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1849 M

Cataloged

ADDRESS



BEFORE HAWKINS LODGE, NO. 41.,

I. O. O. F.,

AND THE CITIZENS OF ROGERSVILLE, TENN.,

On the 4th day of July, 1849,

AT THE LAYING THE CORNER-STONE

OF THE

ODD-FELLOWS' FEMALE INSTITUTE,

BY REV. J. D. McCABE,

OF ABINGDON, VA.

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ABINGDON :

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1849.



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## CORRESPONDENCE.

HALL HAWKINS LODGE, No. 41, I. O. O. F., }  
 Rogersville, 12th July, 1849. }

Re v. Dr. McCABE:

*Dear Sir and Brother*—The undersigned Committee, appointed by Hawkins Lodge, No. 41, for the purpose of soliciting for publication the able and eloquent Address delivered by you before them, and a large number of the Brotherhood, on the 4th instant, in this place, take pleasure in testifying to the general satisfaction manifested by all who were present on that occasion, and trust that you will, at your earliest convenience, furnish us with the manuscript of the same.

With high considerations, we remain

Fraternally Yours,  
 JAMES K. SIMPSON, }  
 ROBERT H. HALE, } *Committee*  
 EDW. J. ASTON, }

ABINGDON, July 14th, 1849.

*My Dear Brethren:* Your very flattering communication of the 12th inst. came to hand by this morning's mail, and in reply to the wishes of my brethren, I can only say, that if they consider the thoughts hastily thrown together in the address I had the honor to deliver before them on the 4th inst. worth the preservation they propose, the MS. is at their disposal, to receive such direction as they may be pleased to give it.

Very truly yours, in F. L. & T.,

JAS. D. McCABE.

JAS. K. SIMPSON, }  
 ROBT. H. HALE, } *Committee.*  
 EDW. J. ASTON, }

# INTRODUCTION.

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THE 4th day of July having been selected as the occasion for laying the corner-stone of the ODD-FELLOWS' FEMALE INSTITUTE, under the control and patronage of HAWKINS LODGE, No. 41, I. O. O. F., the brethren assembled at their Hall on the morning of that day at 10 o'clock, and proceeded in procession to the First Presbyterian Church, where the services were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Sawyer, an ode was sung by the brethren, and the following Address delivered by Rev. Dr. McCABE, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Abingdon, Va. The Fraternity, after the exercises at the Church, proceeded to the foundation of the contemplated building, where, after order had been restored, prayer was offered by the Chaplain of the Lodge, Rev. Bro. Sawyer; after which, the Chairman of the Building Committee presented to D. D. G. M. Barnes\* the plan of the building, requesting him, in the name of the Trustees, to lay its first stone. To this address the D. D. G. M. responded, and the stone was laid in its place to solemn music. The D. D. G. M. then deposited in the stone a copy of the Digest G. L. U. S., Constitution and Gen'l Laws G. L. of Tenn., By-Laws of Hawkins Lodge, a copy of the Holy Bible, several gold and silver coins of the coinage of 1849, also a parchment scroll containing an account of the origin and purpose of the building, name of Lodge founding the Institution, officers of the G. L. U. S. and State of Tenn., President and Vice President of the U. S., Governor of Tennessee, and architects of the building. The whole was hermetically sealed up in a tin case, and placed in a chamber cut in the stone, over which a slab of marble was placed, secured with cement. A large stone was placed over the whole, laid in hydraulic cement. Rev. Bro. Good, of St. James' Church, Greeneville, T., offered up a dedicatory prayer; after which the bretheren advanced and cast flowers on the stone—the D. D. G. Master proclaiming the first stone of "THE ODD-FELLOWS' FEMALE INSTITUTE" well and truly laid.

The procession was re-formed and proceeded to the Court-House, where they partook of a splendid and sumptuous dinner, prepared by the ladies of Rogersville and vicinity, after which they marched to the Hall and were dismissed. Members were in attendance from various neighboring Lodges. It was "a great and glorious day."

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\*At the request of D. D. G. M. Barnes, Rev. Dr. McCabe performed these duties, the forms for laying the corner-stone having been prepared by him.

## ADDRESS.

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From the brilliant assembly now before me—from the scenes and circumstances of the present hour, while the heaving heart of a great nation is glowing with patriotism, and millions of freemen are gratefully bowing in adoration at the altar of freedom's God—from the busy, joyous present, memory wanders back to the days of other years,—days when our fathers, who won this broad land from the wilderness, demanded, in the free spirit of their Anglo-Saxon lineage, the rights secured to every Englishman by the British Constitution, and which were by a corrupt ministry denied to them,—days when the hope of *Runnymede*, the great principles of the "*petition of rights*," were wrought out amid "the sound of trumpets and garments rolled in blood," tokening strife between the oppressor and the oppressed.

In Carpenter's Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, 56 patriot sages are assembled. Upon their deliberations is suspended the weal or woe of 3,000,000 of freemen. The eyes of thirteen anxious colonies are directed towards them—the hoary despotisms of the old world, startled out of their dream of power and sense of propriety, are looking with trembling anxiety to their doings. The *Cavalier* and the *Roundhead*, the *Churchman* and the *Puritan*, sit together in council as brothers.—A *Churchman* from Virginia had moved a declaration of independence of the mother country—a *Puritan* from Massachusetts had seconded that motion. A committee had been appointed to prepare that document, setting forth the grievances of the colonies. The morning of the 4th day of July, 1776, has dawned upon the world, and the result of that committee's labors is before the Continental Congress. The deed is done!—the problem, that man is capable of self-government, is announced, and appealing to God for the rectitude of their intentions, and with a firm reliance upon his divine providence, they declared the thirteen colonies absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that they were, and of right ought to be, *free and independent States*. With a sublime heroism, "above all Greek, all Roman fame," they, in support of this declaration, pledged to each other "their *lives*, their *fortunes*, and their *sacred honor*." Has this pledge been redeemed? Go ask the storied fields of battle and of blood, from Lexington to Yorktown—fields classic in our country's annals—go ask the glorious land in which we live—"a land of towering mountains, bold hills and fertile valleys, of 'rock and tree

