

Our Republic—Its Origin and Progress.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT RICHMOND, ILLINOIS,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATION OF OUR NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE,
AND THE DEDICATION OF THE

HALL OF MONTALONA LODGE, I. O. O. F.

The 2d Day of July, 1852.

~~~~~  
By CHAMPION S. CHASE.  
~~~~~

NEBRASKA STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

RACINE:

FERRY & JONES, PRINTERS, COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER BUILDINGS.

1852.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RICHMOND, Ill's. July 26th 1852.

Brother:—

At a meeting of the members of Montalona Lodge, No. 110, I. O. O. F. held at their Hall, in Richmond, on the evening of July 24th 1852, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That this Lodge tender its thanks to Bro. C. S. CHASE, for his kindness in addressing them on the second July inst.; and that he be requested to forward a copy of his address on that occasion, to this Lodge for publication, at his earliest convenience.

Yours, in F. L. & T.,

C. E. HOBART, R. S.,

Montalona Lodge No. 110.

Bro. C. S. CHASE,

Racine, Wis.,

*To the N. G., V. G., Officers and Members of Montalona Lodge,
No. 110, I. O. O. F., Richmond, Ill:*

BROTHERS:—

I am to-day in the receipt of a letter from C. E. HOBART, R. S., of your Lodge, enclosing a resolution passed by you, soliciting a copy of the address delivered by me before you on the 2d ult., for publication. In complying with your request, I have only to say that I hope it may aid in some degree, however small, in the promotion of principles dear to the heart of every true odd fellow.

Yours, in F. L. & T.,

CHAMPION S. CHASE.

Racine, Wis. Aug. 10th 1852.

NEBRASKA STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ADDRESS.

FELLOW CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

Those acts in the great drama of life which strike home to the heart, which arouse man's highest ambition and stimulate his best affections are not soon forgotten;— Generation after generation rehearse their story, and not till the last descendant of those who shared in them has gone to his long home, does the tale lose its freshness or cease to charm.

Such an act was the declaration of American Independence. From the day it was first published its influence upon this nation no tongue can tell. Its happy conception in the heads of our forefathers, its ultimate triumph over obstacles that it chills the heart's blood to relate, has no parallel. It carried us safely through a seven years war with a nation whose arms had gone on from conquest to conquest, whenever and wherever it found a foe to oppose its progress. American blood sealed the proud achievement, and every American heart is a monument inscribed as by a pen of iron with the valorous deeds of those who participated in the triumph.

Those patriotic men who fell in the battles of the Revolution, who died that a nation of freemen might be born, represent their blood in our veins. Is it not fit then that at least once in twelve months we celebrate our national birth with all due ceremony, and refresh our memories with a rehearsal of the scenes of '76? No household word should be more familiar to our ears than the history of the early settlement of our country, the hardships of our forefathers, the sufferings of those who shared in the destitutions of the rock bound coast of New England, and the privations of its interminable wilderness.

The Pilgrims who came to settle this continent, were men and women of no common cast. They did not come as now the emigrant to these western shores, to be at once admitted to all the immunities and privileges of the most prosperous and happy nation on the globe. They were a noble minded people who fled hither to escape the persecution of their native country and government, a persecution for opinion's sake, for daring to think for themselves—a band of brothers who had heard of this land of promise and came to seek its shores, hoping here to find themselves in the full enjoyment of their own peculiar moral sentiments. The trials that so soon awaited them, they little anticipated. They were poorly prepared to meet all the rigors of a northern winter on the rough Atlantic coast. They had promised to themselves a country where fruits and vegetables grew spontaneously, and over the vast plains of which roamed innumerable herds, from which they could easily procure their necessary subsistence—a country more like our own beautiful West, than the sterile coast on which they landed. And had it not been for the treachery of the Captain of the May-Flower, that noted bark on which they sailed, they would have escaped the terrors of the dreary wilderness and found a better country in a warmer clime. But Providence had guided them, and from the necessities of their location they were to become a mighty people, learned, virtuous and brave. From this apparently untoward circumstance, the landing of the Pilgrims in a northern climate, we have derived much of our intellectual capacity as a people and I venture to say not less of our moral worth.

