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PROTESTANT REPUBLICANISM

THE CONSERVATIVE ELEMENT

OF

AMERICAN FREEDOM;

A PULPIT ORATION,

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE MONTICELLO TROOP,

July 4, 1841.

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To the Members of the Monticello Troop, this Oration is  
respectfully inscribed by their fellow-citizen,

THE AUTHOR.

## ORATION.

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He hath not dealt so with any nation.—Ps. cxlvii. 20.

This day is sacred to Religion and Liberty. By a happy coincidence, the anniversary of our national independence occurs on the day which commemorates the triumph of the Redeemer over the powers of darkness and the achievement of his people's spiritual freedom. On this day he founded his Church, and on this day our fathers founded this Republic. On an occasion like this, the Christian and the patriot may mingle their thanksgiving together. The altar will consecrate their common offerings; and their voices, blending in one anthem of praise, and swelling into notes of triumph, will ascend to Him to whom we owe our political heritage and our religious privileges. It is fit that the presence of Religion should be invoked to hallow our national jubilee; for the institutions of our country present a living exemplification and a practical demonstration of those great truths of which the Christian church and the American Confederacy are the respective representatives—Religion and Republicanism. We are scions of a stock of which these were the characteristics. Our fathers, through peril and disaster, amidst racks and dungeons, clung to the forms of popular government and the simple ~~rights~~ <sup>rights</sup> of an apostolic faith. To these we are indebted for our individual and social prosperity—for all that we value here or hope for hereafter. It is our privilege to stand in the spacious temple of civil and religious liberty, reared by our fathers. We enjoy the fruits of their labors and sufferings. Let

us survey their wonderfulhi story. Let us recount the dealings of God with them. We shall see a Divine hand pointing out their destiny. We shall observe the power of the Almighty sustaining them, and the shield of Omnipotence stretched over them. Through all the vicissitudes of their checkered career, we shall perceive one beneficent and sublime purpose of Divine providence carried steadily on to its consummation. We shall contemplate, in the varied fortunes and the splendid successes of our race, the superintending care of the God of nations, and shall be ready to exclaim with the Jewish patriot—"He hath not dealt so with any nation."

We derive our descent, through our English ancestors, from the old Teutonic race. If we trace the streams of English civilization back to their source, we shall find them issuing from the huts of those Germanic tribes who hived their swarms in the North of Europe. They were lion-hearted men, with frames of iron. Inheriting the spirit of their Scythian ancestors, they were ignorant of fear and incapable of fatigue. Their very countenances spoke an indomitable spirit. The Northern Barbarian was distinguished for his love of personal independence. He preferred the rigor of his own inhospitable clime, a dwelling seated amidst everlasting snows and enveloped in perpetual cloud and storm, with freedom for its inmate, to the brightness of an Italian sky and the soft blandishments of a voluptuous bondage.

"Preferring  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp."

Whether he pushed his venturous bark from the shores of the Baltic, or encountered the dark billows of the perilous Euxine, on the banks of the Vistula, or in the valley of the Rhine, confronting his foe in the open plain or falling upon him in impetuous sally from the Hercynian forest, he was still the same, a freeman, conscious of his dignity and jealous of his independence. Defiance to tyrants gleamed from his clear blue eye, and the nobility of freedom was stamped upon his lofty brow. He revelled in the gaudia certaminis. The toils of war and the struggle of desperate conflict were his occupa-

tion and his recreation. He was truly a Ger-man—a man of war.