and flowing water,' unsurpassed in the beauty of its scenery, with shifting wood, calm broad lakes, pinnacles torn and thunder-splintered, and cataracts clothed in rainbow and in foam," forming a vast temple of freedom, where inspiration gives life to intellect and letters,—where art speaks in the *cavass* and the *marble*, and spells enwrap the poet, and awake his harp to notes of more thrilling melody than ever fell from the trembling strings of the Lisbian lyre. Go ask our eagles as they "scream southward from crag to crag," "from the great lakes to the sunny waters of the heaving gulf"—from the blue waters of the Chesapeake to the bay of San Francisco—from the island of Nantucket, where the morning's sun first gilds the land of freedom, to where "the purple day" fades over the tired emigrant of *Oregon*—over all this vast *area* of 3,000,000 of square miles, the proud armorial bird of our country looks down with triumph on "the land of the free and the home of the brave," and over all floats the star-spangled banner, in evidence of the redemption of the solemn pledge made by our patriot sires on the 4th day of July, 1776.

But a change comes over the vision of memory. Fifty years have passed away since the eventful day of '76. No longer colonies dependent upon a mother-land, our country has taken rank with the foremost nations of the earth. The burning words spoken in the Declaration of Independence, have moved upon the great deep of European feudalism, and as a "city set upon a hill," young America has become a beacon to the world. Fifty years have rolled away, and the anniversary of Freedom's birth-day again dawns upon her favored land. But there is a cloud in the sky—there is wailing in the land—the dark shadow of the cypress mingles with the myrtle. The eyes of a mighty nation are turned in sadness to *Virginia*—to *Massachusetts*. St. Thomas of the mountains, the venerable Sage of Quincy—both members of "*the immortal committce*," the one the author of the Declaration of Independence, the other its most fearless, noblest advocate—are upon the couch of death. The dark angel has come and called for them. Oh, it is a scene of surpassing beauty to see these glorious old men, who first looked out upon life from their ancestral halls, as the subjects of a mighty earthly prince, now in good old age departing to their reward, after having been the rulers of a great and free people, the first citizens of the mightiest Republic on earth. The noon-day's sun poured his effulgent beams around the departing spirit of the one—the soft and tranquil zephyr of the evening fans to sleep the spirit of the other. But hark! There comes to the ear of one of these dying sages a sound of revelry and music, that arrests the parting spirit in its flight, and causes it to linger awhile in the flesh. It is the deep booming of artillery, mingled with the pealing note of the

trumpet. It breaks up the lethargy of the dying man. Startled, he asks, what means that sound? He is answered—it is the 4th day of July. His eye kindles with the fire of other days. Memory carries him back to that dark hour when he stood with the immortal band in Carpenter's Hall, and spoke words that thrilled the deep heart of the colonies, like "the cry of the free eagle to his chained and fettered *mate*." There is joy in his heart—there is triumph in his eye. It is enough! Like old *Simeon* he can say, "Now Lord lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He raised himself up—his hand was lifted as though he would join in the shout that hailed the jubilee of Freedom—but the time of his departure had come. An angel's hand gently loosed "the silver cord," and falling back, he exclaimed—"This is a great and glorious day."

Seventy-three years have passed. Again "that great and glorious day" dawns upon our land. Again the great political sabbath calls us to the consecrated altars—to the worship of the temple from which are proclaimed to the world liberty and equality, *secured by LAW and ORDER*.

My brethren of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Fellow-Citizens of East Tennessee: This is indeed a great and glorious day, and the purpose for which we are here assembled is one which will still farther illustrate its greatness and its glory. This national festival has been very properly selected as an occasion to illustrate the expansive benevolence and pure patriotism of Odd-Fellowship, by the foundation of an institution of learning, giving evidence of the tendencies of the Order to promote and conserve the useful, the good and the true.

The deed that is now doing, will outlive the excitements of the present—when the acts of to-day shall have become the history of the past—when the cap-stone of the edifice, the foundation stone of which you are now assembled to lay, shall be covered with the moss of years, your children's children will look upon its time-marked walls, and remembering the doings of this day, will proudly say, "My father helped to rear this noble pile." Hawkins Lodge of I. O. O. F., as an agent in the diffusion of light and sound education, will then be "*green in the memory*" of the noble matrons and maidens of East Tennessee. Time is the impartial tryer of man's work; he may cast down the column of the warrior, and overturn the shrines of idolatry and false religions, but he dare not lay his hand upon the monuments of virtue, or remove one stone of the temple we dedicate to the glory of God and the good of man.

This day is the symbol of great and enduring principles. Its annual recurrence serves to remind us that upon the citizens of this great Republic, devolves, in an eminent degree, the responsibility of working out man's highest religious, social and

political destiny. It becomes us, therefore, seriously to inquire into the means by which the blessings bequeathed us by our fathers, can be best secured from falling into that abyss of licentiousness into which all the nations of antiquity were precipitated and perished.

We have extent of territory—the elements of strength and prosperity. A civil constitution, which, “with all its pretended defects and alleged violations,” has conferred more benefit upon mankind, than any other instrument ever conceived by the skill of the human intellect. A merciful God has poured down upon us, in one continued stream, the richest blessings ever bestowed upon any people. The great question for us to determine is, how shall these blessings be preserved, and in all their integrity transmitted to those who are to come after us? It is important that this question should be *practically* determined—we may have long held the true theory upon this subject—the time has come for us to act, if we would save our country from the bloody tomb of all former Republics.

That there is danger to our wide-spread and glorious confederacy of States, is apparent to even the most superficial observer of the signs of the times. It is a truth, sadly attested by history, that Republics never tend to despotism, till licentiousness and anarchy have built their tombs, and lawless individuality, spurning law and order, has chaunted their requiem. Despotism is the shelter into which unquiet spirits have run for protection against the madness and fury of a wild and unlicensed liberty.