From the date of their arrival in 1620 for a century and a half, all went on comparatively well, the colonists paying tribute to the mother country and she in return sending them rulers after her own heart. At length not satisfied with taxing us even to oppression, she began to obstruct the free ingress of foreign population by severe laws concerning naturalization—she sent among us standing armies to watch our movements and prevent a free expression of public opinion—she cut off our trade and intercepted our commerce—she impressed our seamen and compelled them to bear arms

against their fellow citizens—she hindered the circulation of intelligence by the stamp act, and cut off a long cherished staple of the social circle, by a levy on tea. But not for these acts alone did the colonists rebel. They had for a long time observed a disposition in the mother country to draw the chain of tyranny more and more closely until they had become satisfied that the ambitious spirit of Great Britain began to look with distrust upon their descendants in the New World, lest they should take into their own hands the government of the Colonies. Hence the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July 1776 and the Revolutionary War. Independence was however, still to be won, and Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Yorktown, Trenton, Saratoga and Bennington with many others, are names that have become dear to every American heart, because there were fought the decisive battles of Freedom and there our great victories over a powerful enemy achieved.

From the three millions of people who shared in the active scenes of the Revolution, we are now become twenty-four millions, and from small settlements scattered here and there along the Atlantic coast, we have grown a vast Nation stretching away beyond the Rocky Mountains and building cities on the Pacific shore. Now, the emigrant, not satisfied with his first view of the New World, goes on, and on, crossing a river here, and scaling a mountain there, until his glad eyes gaze fondly on the fertile soil and soft climate of the Western Sea. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, the hand of civilization has built the happy homes of the free and the brave.

But not in population alone have we advanced; in all the means of intercommunication and transportation, in the Arts and Sciences we have made rapid strides. Seventy-six years ago the conveying of troops and munitions of war from one section of the country to the other, was the labor of weeks and months; now the iron horse snatches them from their tents, and lands them on the distant battle field in a single day. Then news was sent by the post boy, with his tiny mail bag on horse back, at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day; now tons of letters and papers are hurled along five

hundred miles in the same time, or we lay our messages on the back of the red winged lightning, and in a moment's space they are being read in our own hand-writing at the distance of a thousand miles. Then the doings of a national convention were first published by the delegates on their return home; now scarcely has a ballot been taken, ere it is reported from one end of the continent to the other. Then for several months in each year, the busy wheel of every farm house hummed the song of Industry, while the heavy loom, hard by, beat its well measured time; now a single hand by the aid of machinery, since then invented, will accomplish the same labor in a day. Then our forefathers were proud to wear the plain homespun cloth which their good wives and fair daughters had wrought; now the finest fabrics of a Frenchman's finish, will scarce suffice to keep us warm. In '76 our Commerce was small and unsafe, in '52 our ships plough the deep blue sea of every clime, and the stars and stripes everywhere welcome, float playfully in the breeze. Then gold could only be obtained by the laborer, after long and patient toil; now he gathers it from the rocks and valleys with comparatively no effort.

But is all this change, and apparent advancement, a sure evidence of our national security? Nation after nation rises, to drive its predecessor from the field, and fill its place. How soon a more powerful than ours, may take from us our fair heritage, time only can tell. We, who live in this Western World, this the queen of all lands, and the diamond of all gems, unparalleled in its native resources, the richest and most productive on the globe, have constantly before us a lesson as we contemplate the magnificence of these boundless prairies, with their bright lakes, set like so many brilliants in the diadem of Beauty.

