

vitality. Flowers are always on the sunny side of things—and we too should keep them as much as we can.

SKETCH OF A TOADY.

The following most admirable description of that most contemptible of creatures, in human shape, 'a Toady,' we extract from that clever novel now in course of publication in Blackwood's Magazine, entitled 'Ten Thousand a Year.'

Of an experienced mushroom hunter deceived at a distance, run up to gather what seemed to be a fine cluster of mushrooms, growing under the shade of a stately tree; but which, on stooping down to gather them, he discovers with disappointment and disgust to be no mushrooms at all, but vile, unwholesome—even poisonous fungus, which, to prevent their similarly deluding others, he kicks up and crushes under foot. And is not this a type of what often happens in society? Under the 'cold shade of aristocracy,' how often is to be met with—the sycophant?—Mr. Venom Tuft is one of them. His character was one of them. His character was written in his face. Disagreeable to look at—though he thought far otherwise—he yet contrived to make himself pleasant to be listened to, by the languid and enervated fashionable. He spoke ever—

'In a toady's key,

With bathed breath and whispering humbleness.'

His person was at once effeminate and coarse; his gestures and address were cringing: there was an intolerable calmness and gentleness about them at all times, but especially while laboring in his vocation. He had the art of administering delicate and appropriate flattery by a look only, deferential and insinuating—as well as by words. He had always at command a copious store of gossip, highly seasoned with scandal; which he collected and prepared with industry and judgement. Clever toadies are generally bitter ones. With sense enough to perceive, but not spirit enough to abandon their odious propensities, they are aware of the ignominious spectacle they exhibit before the eyes of men of the least degree of independence and discernment, and whose open contempt they have not power or vanity enough to resent. Then their smothered rage takes an inward turn, it tends to, and centres in the tongue, from which it falls in drops of scolding virus: and thus it is, that the functions of sycophant and slanderer are so often found united in the same miserable individual. Does a sycophant fancy that his patron—if one may use such a term—is not aware of his character and position? Would that he could but hear himself spoken of by those to whom he has last been cotting! If he could but for one moment 'see himself as others see him'—surely he would instantly wriggle out of the sight of man! But Mr. Tuft was not an everyday toady. Being a clever man, it occurred to him as calculated infinitely to enhance the value of his attentions, if he could get them to be regarded as those of a man of some ability and reputation: So reasonable a wish, as thus to rise to eminence in the calling in life to which he had devoted himself—viz. toadyism—stimulated him to considerable exertion, which was in time rewarded by a measure of success; for he began to be looked on as something of a literary man. Then he would spend his mornings in reading up, in those quarters whence he might call materials for display in society at a later period of the day, when he would watch his opportunity, or, if none presented itself, make one, by diverting the current of conversation into the channel on which was the gay and varied bordering of his recent acquisitions. All his knowledge was of his gossiping pro hac vice character. He was very skillful in administering his flattery. Did he dine with his grace or his Lordship, whose speech in the House appeared in that or the preceding day's newspapers? Mr. Tuft got it up carefully, and also the speech in answer to it, with a double view—to show himself at home in the question; and then to differ a little with his Grace or his Lordship, in order to be presently set right by them, and convinced by them! Or when conversation turned upon the topics which had, overnight, called up his grace or his lordship on his legs, Mr. Tuft would break in by observing that such and such a point had been 'put in the debate with admirable point and force by some one of the speakers—he did not recollect whom;' and on being apprized, and receiving a courteous bow from the great man entitled to the undesigned compliment, look so surprised—almost, indeed piqued! Carefully, however, as he managed matters, he was soon found out by men, and compelled to betake himself with tenfold order, to the women, with whom he lasted a little longer. They considered him a great literary man; for he could quote and criticise a great deal of poetry, and a good many novels. He could show that what every-body else admired was full of faults; what all condemned was admirable; so that the fair creatures were forced to distrust their own judgment in proportion as they deferred to his. He would allow no one to be entitled to the praise of literary excellence except individuals of rank, and one or two men of established literary reputation, who had not thought it worth their while to repel his obsequious advances, or convenient not to do so. Then he would polish the poetry of fine ladies, touch up their