*Vox fera, trux vultus, verissima Martis imago.*

Nor was this warlike spirit merely the result of physical constitution or local influence. The hopes and sanctions of religion lent their aid to the dictate of patriotism and the impulse of personal feeling. The fictions of the Northern mythology were full of stirring elements. They revealed a glorious reversion for warriors slain in battle. From the field of carnage the dying hero looked up to a celestial paradise. His filmed eyes were blessed with visions of the silver palace of Odin, and the forest of golden trees in the valley of Ida; and amidst the strife and tumult of battle he committed his departing spirit to the convoy of beautiful virgins who were to bear him to those happy abodes. He recked not of danger nor death: for the stroke of the fatal sabre and the thrust of the spear or the dart, would open his way to the splendid halls of Valhalla, where, seated with departed heroes, he would quaff the oil of Enherium from cups filled by the lovely Valkyrias. Such was the Elysium of the Northern Barbarian. His future existence was to be divided between war and feasting. The din of arms and the roar of revelry were to resound forever through the celestial Asgard. Inflamed by such sentiments their warriors rushed into battle. The Roman eagle quivered at the sight of them, and the veterans of the Cæsars quailed beneath their shock.

Of all the enemies of Rome the Barbarians of Germany proved the most formidable. The Gaul and the Briton submitted to the imperial yoke—not indeed without many a valiant struggle; but the German was invincible. For two hundred years Germany stood at bay with Rome. Dire were the repeated conflicts, and tremendous the carnage. Neither the Samnite nor the Carthaginian, neither Spain nor Gaul ever gave such terrible lessons to the Roman people. The power of the Arsaecidæ was not so formidable as German liberty. The reason is obvious. The Parthians fought for glory, the Germans for freedom. The one contended for the splendors of the imperial diadem, the other for their firesides, for their wives and their children. And their homes were worth fighting for. They were abodes of happiness, and shrines of domestic vir-

tue. The women of Germany were distinguished for all those qualities which could make the sex an object of admiration and affection in a condition of untutored simplicity. Devoted conjugal and maternal affection and spotless virtue were their attributes. In defence of such it was deemed glory to fight and happiness to die. The rude Barbarian felt that his all was staked on the issue of every battle, and that those most dear to him must share the fortunes of war. In the darkest night of adversity, and in the thickest of the fight, the thought of home would stir his soul and nerve his arm. Amidst the tumult of battle, he seemed to hear the cries of his wife and children, imploring him to save them from insult, infamy, and chains. It was among such a people that Liberty chose her abode. Flying from the guilt of civil wars beyond the Tigris and the Rhine, she became a German and a Scythian blessing.

*Germanum Scythicumque bonum.*

The greatest of Roman Historians never rises to a more majestic march than when describing the exploits of these fierce enemies of Rome. In his inimitable narrative, we behold Arminius, at the head of his brave Cheruscans, striking terror into the imperial legions. The wrongs of his country he avenges with the blood of Rome's choicest sons. Varus and his legions are cut to pieces, and their bones left bleaching in the rains of heaven, for six years, when Germanicus pauses on the field of battle to pay the rites of sepulture to his slaughtered countrymen. For this and similar actions, Arminius was hailed as the deliverer of his country. The invaders of Germany, after struggling for centuries, retired from the contest leaving her breathless and faint, but still unconquered—

For freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.

After this, the scene was changed, and the assailed became the assailants. The tide of war poured from the northern mountains and overspread the Empire. The imperial city trembled under the shock of successive invasions. Her glories were clouded forever, and the conquests of ages were yielded to Barbarian valor. In the fifth century, Odoacer overturned the Western Empire, and left the last of the Emperors to lan-

guish in captivity at Naples. Before the end of the eighth century, Charlemagne placed his son upon the throne of Italy, and thus the Teutonic race became finally triumphant.

Such was the character of the men from whom our English forefathers sprung. The occasion of the introduction of the Germanic race into the island of Great Britain is known to all the readers of English history. Invited to the aid of the Britons against the Scots and Picts, the Saxons, one of the most warlike and powerful tribes of Germany, landed upon the island, and, having expelled the invaders, turned their arms against their degenerate allies, and, from the deliverers of the country, became its masters. Thus Saxon institutions were introduced into Great Britain, and the foundation was laid of that freedom and glory which have made her the admiration of the world.

