been otherwise in my own case, the painful recollections called up in giving publicity to this history, might have been spared me.

There is an adage which says that "those who are born to be hanged will not be drowned." I narrowly escaped the former, and regarding the latter, I have so often nearly realised being so, that I begin to think the above aphorism has no bearing on my case. Having introduced myself to you thus, allow me now to proceed with my narrative.

In 1811 there was a small thatched house standing at the outskirts of a village, situated a few miles from Glasgow, N. B. In that house it was that my parents were blessed with a son, and that son was myself. There were no bells set a-ringing; no bonfires lighted; no roar of artillery; no addresses presented in honour of my first appearance; although, I believe, the usual assemblage of neighbours and blytheneat seekers were not a-wanting; but whether out of respect to the happy couple or otherwise, it is not for me now to enquire. The bustle of this era over, I became, in time, capable of paying visits to our neighbours, and enjoying the luxury of dabbling in a dub of stagnant water, which erst had been a pond, lying convenient to our thatched domicile; and no duck ever exhibited more real pleasure in its aquatic gambols, than I did when

jumping knee-deep in this green-surfaced village lake.

School-boy days succeeded, and with them the routine of fighting, flogging, crying, coaxing, and learning; but, were the truth told, the last received the smallest share of my attention. I had, somehow or other, a peculiar knack of getting into mischief, and it was a rare case in which I managed to effect a retreat, honorable or otherwise, without carrying with me indubitable evidence of being concerned in the affair, whatever it might be. I had few compeers at "bools and buttons;" I could throw a stone as far and as high as most boys of my age; and, on one occasion, in attempting the latter juvenile feat, I sent a pebble through a pane of glass in front of a house, the said pebble, after *winding* its way along a passage, making its exit through another pane in the rear of the dwelling. But why should I dwell on such things? Why! Is there a being possessed of his faculties who does not look back with pleasurable feeling, almost indescribable, to the days spent around the home of his birth, and remembers the season, with all its joys and sorrows, only as a glorious feast of early associations, of the most interesting character? Friendships are often formed at that time, which end only in the grave—loves, not unfrequently, which, as "heaven is love," may last us eternally. Yes, home of my boyhood! when all else has failed to yield a happy moment, to thee have I turned as a never-failing source, capable of affording, as far as worldly pleasures are concerned, a stream of the kindest waters that ever flowed from the sweetest spring on earth.

My father, previous to my birth, had carried on an extensive trade in a neighbouring town. He was shrewd and intelligent. There was no society connected with the place, in which he was not interested. His advice was asked on many occasions of doubt by his less gifted neighbours, and his workshop was a common resort for parties discussing the various measures in which the town was interested. His advice, as I have already stated, being often asked, it became, unfortunately, the custom with those persons who wished to have the benefit of his judgment, to send for him to a public house in the locality. Although, for many a day, no evil resulted from this circumstance, still, there it was, that the germ was first engendered which ultimately wrought his destruction. Beware, reader! if God has given you talents above your fellow men,

beware, I say, lest those very gifts become the means of luring you from a high path to one of degradation and misery. Beware that ye be not hurled from your station of religion and morality to the detested life of a drunkard. If I have had a feeling of regret for actions committed; if I know what it is to suffer; if I ever had a pang, (and many keen ones I have had,) at being banished my fatherland, and made the companion of the hard-hearted and cruel,—I owe them all to the curse of drunkenness. Do I stand alone on this darkened precipice? Look around you, reader, and the investigation you make, be it ever so slight, will tell you the unfortunate truth, that there are few corners of the rock on which I stand, where the flag of distress is not exhibited in all its dirty and tattered glory.

But I must return to my story. It will be understood from what I have stated above, that my father fell; yes, fell from his high standing: his business was neglected—in short, he became a ———. I dare not name it. The memory of that being is too sacred to me to be associated with such a detested word. But fall he did; not at once, oh no! the enemy was too cowardly to show his real colours at first, nor was he aware of the design of this arch-deceiver, till he became so completely hemmed in, that escape seemed impossible. It was only when all hope had fled that he opened his eyes to his true position. After this unfortunate event, my poor father, unable to bear the thought of seeking employment in the place where he was wont to employ, removed to the spot described at the opening of this chapter.

Time wore on, and with each succeeding year some little was added to my personal bulk. My father's unhappy propensity, however, kept our domestic hearth but barely supplied with worldly comforts, although that hearth was presided over by one of the best of mothers. No flaw was ever found in her character; no spot of her existence, surrounded as it was by afflictions of the severest nature, was ever stained or tarnished. She was one of those beings whose very "fallings leant to virtue's side." When her spirit winged its way upwards, far, far above, I could truly say, with Pope, that the place she left had

"Lent heav'n a mother to the poor and me."

It was necessary at the end of each week for my father to return the work finished to his employers in Glasgow; and on these occasions it but too frequently occurred that the money he received, and which should have gone to the support of his family, was spent in the ale house. Consider what our situation was under such circumstances. But for the character of my mother, starvation might have been the end of our existence. We had kind neighbours, however, who completely understood the position we were placed in, and who lent us both food and money, in the hope that a change might come over the spirit of my father's dreams. At last all hope was abandoned, and our neighbours, kind and good though they were, got tired of assisting us farther. It was at this juncture that my mother, wearied with expostulation, impressed upon my father,

with tears as sincere as ever were shed, the necessity of changing his hitherto infatuated career. Reasons as strong as a naked and starving family, and a heart-broken woman, could urge, were given; and my father, who really loved both his wife and children, with silent grief confessed his error, and proposed that, in future, I should be his companion each Saturday, that he might the more readily excuse himself to the solicitations of his boon companions.

This was a new era in my young life, and how I kept the trust committed to my charge, will be seen. To those who have been brought up in a country village, and remember their first visit to a large city such as Glasgow, I need not describe my feelings on the morning of that day on which I was to make my *debut* on the world's stage; for so the event appeared to me. Shoes in my case were superfluous, and the covering for my head, a Kilmarnock bonnet, had "seen better days," for when placed on my pericranium, a bunch of hair could be seen peering through its upper portion, similar to an overgrown cluster of grass on a pasture field, and what the aborigines of this country, in their hey-day, might have considered an excellent "scalping lock." No matter, off we went—I dreaming of ships, minus "colonies and commerce," my father probably brooding over his own degradation, which made it necessary that I should thus accompany him, or on the cause which give rise to it.

I need not say that "the sun had reached its meridian height" when we reached "the city of the West;" neither do I mean to state how I went gaping about with "eyeballs distended," and a mouth as large as the newspaper receiving-box of a post office; it is sufficient for you to know, that after my father's business had been transacted, and while I was urging our speedy return, an acquaintance made his appearance and accosted my devoted parent. A slight shower of rain beginning to fall, a suggestion was made that, for the purpose of *screening* themselves from a few drops, they should adjourn and "tak' the share o' ae gill." To this proposition my father gave an unwilling consent, but I stoutly protested against the lawfulness of the proceeding; my protest, however, met the fate of many others, although I had the satisfaction of making it again at the table. The *ae gill* was soon discussed, but the appetite was whetted. I did all in my power to remove my father; and hinted plainly enough the state of affairs at home. This had the effect of bringing the crimson to his cheek, but it passed unheeded by the infatuated mortal alongside of him, who, from all I learned, was but too conversant with scenes of family suffering, brought about from the same cause as our own. There is no use in dwelling longer on the day's carousal, for such it turned out. My father knew not where he was till within a short distance from home, although he received two severe falls in his endeavour to catch some tormenting urchins, whom, to use his own expression, he was making "flee like chaff before the wind."

As I have said, my father's consciousness returned only a short distance from our mournful home. A

little way from the village, there was a small rivulet, which, in seasons of heavy rain, became very much swollen. Arrived at this point my father sat down on a jutting stone, which formed part of the little bridge across the stream. I kept close to him. In a few moments he began to give utterance to his thoughts, in terms showing his ignorance of my presence. In fact, he had made up his mind to drown himself. He lamented bitterly what he had done, calling out several times that he had again spent all his money, that his family were out of meal, out of potatoes, out of bread, out of every thing. My fears were raised for my father's sad condition, and, taking him by the arm, I said

"No, father, we're no oot o' every thing!"

This assurance gave him new hopes, and he eagerly inquired what it was we were not out of.

"Father, we're no oot o' *debt*;" I quietly replied.

Thunderstruck at the answer, he sunk back on his cold seat. In this posture he remained for a short time; then, as if inspired with new life, he started up, and taking me kindly by the hand, and with his face heavenward, he prayerfully exclaimed:

"Thank thee, O God! my boy has saved me. Before thee I here promise I will drink no more!"

We then quietly returned to my weeping mother.

(*To be Continued.*)

(*From the Odd Fellows' Offering for 1846.*)

THE SHIPWRECKED ODD FELLOW.

BY P. G. CHARLES BURDETT, OF NEW YORK.

JAMES BROWN, mate of the brig *Edgar*, sailing from this port, had been married just two weeks, when, on the day which completed the half of his honey-moon, he was accosted as he was leaving his home, by his old friend and ship-mate, Charles Burton, who was also a mate in the same employ with himself.

"Come James," said his friend, after the usual salutations of the morning, enquiries after his wife, &c., had been passed, locking arms with him, "you have been married now two weeks—next week, or the week after at the outside, your ship sails for a long cruise, and I advise you, before you go, to do as I have done—nobody knows what may happen to you."

"And what is that?" asked James, laughing, "I am afraid I should not like to do all you have done in your day."

"Come, come, no gammon, James! you and I have sailed together boy and man these ten years; we know each other pretty well by this time, and I would be sorry to advise you to do any thing improper, and you know that as well as I do."

"Well, tell me what it is, Charley, and if it ain't something worse than going to sea on a sheet anchor, I don't know but what I may do it, just to please you."

"I want you to join our Lodge, not only to please me, but for your own sake, as well as that of your wife."

"Pshaw—none of your tom-foolery for me, my boy. This ain't the first nor the second time you have tried to coax me into that; none of your Tom Cox's traveres with me—I don't believe in it, and I won't be humbugged into any thing of the kind. There, you've got your answer."

"Will you come round with me a few minutes, and see my wife, James?" said his friend, apparently turning the conversation.

"Why, I don't mind—I have nothing to do on board to-day." So saying, the friends changed the direction of their walk, and soon arrived at the boarding-house where Charles Burton and his wife boarded.

"Rebecca," said Charles, as they entered the room, "I have been trying to persuade James to join our Lodge, but all I can get out of him is 'pshaw—humbug.' Just tell him, will you, what you know about Odd Fellowship, and then let him judge if it is a humbug?"

"Upon my word," said James, his features struggling between a smile and a frown, "upon my word, if I had known what you were up to when you asked me to come round, I do not believe I would have called. However, I will not refuse to hear what Mrs. Burton has to say, though I guess she can't know much about it. They don't let the women know what they do."