It was not despotism that demanded the blood of *Phocion*—it was not despotism that ostracised *Aristides*—it was not despotism that first bowed to Cæsar, amid the dishonored shrines of Roman freedom—it was not despotism that crushed the hopes of right-minded Frenchmen in the first revolution—that conducted Louis to the scaffold—sent the virtuous LaFayette into exile—and from the shreds of French Democracy manufactured imperial robes to adorn the person of the *First Consul*. It is not despotism which is even now convulsing Europe with the earthquake throes of aimless revolutions, giving birth to the red Republican, the Communists and Socialist factions of Paris, and giving over the destinies of the seven-hilled city into the hands of a brutal and licentious mob. No! it was, it is, the demon of anarchy—the unbridled fury of unlicensed liberty, that, overleaping the barriers of reason, disappoints all the rational hopes of freedom, and compels the masses to fly to *despotism*, to chains and fetters, rather than endure the greater tyranny of its licentiousness.

Do we not see the beginning of these things in our own country? Who that has watched the course of affairs in the Federal City during the past 12 months, together with the



movements of the newspaper press in various parts of our country, but has felt that we have fallen upon evil days—that a tempest is brewing, which, if not arrested, will burst with desolating fury upon our country. DISUNION, a word unknown in the vocabulary of American freedom, has been bandied from North to South. The very walls of our National Senate-house have echoed to the tones of treason. The voice of Washington, “bidding his countrymen frown indignantly on the first dawning of an attempt to alienate one portion of the country from the other, or to sever the political bands which connect its various parts,” was unheard amid the strife of selfish interests, and excited sectional passions!

The North! the South! are they not brothers—children of the same family—reared around the same great political hearthstone—joint heirs to the same great inheritance? Shall the mere sectional fanatic, be he from the *North* or the *South*, produce discord in this family, and attempt, for unhallowed ends, to parcel out this inheritance? No! it cannot be done. Ere a fair division can be made, the bones of every battle-field, the sweat and blood of every toilsome march, must be gathered up, and the South and the North must each have its own, as they lie strewed over the country, from Lexington and Bunker Hill to Camden, Guilford and Yorktown. And even then, who shall claim the ashes that sleep in the hallowed shades of MOUNT VERNON. WASHINGTON WAS VIRGINIA’S SON, but she gave him to the country—he belongs not to the *North*, nor to the *South*—he was “*the boon of Providence*” to the world. My countrymen, shall this glorious Union be dissolved at the bidding of selfish, ambitious and fanatical politicians? No! I hear repeated, in indignant tones, Tennessee has contributed too much of the blood that beats in the veins of her brave sons to cement the union of these States, to witness so foul a deed. Let us, then, lay our hands upon the *altar* of our common country, and on this holy day, and in the spirit of one of your noblest sons, proclaim that *the Constitution*—“*the Union—it must, it shall be preserved.*”

But the question recurs—How shall this be done? The elective, representative, and federative principles of our political institutions, while founded in the spirit of wisdom, and securing the most unbounded blessings—while guided by intelligence, and while affording security and protection—yet rest for their authority upon the simplest of all propositions, that all men are equal, and entitled to equal political rights—a truth which converts every citizen into a sovereign—compells him, by a kind of moral necessity, to express an opinion upon all questions of State and National concern, and, as far as his individual influence goes, to control the action of Government. To enable each individual to form his opinions to discharge

this duty properly, requires no small share of intelligence and virtue. The masses, if ignorant and vicious, soon become, under the guidance of unprincipled demagogues, the slaves of prejudice and passion—the ready instruments of “murder, treason, stratagem and spoils”—and thus disappoint the hopes of rational freedom, and cause our proud armorial bird “to falter in his towering flight,”—“his shield will be dashed to atoms, and every arrow in his talons will be broken,” while from his riven bosom will gush forth the blood-drops of the heart, to extinguish the last fires that will ever be lighted on the altars of Liberty.

The people must be educated—the seeds of virtue and intelligence must be scattered broadcast over the country—the common school must be erected in every neighborhood. It is to these that the lovers of constitutional freedom—the friends of law and order—must look for the protection and perpetuation of our free institutions. So entirely and profoundly were the fathers of our country impressed with this truth, that in their communications to Congress, they urged it as of the first importance.

That illustrious citizen, whose name will be the watchword of elevated patriotism through all time, and whose fame, like the unwasting fire of the vestal’s altar, shall burn with undimmed beauty,

“When wrapped in flames the realms of ether glow,  
And Heaven’s last thunder shakes the world below,”

in his first message to Congress thus speaks:

“There is nothing which can better deserve your patronage, than the promotion of Science and Literature. Knowledge is, in every country, the surest basis of public happiness. In one in which the measures of the Government receive their impressions so immediately from the sense of the community as in ours, it is proportionally essential. To the security of a free Constitution, it contributes, in various ways, by convincing those entrusted with the public administration, that every valuable end of Government is best answered by the enlightened confidence of the people;—by teaching the people themselves to know and value their own rights, to discern and provide against invasions of them. To distinguish between oppression and the necessary exercise of lawful authority—between burdens proceeding from a regard to their convenience, and those resulting from the inevitable exigencies of society—to discriminate the spirit of liberty from that of licentiousness—cherishing the first and avoiding the last, and uniting a speedy but temperate vigilance of encroachment, with an inviolable respect for the laws.” In his farewell address to his countrymen, he again declares that “Institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge, are objects of primary importance to the

nation." Thus endeavoring to impress upon the minds of his countrymen, the important conviction that by education, "the pre-eminence of free Government is secured, by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens, and command the respect of the world."