Whose was this fair land, and these rich fields, a few years since, and whose may they not be ere another century has passed? We have driven the former owners of this soil, the red sons of the forest, before us, as the mad flashes of the prairie fire, drive the wild horse from its path.—Those who held the title to this land directly from the God of Nature, the highest and best of all titles; by craft and

rapacity, by the repeated violation of treaties, and finally by armed force, have been hunted from forest to forest, from prairie to prairie, and from river to river, through a period of more than two hundred years. Now, while I stand here, the miserable remnant of those once powerful tribes are climbing the far off mountains, carrying with them nought but their household gods, and the bitter memory of accumulated wrongs. From yonder summits of everlasting snow, they turn to take a last look at the broad and beautiful land of their fathers. But the sword of the white man pursues them, as the sword of the angel pursued the exiles from Paradise. Waving a sad adieu to their hunting grounds, to the graves and glory of their ancestors, they descend the western slope into the valley that skirts the ocean, and History ere long willing to do a late redress to an injured and exiled people, will look in vain for a memento of their race, among the shadows of the setting sun.—Melancholy indeed, but stern and decisive, is the lesson we gather from these examples.

If it be true, and who doubts it, that the features of a country have much to do with forming the character of its inhabitants, what should we be, who live in this enchanting west, which nature chose a garden for herself—

“Where she sowed

And reaped her crops, whose garments were the clouds
Whose minstrels brooks, whose lamps the moon and stars,
Whose Organ Choir the voice of many waters,
Whose banquets morning dews, whose heroes—storms,
Whose warriors mighty winds, whose lovers—flowers,
Whose orators the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces the everlasting prairies,
Whose ceiling heaven's unfathomable blue?”

Truly, we should be a virtuous and patriotic people.—Every heart should beat with the high the exalted emotions of a patriotism, which soaring towards heaven rises far above all mean, low or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul transporting thought of the good and glory of one's country. That “patriotism which catching its inspiration from the immortal gods, and leaving at an immeasurable

distance below, all mean, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self sacrifice, of valor, of devotion and of death itself." Such is public virtue.

Our liberties are not secure from that revolutionary spirit that drives every obstacle from its path. Too many examples of Republics fallen, admonish us of this truth.— We can only have an abiding confidence in the security of our National Independence, while the privileges of education are diffused among the masses. Let the voters of our country study and understand the principles of our government, and the storms of Despotism will beat against its liberties with no effect. Washington predicted this, and the history of other nations is constantly reminding us of its truth. Nor is Wisdom our only bulwark of safety. Too often the wise are not the good.

But if anywhere are to be found examples of greatness and goodness combined, it is in this country. Here, where the highest offices in the gift of the people, are open to all, where the son of the poor, obscure laborer is quite as likely to be promoted as the child of affluence and ease, good character is an ornament that no one can safely lay aside.— Here, no cot is so humble that it may not contain an infant president, no mansion so exalted as to elude the watchful eye of the eagle of Liberty.

Some of the most eminent statesmen of our age, have been and are examples of a high standard of character.— The favorite son of South Carolina, was a man whose personal reputation was above reproach. He whom a nation has just been called to mourn, was a man whose purity of sentiment, and moral bearing were worthy of the day in which he lived. The second of the great trio of Statesman—

CALHOUN, CLAY AND WEBSTER,

who entered public life at about the same period, and who have few rivals in the length of time they have served their country, has fallen. It could not be out of place, now that two of them have passed "that bourn from whence no traveler returns," and the third has declared his intention to retire

from public life at an early day, to speak of their virtues, and the valuable services they have rendered their country.

But I deem it more peculiarly fit on this occasion, to refer to the eminent talents of him, who but yesterday, was the pride of our nation. He whose counsels have been heeded oftener than the counsels of any other man whose voice has, for the last half century, been heard in the halls of our National Forum. He whose personal characteristics, were such as to make him at once the idol of those whose good fortune it was to enjoy his personal acquaintance. How has he watched over our noble Ship of State, ever since his foot first passed the threshold of a legislative hall. With what solicitude has he noted her bearings, and how skillfully has he pointed out a breaker here, and a shoal there, that her fearless crew might enter the haven of Liberty in safety. Amid the storms that have raged about that gallant bark, and the clouds that have at times hung over her political horizon, he has stood a majestic light-house, heeding neither the roaring of the ocean, nor the tempests that beat over it, though the waves of the one overwhelm it, and the winds of the other rush in terrific grandeur against its weather worn sides—equally calm whether the vivid lightnings of heaven play around its summit, or the deep toned thunder shake the rock of its foundation.