"There you are mistaken, James," said Mrs. Burton, "sit down, and I will shew you that we women know almost every thing about it. When Charles arrived home last year from the coast of Africa, he brought with him the seeds of the coast fever, and about a week after his return, he was taken down. He was very sick indeed, and at last he grew so weak he could not help himself; so I was up every night with him until I was nearly worn out. Every day some one of the members of his Lodge called to see him, and if I wanted any thing got for Charles, or if he took a notion to something which I could not procure, they were always ready to get it for me."

"Well, I soon broke down sitting up night after night, and I did not know what to do. I had been up for five nights in succession, and on the sixth about nine o'clock, I was sitting in the rocking chair, and had just caught a few moments' nap, when I was awakened by a knock at the door, and when I opened it, there stood two of the members of Charles' Lodge. I was frightened at first, for I did not know what they could want at that time of night, but they soon set my fears at rest. 'We have been directed,' said one of them, 'to sit up to-night with Brother Burton, as we learn that he requires such attention.'

"I looked at my husband, who was lying in bed, so weak he could hardly speak, but I saw that he appeared pleased to see them, so I thanked them, and after giving all the directions for his medicine, I left Charles with them. From that time, every night, for three weeks, some of the brothers of the Lodge sat up with him, and never left his side one moment."

"Well, that was something like men, I must confess," said James, who had listened most attentively to every word uttered by Mrs. Burton.

"Yes, but that is not all," she added, "Charles' sickness was very tedious and expensive, so that before he was half well, we had used up all the wages he had received from his last voyage, and nearly all I had saved up during his absence. Well, every Wednesday morning, when one of the brothers came, he would slip something into my hand, without a word, and that was five dollars. Yes, James, five dollars every week, and I assure you it was most acceptable to me at that time, for without it I could not have procured the necessary medicine for my husband."

"Well! that was well enough too," said James, determined, if possible, not to be convinced, "but I don't like the idea of charity."

"Hush, don't call it charity, James; Odd Fellowship knows no difference between *John Jacob Astor* with his twenty millions, and *William Burton*, with his twenty-five dollars a month. No, no—there was no charity there, it was his right; and if he had been ever so wealthy, the money would have been left just the same, or if he chose, he might send it back when he got well, and then it would go into the fund for the Widows and Orphans. You know Mrs. Benson, who keeps a little fancy store in D— street, don't you, James?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and I should think she was doing very well."

"Well, her husband belonged to the same Lodge as Charles. When he died they buried him; then they raised a subscription among themselves, and purchased a small stock of goods for her, and she receives besides, fifty dollars a year. She has no children, or they would have been provided for also; and they look out for her just as if she was in the particular care of each one."

"Charles," said James, "I beg your pardon for saying 'pshaw,' or calling Odd Fellowship a 'humbug;' I will join just as soon as I can, so you may propose me when you choose."

"You will thank me, the longest day you live," said Mrs. Burton, as she warmly pressed the hand of the young sailor, on leaving.

When he returned home, James told his wife of the step he had determined to take, and having narrated to her the occurrences detailed by Mrs. Burton, she declared herself pleased that he had followed the advice of his friend.

On Monday evening of the following week, James Burton was duly admitted into the honorable fraternity of Odd Fellows, and, at the close of the ceremony, he regretted deeply that he had in his ignorance uttered such expressions concerning an institution, which seeks to inculcate brotherly love and kindness in its fullest extent, and the principles of which are based on the immutable foundations of *Friendship, Love, and Truth*.

His vessel was delayed a week beyond her appointed time, and he was thus enabled to become more thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the Order, through the medium of the various degrees; and from that moment he became as enthusiastic in his admiration of the Order, as he had before been profuse in his abuse of it.

He parted from his young wife with regret, but he still had the consolation of knowing that in case any thing should happen to him in the prosecution of his arduous and perilous profession, his wife would be cared for by those to whose feelings and sympathies she had now a full claim. His vessel was bound on a trading voyage up the Mediterranean, and thence around to the western coast of South America; and it was calculated he would be absent about nine or ten months.

On arriving at the Mediterranean port where the cargo was to be taken in, James obtained leave to pass one day on shore, and after roving about for several hours, he proceeded to the hotel where all the English and American captains and mates congregated, for the purpose of dining. He saw no familiar face among the many assembled there, but sailors are never very long about forming acquaintances in a foreign port. So he whiled away the time until the dinner hour, in talking over the merits of the various vessels in port, and their sailing qualities.

At the dinner table, the thought crossed him, that he would, just for the sake of the experiment, make use of some of the knowledge imparted to him when the various degrees were conferred upon him; and he made one of the signs, so simple, so imperceptible, yet so significant, as to be unmistakable among Odd Fellows. To his surprise and pleasure it was replied to from the opposite side of the table, by a noble looking captain from one of our southern ports. A glance of recognition passed, and here in a strange port, thousands of miles away from his home and native land, James had already found a *brother*.

Captain Percival (for that was the name of the new found brother) came to James after dinner, and after a few words of brotherly congratulation, introduced him to the major part of those assembled, with all of whom he found he could claim the kindred conferred by Odd Fellowship. This was truly gratifying to James, for it enabled him to form many agreeable and acceptable acquaintances; and when he returned on board

at night, he would not 'turn in,' until he had written a long account of his day's adventures to his wife, which he closed by requesting her to read it to Mrs. Burton, and to convey to her his heartfelt thanks for having taken the pains to disabuse him with reference to Odd Fellowship.

The Edgar soon filled up, and sailed for Callao, in Peru, where she arrived without having met with any occurrence worthy of particular mention. At Callao, James, as before, discovered friends and brothers in many of the captains and mates with whom he came in contact, much to the surprise of his own captain, who insisted on knowing how it was that he found so many friends.

James laughingly replied, "Oh! I rode the same goat at home;" an explanation which did not tend much to satisfy the worthy captain. James, however, explained to him the tie by which Odd Fellows were bound to each other, and concluded by exhorting him, as soon as he returned to the United States, to place himself in a position to claim the same kindness and sympathy hereafter.

Odd Fellowship was destined to impress a further lesson on James Brown, and it was one which he never forgot. He was on shore in the boat one day towards evening, waiting for Captain Elliott and the consignee, who had some business to transact on board, and amused himself by strolling about the town, which, by the way, contains nothing to repay any person for the trouble, except vast accumulations of filth, and numerous shantees for the sale of "*pisco*," and "*agua dente*." As he was turning to return to the boat, he felt his arms suddenly pinioned to his sides, and a hoarse voice hissed in his ear words which he could not understand. The glittering of a knife before his eyes was intended as a warning for him to keep silent, and busy hands were plunged into his pockets, in search of the few shillings he had with him.

With a tremendous effort he freed himself from the arms which encircled him, and caught in his own grasp the hand of the desperado as the glittering knife descended toward his heart. At the same instant, he shouted at the top of his voice, those mystic words, heard only to be obeyed, and before he had time for thought, the ruffian by whom he had been assailed was lying on the ground, prostrated by a blow which would have felled an ox, while the other rascal who had amused himself by searching his pockets, had disappeared in the darkness.

"Are you hurt, *brother*?" asked a voice in tones of sympathy.

"No, thank God and Odd Fellowship!" replied James, in the ardor of the moment, forgetting the singularity of the expression, and grasping the hand of his preserver.

Before any more questions could be asked or answered, Captain Elliott came running up, and exclaimed, "why, Mr. Pray," (the consignee of the vessel,) "what on earth made you leave me so suddenly?"

"Because I heard the voice of a brother in distress," was the simple reply.

"Well, I wish I may be hanged if it ain't my mate. Why, Mr. Brown, what has happened, and how did Mr. Pray know you were in distress?"

"When you become an Odd Fellow, you will learn all that," replied Mr. Pray, "and now let us go on board and finish our business."

James afterwards learned that Mr. Pray had been settled in Callao a few years, and before he left the United States, had become a member of that Order, whose branches are now spread over the length and breadth of the globe, wherever civilization has been extended.

He heard the cry of James, and true to his pledges and obligations, had rushed to his assistance; and by his promptitude in obeying those dictates of the human

heart, which are kept into ever active being by the influence of Odd Fellowship, he had been the means of saving a brother's life from the knife of an assassin.

This adventure formed the theme of another letter to his wife, and James again directed that Mrs. Burton should know of the service she had done him, by inducing him to join the glorious Order.

In a few days after the above occurrence, the Edgar sailed for Huasco, where, having filled up her cargo, she tripped her anchor for home. The Cape, that terror to all young sailors and landmen, was doubled, with the usual accompaniments of rain, hail, snow, sleet, and plenty of wind; but they rounded it in safety, and soon reached the Trade winds, where they dashed along homeward at a glorious pace, for Captain Elliott had a fine vessel—a good crew—a wife at home, and was not at all fearful of carrying sail too hard. Nothing occurred worthy of note until they reached the latitude of Cape Hatteras, and here, true to the old sailor's adage,

“If Bermuda lets you pass,
Then look out for Hatteras;”

they took a tremendous north-easter. The brig was hove to under very short sail, and every thing was made as snug as could be done.

The gale, however, increased in terrific violence; the sea, on soundings, ran mountains high, and the brig labored very heavily. She had, however, too much cargo aft to keep her head well in the wind, and it became necessary for the preservation of vessel and cargo, to lighten her stern. Accordingly all hands went to work throwing over some of the cargo, the cabin bulk heads being taken down, to enable them to get at it. While thus engaged, all hands being at work but the man at the wheel, he suddenly shouted out in tones of terror, “look out!” James was standing on the upper step of the cabin gangway, and looking ahead, he saw a tremendous sea coming down upon them. With one bound he reached the pipe-rail about the mainmast, and twined himself about the braces and other pieces of rigging which were belayed there.

He had no time to see what his shipmates had done, except that they had all sprung upon deck, when it came roaring and foaming down upon the doomed brig. For one instant she was completely buried beneath the monstrous wave which had rolled over her, and when its main force had passed, the deck was covered to the depth of two feet with water, while hundreds of hogs-heads had found their way through the cabin hatchway. The brig trembled and groaned like a person in strong agony for a moment, with the terrible force of the shock, and as she rose again, a loud crash announced that something had gone by the board.

James had providentially secured a place just in the line of the mainmast, and this in a measure broke the force of the wave off him.

When the wave had passed over, he looked about him without daring to let go his hold of the braces, and what a picture of desolation met his sight! From the bows to the stern, every board of her bulwarks was swept clean with the deck. The galley, the long-boat, the cabin-hatch, and the round-house, were gone, and the crash which he had heard amid the terrors of the scene, was caused by the falling of the foremast, which was beating and thumping against her sides.