Mr. Jefferson, whose veneration for his country was alone equalled by his devotion to education, recommended "public institutions" of learning, as contributing not only to the "improvement of the country," but to its preservation. Mr. Madison, whose wisdom, whose simple, pure and elevated patriotism, has left its impress upon the institutions of his country, thus speaks of the vital importance of national education:—"A well instructed people can alone be permanently a free people." He impresses upon Congress the necessity of making appropriations for this purpose, "to strengthen the foundations" and "to adorn the structure of our free and happy system of Government." A short time before he retired from the Presidency, he declares that it is the conviction of his deliberate judgment, that without the general diffusion of knowledge, "the blessings of liberty cannot be fully enjoyed, or long preserved." Sound information should be diffused through all classes—universal education and universal suffrage should go hand in hand—in intelligence and virtue, should be the stability of the times. Let the common school be felt in its most extended influences. I do not mean by the common school, a limited education for the poor, making a distinction between them and the rich as such; in the beautiful language of a living divine,\* "we utterly repudiate as unworthy, not of freemen only, but of men, the narrow notion that there is to be an education for the poor as such. Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky? Does not the golden sun pour down his golden flood as cheerfully upon the cottage as upon the rich man's palace—have not the cotter's children as keen a sense of the verdure, freshness, fragrance, melody and beauty of luxuriant nature, as the pale sons of kings? Or is it that God has stamped upon the mind the imprint of a base birth, so that the poor man's child knows with an inborn certainty that his lot is to crawl, not to climb? It is not so—God has not done it—man cannot do it. Mind is immortal—mind is imperial—it bears no mark of high or low, or rich or poor—it heeds no bound of time or place, or rank or circumstance—It asks but freedom—it requires but light—it is heaven-born and aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble it—poverty cannot repress it—difficulties do but stimulate its vigor. The poor tallow-chandler's son, who sits up all night to read a book which an apprentice boy lends him, shall stand and treat with kings—shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and

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\*Bishop Doane, of New Jersey.

bring it harmless from the skies. The common school is not as inferior, not as a school for the poor man's children—but as the light and the air are common—it ought to be the best school—in all good works, the beginning is one-half. Who does not know the value to a community of a plentiful supply of water, and infinitely more than this is the common school, for it is the fountain at which the mind drinks, and is strengthened and refreshed for its career of usefulness and glory.” But to be effective, the system of education must not consist in the cultivation of intellect alone; if it is so restricted, you will have the beautiful form, but it will be as cold and inanimate for good as the Promethean creation, before fire was stolen from heaven to animate it—it will be as impotent in softening the obdurate nature of man, as the pale moon-beam to thaw the *arctic iceberg*. Education must be considered a training for two worlds—a discipline for the *heart* as well as the *mind*. “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the holy is understanding.” It was intellect unsanctified by morals and religion that plunged France in the awful vortex of atheism, and deluged her fair land with a revolutionary baptism of blood, and it is under such auspices that unsanctified Philosophy attempts to wreath the evergreen of freedom around the volcanic crater of excited human passions, and to erect the Temple of Liberty upon the unstable waves of anarchy and lawless passion.

“ \* \* \* \* \* Talents angel bright  
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments .  
 In false ambition's hands, to finish faults  
 Illustrious, and give to infamy renown.”

I am aware that there have been men in the highest walks of science, masters in the Temple of the Arts—individuals who have been hailed as the benefactors of their country—who, in their speculations, have rejected the sacred influences with which we would invest true education. Nevertheless these influences have been around them, their torch was lighted at the altar before which they refused to bow, and their conduct was directed and restrained by the moral influence of these principles operating in the communities in which they lived—or if they in their lives transcended the limits thus imposed by God and good men, we may indeed admire even in its perversions the bold and daring intellect, like an archangel ruined, but we are constrained to mourn over their infamy, and their genius, which, rightly employed, would have commanded the admiration of the world, is, alas, like “the polished lance and glittering corslet of the slain warrior, or the ivy wrapping the thunder-riven hemlock, twining the freshness of its verdure around rottenness and decay.”

I know that there are those who sneer at what they call cant

and whining about religion—they speak of the blessings we possess—the intelligence we may diffuse, leaving God and his law entirely out of notice. Trust not such persons—if they are politicians, shun them as you would the plague. Trust no man, commit by your suffrages the destinies of your country to no man, who does not feel the importance of these truths. The history of the past is full of melancholy warning—heed it and be wise.

But, while much is said at this day of the importance of education, it is very generally regarded as belonging particularly, and by a sort of prescriptive right, to the sterner sex. In our plans of common school education, the importance of cultivating the female mind, has hitherto been regarded as subordinate. This is a fatal mistake. I hesitate not to say, that no wide diffusion of intelligence and virtue can be expected, while the female is left in ignorance, or her mind but partially cultivated; it has been very truly said that “woman is the index to a nation’s character—her position in society, always determines the degree of civilization, intelligence and morality, to which a nation has arrived.”

The influence of Christianity has very greatly, and very justly, changed the position of the female in social life, and has given to her a high and holy mission. Not only is she the companion of man in all the high and ennobling pleasures of life—she is more than this—his monitor and guide. In this interesting sphere of action, her influence is more powerful and enduring, than any other that can be brought to bear. It may be truly said that a man’s character is formed in the nursery, beneath the unslumbering vigilance of a mother’s love—the bias there given, the instructions there received, outlive the waywardness and excitements incident to youth, and determine the character and moral elevation of the man. Who that remembers Mary the mother of Washington, in contrast with Letitia the mother of Napoleon, but must acknowledge the influence of the mother in the formation of character. Compare the character of the pious *Cowper*, with its sweet and plaintive melancholy, and the morbid sentimentality of the brilliant and erratic *Byron*, and the influence and associations of the nursery and home will be seen. Let the mothers of the land be *Cornelias*, and the sons will be *Gracchi*.