There is one characteristic of the German nations which has so important a bearing upon the nature of their institutions that, without referring to it, an account of them would be incomplete. I allude to their freedom from idolatry. Amidst the wild and extravagant dreams of a fantastic, although somewhat sublime mythology, are to be found traces of correct Religious principles. They approached the nearest of all the Heathen nations to a rational and spiritual worship. They had neither idols nor temples. It appeared to their correct apprehensions that the majesty of the Divinity was degraded by being represented in the semblance of created forms, and confined within the walls of sacred edifices. In the depth of the forest, they found a temple not made with hands. The high embowering trees, which reared their massive trunks to the sky, casting a religious gloom upon the worshippers below, formed the place of their devotions. There, amidst the magnificence of nature, and in the deep stillness of primeval forests, they adored that immense and infinite Being, of whom they did not venture to embody the conception in material forms. Does not this characteristic of the German race account for their hostility to the idolatrous worship of Rome, and their warm sympathy with the Protestant reformation? A Saxon monk first broke the iron slumber in which popery had bound the nations. Almost alone he bearded the Roman tigers in

their dens, laughed to scorn the thunders of the Vatican, and hung up a drivelling superstition to the contempt of mankind. The seeds of Reform vegetated in Germany and in England as in congenial soil. The people of these countries were predisposed to welcome the great truths of the Protestant reformation. The spirit of liberty spread through their bosoms like the electric flame. Luther no sooner calls for aid, than innumerable responses are heard, to cheer on the Lord's anointed champion. He speaks, and

Thro' Bavaria's plains,  
 In thunder tones reverberate the strains;  
 And caught on Angel's pinions ere they fell,  
 Poured o'er the mountains to the land of Tell—  
 To Zurich's waters bounded on the blast,  
 And woke the snow-clad summits as they past;  
 Till voices burst from every cliff and brake,  
 And echo answered from each Alpine lake;  
 Then danced across the waters: and the sea  
 Crested her waves, all redolent of glee,  
 Till Britain heard. At once the Island queen  
 Uprose, her spirit flashing in her mien,  
 And dashed her chains in shivers to the ground,  
 And called to freedom all the nations round.  
 Yes! from that hour her flag has been unfurled  
 To waft truth's freedom o'er the fettered world.

If we trace the history of England through its successive stages and revolutions, we shall see the influence of those principles which were imbedded in the heart of the nation by the Saxon invaders. Examine the government of Alfred, and you behold the operation of maxims and customs which come out of the forests of Germany, and were gradually developed into the august forms of the British constitution. In the method of administering justice, we see the trial by jury, that inestimable bulwark of individual freedom; and, in the wittenagamot, or council of wisemen, we can almost imagine that we see the members of the long parliament, or the revolutionary congress of our own republic. The Anglo-Saxons, like the ancient Germans, were in spirit republicans. Their government was one of choice. The king received his appointment from the kin or the people: and the kingdom was the domain, or property, of the kin. Kingship was not hereditary, nor had they any such thing as an hereditary office, municipal or political, legislative, executive or judicial. If a son succeeded

his father, it was by the permission of the people. The Anglo-Saxon kingdom, made up of the various free states of the Heptarchy, or according to Linguard Octarchy, was, in its constitutional spirit and maxims, much more like a federative Republic, under a President for life, than like any monarchy of modern Europe. Popular liberty constituted the basis of their institutions; and this spirit, diffused through the nation, increasing, triumphant, imperishable, has glowed in the bosoms of the English people and their American descendants, and made them champions of the rights of man and foes to priests and tyrants. If it be inquired, what causes have produced the colossal grandeur of Great Britain, and the unexampled freedom and prosperity of our Republic, we reply—Protestantism and Republicanism—a pure faith and a free constitution.