As the water ran from the deck of the vessel into the sea, and in the hold, James ventured to run to the helm, which he lashed hard down, and then turned to look for his shipmates.

On deck no one was to be seen, and he descended into the cabin, where he found the water up to his knees, but no human being was there. *He was the sole survivor of that dreadful scene—alone on board a sinking vessel!*

He dared not trust himself to think, but rushing to

the place where the axe was kept, he cut away the rigging about the main-mast, and it soon fell over the side with a crash. He next sounded the pump, and the line told him there was five feet of water in the hold. In a few minutes he sounded again, and the line reported five feet and a half.

As it was evident that the vessel was fast sinking, he dashed into the cabin and secured a few biscuit, a small keg of water, kept there for cabin use, and a compass, which he deposited in the yawl which hung by the davits at the stern. There was nothing else he could get at, for the run where the provisions were kept was full of water. He tore off the boards from one of the berths in the cabin, and placed that under the thwarts in the boat, and seating himself hatchet in hand, he stood ready to cut away when there should be a lull, or when by the motion of the brig, which was now drifting about helplessly at the mercy of the waves, she should lie even on the water.

That chance soon came, and by great activity he managed to cut both the falls, before the wave beneath him had receded, and in another moment he was afloat on the wide ocean in a small open boat, with about a dozen biscuit, and a few quarts of water. He knew not how far he was from land, nor indeed had he much time to think, for he had his hands full to keep his boat head to wind, and to keep her free from water.

Gradually he drifted away from the brig, and in about twenty minutes after he had left her, she settled down in the water, a water-logged hull, and James was now alone upon the trackless ocean in a small frail boat. Night was drawing on rapidly, and all the horrors of his situation came to his mind with terrible force. The wind was blowing a gale of more than ordinary severity, and the sea was running mountain high; but fortunately for him, it was a long, even swell, and though, while on the crest of some mighty mountain, the wind would break the top and half fill his boat with water, still, if she was not overturned, he was comparatively safe. The water came in so fast over the gun-wales, he was kept almost constantly bailing, and he had little time for reflection.

Night at length came on, and a dreary night it was to the lonely mariner. He dared not lie down in the boat to sleep, for it would have filled and probably overturned, but seating himself in the bottom, with his tarpaulin in his hand, ready to bale when necessary, he gave way to his thoughts.

Now he was in the Lodge with his brethren, and his mind dwelt upon the pure precepts inculcated there; and blending with those principles of truth, came thoughts of God and Heaven. “*Alone with destruction, alone on the sea.*” Death in its most fearful form was before him. He was a noble-hearted sailor, and had braved death many times ere this—but not as now. Starvation with its inconceivable agonies was before him, and slowly he must bear its torture, as drop by drop it sapped his life-blood. No voice of love could fall upon his ear, and bring to his anguished heart the sweet consciousness of sympathy. He thought of his young wife, far away in her happy home—thinking of her sailor husband—anticipating with joy the period of his return. The bright hours they had together spent, passed in review before him; and all their plans of future happiness, like so many phantoms from the tomb, came mocking him in that hour of agony. They should not thus be torn from him; he *would*—yes, he *would* live; live but again to press to his heart, that loving one who seemed even now to be near him; live but to say to her that in this fearful hour, her presence could rob death of half its terror; live to feel once more the warm clasp of her hand—once more to hear that gentle voice speak warm words of tenderness, which had power to thrill his heart with happiness. And again his brain would reel with the fierce anguish of those frenzied thoughts, until he sank back, half stupified.

Then as busy fancy again awoke, he was with his brethren in the Lodge—again he heard those pure precepts of love and kindness inculcated there; and blending with those truths came thoughts of God and that eternal world he felt he soon might enter.

From that moment he seemed inspired with redoubled courage. He felt that the eye of Omniscience was on him; that the arm of Omnipotence was upholding him, and that he would be preserved. Day broke at length, and jumping up from the bottom of the boat, where he had lain wet and cramped during the night, he looked eagerly in every direction for a sail. But none was to be seen save his own water-logged and helpless vessel, and seating himself again, he made a meal from one of his biscuit and a draught of the water.

The gale moderated a little, so as to give him less trouble in bailing, but he could as yet do nothing toward giving the boat a direction for the land, as he had no sail or rudder. About noon he discovered a sail far to windward of him, and his heart leaped with joy at the prospect, remote as it was, of deliverance, for he felt how uncertain it was that so small an object as his boat would be discovered.

Tearing up one of the thwarts, he hoisted his jacket on it for a signal, and seating himself again in the bottom of the boat, steadied it up, keeping his eye fixed upon the vessel, which was now so near, he could see that it was a brig under very short sail. He felt for the moment almost certain of delivery; but his hopes were blasted at one blow, when he saw the brig go about on the other tack. He jumped up in the boat, and raised his signal aloft; he shouted at the top of his voice, forgetting in the agony of the moment, the howling of the wind and the roaring of the waves, which would have drowned the report almost of a cannon—but in vain; the brig kept on her course, and he watched her with straining eyes, until the top of her masts had disappeared from his view. Then he threw himself in the bottom of the boat, and gave way to a burst of bitter tears.

Again, night drew on, and covered the heavens with a pall of impenetrable blackness, and now, as the wind had moderated considerably, he determined to get some rest if possible; so bailing his boat out as dry as he could, he stretched himself out on the bottom, and was soon in the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer," for he was fairly exhausted.

How long he had slept he knew not, but he was aroused by finding himself covered with water, and springing up, he found his boat half filled by a sea which had broken over her. He commenced bailing again, and when she was free, he went to the stern sheets to refresh himself with a taste of water, and his feelings may be imagined, when he found the keg gone; and not only that, but his compass and biscuit. The sea had swept them all away, and now death seemed inevitable. At first he was ready to sink under this terrible blow, but summoning courage, he again addressed himself to Heaven, and threw himself in the bottom of the boat to sleep. But to sleep now was impossible; visions of the most horrid character troubled him, and he was kept in a constant state of terror and apprehension.

But what brooks it to attempt a description of feelings at such a time and on such an occasion. Reason at length gave way under his terrible sufferings, and James Brown threw himself in the bottom of the boat, a raving maniac. Now he would utter the most fearful imprecations upon the fiends who were pursuing him. Now, with fervor and the most touching pathos, flowing from the simplicity of his heart, he would address the throne of peace; and suddenly he would find himself in the presence of his loved and loving wife.

For four days he remained in this state, without having eaten a morsel, or tasted a drop of water. The wind, however, had changed, and was blowing his frail

boat directly on towards the shore, which was now in sight; and by noon of the day he was so near the beach as to be within the range of any persons who might be on the look out; and throughout the whole time the brig had drifted about with him.

The boat with the helpless sailor drifted in to the shore, and fortunately stranded in smooth water, where she was out of danger; while the brig, which was still floating on, was driven with violence on the breakers. Two men were on the shore looking at the brig as she drifted on to her destruction, and their attention had been so firmly fixed on her, they had not noticed the boat in which James had floated ashore.

The sound made by the keel grating on the sand, seemed to restore James to partial consciousness, and with a strong effort he arose from the bottom, and holding on by the thwart, so as to steady himself, looked about him. The sight of land, and the fact that he was safe, perfected measurably his cure, and in an instant strength seemed to have been given him. He stepped out of the boat, and when his feet touched the dry land, he raised his heart in gratitude to God for his deliverance, and seating himself upon a ledge of rock near by, he watched the brig as she was reeling to and fro amid the breakers. An object on the water near him attracted his attention, and on looking steadily at it, he perceived that it was the body of a man. He started towards it, and to his horror discovered that it was one of his own shipmates, the poor fellow having been undoubtedly drowned in the cabin, and floated on shore when the vessel went to pieces.

He dragged the body to the rock where he had been seated, and placing it across a small ledge, sat down again to gather strength before he started in pursuit of assistance. While lost in sad musings, he heard a step near him, and raising his eyes, beheld close to him a stranger, who was hastening towards him with outstretched hands. James clasped his eyes in surprise, and raised them to heaven with a motion of silent thankfulness.

"Did you belong to that brig, my poor fellow?" said the stranger, in tones of compassion.

"I did," feebly replied James, "but I did not get ashore from her. I left her in the yawl, I don't know how long ago, for I have lost my time, and have not seen her for three days until now. Indeed, I guess I must have lost my head, for I have eaten nothing for three days or more."

"Poor fellow," said the stranger, "I am thankful you have been saved. I will do what can be done for you; and now take a sup of this," and he extended to the thirsty and famishing man a small flask. "There, gently my boy, gently," he added, pulling it away with gentle violence, lest the sufferer should injure himself. "Come, cheer up, cheer up—we are men about here, and I will let our Lodge know of you."

"Lodge! do you belong *there*?" said James, making a simple but unmistakable motion with his hand.

"Yes, brother," said the stranger, grasping his hand with emotion, "thank God, I do. Here, Jo," he shouted, to some person who was in the vicinity, "Jo, come bear a hand—let the cargo go to the *devil*; here is a man, a brother, needs our help."

In another moment a hardy sailor-looking man came up, and the stranger said, "Come, lend a hand here; let us shoulder this poor fellow, for I am sure he can't walk, and carry him to my house."

"Your house? why it is a mile off, and there are plenty of huts nearer than that."

"I don't care for that; this man has a right to go to my house, and go he must and shall, so bear a hand and get him there as soon as possible."

"Why, do you know him?" inquired the other, in evident astonishment.

"Know him—yes, yes, I know him well enough. He

is a —. No matter what he is; do as I bid you, and ask no questions."

Thus reproved, the wrecker assisted his humane companion, and James was borne between them to the house of his preserver.

"Here, Maria, quick," he said to his wife, as he entered his humble dwelling, "warm a bed, and fix up something nice. Here is a poor young fellow we picked up, who has been drifting about the ocean in an open boat, and he is nigh about dead with hunger and thirst."

The wife of the wrecker needed no further stimulus to urge her to her duty; for, humble as was her situation, she had a heart which could feel deeply for, and sympathize with, the sufferings of a fellow creature.

In a few days, James was so far restored to strength that he was enabled to write to his wife, and narrate to her this third instance of the benefits conferred on him by his claim to brotherhood; and again he forbore not to return his grateful thanks to Mrs. Burton for the influence she had exercised over him.

As he was entirely destitute of clothing, save what he had on when discovered on the rocks, the worthy wrecker made his situation known to a neighboring Lodge, who promptly made up a sum sufficient to replenish his wardrobe, and having furnished him with means to reach his home, they bade him "God speed!"

James Brown reached New York in safety, and was greeted by his loving wife with all the warmth of a woman's heart; and the narrative of his sufferings and providential rescue drew from her tears of sympathy, and filled her heart with gratitude to God, that her husband was restored to her.

His next visit was to Mrs. Burton, and to her he poured out his warmest thanks, assuring her that she had, by narrating her own experience to him, conferred on him a benefit which he never would forget.