If the susceptibility of the female for high moral and intellectual culture was properly developed—if all the mothers of the land were rightly and soundly educated—their care for the future happiness of their offspring would cause them to lay for them in early life a broad foundation for the construction of elevated character, in the maintenance of sound education, and the consequent improvement and perfection of our national character. *The educated mother will always make great sacri-*

*fices to educate her children.* This is a rule almost without a single exception. The present system of female education is exceedingly defective—the great effort of the hot-bed systems of *fashionable* female education is to fit young ladies for society—the memory is taxed while the thinking faculties lie dormant—a mere smattering of French and music, and a small acquaintance with the *conventional* usages of society, derived from a few fashionable novels, is the *ne plus ultra* of qualification demanded for the parlor and fashionable drawing-room. The immortal mind is left without mental discipline—without knowledge of the holy mission God has committed to woman. This system of education causes the domestic duties, when assumed, to be looked upon as merest drudgeries—as barriers to the proper enjoyment of life—household affairs are confused and neglected—duties to children are discharged by *proxy*—study, which was a task to the *girl*, is intolerable to the *mother*—and the mind committed to her training, is left to grow and expand in its unpruned wildness and ill regulated *receptivity*, to acquire the elements of its own future undoing. This is no exaggerated picture—it is but a faithful outline of the systems and effects of fashionable education, and is but a few steps removed from the general gloom of ignorance, in which the minds of large numbers of the sex is shrouded.

This condition of things calls loudly for correction, for it cannot be doubted that, to a great extent, the true strength of the nation is to be found in the virtue, the intelligence, and true refinement of the female sex; if this is neglected, much of the benefit which would otherwise be secured by the education of the opposite sex will be lost.

I am aware that much attention has been given to this subject in East Tennessee, especially in your neighboring city of Knoxville, in the admirable Institutes, under the direction of accomplished teachers, is sound mental training for your young ladies to be obtained; but much yet remains to be done, before this portion of your State can be furnished with all the requisite facilities in this important enterprize. The institution now about to arise under the patronage of Hawkins Lodge, I. O. O. F., commends itself to the serious consideration of every mind, and especially should it receive the countenance and support of those whose local position will enable them to participate more fully its benefits.

There is one aspect in which this institution of learning can be viewed, that especially commends it to consideration. It is a *fact*, painful, but undeniable, that the facilities for education, throughout this portion of our country, have been greatly interrupted and abridged in their healthful influence by the bickerings and jealousies of rival sectaries. Religion, whose mission it is, to elevate the whole man, *soul, body and spirit*,

has been rendered "hideous in the eyes of men, by her own professed votaries"—instead of soothing and allaying the strifes of men, and rebuking even the vicious *firmly, but in love*, those professing to be its disciples have divided communities and strengthened the hands of error and vice, by the wasting contagion of an ungodly example.

This has not been the fruit of religion—this is not in consonance with the sublime teachings of Jesus of Nazareth—but rather the effect of varying human opinions and divided views with regard to *speculative*, not fundamental truth. Education has suffered in this way; singly no one of the sects could promote the cause of education very extensively—union was out of the question, for each was afraid of strengthening the hands of the other. A common ground is needed—a principle of comprehension in which no party will be called upon to surrender any of their peculiar principles, and by which all may be benefited. Just such a plan is furnished by the institution now before us—"THE ODD-FELLOWS' FEMALE INSTITUTE." The character of the Order, by which this institution is founded and sustained, gives assurance to those who may patronize it, that its peace shall never be disturbed by such jarring discords.—Odd Fellowship must prove recreant to all its solemn pledges—it must renounce its character, before such can be the case. It stands aloof from all political and religious disputes—it presents a broad platform of equality and union, upon which all may meet, and forgetting the virulence of party strifes, unite in the maintenance of what *all admit to be fundamental and true*.

An institution under the patronage of such a society must be ever free from denominational *bias*, while assurance is given that the great and fundamental truths of religion will be inculcated, without reference to the mere subjective differences by which earnest religious minds are divided. It is in such an institution,—it is under the auspices of such an Order—that the true mental and moral character of the young women of *East Tennessee* will be developed. It is thus that by a sound and practical education, they will be qualified for their holy trust, as the guardians and instructors of infancy—the friends of youth—the companions of manhood—the sweet solacers of declining age—the conservers of their country's destiny—"Heaven's last, best gift to man." Beats there a heart here to-day, that does not feel an ardent interest in this good work, and who has not determined, to the extent of ability, to aid a scheme which, in its local and national tendencies, is so great and beneficial?

But, I see written upon many an upturned face, the enquiry, What is the character of the Society that promises to do so much? What is Odd-Fellowship? This enquiry is doubtless

agitating many minds in this assembly. They wish to know something of a society which but a few months since was unknown to many here, even by name, and which to day stands forth in this community as the dispenser of local and national blessings. Such inquiries as these are pertinent—We owe explanations to society at large, and society has the undoubted right to demand these explanations from us. In a nation like ours, where the authority of the Government is derived from the consent of the governed, and the aggregate of individual virtue forms the basis of public virtue—all are deeply interested in every organization formed—and every principle which is agitated among them—because ultimately they may have a good or evil bearing upon themselves and through them upon the future destiny of society. So far from repressing the spirit of public curiosity, it is a duty growing out of our allegiance to our country and to our Order, to encourage that spirit, and to gratify its laudable demands, with “line upon line and precept upon precept,” exposition and explanation; in so far as we do this we minister to that “ETERNAL VIGILANCE,” which is the price not only of *civil*, but also of *moral* and *religious freedom*.

Odd-Fellowship is an institution formed by good men for the advancement of the principles of benevolence and truth. The foundation of the superstructure is laid in the acknowledgment of universal fraternity—that man is bound to sympathise with, to aid and protect his brother man;—upon this foundation is erected a system of practical benevolence, that sends its influence through all society; and that this may not *degenerate* into an *indiscriminate* system of *alms* giving, which converts the earnings of honest industry into a reward for pauperism and idleness, it has established certain checks and balances, by which its active goodness is restrained within proper limits. Its first duty is to its own household, but its influence is felt beyond—uniting good men, in the practice of acknowledged duties—requiring no surrender of religious or political creed—leaving *speculation* for *practice*—it has gone forth among the homes of men like some missioned spirit of good, with its words of kindness—its deeds of comfort—wherever it has moved it was for the healing of disease—the alleviation of pain—the tear of sorrow has been wiped away, and the face of anguish illumined with a smile—“it has no marble altar—no wreathed statue, no offerings of incense, but hearts of affection build up its shrine—the widow and the orphan are its living monuments, and gratitude pours out for it a free libation. Uniting men under the influence of the social principle, Odd-Fellowship demands the *practice* of benevolence and charity—and in order to impress these duties upon the mind, and furnish incentives to action in those moments of relaxation to