Let us then, lay aside all partisan feelings, and pay a cheerful tribute to his fame. It is well to contemplate instances of true greatness. It is every American's privilege to love and revere the deeds of those who, from the lower walks of life, have by their own talents—their own native genius and energy of character, elevated themselves to the highest places in the gift of a free people. Then let the name of Henry Clay be cherished in every young American's heart, let his memory be embalmed in every patriot's bosom.

Mere knowledge of moral obligation does not always bring to itself the practice of what is true and right and just. The sublimest efforts of genius, have not always in this country, nor less in the old, been associated with the greatest purity of life and motives—nor have they always been dictated by

a comprehensive regard for the well being of mankind.— Many of those who, under Louis Napoleon, joined in the *coup d'etat* of last December wore thoughtful brows and pale foreheads, and more than all, their very natures should have taught them the value of Republicanism.— But, assassins at midnight, they rush forth, brother against brother, father against son, and son against father, plunging the knife of despotism, deep into the heart of freedom.— He who now sits upon the throne of France—I can call it nothing less than a throne, it has its terrors and its vices—is a man of no common mind, and he it is confidently asserted, is about to declare himself Emperor, and thus head the last rivet in that chain of despotism, which he has so skillfully thrown around his subjects. Were Frenchmen of the middle and lower classes as much inclined to mental, as to physical adornment—in plain English, did they think more of their heads, and less of their feet, we might still hope that they would redeem their name from its present fallen state. Let them hereafter use ballot boxes instead of cartridge boxes, in fighting their battles, and instead of bullets, cast votes, those little weapons which

“Come down as still as snow flakes fall upon the sod,
But execute a Freeman's will as lightning does the will of God,”
and we shall yet see France, our own fellow helper in times of trouble, come forth a Republic in all her glory, with her foundations immovably laid, in the intelligence and patriotism of a free people. Else, enacting and re-enacting her changeful history, she will but rise from her present fall to sink to still lower depths of infamy.

“Inventive France! what wonder working schemes,
Astound the world whene'er a Frenchman dreams,
What fine spun theories ingenious, new,
Sublime, stupendous, everything but true,
One little favor O “Imperial” France!
Still teach the world to cook, to dress, to dance;
Let, if thou wilt, thy boots and barbers roam,
But keep thy morals and thy creeds “at home.”

Greece, independent for a time, brief indeed, but full of splendor, became a Roman dependency, and her arts, lite-

ature and institutions, no longer hers, graced the lofty temples of her proud conqueror. Rome, in turn, that haughty Republic, that hated only Carthage because Carthage only was her rival, the Empress of the Ancient World, the home of Sculpture and of Paintings, of Taste and Literature, of Eloquence and Arms, of Law and Philosophy, gathering in her bosom the arts and opulence of all Nations; holding at her clemency all Kings and Kingdoms, from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, and from the deserts to the Rhine, has left us only her name. May even that prove a beacon light to us, that we founder not upon the rock of a grasping ambition.

Where are the ancient democracies, Athens, Sparta, Thebes Achaia and Macedonia? They likewise fell from too great confidence in their arms, and a lack of education among the common people. Where are those Republics without number which rose in Italy during the middle ages, whirled on their axles and “foamed, raged and burst, like so many waterspouts upon the ocean?” They, too, perished upon the altar of Ignorance and Superstition. And where, let me ask, is Hungary that nation of stout hearts and stalwart arms? The smoke of her sacrifice is still ascending, an awful monument of human perfidy, treachery and weakness.