The news of the wreck of the Edgar had found its way into the public papers long before the return of James to New York, as well as the wonderful manner of his rescue; so that when he visited his own Lodge on the first night after his return, he was hailed as one, as it were, risen from the dead.

The warm and hearty greetings of the brothers, the cordial grasp of the hand, and the brightening of the eye, told how truly his return was welcomed; and while he inwardly raised his heart to Heaven for its kind interposition in his behalf, he implored its countenance and protection for the glorious institution, of which he now felt proud and happy to be a member; and whenever any person in his presence would, in his ignorance, abuse that Order, he would, with glistening eyes, relate the tale of the "SHIPWRECKED ODD FELLOW."

TRUTH.—Some say that wealth is power, and some that talent is power, and some that knowledge is power, and others that authority is power, but there is an apophthegm that I would place on high above them all, when I would assert, that truth is power. Wealth cannot purchase, talent cannot refute, knowledge cannot overreach, authority cannot silence her—they all, like Felix, tremble at her presence. Cast her into the seven-fold heated furnace of the tyrant's wrath—fling her into the most tremendous billows of popular commotion—she mounts aloft in the bark, upon the summit of the deluge. She is the ministering spirit, which sheds on man that bright and indestructible principle of life which is given by its Mighty Author to animate, illuminate, and inspire the immortal soul, and which, like himself, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. When the mould has long been heaped on all the pride of wealth, and talent, and knowledge, and authority—when heaven and earth itself have passed away, truth shall rise, like the angel on Manoa's sacrifice, upon the flame of nature's funeral pile, and ascend to her source, her heaven, and her home—the bosom of the holy and eternal God.

We respectfully solicit Secretaries of Lodges, and Scribes of Encampments, to interest themselves in obtaining subscribers for the "Record."

Our friends are respectfully informed that papers which are intended for insertion in the "Record," must be in our hands at furthest by the fifteenth of the month preceding the publication.

Unauthenticated reports of the proceedings of Lodges cannot appear.

THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1846.

ESTABLISHMENT OF NEW LODGES.

We have received a communication signed "A Toronto Odd Fellow", complaining that sufficient exertions are not made to extend the Order throughout this Province, and to establish Lodges in various cities and towns of Upper Canada, which he enumerates, and represents as ready and anxious to join in our labour of love. We fully appreciate the importance of the subject thus brought under our notice by our Toronto friend, and would willingly devote our exertions to the accomplishment of his wishes.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the *first* motion towards the establishment of a Lodge must emanate from the locality where it is proposed to be instituted; and, for the benefit of our readers unacquainted with the form, we will here mention the action necessary to be taken. In any city, town or village, of Upper or Lower Canada, where there are *five* Odd Fellows of the Scarlet Degree, (and we know several where the numbers far exceed that limit), Lodges may at once be established. Let our correspondent, for instance, assemble together his brethren resident in Toronto—who number more, we are certain, than the requisite *five*—and let them agree to undertake the labour of establishing and managing a new Lodge in that city. Should they determine on this, readily and heartily, each must then take measures to draw his card of clearance from the Lodge of which he is at present a member. Most of the Brothers in Upper Canada, except of course in Belleville and the neighbourhood, are Members of Lodges in Montreal; and where this is the case, it might be as well to apply for the cards of all the Brothers intending to form the new Lodge, through the same party in this city—to whose care should also be forwarded a petition to the R. W. Grand Master, stating the wish of the petitioners to open a Lodge, the name intended for it, and its location, praying him to grant a Dispensation for the establishment of said Lodge. This will be presented to the Grand Master, together with the cards of clearance, and, our word for it, a very short time will see the proposed Lodge opened and its Officers installed.

We trust to have to record, in our next publication, the receipt, in the proper quarter, of several applications of the nature here mentioned, and would earnestly

beseech the Brothers of the Order throughout the country to bestir themselves. Any further information that may be wished, will be most promptly afforded, on application to the Publisher of the RECORD. In the mean time, we would beg to impress on all intending applicants, that each petition for a Dispensation must be accompanied by the cards of clearance of at least Five Brothers, of the Scarlet Degree, and by the sum of Thirty Dollars, as a Charter Fee; and further, that such cards of clearance can only be obtained from the several Lodges, by paying up all dues to the date on which they are applied for.

We shall be most happy to act for our Toronto Correspondent, should he address us as stated above.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Communication of this R. W. Body commenced on the 15th of September last, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, City of Baltimore. Much business, of vast importance to the Order, was transacted during its Session, a brief summary of which we proceed to lay before our readers.

On the above day, there assembled the following Grand Officers:—

Howell Hopkins, M. W. G. Sire,
John W. Stokes, R. W. G. Sire, *pro. tem.*,
James L. Ridgely, R. W. G. C. and R. Secretary,
Andrew E. Warner, R. W. G. Treasurer,
Albert Case, R. W. G. Chaplain,
William Curtis, R. W. G. Marshall,
Richard Brandt, R. W. G. Guardian,
John E. Chamberlain, W. G. Messenger,
P. G. Sire Thomas Wildey,
P. G. Sire John A. Kennedy;

And Representatives from Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, as under—

From Grand Lodges.—Nathaniel F. Deering, William R. Smith, *Maine*; Thomas Lloyd, W. Williams, *Ga.*; J. Wright Gordon, *Mich.*; George Brown, *Indiana*; Joseph Browne, Smith Skinner, *Pa.*; David Snelbaker, *Ohio*; B. C. True, David D. Egan, *N. Y.*; William B. Magruder, William W. Moore, *D. C.*; S. B. Britton, Frederick Crosswell, *Conn.*; Charles W. Whittall, *La.*; Joseph L. Drew, Wm. E. Parmenter, *Mass.*; George I. Dieks, *Miss.*; Wil. D. Porter, R. W. Seymour, *S. C.*; Edward McIntire, *Del.*; John A. Thompson, Enoch P. Holden, *Md.*; I. D. Williamson, *Ala.*; David Filbrick, G. W. Montgomery, *N. H.*; Marshall C. Holmes, Thomas S. Day, *N. J.*; Jas. D. McCabe, James M. Ford, *Va.*; John B. Hinckle, *Ky.*; W. F. Davis, *Tenn.*; Isaiah Forbes, *Mo.*; E. B. White, *R. I.*

From Grand Encampments.—Staats S. Morris, *N. J.*; Horn R. Kneass, *Pa.*; Franklin W. Gilley, Charles McGowan, *N. Y.*; David Churchill, *Ohio*; Richard Marley, *Md.*; T. P. Shaffner, *Ky.*; John L. Devotion, *Conn.*; Robert L. Robbins, *Mass.*; E. C. Robinson, *Va.*

After the usual preliminary routine, the M. W. Grand Sire, Howell Hopkins, and the Grand Corresponding Secretary, James L. Ridgely, presented their Annual Reports, a few extracts from which we shall take another opportunity of presenting. Suffice it at present to say, that the information contained therein, as to the progress and prospects of Odd-Fellowship, is of the most cheering nature. The rest of this day's meeting

was principally employed in hearing reports of Committees, and in the discussion of proposed amendments to the Constitution, several of which were rejected;—amongst others a proposal to give a Brother, considering himself aggrieved by any Grand Lodge, the right of appeal to the Grand Lodge of the United States.

In virtue of those amendments passed, each Grand Encampment (in addition to each Grand Lodge, as at present) has the privilege of nominating Candidates for the offices of Grand Sire and Deputy Grand Sire; and expelled Lodges or Encampments have the right of appeal from their ruling Grand Lodges or Grand Encampments, after having delivered up to the latter their effects.

On Tuesday, the 16th September, the Grand Lodge proceeded to the installation of Grand Officers for the ensuing term, when the following were duly installed:

Grand Sire,—P. G. M. Thomas Sherlock, of Ohio,
Deputy Grand Sire,—P. G. M. Albert Case, of Mass.,
Grand Sec.—P. G. M. Jas. L. Ridgely, of Maryland,
G. Treas.—P. G. M. And. E. Warner, of Maryland.

And the several appointed Grand Officers were nominated by the Grand Sire, as follows:—Rev. P. G. Jas. D. McCabe, of Virginia, R. W. G. Chaplain; P. G. Sec. John G. Treadwell, of New York, R. W. G. Marshall; D. G. M. Levin Jones, of District of Columbia, R. W. G. Guardian; John E. Chamberlain, W. G. Messenger.

As most of our readers are no doubt aware, an Extra Session of the Grand Lodge had been held some weeks previous, at which the Work of the Order had been thoroughly revised. At this Extra Session, however, no alteration had been made in the Patriarchal Work, and the Committee of Revision now presented a Report on this subject, which was received by the Grand Lodge, and the Degrees there recommended were adopted; as were also revised forms for opening and closing Encampments, and for the order of business therein. At a subsequent meeting, the Committee on Revision were instructed to have at least two thousand copies of these new lectures, charges, &c., printed, and, if possible, distributed along with the revised work of Subordinate Lodges, previous to the first of January.

The following day was partly occupied in the instruction of the Representatives present, in the new Work of the Order, P. G. Sire Wildey officiating. An appeal from a Subordinate Lodge against the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, was brought forward, from the decision on which it appears, that "a State Grand Lodge cannot compel a Subordinate to meet in any particular room," but that "the State Grand Lodge, however, has authority to prohibit meetings from being held at places that may not be deemed sufficiently private and secure from intrusion."

The following Resolutions with regard to the funeral of Brothers, were adopted:—

Resolved.—That the Committee on the Revision of the Work of the Order, are hereby authorised and requested to prepare, and submit to this Session of the

Grand Lodge, a proper Burial Service, to be used at the interment of a Brother. That the said Service, or any part of it, may be omitted at the discretion of the Lodge, when religious burial services are had, and shall at no time be performed without the consent of the immediate friends of the deceased. That the wearing of Regalia at funerals be left to the discretion of the Grand Lodges of each State.

The Committee on the "Covenant and Official Magazine," presented a Report, in accordance with which, all the interest of the Grand Lodge in that Magazine was transferred to Mrs. Catherine Neilson, the widow of the late publisher, on condition of inserting therein for the space of one year, the following Resolution:—

Resolved,—That all Magazines, Periodicals, or other publications, purporting to treat upon Odd Fellowship, are solely and entirely upon the responsibility of the individuals publishing and editing the same, and have no sanction or authority from the Grand Lodge of the U. S., for any thing that may appear therein.

The following Resolutions were adopted, explanatory of a law passed at the Annual Session of 1842:—

Resolved,—That the regular quarterly term, known to the Order under this jurisdiction, is thirteen weeks, and is to end either with the month of March, June, September, or December; and that, whenever a Lodge is not instituted at least seven weeks before the termination of a regular quarter, it will be necessary for the officers first elected, to hold their respective stations for and during the remnant of the quarter, and to the end of the next ensuing quarter: and that any division of service, by which one full term and part of another term, may be made to give two terms of more than seven weeks each, be, and is hereby, prohibited.