which all men are subject, it has instituted solemn ceremonies, ordained frequent meetings, and formed a language of signs—all designed to produce a habit of benevolence, and by educating the moral faculties, promote the well-being of society.—The principles emblazoned upon our banners, and inscribed upon our *altars*, are FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH, and it is the constant and unvarying inculcation of these principles, that causes Odd-Fellowship to be strictly *practical*. We are associated to preserve no striking and beautiful traditions—to teach no *original* truth—to enunciate no occult mysteries. We receive with reverence the teachings of God's holy Word, which tell us that we are the children of one common Father—brethren of one family—fellow-travellers through the same dark world of sin, alike needing the sympathy and support of our fellow-men—that we are bound as stewards of God to use wisely the things which have been committed to us in trust, for the advancement of the general good. It is true, that the means of our Society do not enable us to relieve *all* the wants of *all* men, but they do enable us to mitigate the sufferings of many. The relief is, in the first place, justly restricted to the members of the Order and their families; but these demands answered, relief is extended to others as far as we possess the ability. The pecuniary contributions of the members, which consist in small weekly sums, constitute a fund for the exclusive purpose of relieving the sick, burying the dead, educating the orphan, and protecting and assisting the widow. In this respect our Order is a vast *mutual aid society*, “differing from all others in the perfection of its organization—the universality of its extent—and the motives presented for action in high and benevolent teachings, which lead from specific and enforced duties, to the voluntary performance of the noblest deeds of charity.” While, therefore, our Order, in its organization and development, is founded upon eternal principles, it only gives direction to known and admitted truth, and enforces the duties it teaches by discipline. It is formed for action, and he who will not work, is not permitted to remain a *drone* in the busy hive.

From this very general view, we may pass to a consideration of some of the specific benefits of the institution secured to each and every member, by the stipulations of covenant agreement.

1. If a member of the Order is unable to attend to his ordinary avocation, from sickness or Providential disability, he is paid every week, during the continuance of such disability, a sum varying from 3 to \$5. He is visited by the officers and members of his Lodge, and proper attendance furnished to watch by his sick bed, and attend to his wants.

2. In case of death, he is decently buried at the expense of the Order, his remains are followed to “the house appointed

for all the living," and the dust is smoothed on his grave by the hand of sorrowing friendship.

3. The duties of Odd-Fellowship end not here. The chain of earthly fellowship may be broken, but some of its severed links remain, in the persons of the stricken widow and the helpless orphan—Odd-Fellowship repairs to the desolate home, re-fills the cuse of oil and replenishes the empty barrel; over the night of desolate widowhood it watches with sympathizing care, and comforts the stricken-hearted mother with assurance that her fatherless children will be protected and educated!

Pause for one moment to examine the strong argument furnished in favor of our Order by this view of its character. The young man in business far from home—the man of family, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow—can, when in health, easily spare four or five dollars annually, and thus *secure* such aid and attention during sickness, as could be obtained by no other pecuniary expense. Especially does the man of family reap an advantage in a pecuniary point of view, which no other investment of the same amount of funds could yield. The merchant, the man of business, visiting our northern or southern cities, may be taken sick—and who that has ever been sick, a stranger in one of the large hotels, but knows the neglect with which persons under such circumstances are treated?—they may have abundant means to procure the attention of *hirelings*, but they cannot purchase kindness and sympathy. The possession of an Odd-Fellow's Card will secure all this; for its presentation to the Lodge is an assurance of fraternal attention. These, you may say, are the common duties of humanity, acknowledged by all men, and needing no societies to enforce them. I grant that they are the duties of common humanity, but are they performed?

We have no idea of the amount of suffering endured by virtuous poverty, when the supplies procured by industry are cut off by sickness—when the strong man is prostrated, and lies stricken and helpless, knowing that loved ones are in want—when no friendly footstep crosses the threshold of the obscure home to which he has fled to conceal from a heartless world the bitterness of his poverty—Oh! the agony of the hot tears that blister his fevered cheek, as he nightly kisses the parched lips, and looks upon the famine-pinched faces of his children, as they go supperless to their bed of straw. Who can tell the anguish of his heart, when the wife of his bosom bends over him, with her pale, earnest face, and as she wipes the fever-drops from his brow, with the sublime energy of woman's endurance whispers resignation!—hope! Alas! what has he to hope for his loved ones, if God in his providence should call him away? Nothing! That wife will be a broken-hearted widow, struggling single-handed against poverty, exposed to the insults of

a heartless world,—those children will be reared in ignorance, it may be, for a life of shame—a death of disgrace. But how different would be the condition of such a person, if in the days of his health and strength he had become a member of our noble Order—competency would have smiled around his hearth-stone—sympathizing friends would have watched around his sick bed, and he would close his eyes in death with the sweet assurance that his family was left in the care of brothers whose constant duty it is to “protect the widow and educate the orphan.”

I could give you numerous instances of the advantages secured to individuals who, when they entered the Order, did not dream of ever needing its benefits. The advantages of this association is further seen in the fact that it brings together men of the most discordant opinions, and unites them in the bonds of brotherly love, affording by its frequent meetings social intercourse, free from the contaminating influence of vice. It promotes the morals of community, by restraining its members from all intemperance and other illegal practices, under penalty of expulsion, and the publication of their names in connection with the offence for which discipline is executed, throughout the limits of the Order. It is calculated to make men social and humane, by bringing them frequently together to devise means and measures for the relief of their distressed fellow creatures, thus breaking down the barriers erected by sect and party, and uniting men as citizens of one country, “*the world*”—members of one family, “*the human race*.”