It is proper that on an occasion like this, when our hearts beat loud with the pulsations of liberty, we revert to the condition of those, who, like us have declared for freedom, but unlike us have fought and bled and died in vain upon the field. All these struggles, whether successful or not, add testimony in favor of the policy and wisdom that framed our own government. Not a drop of blood was ever yet shed in vain for human liberty—each one is an incontrovertible argument in favor of universal independence. But I forbear, lest the pleasures of this day, and the festivities of this occasion, be marred by the sad thought that even our own idolized Union, may yet be severed, and its now beautiful proportions broken by a tyrant's hand. We hope for better things of this our beloved country, the model Republic of the earth, and well we may while the spirit of educa-

tion, which has thus far characterized our people, continues to send its patriotic influences throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Since the American Revolution we have not only made rapid strides in the sciences and arts, but we have added bond after bond to our national brotherhood. By the various methods of communication which have been almost constantly opening, all sections of the country have approached each other, and in many instances, made common cause of interests that before were considered only sectional. Organizations and institutions, the principles of which will cement us firmly together have sprung up in all parts of the land.

Of these we may rank as one of the most purely American—the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. This organization had its origin in the heart of a benevolent individual, who desired to arouse the better feelings of man's nature, and lead him to act, not for himself alone, but for his fellow men. The golden rule is inscribed upon its corner stone. Its aim is, to distribute the blessings enjoyed by the few, among the many, to make the sad heart rejoice again, to dispel the sorrows of the mourning, to bind up the wounds of the bruised, and heal the broken hearted. It has its foundation in man's social nature, and its growth and efficiency is greatest, where society is composed of those whose hearts can feel for another's woes and whose hands are not closed against the wants of the needy. Its office is to relieve suffering, to provide for the widow and educate the orphan. Nor does it seek to do this that it may receive the praise of men, but quietly and alone, beyond the confines of that cold selfishness which loves display, it lays down its offering—a thousand times compensated by the tear of gratitude, and the smile of joy, that steal from sorrow's eye. It is the natural offspring of the principle of association, one of the most active in the human mind. It is this which in any cause binds men together for a common purpose. It may be seen in religious denominations, in the social gathering and in the family circle.

It calls at once into activity Friendship, Love and Truth, and presents them in their most desirable aspect.

Odd Fellowship is an association calculated to elevate the character and improve the condition of all who become its members. It eschews wrong in all its forms, and encourages right wherever it is found. Its true principles and objects are to be learned, not from what prejudiced men may say who know nothing of its workings, experimentally, but from the lessons it inculcates and teaches to the initiated. The command which comes home to every brother's heart from the highest authority of the order, in a few words explains its great mission. It is this. We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, assist the widow, and educate the orphan. Is there anything to be feared in this—does the most skeptical discern here aught with which he can justly find fault? But says one, it is not of the good that Odd Fellowship does that we complain, but of the evil. And what is the evil that the keen eyed objector imagines he sees in this institution? First of all comes the head and front of our offending, viz: that ours is a "secret order." Because they, who have chosen a certain way in which they seek to benefit mankind, do not choose to tell the suspicious and inquisitive when, how and where they afford relief, forsooth, they must no longer be kind, generous or humane.

Another objection is, that the members of our order are not always honorable men. We might sufficiently answer this objection, it seems to me, by saying that no order or society ever yet known, that claimed any importance in members, has been entirely free from vice and crime. Bad men, whenever and wherever they can, will "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." No one, whose moral character is not good, is likely long to remain within the pale of our order. It is made as much the duty of lodges, to scrutinize closely the character of those who are its older members, as to judge carefully of the fitness of those who propose to come for the first time into a knowledge of our mystic rites; and the seal of infamy once set upon the forehead of an offending brother, becomes to him an ever present

monitor, nor can he escape its warning voice, save by a return to the paths of rectitude and virtue.