Resolved, further,—That Encampments be, and they are hereby, directed strictly to observe the spirit of the rule above prescribed for Subordinate Lodges;—that is, that they interpret the law according to the same principles, making due allowance for the difference which exists in the length of their respective terms.

Resolved,—That the several Grand Lodges be, and are hereby, empowered to confer the honorary degrees of P. V. G. and P. S., on any Brother, who, after having been duly elected, shall serve to the end of a lawful quarter, as the first N. G. of a new Lodge; and in like manner, and under similar circumstances, the honorary degree of P. S. may be conferred on the first V. G. of a new Lodge; but in no other case shall the above degrees be conferred, unless for service duly performed.

At the Session of Thursday, September 18th, it was determined, in accordance with the recommendation of a Committee to whom the matter had been referred,—

"That a visiting card, signed by the proper officers of the Subordinate Lodge issuing the same, is full and complete without the counter signature of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State in which the card is issued; and that the bearer of such card, if correct in other particulars, is entitled to admission into any Subordinate Lodge under this jurisdiction."

Such card, however, must have on the margin the signature of the Grand Cor. and Rec. Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the U. S.

The Committee on the State of the Order, reported on some questions submitted to their consideration, in the following terms:—

The following questions having been referred to the Committee on the State of the Order, viz:

"1st. Can a member of a Lodge or Encampment

withdraw his membership, after paying all dues to the same, and being in good standing therein, without taking a card of clearance carrying with it the usual recommendation—in other words, can he be unconditionally discharged, he desiring the same?

"2nd. Can a member of a Lodge or Encampment be expelled without a formal trial, without full charges and specifications made against him, when both the member and the Lodge or Encampment are willing that such action should be had, and when the member is willing to acknowledge his wrong, doing and his unworthiness to longer remain in membership?"

The Committee reply to the first interrogatory by saying, that, in their opinion, a member may, on his own written application, withdraw from the Order without taking a clearance card; that is, if he be resolved to sever his connection with us, and refuse to take a card, there is no reasonable or rightful remedy. A Lodge cannot (and should not if it could) detain him against his will, and it would not be charitable, or consistent with our principles, to retain his name on the books, for the express purpose of allowing dues to accumulate, that we may stigmatize him by suspension or expulsion. If a brother come among us with clean hands, and faithfully discharge his obligations to the Lodge, why should he not be permitted to depart in peace, whether he choose to receive from us a certificate of character or not? To say that he could only retire from our halls by receiving a certificate, would be to impose a restraint on his actions, in denying to him the right to choose the time and manner of his withdrawal. This has never been the policy of the Order, so far as the Committee possess knowledge of the subject. To all who are worthy, our doors are open; and, if they be not content with us, they are free to go.

The Committee, in reply to the second interrogatory, answer, that if a member refuse to stand a trial, he cannot be formally tried, and in such case a Lodge may expel for contempt. This is one view of the case. But if, as may be inferred from the interrogatory, a member acknowledges that he has been guilty of some unworthy action, and asks that the Lodge will expel him on his own acknowledgment, so as to relieve him from the disgrace and mortification of a trial, involving exposures that would probably carry unhappiness into the bosom of his family,—in such a case the committee think that he might be expelled, without going through all the forms of a trial, in preferring and specifying the particular charges, examining witnesses, &c. A course of this kind, according to the present views of your Committee, might be pursued without detriment to the interests of the Order. Expulsion is the highest penalty which our laws can inflict; it is never resorted to except for cause; and the fact of a member being expelled, implies that he has been guilty of a misdemeanor or some offence against our laws. By such an act the Order is purged of his presence, and the members of a Lodge are required to do nothing more, unless the offence be a criminal one, in which case, in their character of citizens, they are bound to sustain the laws of the country.

The Committee on Revision were instructed "to have the revised lectures and charges of the Order translated into the French, German and Welsh languages, and to have the requisite number printed."

The following Resolutions, recommended by the Committee on the State of the Order, were adopted:—

Resolved,—That honorary membership shall under no circumstances be allowed under our jurisdiction.

Resolved,—That full membership in a Subordinate Lodge is essential to membership in an Encampment.

After considerable discussion, the following Resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved,—That each Subordinate Lodge may, by a vote of two-thirds of its members voting, grant a card to the wife of any member who may apply for it, signed by the officers of the Lodge, and countersigned by the recipient on the margin, and to remain in force not more than one year; and that similar cards may be granted to the widows of Odd Fellows, to remain in force as long as they shall remain such.

Resolved,—That the form of the card shall be as follows, viz:

Friendship, Love and Truth.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:

This Certifies, that _____, whose name is endorsed on the margin of this card, in her own proper hand writing, is the wife of our well beloved brother _____, who is a member of _____, Lodge, No. —, held at _____, and working under authority of a charter duly granted by authority of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the _____. We therefore recommend her to your friendship, aid, and protection, wherever she may be throughout the world: for the space of _____, and no longer.

In witness whereof, we have subscribed our names, and affixed the seal of our Lodge, this — day of _____, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and _____.

_____ N. G.
 _____ V. G.
 _____ Sect'y.

NOTE.—When this card is granted to a widow, it shall be so stated, and the card shall be made to conform to the requirements of the first resolution.

A Resolution regarding the right of appeal to State Grand Lodges, was reported by the Committee on the State of the Order, and adopted, as follows:—

Resolved,—That it is the opinion of this Grand Lodge, that when a Brother of a Subordinate Lodge has been suspended or expelled, and appeals from the decision of his Subordinate Lodge, to a State Grand Lodge, on the ground of "informality or want of fairness," such Grand Lodge has not the power to grant a new trial, unless informality or want of fairness be shown on the former trial, or new testimony be discovered.

A Report of the Committee on the State of the Order, recommending the appointment of District Deputy Grand Sires in all the States and Districts, was taken into consideration, when Article XVIII. of the By-Laws was altered so as to read as follows:—

ARTICLE XVIII.—At each Annual Session the Grand Sire shall appoint in each State, District and Territory, an Officer to be styled "District Deputy Grand Sire," whose duty it shall be to act as the Special Agent of this Grand Lodge, in relation to the matters herein specified, viz.:—To act for the Grand Sire, and by his directions to perform whatever may have been ordered to be done by the Grand Lodge of the United States, in the particular District for which the Deputy Grand Sire may be appointed: To act as the Representative of this Grand Lodge, and perform all such matters relating to the Order in his District, as the Grand Sire shall direct: To obey all special instructions of the Grand Sire, in relation to any thing which that Officer is required to do for the good of the Order: To act as the agent of the Grand Secretary, and obey the special direction of that Officer: To have a general supervision over all Subordinate Lodges and Encampments in his District, which work under Charters granted by the Grand Lodge of the United States: To make semi-annual reports of his acts and doings, to the Grand Sire. District Deputy Grand Sires shall in no case interfere,

as Officers of this Grand Lodge, with the State Grand Lodges or Encampments. To qualify a Brother for the appointment of District Deputy Grand Sire, he must be a regular contributing member of a Subordinate Lodge and Encampment, and must have attained the rank of P. G. and the R. P. D.; and, in States where Grand Encampments may be established, he must also be a member of such Grand Encampment. The appointments of District Deputy Grand Sires shall be made at each Annual Session, to continue for one year, but they may be revoked for cause, during the recess, by the Grand Sire.

The following Resolution was read and adopted:—

Resolved,—That the absence of a member of any State Grand Lodge, on duty as a Representative in this body, is a sufficient reason for releasing him from any disqualification that he may have incurred, by reason of absence from his seat, in any other office that he may hold in his Grand Lodge.

After a vote of thanks to the M. W. Grand Sire Sherlock, and the R. W. Deputy Grand Sire Case, for the impartial, courteous, and able discharge of their duties, as presiding officers during the Session, the Grand Lodge adjourned *sine die*.

In the course of the Session, Charters were granted to the following Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, in addition to one for a Grand Encampment in the State of Missouri:—*

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, Stockport, *England*,
 Green Mountain Lodge, No. 1, Burlington, *Vermont*,
 Vermont Lodge, No. 2, Montpelier, *do.*
 Harmony Lodge, No. 2, Dubuque, *Iowa*,
 Krosanqua Lodge, No. 3, Krosanqua, *do.*
 Jefferson Lodge, No. 4, Fairfield, *do.*
 Miners' Lodge, No. 4, Mineral Point, *Wisconsin*.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

Stadacona Encampment, No. 2, Quebec, *Canada*;
 Penacoke " No. 3, Concord, *New Hampshire*;
 Quochecho " No. 4, Dover, *do.*
 Strawberry Bank, " No. 5, Portsmouth, *do.*
 Sagadahogk " No. 6, Bath, *Maine*;
 Churchill " No. 7, Thomastown, *do.*
 Border " No. 8, Bangor, *do.*
 Mashassuck " No. 2, Providence, *Rhode Island*;
 Gayosa " No. 3, Memphis, *Tennessee*;
 Stewart " No. 3, Hannibal, *Missouri*;
 Choctaw " No. 3, Jackson, *Mississippi*;
 Illinois " No. 3, Chicago, *Illinois*;
 Mount Pisgah " No. 3, Georgetown, *Dist. Columbia*;
 Augusta " No. 5, Augusta, *Georgia*;
 Pine " No. 3, Fayetteville, *N. Carolina*.

A Charter was also granted for Oriental Lodge, to be opened in Liverpool, England, in accordance with the recommendation of the following Report:

The Committee on Petitions, to whom was referred the petition of James W. Hale and four others, "for a Charter to create a Lodge in Liverpool, England," report:

That the petitioners are brothers in good standing, members of Lodges within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodges of New York and Massachusetts. That they set forth in their petition and in the documents accompanying, important reasons for a compliance with their request, and argue with great force the legality of the

* Since the close of the Annual Communication, Grand Encampments have been established in Maine and New Hampshire, under warrant from the M. W. Grand Sire.

form of their application, and of the course which they suggest for the establishment of the Lodge.

The petitioners refer particularly to the resolutions adopted by the Grand Lodge on the 23d of September, 1842, regulating the establishment of foreign Lodges, and contend that the requirements therein contained are fully met by them, from the fact that they are "members who have received the five degrees known to this Order." They urge the impossibility of collecting at any time a sufficient number of members of the Order, holding final cards, and otherwise qualified as the Bye-Laws of this Grand Lodge require, and they therefore contend for the literal construction of the resolutions above named, as the safest and most correct. The petitioners cite the dispensations granted to the Lodges in Wales, as precedents for the action now prayed for, and they present the absolute necessity for the introduction of the Order, under American auspices, into this important English seaport.