Under the regime of the Norman conquest, the Anglo-Saxons lost their municipal and political freedom. But they were restive under the yoke and engaged in frequent and fierce struggles for emancipation. It is interesting to mark the progress of free principles in the English constitution, as the asserters of popular rights successively adopted, as watch-words, "the laws of Edward the Confessor"—"Magna Charta"—and "a free Parliament." The Commons battled with the king; right warred against power; and the struggle was never intermitted until, by the advances made in the reigns of John and the third Henry, the three Edwards and the second Richard, the people won their way to power, their political existence was fully recognized, and the final triumph of British freedom assured.

From that period the march of liberal principles was onward. Opposition to popular rights caused the fall of the house of Lancaster in the person of Henry VI., and regard for them, its restoration in that of Henry VII. Under the Tudors, the government made rapid strides to despotism. But the spirit of Anglo-Saxon liberty revived under the Stuarts, and hurled Charles I. from his throne. At the Restoration, a free Parliament was still the national watch-word. The successor of the second Charles attempted to play the same game of despotism which had brought his father to the block. The attempt was madness. The nation rose up in a mass—Protestantism and

popular rights again triumphed, and the papal despot was driven from his country, to be the scorn and contempt of mankind. The English people may well recur with joy and gratitude, to that event, as the "glorious Revolution."

It is highly gratifying to us, who glory in our Teutonic blood, to see so much, in the character and institutions of our fathers, which claims our admiration. We have found, among the Barbarians of Germany, an inextinguishable love of liberty. We have contemplated this spirit, as mitigated by Christianity and enlightened by civilization, constituting the vital element of the English nation. It moulded their civil institutions, and infused into them hatred of tyranny and preference for a pure religion. While the degenerate Italian and Spaniard meekly submitted to the double tyranny of the sceptre and the crosier, the Anglo-Saxon resisted both, and, after ages of perseverance and toil, achieved a triumph; and the crown and the tiara were trampled under his feet. Since the days of the regicides, English freedom may have gone backward. But it is still active and vigorous. Within the present century, it has accomplished the abolition of the Corporation and Test Acts, Catholic Emancipation and the Reform of Parliament. England will yet witness the triumph of popular liberty. The contest between power and right may be long and bloody, but the result is certain. The forces are, if I mistake not, already marshalling for the combat. We shall not see the end of it, perhaps not even the beginning. But the time will come, when the oppressed and goaded yeomanry of England will rise up in the spirit of Arminius and Civilis, and will strike for liberty. The lordly hierarchy and profligate aristocracy will yet bite the dust, and England become a truly Protestant Republic.

If we advert to the English Rebellion, which resulted in the establishment of the Commonwealth, we shall discover the germs of those just principles, in which the American Revolution originated. Charles I. attempted the levying of general taxes without consent of the Commons in Parliament. It was tyranny like this that roused the spirit of such men as Han-

den, Pym, Vane, and Cromwell. It was in defence of popular liberty, the right of representation—the common sense principle that they who obey the laws should make the laws—that the Long Parliament appealed to arms. It was for these inestimable rights that they were willing to fight “to the last of their blood and their breath.” The actors at that eventful crisis were Protestant Republicans. Their characters have long since emerged from the obloquy and ridicule heaped upon them by their enemies, and they now receive the gratitude and veneration due to distinguished patriotism. Even Cromwell has, at length, met with tardy justice. Whatever tory partisans may affirm, there is no period in the history of England to which the patriot and Christian can look back with higher gratification, than the time of the commonwealth. The government of the Protector was approved at home and respected abroad. Domestic tranquillity was maintained, a large measure of freedom enjoyed, and public morality advanced. The Episcopal hierarchy was abolished, the Presbyterians, who aspired to their places, were defeated, and toleration was established. Compared with the Cavaliers of Charles I., or the dissolute court of his profligate son, the Independents were “men, high-minded men.” They were the friends of freedom in church and state. Deriving their views of personal independence and religious liberty from the Bible, convinced that the kingdom of Christ is not of this world and not to be extended by force, they repudiated the connection of the church with the state. They confided in the inherent energies of truth. They knew that the cross was adequate to the conquest of its foes; and they asked not the aid of the civil magistrate to urge it on in its march to victory and glory. Of this class of men was John Milton, to whom belongs the honor of the first exposition of modern Republicanism. Its cause he plead, with all the vigor of his incomparable genius and the fire of his matchless eloquence. To his country he consecrated his gigantic powers, and when, by a fatal reverse, he became, almost like his own Sampson, his “foe’s derision, captive, poor and blind,” he reverted with exultation to the past, and gloried in having lost his eyes “overplied in Liberty’s defence.” To Americans, the memory of Milton is precious. He is doubly illustri-