Our name is objected to by some. A foolish objection indeed, and one that we care little to answer. Around that name cherishes the fond memory of many a widow whose heart has been made lighter by its kind offices, and of many an orphan whose tears it has wiped away. That must be a despicable spirit, indeed, that will not permit acts of charity to be done under any name that may be assumed by the charitable. We have a name that suits us, and we do not care to change it. It has answered all the purposes it was designed to answer, by its giver thus far and is constantly gathering about it true hearts, and liberal spirits in all parts of our beloved country. It is quite proper to call those, odd fellows, who visit the sick and needy, who strive to bind up the broken hearted and comfort the downcast and distressed, without a public display of their doings. It is not after the similitude of man's vain nature, to act the part of the good Samaritan, without publishing it to every curious ear. Odd fellows do not object to the names of other benevolent organizations, nor do they complain of this or that society, or seek to disturb the progress of any order, or class of men, whose aim it is to benefit mankind, and in return, they may properly ask that others judge them not too harshly until something more tangible than ever yet has been, can be found against them.

We sometimes hear it said, that our association may be used for political purposes. This would appear somewhat reasonable, if but one political party was represented within its bounds. But when it is known, that all shades of parties are often to be found within the limits of a single lodge, this objection will have lost its chief force. So far as the principles of our order are used at all in this direction it is only in favor of morality and virtue. The first risings of a political spirit would be restrained by the easiest lessons of the lodge. It is not a brother's feelings only that we are instructed to regard—upon him we confer our principal aid, but upon all mankind we stand ready to shed more or less, the beneficent influences of our order. No particular par-

ty, society, association or church can claim its partiality.

It is again said that the poor cannot become members.— Upon this objection I will spend but a word. That we do not receive within our circle those who can add nothing to our common stock, and then support and cherish them by our individual benevolence, may seem to the fault-finding a valid objection; but by those who well know that it requires no little care, economy and expense to preserve in active usefulness our organization, it is not deemed to possess the least merit. Should we but open our doors indiscriminately to those who could not aid others in return for the kindness they had received we should at once be besieged by countless numbers of those indolent hangers on, of the human species, whose very life has become, from their own want of energy, a drudge and a burden to themselves.

It is said by some, that we take unlawful oaths. To the complete refutation of this objection we refer with all confidence to those who have entered our gates, and proceeded step by step to our highest honors. They very well know that, not a promise is made by them, that in any way conflicts with the interests of society, either in a moral, social or political view. Not an element of christianity even, is disturbed by the obligations there taken. Is there an objector within the sound of my voice, or elsewhere, that ever knew a man to become in any wise the worse by joining our order. On the contrary there are many whose feet have been rescued from the slippery paths of vice, and placed upon the solid ground of virtue by its assistance.

Occasionally it is said that the wives of Odd Fellows are opposed to the order. This may be so, but it has never been my painful fortune to hear that objection raised in sincerity, by such an one. So far from this it is a common thing for wives, sisters and mothers even, when they become acquainted with the principles of our organization, to solicit their husbands, brothers and sons to join us. Instances of this kind have come under my personal knowledge. If this objection ever has been made in sincerity it cannot be again. At the last meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States, a degree for the wives of Odd Fellows was

adopted, and many of them have already availed themselves of its benefits, and if there be such an one present, well does she know that the best affections of the heart are aroused, the kindest emotions of the soul awakened, and the tenderest chords of sympathy touched, by the beautiful ceremony of her initiation.

It would be a libel upon woman's nature to accuse her of being opposed to us. She whose path is ever by the side of the suffering, whose tear of sorrow is freely shed by the couch of the sick, whose hand smoothes the pale brow of the dying, and tenderly closes the eye of the departed, cannot be against our order. It is her privileged mission to stand, a ministering angel by the side of the departing spirit, and to commend it to the charge of her sister angels beyond the skies.