The Committee acknowledge themselves impressed with the weight of the arguments of the petitioners, and cannot perceive that, although technical, and perhaps different from the usual construction of our regulation in this respect, they are fallacious. They therefore, recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved,—That P. G. James W. Hale, or P. G. Thomas W. Colburn as his substitute, be deputed to open a Lodge in Liverpool, England, to be hailed as Oriental Lodge, No. 1, and that the said Hale or the said Colburn as his substitute, be authorized to instruct in the Degrees of the Order, such persons in Liverpool, as shall be found worthy, in such number as may be necessary for the establishment and due management of the new Lodge.

Many subjects, besides those mentioned above, engaged the attention of the Grand Lodge of the U. S., during its Annual Communication, but we have included within our narrow limits, every decision come to, or resolution passed, that may be considered of general importance to the Order.

ODD FELLOWS' CELEBRATION AT MONTREAL.

In accordance with the announcement in our last publication, the above meeting was held in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Great St. James' Street, on the evening of Thursday, the 5th February.

Of the three shops which constitute the ground floor of that building, one was reserved for an Entrance Hall, while the other two were fitted up as disrobing rooms, for the ladies and gentlemen respectively.

The company assembled in the large hall on the second story, which was richly decorated for the occasion. The walls were covered all round with pink and white muslin, in stripes, over which hung the banners of the different National Societies, together with numerous emblems of the Order. A raised platform extended along the upper part of the hall, intended for the Officers of the different Lodges. On the centre of the wall immediately behind this, was displayed the splendid banner of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, surmounted by the Royal Arms of Great Britain; and on either side of this, were the banners of the German and St. Patrick's Societies. At the opposite end of the room, a large mirror, crowned with the Prince of Wales'

Feathers, was flanked by the banners of the St. George's and St. Andrew's Societies. In each of the six windows facing the street, was placed another mirror, partly screened by curtains of blue and white muslin; while the other side of the room was decorated with the remaining banners and flags of the Societies. The supporting pillars were wreathed with scarlet riband, and the side pilasters with green, colors denoting the two highest subordinate degrees of the Order; and the pilasters at either end were covered with purple and gold-colored cloth, the appropriate hues of the Encampment. Along the frieze hung festoons of blue, above which, in various places, were displayed scrolls, with appropriate mottos, such as "Friendship, Love, and Truth," "Honor, Virtue, and Fidelity," "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "Universal Brotherhood." Here and there, on the walls and pillars, were grouped bows and arrows, spears, rods of various colors, sceptres, crooks, and other emblems of the different grades of Odd Fellowship, which gave a character of novelty to the decorations of this richly, yet tastefully, fitted up apartment.

The doors were thrown open at seven o'clock, and the company shortly afterwards beginning to arrive, the room was rapidly filled, until, at eight o'clock, nearly seven hundred Brethren and strangers were present. At that hour, the Officers of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and of the several subordinate Lodges, Degree Lodges, and Encampments, who had previously assembled in the Lodge Room above, entered the hall in procession, and took their seats on the platform, at the upper end.

The *coup d'œil* at this moment was magnificent. To the rich decorations we have already enumerated were added the gorgeous *insignia* of the different Officers—the numerous Brethren, in their *regalia* of showy scarlet and white*—the Encampment Members "gleaming in purple and gold"—and, more brilliant than all, the many fair faces and bright eyes, sparkling with added lustre, it may be, from the excitement of this first glimpse at the *mysteries* of Odd Fellowship.

When the bustle caused by the entrance of the Officers had somewhat subsided, Brother William Rodden, of Commercial Lodge, R. W. Grand Master of the Province of Canada,—who, in virtue of his office, was called to the Chair,—rose and addressed the assemblage as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I regret that the duty of calling this assembly to order, has not fallen to the lot of some of my Brethren more competent to the task than myself; but when I find I am encouraged by Friendship, assisted in Love, and supported by Truth, I feel disposed to proceed to its performance, with much less reluctance than I otherwise would; particularly as I feel assured that the Brethren I shall have the honor of introducing to you this evening, as speakers, will engage your attention so much more satisfactorily, that you will have no occasion to regret the brief manner

* As a proof of the desire exhibited by the Brethren to appear, on this evening, in the *regalia* of the highest degree, it may be mentioned, that, during the preceding week, the Scarlet Degree was conferred, in Victoria Degree Lodge, on no less than eighty-two Brothers of the various Lodges of this City.

in which I now open this meeting. Consequently, I would, therefore, merely remind you of the objects which have called you together on the present occasion. These are fourfold. *First*,—To give the Brethren of the different Lodges an opportunity of meeting and becoming better acquainted with each other, in a scene of social and intellectual enjoyment. *Secondly*,—To allow Brethren to introduce such of their friends as are not members of the Order to a company of Odd Fellows, that they may have an opportunity of judging as to the composition of the different Lodges. *Thirdly*,—To secure from the public at large an additional interest in our Order by exhibiting to them all the building we occupy, our Emblems, Insignia, &c.; in short, all but the signs and pass words—and even these we will be most happy to confer on all who may apply, and prove themselves worthy to receive them. *Fourthly*,—Though by no means least—to ascertain, if possible, how far the Order may have succeeded in securing the good will of the fair sex of our City. And, if I might be allowed, Brethren, to offer an opinion on the last mentioned subject, I would venture to say, that, if I may judge from the bright smiles of our fair friends around us at this moment, we are encouraged in the paths of Benevolence and Charity by the fairest of the fair; and would simply recommend, that the least the Brethren can possibly do, in return, on this occasion, will be to drown those smiles in floods of gallantry. With these few remarks, I will proceed to the order of proceedings, as set forth in the programme.

After this, "RULE BRITANNIA" having been sung by a Choir of the Brethren, accompanied on the piano-forte by Brother F. Hill, the Grand Master called on Brother the Rev. Dr. Mathieson, Chaplain of Commercial Lodge, who spoke nearly as follows:—

OFFICERS, BROTHERS, AND FRIENDS,—It is with the utmost diffidence that I present myself before you; and it may appear to some of you *very odd*, that I, who have always felt an innate aversion to address a large assemblage such as I now see before me, should venture to address you on a subject, with which, as yet, I am but imperfectly acquainted. And I assure you, it appears to myself, that I have never more unequivocally asserted my claim to be considered an *Odd Fellow*, than I now do. Till within the last three hours, I had not the most remote intention of saying a single word on the occasion;—indeed I thought it more than probable, that I would not even be present. But, being urgently solicited by my brothers, to come to their relief, I felt myself bound to comply with their request—for it is regarded as a sacred duty of our Order, promptly to fly to the relief of a brother in distress. Being thus called upon to discharge the duties of my office, I felt a solemn obligation not to shrink from their performance, however imperfectly I might fulfil them.

I must confess, that, before I knew any thing at all of the principles of the Order, I entertained a strong feeling of repugnance to the Institution, believing, as I then did, that it asserted the arrogant pretension of binding the members in brotherhood, by closer and firmer ties, and animating their hearts with a purer and warmer charity, than any other Institution, human or divine. This prejudice being in some measure removed, I consented, should I be deemed worthy, to become one of the Fraternity. Since that time I have set myself to examine the principles on which the Association professes to be founded, and to observe the working out of these principles, in the ordinary intercourse of the Brotherhood. Perhaps it will not be presuming too much on your attention, if I briefly state what has been the result of my observations. I

find it is not a thing of yesterday, although it may be new to us. Something closely resembling the peculiar rites of our Order existed in Egypt and Greece, nearly three thousand years ago, for the purpose of preserving, amid surrounding error and ignorance, the doctrines of the Divine Unity and the Moral Government of a Supreme Being—doctrines that were then deemed by Legislators dangerous to the peace of society openly to promulgate. How far it was efficient, I pretend not to know—it must be admitted, however, that the object was good.

In looking to the design, proposed to be accomplished by the Institution of Odd Fellowship, in the present day, I find, that instead of advancing the arrogant pretension of changing the nature of man, and bringing more effectively into operation its fundamental principles, than has ever yet been done, it modestly but decidedly disclaims such power—reverently ascribes it to God alone, to whom it is due—and to be accomplished solely through that revelation of his will, which, in His goodness and mercy, He has given to man. It, however, lays hold on some of the great principles of true religion, on which all denominations of Christians are agreed, and bases upon these, not a Religious Society, but a Social Fellowship; which may thus comprehend them all, whatever be their rank or station in life, with a view to promote among them the exercise of universal benevolence. It is, in short, so far as I understand the system, a joint stock company (guarded by certain peculiar rites, in order to preserve its effective working) formed for the cultivation of the kindlier sympathies of our nature, and the amelioration of those evils, to which all the children of men are subjected. Its more immediate objects are, to relieve the indigent—to ensure to the stranger kindness and courtesy—to support those who are laid on a bed of sickness—to maintain the widow—to protect the fatherless—to do good unto all. It may be said, all this may be done—and better done—by the religion of the Gospel. This, all true Odd Fellows frankly and cordially admit; and they would abhor the idea of usurping the prerogatives, or arrogating the powers of Religion. They have chosen a humbler walk—yet one they consider both useful, and in unison with Divine Truth—and though its objects, in so far as it goes, are the same, they neither conceive that they can more effectually accomplish them, nor that their exertions are altogether uncalled for, considering the distinctions and differences that prevail in the Christian World. But I am sure they will, one and all, frankly admit, that, when all men are actuated by the pure spirit of the Gospel of Christ, there will be no need for these Associations—for then all will be bound in Brotherhood indeed, and those great principles set in active operation, which, within a more limited sphere, and in a less imperfect manner, they attempt to do. Their ambition is now to be merely a humble and indirect auxiliary in accomplishing this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation. I say, an indirect auxiliary—for their duties as Odd Fellows do not, in the most remote degree, clash with their religious duties, carried out in the way each one conscientiously thinks most agreeable to the will of God. Nor, in adopting some of the principles of Religion as the basis of their Social Union, do they conceive they weaken, in the least degree, the claims which the revelation of the will of God, as a whole and connected scheme, has on every individual. They are distinct, though in some respects they flow in parallel lines; and it is no less in obedience to the higher sanctions of Divine authority, and of Divine Mercy and Love, than in conformity to the rules of the Order, that Odd Fellows consider themselves bound to practise the Apostolic precept—"Honour all men: Fear God: Love the Brotherhood: Honour the Sovereign."

At the request of the Chairman, P. G. Healey, of

Albion Lodge, District Deputy Grand Master of the District of Quebec, rose to address the audience.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I conceive that the glories attendant upon the triumphs of Napoleon Buona-parte, were trifling in comparison to the honor of addressing so highly respectable and well educated an audience as the one I see before me. The numerous assemblage of the Order of Odd Fellows now present, is a conclusive proof of the correctness of the poet's observation—

"What great events from trifling causes spring!"