But there is one point of view in which we may regard our Order, which gives it a strong claim upon the patriot and the philanthropist: I mean its political tendencies. There are at present in our country about 200,000 Odd-Fellows, annually expending a sum amounting to between 3 and \$400,000, for purposes of education and relief—thus exerting a humanizing influence over the angry passions and discordant dispositions of men, and widely disseminating that moral virtue which is the true cement of our civil institutions. Education we have shown to be one of the chief, if not the chief agent in securing and preserving both civil and religious liberty; in the very nature of things, the influence of Odd-Fellowship, as a dispenser of education, will be felt in those classes of society which are most generally deprived of its blessings, and who can estimate the moral force and stability it will thus impart to Government, by exalting the majesty of the laws, and surrounding the chair of the Chief Magistrate with a pure and enlightened constituency? The mind of the nation is its best treasure, and as the cultivation of it is provided for, so will the permanency of its institutions and the purity of its administration be secured.

I know that it is the cant cry of the demagogue that such so-

eties are dangerous to Government. This objection might be urged with some show of reason in an arbitrary Government, known only to the people by its exactions and oppressions; but in a country like ours, where every citizen is a sovereign, and the magistrate only reflects the will of the people, by whose free suffrages he has been raised to office, and to whose ranks he must return, the objection is a denial of the capability of a virtuous citizenship to uphold and maintain the Government they have created. The records of history show that the most *objectionable* forms of secret association in the old world, have ever been leagues formed against oppression, and in all their political interferences, have ever done battle in behalf of popular rights. Much more must an Order, the constitution of which precludes the introduction of political and religious discussions in its Lodges, and which, while it cherishes the most exalted sentiments of patriotism, inculcates the most elevated morals, be regarded as conservative in its tendency. We hesitate not to say, that the heart that feels most deeply for human wo and suffering, is most susceptible of patriotic devotion—the hand that has oftenest wiped away a tear from the eye of sorrow, will strike the hardest blows in defence of its country's honor—no blood that stains the battle-fields of Mexico, shone more brightly or flowed more freely than that of the Odd-Fellows—the roll of Tennessee's noble sons, who fell battling in that distant land, will illustrate this fact—indeed few regiments mustered in those fatal fields, that did not leave to moulder in foreign dust the bones of some noble spirit. Who could tell *their number*—brave spirits of our slaughtered brothers, ye are not forgotten—“Death and glory” will keep their “eternal sabbath” around your distant tombs, and a grateful country will annually weave fresh garlands to your memory, as she calls her children to rejoice upon the high festival of freedom.

Such, my countrymen, is the character of the institution which has been growing up in your midst—which, in the last thirty years, has done more for the relief of distress and the education of the orphan, than any other human institution of its age and means, on our continent! It is not a secret society, in any objectionable sense of that term—its principles are published to the world—its members are known to be among the noblest and best of our land—its halls grace many of our towns—the printed proceedings of its legislative and judicial head are open to the public—the only secret things are its ceremonies of initiation and its language of signs.

I know it is sometimes urged that the institution comes in contact with the claims of the church, and creates conflicting duties. This is impossible—the Order of Odd-Fellows is composed of Christians of every denomination—they all acknowledge individually the authority of the church, and in the most

perfect obedience they unite to do precisely what the teachings of the church commands to be done. Singly they could not effect as much good as when united. Precisely the same objection may with equal propriety be made against all voluntary associations, societies for colonization, life insurance, banking and other purposes. The fact is, the church makes no specific provision, in any one of its branches, for the performance of the duties in which Odd-Fellowship engages—it does not, in any one of the sects or denominations, make provision for their discharge. Where has it made provision for the sick members of its communion, furnishing watchers by their beds every night for months, supplying them with money to procure the necessaries and often the delicacies of life? What provision has it made for the support of the widow?—the education of the orphan? What provision has it made to take care of the sick stranger, and in death to give him decent burial? Where are these provisions?—shew them to us, and I hesitate not to say every good Odd-Fellow will at once fall into his denomination-al ranks, and work in the good cause. But no such provision exists—there is no systematic plan in the church enforced upon its members by discipline. All the conflict our Order can have with the church, is to reprove its apathy. I trust in God it may be made an instrument to provoke the church to activity, by shewing what a mere human society can do, with “her usages of old”—her bonds of love—her deeds of self-denial—her requirements of discipline—those days when her children *shewed their faith by their works of mercy and love*. Odd-Fellowship wields the old *means*, because the church refuses to use them. And is this wrong? Shall all these deeds be left undone, because a few fanatics, *Judus-like*, will murmur at the expenditure, and sell the precious ointment to increase their own ungodly gains? Is it right—is it proper—to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick?—is it right to bury the dead, protect the widow, and educate the orphan? Who will say it is wrong to do these things? What is Odd-Fellowship, but associated action in the performance of these duties? Scarcely a century has passed since the spot upon which we are assembled was covered by the dense forests of a virgin land; no sound broke the stillness of the solitude, but the “wolf’s long howl,” or the war-whoop of the prowling savage. On the bosom of the bright streams that roll on to mingle with the father of waters, no sign of life was seen, but the Indian paddling his bark canoe. What has caused the change that has come over this scene?—what has converted the howling wilderness into a home for talent and refinement—broken up the lair of the red man, and enthroned hospitality where all was wildness and barbarism? What has waked up the song of the laborer—the click of the artizan’s hammer—the hum of the thrifty mul-

titude—the creations of taste and refinement? Associated action! the banded power of the early settlers—the same kind of power that forty centuries ago upheaved the giant Pyramids that survive the ruins of desolation, as the hoary connection between the past and the present, “like monuments over unknown graves, heralding the glory, though their worn inscriptions tell not the names of those who sleep at their bases.” From the active virtue and sweet charities of the domestic circle, to the integrity and stability of the mightiest nation upon earth, this principle of associated action is seen at work. It is a principle of power and of might—direct it you may, destroy it you cannot. Like steam, if confined in iron bonds, it will burst its fetters and scatter death and destruction around; and yet, like the well-broke horse, it may be harnessed and driven in safety. Associate men will, if their association be not turned to the melioration of human woe—to plans for the moral and social elevation of mankind—it will be seized upon by the factious and discontented, the licentious and the vile, as a potent engine to overturn the social and religious institutions which now serve to check their excesses. Will men, under the influence of the social principle, seek the bar-room, the gaming house? Give them some other attractive place of assembly, where virtuous thoughts and moral habits, will become chosen themes, and preferred practices. Will they unite in secret clubs, to agitate treason with the bitter spirit of the Jacobin, and seek to unsettle government and society with their vain discontents and utopian schemes of social equality? Unite them by the charm of secrecy, to perform works of mercy and benevolence. God has sanctioned this principle of association in the institution of his holy Church. Elevated above the discords of earth, uninfluenced by the changeful policy of time, it is to constitute one vast association designed to concentrate the action of its myriad members into the effective unity of one catholic body. When this perfection is attained, minor associations will not be needed.