Yes, Ladies, we look to you with confidence for assistance, nor shall we look in vain. When you are in trouble we will aid you, when the loss of those who are near to you has well nigh overwhelmed you with grief, we will care for you. Have you been reared amid opulence and ease, and has fortune hid her face, we will add to your comfort and shield you from want.

It is not with the bright, but with the dark side of the picture of life, that our institution has principally to do.—Where the clouds of sorrow lower, where the storms of adversity rage, where the tempests of affliction are beating, where the last flickering of the lamp of life is seen, there our duty calls us and there it is our pleasure to go. Let the prosperous man glory in his prosperity, and the rich man in his coffers of gold, let the joyful man be happy, and the mirthful be full of glee, but when the changes of life have laid them low, then is seen the exercise of the true spirit of Odd Fellowship in all its beauty. None feel so keenly the sting of adversity as those whose lives have been spent in luxury and affluence, but who escape not the reverses that hang over the paths of us all, ready to drop before us at any moment. To such we come with the aid and comfort of true friendship. We are no summer friends who cannot stand the

chill winter of adversity. It is ours to help and hope while life lasts, and when the curtain of the night of death shuts in, we leave not till the last sad rite is performed, and the dust of our friend returns, bedewed with the tears of our sympathy, to its mother dust.

Who among you, ladies, has not a brother, a son, or other friend that may at some time sooner or later need the aid we proffer? In a world like this, where fortune, that fickle goddess who dazzles but to blind, and blinds but to destroy, is worshipped so supremely who among you is safe. May not the day already be set on which some one of your best and dearest friends will fall a prey to her delusive wiles? He who saves your brother, or your son, from degradation should receive your willing praise.

There may be even before me now, but I trust not, some young man whose steps are fast taking hold on the broad road to misery. If there be such an one, what would you not give for his redemption? Again I say, you, whose faces are ever set against vice in all its forms, whose smiles are the loved tokens of commendation, and whose tears are the silent monitors of reproof, can not, will not set your hearts against our cause. "Pass on ye loved ones, greet the smiles of friends as you go, win the affections of hearts worthy of you, and may no higher ill betide you than the ever laughing pleasures of a peaceful home and fireside, and the sweet music of a thousand voices, leaping from the lips of the poor you have comforted, as they gather around you, at the sound of your footfall, to call you blessed."

Brothers of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.—

This is truly an auspicious day to you. You have just instituted among and for yourselves a lodge of our benevolent order, and to day you have dedicated your beautiful hall to Friendship, Love and Truth. You have commenced a work which, as you progress will add much to the cultivation of all the best emotions of your hearts. You have publicly pledged yourselves, by the observance of proper cere-

monies to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. You have voluntarily assumed a new relation to each other, which will promote union and harmony among yourselves, and secure from you the cheerful performance of all those kind offices, which arise out of the various positions which you sustain as business men, as philanthropists, and as christians.

The times in which we live are times of restless motion. Every hour brings its changes and its novelties. We know not what a day may bring forth, nor yet to what eminence we may rise, or to what depths we may fall. Society is struggling with new theories, and contending stoutly with the waves of warring elements, unable to cast its anchor where the winds of progress will not disturb its rest.

Science is startling the world with its discoveries, and art is rapidly advancing to the highest glory of its ancient renown. Antiquity, aroused from her slumbers by the curiosity of the adventurous, is yielding up her treasures of wealth and knowledge, while the Past with his wrinkled brow, and hoary locks, reveals to the youthful Present, mysteries, that for centuries have been hidden from mortal eyes. The law of progress, indelibly stamped upon the mind, leads us swiftly on to the goal of fortune—perchance, to fame.—It excites to praiseworthy deeds and arouses to noble action the divinity within us.

This glorious spirit has infused your hearts my brothers, with a commendable desire to act well your part in the cause of humanity. Let a laudible ambition stimulate you to advance, until you plant the standard of our beloved order on the highest eminence of your hopes. Then, may you look back with proud satisfaction upon each step of your progress, and devoutly bless the day on which you were first permitted to be hailed as "Odd Fellows."