It was a lone evening in November, that five Brethren arrived at Quebec, with a dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Montreal, authorising the opening of a Lodge in the ancient capital of Canada. These five Brethren were soon joined by eleven others, and we have now two hundred and fifty members in all; so that with the seven or eight hundred in Montreal, we can produce a thousand or eleven hundred Odd Fellows in this part of the Province. At our commencement the most extraordinary reports were put into circulation against us; but these we have entirely outlived, so that we may now boast that our ranks contain many gentlemen of the highest respectability and talent: among these is our Brother Draper, who, I have no doubt, will address you with all the patrician dignity of a statesman; and Brother Dunkin, who, I am sure, will speak to you with all the graces of an accomplished orator. For myself I must give it as my opinion that Odd Fellowship must overcome every obstacle. I think from the number of ladies who honor us with their presence to-night, that we may at least conclude that if they are not our friends, at least they are not our enemies. Our Order has had much to contend with, but it is contending successfully, and will increase in strength with the wax and wane of years, till it shall take hold of the pillar of truth, and shake the temple of error into ten thousand pieces.

The following Song and Chorus (written by Brother J. B. Rogerson, of Manchester, England,) was then sung by Brother Alpass, assisted by the Brethren who had given the opening Chorus:—

I.

A song let us raise to the Order's praise,
And our brethren where'er they be;
Let our hearts be light on this festal night,
And our souls from all sorrow free;
For ours is a cause whose glorious laws
Bind all in a friendly chain;
United we stand in heart and in hand,
And discord may threaten in vain.

CHORUS.

Then a song we'll raise to the Order's praise,
And hail it with rapturous cheers:
Let this be the toast, whilst proudly we boast—
May it flourish a thousand years!

II.

No pauper's bell shall e'er ring a knell
When a brother hath past away,
But many a friend to his grave shall wend,
And tears shall bedew the clay:
When at eve we meet, in communion sweet,
In our own secluded room,
We breathe forth the name, and the virtuous fame,
Of our brothers who rest in the tomb.

CHORUS.

Then a song we'll raise, &c.

III.

If the mind should be from pollution free,
We refuse not a brother's clasp,
Nor his acts do we spy with a curious eye,
But we greet him with cordial grasp;
Though strife abound in the world around,
We aid not with word or deed—
Our part is to bless, and banish distress,
And care not for class or for creed.

CHORUS.

Then a song we'll raise, &c.

After a Grand Instrumental Piece, by the Band of the 93rd Regiment, who were in attendance, by the kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Brother William H. Draper, of Commercial Lodge, was called on by the Grand Master, and spoke in nearly the following terms:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—When I first entered this room, and witnessed the gay and brilliant assembly which graces it, I confess that I was forcibly reminded of the language of the poet—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Though I have been long accustomed to addressing large assemblies—of a very different kind, indeed, from that which I see around me to-night—yet I was in happy ignorance of what it is to address such a meeting as this; for while, on the one hand, I see many who are my brethren, upon whose support I can rely, and whose concurrence I expect, yet there are others among you,—and these not the least interesting portion of my audience,—whose favor I can have but few claims upon, and yet whose smiles I am most anxious to gain.

I hope that the few words I shall address to you, will be taken, not as the mere remarks of an individual, but rather as the expression of the sentiments of an unworthy member of the Order to which I belong.

The remarks of the Reverend Brother, who just now addressed you, make it unnecessary for me to say anything in favor of the Order, as to that one point upon which he more particularly touched. You must be convinced, from what he has told you, that Odd Fellowship occupies no ground of hostility to the principles of Christianity; after such a statement from an authority so superior to my own, I cannot venture to do more than add my feeble testimony to his. I claim the favorable consideration, however, of those who, as yet, know nothing of our Order by experience, while I tell them that its principles are those of mercy and benevolence—the principles which bind men together by brotherly ties, and which teach every man this lesson, that the doing good to his fellows is the vital and fundamental principle of his duty, as a member of our Association.

I admit that there is little in our Order to attract by its magnificence—its claims are not those which result from show and splendour, but rather from utility and service to mankind; and I conceive that these entitle it to quite as much support, as those which are possessed by Institutions which have the most boundless wealth and most elevated station, to adorn and dignify them. When we view the stupendous Falls of Niagara, we admire their grandeur, their immensity, and their sublimity, and we feel ourselves awed into insignificance in their presence, as they recall to us the Mighty Power which gave them being. The feeling is very different with which we regard the gentle dew of heaven, which, unheard as it falls unseen, drops on the herbage and the flower, refreshing the earth with beauty and fertility, and giving promise of the harvest to him who has toiled in cultivating the soil. This last is the character of our Order; it has nothing of noise or pomp, clamour or outcry; it strikes no terror, and creates no awe; but

within its bosom man meets man on a footing of equality, kindness, and brotherly love; each filled with benevolence of heart towards the other, and all anxious to do good to those who need the good they can do them.

I will not stand here longer to advocate an Institution, of whose utility so many of you are so firmly convinced; I will merely occupy attention for one moment, while I say one word to that portion of my audience who cannot make part of our Order. It may be said that we do our fair friends an injustice, in forbidding them to enter our Lodges. I am sure I speak the sentiment of every Odd Fellow present, when I say, that the strongest reason we have for excluding them from the working part of our Institution, is, that we think all the labor ought to fall upon ourselves.

To this succeeded an Ode, composed for the occasion by P. G. Hilton of Prince of Wales Lodge, which was sung by the Choir, accompanied by Brother Hill on the Piano Forte, and by the excellent Band of Mr. Maffre. This piece of Music was very successful, and elicited the warmest applause. The words, which were as under, are from the pen of Brother the Rev. J. N. Maffitt—of Massachusetts, we believe.

ODE—"HAIL! SERAPH CHARITY!"

Hail! Seraph Charity!
Upborne on balmy wings of love
From Eden's sunny groves above,
To bless humanity.

When sorrow reigns and death pervades,
Thou bringest gladness to our shades;
Hushing the mourner's sigh,
And pouring radiance on the eye,
Through dark'ning clouds of destiny.

While Mercy's Dove,
And Truth and Love,
The Widow's lonely bosom cheer,
And wipe the Orphan's bitter tear.

Then blessings on the mystic tie,
That firmly binds
Our kindred minds,
In Friendship, Truth, and Charity!

A Grand Military March was then performed, by the Band of the 52nd; which was succeeded by the following Address from Brother Christopher Dunkin, V. G. of Commercial Lodge:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Following, as I do, the worthy and Reverend Brother who first claimed your attention, and the worthy, honorable, and learned Brother who has just sat down, I confess, that, though not usually much troubled with bashfulness, I am not altogether free from that feeling on the present occasion. Satisfied, however, that I stand here to speak in behalf of a good cause, and to an auditory not unwilling to be convinced that it is good, I should feel it unnecessary to say one word in its defence, were it not that the more than fair half of my hearers, being ineligible for admission to our Order, cannot be supposed familiar with its merits. But as this more than fair half of the present Company cannot be Odd Fellows, and as there are besides them those here who *may be*, but as yet are not, members of our Order, and who also may therefore be uninformed about it, or more or less prejudiced against it, I shall venture to occupy a few moments of your time in the otherwise superfluous task of explaining its advantages.

Less than three years ago, there were but two Brothers of our Order in Montreal, or, for aught I know, in Canada. These two consulted with another

gentleman, not then a Brother, on the propriety of taking steps to establish the Order here. He gave them the comfortable advice, "to go home and mind their business." Shortly after this, however, a Lodge of five Brothers was formed in this City, and now, within that short time, our numbers have increased to eight hundred;—and who, and what we are, let this audience, and the large number of Brethren, of the first standing, not now present, answer! If the Order has already made such progress, surely no one—not even he who has not heard a word in its behalf—can believe but that its objects must be highly beneficial, and its means of attaining those objects, well calculated for the end proposed.

The principal objection urged against Odd Fellowship is, that it is a secret society. In a certain sense, no doubt, it is a secret society; that is to say, we have our secrets; but is that a sufficient objection? If so, then it must be an objection to almost every other association, for there are many more secret associations than people generally, at first sight, would imagine. There are few indeed, which have not, more or less, of the element of secrecy in their constitution. Let any two or three gentlemen meet in the street to converse; the conversation, if it relate to matters of importance, is more or less secret; and every gentleman knows, that to repeat a conversation on an important subject, is a guilty violation of that secrecy, which every man is bound to observe. What is every merchant's counting house, but a secret society? Does a merchant allow his clerks to speak of his secrets? Or what is the very highest body known to the Constitution, the Ministry of the Sovereign? Are not its members bound to secrecy, and that, not by the simple word of honor between man and man, but by a solemn oath in the presence of their Maker? Secrecy for laudable objects, is a necessary observance. If men had not confidence in one another—if they did not know that that *will* not be divulged which *should* not be divulged—society must cease to exist. Every brother of the Order will agree with me, that whatever secrecy exists with us, it is for a good and laudable purpose; that we do not carry the principle farther than is necessary for the attainment of the high and holy objects which we have in view. In any other sense, I deny that our association is a secret one. Its places and times of meeting are known to the world. Its Fellows and Officers are known also. The proceedings of the Grand Governing Bodies which direct its affairs are published; and the Constitution, Rules and By-Laws of all our Lodges are also printed, and patent to all who will take the trouble to seek and read them.

No doubt, we have our secrets; and I will show you in few words that we cannot but have them. Our Association is an Order having a large and benevolent object. We bind ourselves, one and all, to each other, to relieve the distressed of our number, to visit the sick, to comfort the widow, and to support the orphan. We cannot, of course, admit *every one* into our Association; but must we not religiously keep our secret, whenever we may be under the necessity of refusing admission to any one? We must often hear of distresses, aye, and relieve them; but can we (without prejudice to the first principles of our Association) suffer them and our charities to be other than a secret? We are, besides, not one Lodge in a single place, but many Lodges fraternizing with one another all the world over. Every Odd Fellow—whatever may be his politics, his religion, or his race—has a right, wherever he may be, to call on his brothers and claim the fulfilment of their engagements towards him. Is not this a partnership which renders secrecy at least as necessary as it is in any other commercial partnership? Must we not have the means of knowing one another in order that we may detect any attempt at fraud? I am an Odd Fellow, says one from England, France, Germany, the United States, Upper Canada. How are we to

know that his representation is correct? Some may think writing would answer the purpose; but mere letters may be forged, and we are never sure of our man until we find that he has got the secrets of the firm, which unless he were a member of it, he could never have obtained.