ous as the patriot and the scholar. If the *Paradise Lost* places him among the greatest of poets, the *Defence of the English People* places him among the sternest of Republicans. How would it have consoled the spirit of that venerable patriot, in his old age of neglect and penury, could he have foreseen the enthusiasm with which the scholars of this Republic would study his works, and the reverence with which they would speak his name. It is to a friend of Milton that this country is indebted for the first example of full religious toleration: But of this I shall speak hereafter.

More than two centuries ago, a frail bark might have been descried off the rock of Plymouth, tossing on the waves of a wintry ocean; and on her deck, the forms of venerable men, with their wives and children, lifting up their hands in thankfulness to Heaven for safety, during a long and dangerous voyage. That vessel bore the seed of New England freedom. Those men were the Pilgrim Fathers. They had fled from the tyranny of James I., and, after a short residence in Holland, were seeking an asylum in this Western world. Disembarking upon that wild and cheerless coast, they poured forth to God, the unbought homage of ardent souls, and

"They shook the depths of the desert gloom,  
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

The Pilgrim Fathers belonged to that class of English Puritans or Non-conformists, who were called Brownists, afterwards Independents, and finally, Congregationalists. Their form of ecclesiastical polity, was essentially democratic. Each church, was an independent republic, and its government wholly spiritual. They were opposed to a Church Establishment; and discarding all unholy alliances, they committed the progress of the Gospel, to the voluntary efforts of its professed adherents.

The settlers at Salem, and Boston, and other towns in Massachusetts, belonged to that class of Non-conformists, who had never separated altogether, from the established Church. Hence, they acted upon the maxim, that "it is the

duty of the civil magistrate, to take care of religion." This fatal error was the germ of immense evils. It changed the peaceful Puritans, into relentless persecutors, and stained their annals with the blood of Christian martyrs. In this, the Puritans erred grievously—but it was an error of the head, not of the heart. They did not, like the hell-hounds of the Inquisition, dabble in blood for the love of it. There was no fiendish revelling in cruelty. They mistook their calling, and persecuted under the stern dictates of religious duty. I respect the memory of those honest, but misguided men; and this respect is not diminished, by the profound veneration with which I turn to one, who was not only widely different from them, but far in advance of his generation. I allude to the founder of Rhode Island, who was the first, on this continent, to unfurl the banner of religious freedom. Roger Williams, says Gov. Hopkins, "justly claims the honor of having been the first legislator in the world, in its later ages, that fully and effectually provided for and established a full, free and absolute liberty of conscience." He looked upon persecution for conscience' sake as an impious usurpation of the Divine supremacy; and it was his wish that "the lambs of the Most High should walk without molestation." He believed, as all history proves, that the interests of religion are most safe in the hands of those who have experienced its power,—who feel that they are not their own—that they have been bought with the precious blood of the Son of God, that their obligations to redeeming mercy are infinite, and that a whole life—eternity itself—is insufficient to repay their immense debt. For opinions so distasteful to the Puritans of Massachusetts, Roger Williams was banished from the State. Through the vista of two hundred years, we look back, and gaze upon that intrepid exile, hastily taking leave of his family and friends and departing from Salem in the darkness of night, pursuing his lonely journey through the snow-clad wilderness, exposed to the storms of winter, or sharing the rude hospitality of the savage—a pilgrim—in quest of some favored spot, where he might build an altar and establish an asylum, over which the billows of persecution might never beat. Such a spot he found; and, in gratitude to God, he called it Providence. It

was here that Williams and his little band commenced the settlement of Rhode Island.