But it is objected that the institution is an expensive one—the gaudy regalia, the splendid halls, processions and music. The same objection may be made to all societies. The regalia is but the symbol of the duties that are inculcated, and tends to remind its wearer of his profession of “Friendship, Love & Truth,” and is to others a means of designating him from the multitude as a member of our Society, as the military costume designates the soldier from the civilian. These things may be carried to excess, and doubtless sometimes are, *not because it is necessary*, but to gratify the taste of individuals. We see similar extravagances in other things, and yet they pass uncensured: As, for instance, when *costly churches* are erected—pews splendidly cushioned—some 50 or \$100 paid for a single Bible,

when one at 5 or \$10 would have answered as well—large sums expended for Sabbath School banners, badges and processions—when individuals appropriate to buy useless furniture to decorate their houses sums of money which might and should be given to God's poor—not unfrequently is it the case that the useless apparel and golden ornaments of the objector would buy an Odd-Fellow's regalia twice over.

Another and *protean* objection is, that Odd-Fellowship takes persons from home at night. It does, generally, once a week. We know that men generally will associate, will meet together at night, to discuss the events of the day; and often they meet in places and under circumstances calculated to do them no good. I ask, therefore, the wife—mother—sister—would you not much prefer that your husband—son—brother—should be at an Odd-Fellow's Lodge, where virtue is inculcated, and benevolence and truth practiced, than at the bar-room of a drinking-house, a disorderly political meeting, or perhaps some worse place? You have assurance that when at a Lodge, they are at least in a place secure from the contaminating influence of vice. If you object to their visits to the Temple of Friendship, and especially if that objection lead on your parts to unkind treatment, cold and averted looks when they return home, you insult and outrage their spirit of independence, lose your influence over the mind, and run the risk of driving them to extremes of which otherwise they never would have dreamed. Violent opposition to things of this kind on the part of a wife, sinks the husband in the estimation of community, and does him serious injury. It causes him to be looked upon as the slave of his wife's whims. No man should enter upon a connection of this kind without consulting his wife—if she have reasonable objections, endeavor to remove them; but after the step is taken, no *true woman* will ever, by an *imperious* and *unreasonable* opposition, disgrace herself & injure her husband.

Such, my brethren, is a brief and imperfect view of the noble Order that has grown up in your town to illustrate the hospitality and patriotism of East Tennessee. That there will be opposition, is to be expected; for what that is lovely or of good report, has ever escaped the sneer and the scowl of the gloomy Pharisee, who, while he tyths anise, mint and cumin, neglects the weightier matters of the law, making it void through his traditions. But our principles may be tried by their fruits; and who can rise up and say these fruits are evil, or that *associated action*, by which all the achievements of the age has been wrought, is wrong? Like "the still small voice" upon the ear of the Prophet, when the wind, and the fire, and the earthquake had passed, Odd-Fellowship, the noiseless spirit of benevolence and love, has trained its children to follow in the path of desolation and affliction, whispering peace, and

binding in the golden bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth, the sheaves left standing in the fields over which death and sorrow, the great reapers, have passed.

Look over the field of our appropriate labor for the evidence of these works. See yon stricken widow, bowed down and sorrowful; the hope of her heart is quenched, and she mourns like the mateless dove. But there is a change—an arm of affection is cast around her—a hand of love has wiped away her tears. That arm was our Order's arm—that hand an Odd-Fellow's. See yon orphan, with no earthly parent to watch over him—no mother to caress and wipe away his burning tears—no shelter for his defenceless head. Look! An arm is cast around him—he is sheltered and cared for—his darkness is gone—his mind and his heart are cultivated, and his glistening eye tells of gratitude and love. The spirit of Odd-Fellowship has been there. “Go to the spot where the sunbeams of summer rest in their secret and solemn beauty upon the green and grassy grave, there lies one who was a stranger, but whom many followed to ‘his marble sleep.’ The *evergreen* was deposited, the silent tear fell like dew, the clods of the valley were thrown sorrowfully above him, the verdant turf was laid lightly to mark the spot, and they that turned away in that funeral train were Odd-Fellows.” The true Odd Fellow, he is out in “the field gathering the ready harvest”—in “the workshop, laying his strong hand to the *anvil*, the *loom*, and the *forge*,” in the counting-house, employed in the pursuits of professional labor. He is at home, fulfilling the duties of parent, husband; gladdening the hearth and the board, by the virtues of the social spirit. “He is by the bed of sickness, wiping the moist brow, and cooling the parched lip—he is in sorrowful places, ministering to poverty, comforting affliction, and relieving distress.” He is upon the field of his country's fame and glory, where rank after rank goes down in “the shock of bright blades,” and before “the vollying death-shot,” with dauntless heart and eagle eye, battling for freedom. *He is here to-day, building monuments to illustrate his country's glory, laying up a munition of rocks for its defence.* Brethren, go on—unfurl the white banner of your Order—give it proudly to the breeze—let its triumphant folds intertwine, and become blended with the stars and stripes of the freeman's hope and home; till oppression breaks his sceptre, war lies crushed on his harness—“till man is bound in brotherhood to man—till tears are changed to smiles, and groans to benedictions”—then upon each return of this “*great and glorious day*,” a regenerated race will hail with joy that flag of glory, and sing

“Triumphant float that standard sheet,  
Where breathes the foe but falls before it!  
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.”