little tales, and secure their insertion in fashionable periodicals. On these accounts, and of piquant title-tattle, no soiree or conversation was complete without him, any more than without tea, coffee, ice, or lemonade. All toadies hate one another; but his brethren both feared and hated Mr. Tuft; for he was not only so successful himself, but possessed and used such engines for depressing them. Mr. Tuft had hoped to succeed in being popped in by one of his patrons for a snug little Whig borough, (for Tuft happened to be a Whig—though, for that matter, he might have been, more advantageously, a Tory;) but the great man got tired of him, and turned him off, though the ladies of the family still secured him success to the dinner table. He did not, however, make a very grateful return for such good-natured condescensions. Ugly and ungainly as he was, he yet imagined himself possessed of personal attractions for the ladies, and converted their innocent and unsuspecting familiarities which had emanated from these confident in their purity and their greatness, into tokens of the ascendancy he had gained over them; and of which, with equal cruelty, folly, and presumption, he could afterward boast pretty freely. Till this came, however, to be suspected and discovered, Mr. Tuft visited a good many leading houses in town, and spent no inconsiderable portion of each autumn at some one or other of the country mansions of his patrons—from whose 'castles,' 'halls,' 'abbeys,' 'prieories,' and 'seats,' he took pride in dawk his letters to his friends. I must not forget to mention that he kept a book, very gorgeously bound and embellished, with silver-gilt clasps, and bearing on the back the words—'Book of Antographs;' but I should have written it—'Trophies of Toadyism.'

AN ADDRESS.

We select the following paragraphs from a highly eloquent address delivered by the Rev. I. D. Williamson, on the occasion of the second anniversary of Knickerbocker Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in New York.

Man alone, under ordinary circumstances, can battle his way through the dangers and difficulties of life; and, for his own sake, he might not, perhaps, so much need the security afforded by such an institution as this. But if he have a wife and children, they may be left alone; and for her sake and theirs, a provident care for the future should admonish him of the propriety of securing for them, against the day of trial, that friendly and efficient aid which this institution so certainly extends. For me, I confess that when I look upon the little family with which heaven has blessed me, for their sakes, I leave yet more closely to this order; for I know that should it please God to call me hence, and leave my home desolate and drear, here should my loved ones find a shelter from the storm; for the strong arm of this institution would be thrown as a protecting shield around them, to relieve the weeping partner of my joys, and take up my tender babes and bless them. Ask me not to leave it. For their sakes I will cling to its altars, and for humanity sake I will plead its cause.

There is still another feature in our institution, which is worthy of a passing notice. I allude to its influence upon human character through the social disposition of man. We are social beings formed for converse, and social communion with our fellow creatures. We would not be alone, but instinctively we seek the society of our brethren of the human race; and to these associations, in a great measure, we owe the formation of our characters. I hold it to be one of the defects of our social system, that we are too much engaged in a desperate rush, for the 'loaves and the fishes,' and too little inclined to cultivate our social qualities. We do indeed mingle with our fellow-man, but it is in the bustle and confusion of business. Intent upon our object, we hurry past each other with a nod of recognition, or meet each other in the sharp contest for gain. And when the labour of the day is over, we sit down to count our 'cent per cent,' and form plans for the morrow. Possibly we may spend an hour with a few select friends, but they are men of similar pursuits, or similar political or religious opinions, and all the world besides are to us as heathens and barbarians. The consequence is, that we become unsocial in our feelings, and bigots to a creed, or slaves to a party. Who is the sour hearted bigot and partizan, but the man who knows nothing of the world but what he has learned from communion with his own sect or his own party? Who the Ishmael, whose hand is against every man, but he that, in the midst of a thronged world, dwells in a desert alone? To me, at least, it appears evident that there is need of an institution that will bring together men of various pursuits, and different parties and views, and give them a fellow feeling by uniting them in one work, thus laying the foundation of a broader feeling of charity, a more extended chain of social union.

