ODD FELLOWS' DINNER.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Loyal Wellington Lodge of Odd Fellows was celebrated on Tuesday evening last at the Druid's Head, George-street, by a dinner, at which Mr. Bartlett presided. The Company numbered about 80, and included Mr. Hugh Hall, Mr. W. A. Thompson, Mr. Goldsmith, J. Stanlake, Thompson, Tadgell, Sewell, Bloxfield, Kempster, Rose, and Howe, and Messrs. J. Belcham (Secretary), J. Hughes (Treasurer of the Lodge, and Secretary of the Widows and Orphans' Society), J. W. Pulker (Treasurer of the District), J. H. Gyles and T. Wilkins (Stewards), and Messrs. Ashby, Cox, Cumberland, Dyer, and F. Green, R. A. Cook (N.G.), W. Hastings, G. Allen, T. Smith, R. Cook, Ashby, Hughes, Pulker, E. Phipps, T. Jeffories, H. Bowley, A. Lord, F. Pearce, E. Jones, J. Spriggs, F. Spyers, W. Ashby, J. Ashby, J. Ashby, J. Edwards, W. Rose, G. A. Howes, J. Gadsey, J. Herbert, J. Dudley, J. Stanlake, J. Spriggs, J. Higgins, J. Bailey, R. Hackwell, S. Bimsfield, R. West, S. Ashby, H. Gough, F. Hazell, &c. An excellent repast was placed upon the table by Mrs. Hughes, and served in her usual style.

The Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, which were heartily responded to, and also "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers," and in doing so said he thought it was right on every occasion on which Englishmen met that they should do honour to those who were ready at a moment's notice and consideration and deliberation. He did not think the Volunteers had any cause to complain of the treatment they had by the young men of the country, and neither did he think it was supposed by the Government as they might suppose so important an arm of the services of the country. (Hear, hear.) The Government had had a serious reference which was laid before them, as to the feelings of the country with regard to the Volunteers, that they were not to be disregarded, and they had an intimation that it receives serious and earnest attention, and there must be no plea from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that should stand in the way of giving to them all that might be necessary for the efficiency of the Volunteers, as they are the field, should it ever be necessary for them to do so. The country would not stand for a moment that its forces should be paralyzed above and below the Government, and especially when the Government were able to say they had millions in the bank at the end of a surplus in the financial year. (Cheers). He sincerely trusted that the Volunteers would be treated with as generous a spirit in Parliament the other day, that they should equip the Volunteers for the work that they expected them to do. (Cheers.)

Sergeant Austin responded for the Volunteers.

Mr. Hugh Hall, in a few remarks, said he did not like to propose one toast which was always acceptable to any company of Oxford citizens; it was one which came home to them, as it was the toast of their representative in the Council chamber, "The Mayor and Corporation." (Cheers.) They took an interest in the Mayor and Corporation at times of the year, he was quite sure, but more especially when Novembers came round there was a great deal of interest developed in it among all classes of the citizens, and he thought they carried their interest far beyond that and closely scrutinized the proceedings of their representatives in the Council. (Cheers. Their proceedings came far home to them, and they had seen a great change ago, and it would be ungracious to propose that toast without saying a word or two on the subject. He was not a great man who, he was perfectly certain, everyone in Oxford was proud to honour, but he was a man who could not be argued onwards unknown. When one came to think that he was now over 70 years of age, and that he was still able to fulfill satisfactorily to his fellow-citizens and with credit to himself those numerous duties which belonged to him as the head of the Corporation, he felt that they had indeed had a "grand old man" in its midst, and they had had Oxford had a "grand old man" in its midst, and they knew that in a neighbouring borough, a small one, there was a man who was more venerable than he was. All, Wilkins, of Chipping-Norton, who had been Mayor eight times, and he hoped that might be the case with their excellent Mayor. (Cheers.) Perhaps, if he was not aware, the portrait of the Mayor had been lately painted; it was a good work, and it was painted by Mr. Carter, who painted the portrait of the Chairman of Quarter Sessions, Mr. Hughes's father. He was thought it was an excellent picture—he was told that the Mayor and his wife were very well satisfied with it—and he hoped that when it was completed it would be placed in a place where it would be