Of this class only are the secrets of Odd Fellowship; and here I may remark, that the obligation to secrecy with us is only a moral obligation. We are not bound by oaths, nor is our pledge of a kind which compels any man to continue an Odd Fellow longer than he sees good cause to do so. Any man can leave our lodges at any moment, and nothing prevents him from doing so, or from leaving us with the same freedom possessed by any man who had never been amongst us; except in so far as a man of honor must feel himself obliged to abstain from divulging that, which if he divulged, he would be too despicable for the notice of his fellow men. Every Odd Fellow will further bear me out in the statement—and any man who is not one, may learn from our publications, which are patent to the world—that our Association has no connexion with political party or with religious creed. Should any ask how we maintain the exclusion of such subjects, I tell him that it is by forbidding the mention of politics or religious difference within our lodges. Thus we cannot, if we would, advert to them. Bound by a universal faith, in one common Father, and general brotherhood, exacting no profession of faith—requiring the pronouncement of no *Shibboleth*—it is impossible that our Institution can be converted to sectarian or political purposes. I have, perhaps, apologized enough—more than enough—for a society which requires no defence; but I will say that no one can glance around this room, adorned with so many various national emblems, without being impressed with the feeling, that our community is too much divided; divided by the places of our birth, by race, by religion, unfortunately even by language, by rank, by every other artificial demarcation which can separate man from man. We have few of those heart stirring recollections of a common country which belong to inhabitants of older lands, for here we live in a young country, and, though I hope we all love it, yet it is possessed of few of those historical recollections which make men cling so closely to their Fatherland. Though I am far from saying that Odd Fellowship presents sufficient means for promoting the union which is desirable amongst us, I do say that it presents important means. It claims to unite its members by bonds which have no respect to party differences, and teaches them, above all things, to carry out the sentiments taught by their motto; those of Friendship, Love, and Truth:—the Friendship which all men should bear toward each other—the Love inculcated by our holy religion—the Truth which every honest man ought to carry constantly in his bosom.

P. G. Sewell, of Queen's Lodge, D. D. Grand Sire for the Province of Canada, being called upon by the Chairman, then addressed the meeting as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I shall attempt now to give you some details of the beneficial working of our Order. Some persons may suppose that our motives are purely selfish, and that our benevolence extends no farther than to ourselves; but the exhortations which are given us in our Lodges—all that we see and hear when we assemble there—teach us to open our hearts, not to Odd Fellows only, but to all mankind. I will relate one instance, to show you that we do not forget our instructions. I was, some time ago, called upon by a poor woman advanced in years, who stated that her husband was ill, and that herself and family were likely to be thrown out of the lodgings which they occupied, because she was unable to pay six months rent which she had been obliged to allow to run on. Know-

ing that I should be that night at the Lodge, and fully depending upon the charity of Odd Fellows, I felt justified in promising to send her relief the next day. When I went down to the Lodge, I made a short appeal to my Brethren, and a sum, double the amount of the deficiency, was immediately collected, so that I had the pleasure of sending her enough for six months rent, and something besides for the benefit of her family. The first lesson which is taught us, is, that we are to do to others as we should wish that they would do to us, and that we should be unworthy of the name of Odd Fellows, if we did not fly to the relief of a fellow creature in distress. We have every reason to believe that our Order is a most ancient one, handed down through many generations, till the state of mankind during the last century, made a reform of the Order necessary. It was then improved and perfected, and has remained ever since in the state which we now see it. Our Order offers many advantages to the poorer classes. We ask not what are the means of any man, or what is his rank in society; we only inquire what is his rank in the sight of God—whether he be an honest man, who believes in the superintending justice of one Heavenly Father. We allow no rank in our Lodges. Every man who enters, is at once upon an equal footing. Our Order also benefits the rich: he may not expect to require any assistance when he comes among us—he may be beyond the fear of pecuniary distress arising from sickness or from death. He may be above asking for it; but the time may come when by the turning of the wheel of Fortune he may find himself at the lowest spoke, and then he may be glad of the opportunity to come to us, not to ask assistance as a charity, but to demand it as a right. He may find himself in difficulties in a foreign land, he may be robbed, or he may be sick; and if any of these calamities should befall him, he will have the right to be provided with the sums necessary for his immediate expenses, for his lodgings, or for his return to his home. Some time ago, a gentleman going through Charleston, was robbed of all his money and clothing; he applied to a Lodge established in that place, and \$100 were immediately supplied to him; and on his return home, he honorably remitted the amount. Another poor man was murdered; upon opening his trunk, his travelling ticket was found. The Lodges in the city took up his case, and sent the police after the murderer, who was found out and executed; and the body of the unfortunate man was decently interred. Besides the other advantages which the society possesses, there is a fund for the express purpose of providing for orphans and for widows. I am happy to say that we have no orphans at present depending on us; but if a widow cannot educate her children, she may come and demand that they shall be educated for her; and that this should be done well and effectually—not as a matter of charity, but of right.

On the conclusion of P. G. Sewell's Address, the Song of "Tubal Cain" was given very effectively by Brother Alpass, with Piano Forte accompaniment by Brother Hill. Brother the Rev. W. A. Adamson, Chaplain of Queen's Lodge, was then called on by the Chairman, and spoke as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—There has been such a claim for bashfulness to-night, that I am afraid there can be none left for me; I must therefore proceed without it. Ladies, some of the preceding speakers have attempted to explain the secrets of Odd Fellowship. I tell you they are inexplicable. Mrs. Caudle may put in practice all her ingenious plots, but she must fail to ascertain the nature of our mysteries. To the young ladies, however, I will say that we inculcate "Honor, Virtue and Fidelity"—what other qualities can you desire in a husband? If he have these you may repose on him with the most entire confidence.

To the married ladies I will say, that our Order points out to its Members the necessity of practising "Faith, Hope and Charity;"—what better can you wish for your husbands than that they should possess and practice those holy endowments? If they have them, they will be good husbands, and good fathers. We cannot explain the secrets of Odd Fellowship, but we can tell you that all its meetings and its operations have for their object the cultivation of Honor, Virtue and Fidelity, of Faith, Hope and Charity, and woman was never the one to extinguish Charity, or Love, or Truth. When I speak of charity and love, I talk of that which I have only recently experienced. I am but just raised from a sick couch, and while I lay upon it, I had every day by my side Brethren who were ready to watch by me in my pain, to sooth my sorrows, and to comfort my family in their anxieties. And I ask whether a Society which will extend these charities, not to me only, but to the very poorest of the community, does not deserve the gratitude of all connected with the families of its members. The mention of charity reminds me of a story I once heard, of a man in Ireland who applied to his Clergyman for relief in the following manner:—

"Sir," said he, "my wife was confined last night".

"What, again!" returned the Clergyman.

"Yes, Sir," said he, "thanks be to God! I've got seven of 'em, but the truth of it is, that I've not got a rag to put on the child, nor a bit to give the woman."

"Well, but," said the clergyman, "I thought that when God sent a child, he always sent something to provide for it."

"So he does, please you, Sir," said the man; "He has sent me the child, and has sent your Reverence the means."

Now, my friends, you have the means, and *we* Odd Fellows, as we are, have the children.

At this stage of the proceedings, the hour announced for the opening of the Supper Room (ten o'clock) having arrived, a good many of those present moved off in that direction. The supper, which was provided by Brother Tetu, was laid out in the room on the third story, designated, in our notice of the building last month, as the Encampment Room. Although the tables were extended as far as the size of the room would permit, viz., in a parallelogram about 145 feet in circumference, yet, from the number present, only a portion could gain access to them at a time; it was therefore necessary that the company should be admitted in successive relays, not much, as may be guessed, to the improvement of the patience of those who found themselves for a time excluded. Our contemporary of the *Montreal Transcript* thus humorously notices this portion of the evening's proceedings:—

"We did not perceive that Odd Fellowship introduced any new feature into this part of the business. *Friendship*, here, meant helping your neighbour to fowl—*Love*, doing the amiable to the ladies—and *Truth*, in not denying the presence of a spoonful of jelly, when requested to hand down the same."

In the meantime, several pieces of music were performed below, by the Bands in attendance, including the fine Bugle Band of the 52d Light Infantry; and towards eleven o'clock, all united in "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

This concluded the "Celebration Proper," and the R. W. Grand Master then vacated the Chair; but the rooms were still nearly as densely filled as they had

been at the commencement of the evening; and those present seemed as yet "too happy to part."

The Lodge Room (a description of which was given in our last*) had been some time previously thrown open as a Promenade Room; and it was amusing to notice the timidity—half real, half feigned—with which some of the fair strangers entered its mystic precincts, as if fearful that some of the awful mysteries of Odd Fellowship might suddenly burst on their astonished vision. A handsome piano (furnished, like that in the large Hall, by Brother Warren) had been placed in this room, and a number of Brothers, gathering round it, joined in several Glee and Catches, in a mode which, while it spoke much in favor of the musical talent of the Order, seemed to dissipate any slight feeling of alarm and distrust that might still linger in the fair breasts around; nay, as the evening advanced, and when the harmony again burst forth—as it did at intervals during the evening—some of the fair sisters even gathered courage to join their sweet voices in the strain.

While Euterpe thus "predominated" above, her sister, Terpsichore, had found a "footing" below. Several of the younger Brothers of the Order, no doubt anxious to gratify themselves, as well as their fair partners, had engaged the services of Mr. Maffre's efficient Quadrille Band, and dancing was kept up, for some time after, with much spirit.

With the exception of the one point we have already alluded to, the proceedings seemed to give almost universal satisfaction; and even towards that, most present seemed disposed to be very indulgent. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed, and we are sure that this Festival will be productive of the best effects towards the interests of Odd Fellowship in Montreal.

ALBION LODGE.—NO. 4.

QUEBEC.

E. L. Montizambert, *P. G.*, James Maclaren, *Sec.*
George Hall, *N. G.* William Holehouse, *P. S.*
Jas. A. Sewell, *M. D.*, V. G., P. Sheppard, *Treasurer.*

William Cole, *W.*; P. Sinclair, *C.*; J. Hethrington, *R. S. N. G.*; Wm. J. Newton, *L. S. N. G.*; D. A. Ross, *R. S. V. G.*; David Coyle, *L. S. V. G.*; J. Boomer and James Duffet, *R. & L. S. S.*; Wm. Fitch, *I. G.*; Z. Williams, *O. G.*

VICTORIA LODGE.—NO. 6.

BELLEVILLE.

A. Judd, *N. G.* E. W. Holton, *P. Secretary.*
N. Jones, *V. G.* S. Bartlett, *Secretary.*
F. McAnany, *Treasurer.*

STADACONA ENCAMPMENT.—NO. 2.

QUEBEC.

John H. Hardie, *C. P.* Wilcock Lecheminant, *J. W.*
John R. Henley, *H. P.* Willis Russel, *Scribe.*
A. J. Joseph, *S. W.* Wm. Holehouse, *F. Scribe.*
Samuel Wright, *Treasurer.*

The above are new Lists of Officers received since our last. A complete list of the Officers of the different Lodges and Encampments in the Province, will appear in our next number.

* See page 8.