Such is the institution of which we are speaking. It brings together men of every sect and party; and as they mingle, from week to week, the rough corners of prejudice are sure to be battered off—and the sharp features of hard-faced bigotry to be smoothed and softened. Men thus learn that there is virtue in every sect and in every party, and begin to indulge more far-reaching and expanded feelings of kindness and charity. The golden

chain of friendship is lengthened and brightened, the social faculties are improved, their sphere of operation enlarged, and the partition walls that divide sect from sect, and party from party are broken down. The reason is obvious. There grows up naturally between men who commune frequently with each other, in free and familiar, but yet in dignified association, a feeling of brotherhood—a firmer friendship than can exist between men who merely jostle each other in the crowd, or in the confusion of business. If charity of feeling, and broad principles of good will to man, are worth possessing, it should always be remembered that they will not grow up spontaneously in the cloister of the monk, or the cell of the recluse. They must proceed from, or rather be drawn out by, the social principle of human nature, in a wide sense. Furious and vindictive party feeling exists only in the man who associates with kindred spirits of his own party. Narrow-minded and dark-browed religious bigotry scowls most furiously in the face of the man who associates only with those of his own creed. Let the one and the other come out from the enclosure, and mingle with the votaries of other parties, and they will soon learn, that virtue is not confined to names, and their bigotry and acrimony will wear away. They will be better men and better Christians; for they will imbibe more of that first and greatest of all graces, Charity, that 'thinketh no evil.' Thus it is in our lodges. There men of all parties and of various creeds meet, not as partisans but as friends and brothers, engaged in one work, bound in one common bond, and they learn to cherish toward one another more kindly feelings of love and good-will. Friendships are formed between men of most discordant opinions, and many are brought together who would otherwise have been 'most distant from each other.'

But in the midst of our rejoicings for past success, may it not be as well to pause and ask, what is it that has wrought the mighty change that we have been contemplating? Is it the influence of wealth? Nay, for the pioneers of our order were blessed with but a moderate share of this world's goods. Is it the power of the great names that have been enrolled among our members? No. For until recently our members have been mostly found in the humbler walks of life, with little influence but that which their own probity and virtue could command. Has it been accompanied by flaming appeals to the public? by studied systems of proselyting? or by ostentatious displays of benevolence? No, by none of these; for our aims have been given in secret, our efforts to gain members still and small, and our appeals to the public few. And yet we have prospered abundantly, and, except the religion of Christ, I do not believe there is an institution which, from a beginning so humble, and by means apparently so feeble, has made its way through such towering opposition, and risen so soon to strength and importance. But the explanation is simple and easy. The principles of our institution are such as the benevolent of all sects and parties must approve. Its only earthly object is the amelioration of the condition of suffering humanity; and we have prospered precisely in proportion as we have kept close to these principles, and devoted our energies to the promotion of the professed and legitimate objects of our association. Silently and unostentatiously, but steadily and perseveringly, we have laboured in the work of benevolence. The sick have been visited, and the dark and silent watches of the night have found our members by the bed of the feeble sufferer, soothing his feverish brow and presenting the cup to his thirsty lip. They have closed the eyes of the dying; and when death has done its work, they have borne the body to the grave, and deposited it in the narrow house appointed for all the living. They have gone back to the house that was left desolate, taken up the orphans, and fed and educated, and trained them up in knowledge and virtue, and relieved and blessed the widow in the loneliness of her destitution.

Silently without display, yet steadily, systematically, and surely, has this work been going on, and these have been the advocates that have plead our cause, and here is the secret of all our success. In labors like these, though only seen by the distressed, and by that eye which seeth in darkness as well as in light, there is a spirit that goeth out in silent but mighty power, a voice that finds an approving response in every benevolent heart. It is the spirit of love, and that is the spirit of the great God himself, for 'God is love.' In works like these we are strong, and while we continue in them we are absolutely invincible. But if we shall turn aside from these to any other object selfish or partizan, we shall suffer for our folly, for the day that sees our institution any thing else than what it now is—a purely benevolent order—will write its epitaph, as that of a thing unworthy the confidence of a virtuous and kind people. It is not, therefore, by might or by power that we may hope for a continuance of our prosperity; but the silent influence of the spirit of kindness is more potent than armies, and it will give us the victory.

The old Prophet, as he stood upon the mountain, saw the emblem of this spirit's power, as contrasted with the might of the Terrible. The furious wind came and roared about his head. Terribly it swept on, whistling in the crevices and moaning in the caves of the bare and ragged mountain. The tempest was loud and terrible; but the Lord was not

in the tempest. And then came a consuming fire, licking up the very dust, and scorching and consuming every green thing, and leaving nought but smouldering ruins behind. Burning and hot was the fire! But God was not there! And behold! there came an earthquake, deep rumbling in the bowels of the earth. The lofty peaks of the perpetual hills did bow, and the firm foundations of the everlasting mountains did tremble. The solid rocks were rent asunder, and the earth heaved as the billows of the ocean lashed by the storm. Old Horeb's turrets reeled and trembled as a 'reed shaken by the wind.' Terrible was the earthquake! But God was not there! The earthquake passed, and the elements were hushed and silent. And lo! there came a still small voice softly and gently stealing over the senses, like the music of holier spheres, or as the far distant harps of angels in the paradise of God. It was the gentleness of heaven, the harmlessness of the peaceful dove. And God in silent power, was in that voice!

Here then is the emblem of that noiseless spirit which has led us on and given us our prosperity. The emblem of it, did I say? Nay, it is the very spirit itself. For inasmuch as ours is the spirit of love and kindness, it is the spirit of God.

The cold-hearted and the misanthropic may look coolly on. The proud and the haughty may pass by on the other side, and leave the poor traveller naked, and weltering in gore. But angels will bend from heaven, and smile on the good Samaritan, who stoops to bind up his wounds, and pour the healing oil upon the forsaken sufferer; aye, and God himself will write the deed in the book of his remembrance, and bless and prosper him that had compassion on his suffering fellow mortal. Whether those works are done by the Churchman, or the Oddfellow is of little consequence. They are works that Heaven will own and bless.

Let our institution continue on in these labors of love, and our past success, extraordinary as it has been, shall be but the beginning of prosperity. The rejoicings of this day, shall be but the first note in a song of triumph, that shall echo from year to year, and be borne onward from generation to generation, till its full chorus shall mingle in harmony with the songs of the blessed, in that day when the last tear shall fall from the eye of weeping humanity, and the last sigh of anguish escape from the pained habit of a creature of God.

Brethren of Knickerbocker Lodge! one word to you, and I have done.

Allow me to congratulate you on this occasion. Great, and we trust healthful and permanent, has been your prosperity. But remember that action upon the great principles of our order is the best method of extending the influence and increasing the numbers of your Lodge. Go out then into the world, and do your duty, as it is taught you in your lodge, and you will continue to increase, not only in numbers but in virtue and in happiness. May your Lodge grow and prosper, deepening its foundations and extending broad its branches bearing precious fruit. May it rise upwards a beautiful temple of charity, lifting its proud dome to the sun, and illuminating the darkness of human wo, while its portals shall be filled with the widows whose tears it has dried, and the orphans it has protected and blessed.

NEW WORKS.

A HUNGARIAN THUNDERSTORM.

From Miss Pardoe's City of the Magyar. Fleecy vapours began to detach themselves from the distant hills about which they had been draped since sunset, and to send along over the deep purple vault like swift winged messengers of evil; a haze gathered about the moon, and gradually hung a dark veil before her glory; and we soon felt that we had approached the mountains as the faint murmur of far off thunder broke solemnly upon the silence, and the wizard lightning began to skim over tower and dome, and to glance from casement to casement. When the storm broke it was awfully magnificent. Peal upon peal rattled and echoed in the heavens; the sheeted vapour which filled the street with the momentary light of day was traversed in every direction by fiery threads of intense brilliancy; and the tremendous rain rebounded from the pavement as though it lacked space to fall. At length, subdued by their own violence, the elements subsided into rest; nor were we surprised, on awakening the next morning in order to pursue our journey, to see the heavy clouds rolling away like dark spirits before the rising sun, which was streaking the sky with gold, and seeming to lay bare the treasures of the ore-laden mountains.

From Society in India.

OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN INDIA.

In the several corners of the room leaned a hog-spear or two, rusted, and apparently out of use; a double-barrelled fowling piece carefully rubbed over with a preparation of mercury to preserve the barrels; a pair of moogdas (clubs) and a heavy chain bow for practising the exercises of the athlete of Hindoostan, and a light bamboo bow, with a bag of clay pellets, for waging a defensive war against noisy startlings, sparrows, and