Ay, call it holy ground,  
 The soil where first they trod!  
 They have left unstained what there they found—  
 Freedom to worship God.\*

For a long time the character of this great and good man was misrepresented and misunderstood. It was the interest of his enemies to represent him as an unamiable specimen of stubbornness and eccentricity. They sought to justify his banishment by aspersing his name. But he has been fully vindicated, and in the elegant tributes of Knowles and Bancroft and Hague, he will be transmitted to posterity as the earliest apostle of American freedom.

Roger Williams, like the Independents and Anabaptists of England, derived his just views of religious liberty from the Bible. It was at the feet of Jesus that he acquired his reverence for the soul. It was there that he learned its amenableness to no earthly tribunal. His was the spirit of Apostles and Reformers. He belonged to the goodly company of witnesses for the truth. He claimed kindred with the noble army of martyrs, with the men of every age and clime, who, in defence of religious liberty, have encountered prison and exile, torture and death. The rights which he claimed for himself, he freely accorded to others. Whilst the Puritans of New-England hung the Quakers and banished the Baptists, whilst the toleration of the mild William Penn was denied to Atheists, and in Carolina, the condition of a freeman was extended only to church members, whilst among the liberal Roman Catholics of Maryland, it was at one's peril that he spoke "reproachfully of the blessed Virgin," amidst the universal reign of intolerance in both hemispheres, the founder of Rhode Island remained

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\*For this application of Mrs. Hemans' noble ode, I am indebted to the excellent Memoir of Roger Williams, by the late Professor Knowles—a book which ought to be in the library of every American citizen. As often as I recur to the untimely death of this accomplished scholar, my instructor and friend, it is with a regret, which time seems to augment rather than to diminish.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
 Tam chari capitis?

true to Liberty, loving her with a hoher ardor and a truer constancy, because he was almost a solitary worshipper.

Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
 Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
 Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal,  
 Nor number, nor example, with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
 Though single.

Well may the citizens of Rhode Island revert, with pride, to the character of their founder; for it is to him they owe the high honor of an escutcheon unstained by persecution and a history unpolluted with blood.

The settlers of Carolina, like those of New-England, were refugees from oppression. With the destruction of the Commonwealth, and the re-establishment of the Episcopal Church, at the Restoration, the Republicans and Dissenters lost all hope of liberty at home, and began to turn their eyes to a foreign land. The Proprietors of Carolina, who had received a grant of territory from Charles II. aiding the efforts of the government to get rid of such indomitable friends of freedom, offered great inducements to emigration. Many embraced the opportunity: and unfurling their canvass to the breeze, left the white cliffs of Albion and sped to these shores. Here, far from the despotism of the most impious and frivolous of the Stuarts, they enjoyed a measure of freedom to which they had hitherto been strangers. In the reign of James II., the colony was augmented by the arrival of men who fled from the double curse of tyranny and popery. During the same period, the Protestants of France, escaping from the bayonets of Louis XIV., sought a shelter on this remote continent. For many years, the Huguenots clung to their native soil, and contended for their rights. But, when the revocation of the edict of Nantes surrendered them to the atrocities of the infamous dragoonade, they abandoned their country in despair. Holland and England offered an asylum to such valuable citizens. Some bent their course to Carolina; and their names, transmitted through a long line of worthy descendants, are still honored among us. Had the settlers of Carolina been permitted to carry out their

enlightened views, the records of our State would never have been disgraced by persecution. But the Proprietors introduced into the constitution unjust restrictions, in despite of the opinion of John Locke, who drafted it, and in defiance of the wishes of the colonists. Afterwards, Episcopacy was established as the religion of the colony, and civil disabilities were inflicted upon dissenters. A hireling ministry was imposed upon the people. Their spiritual interests were intrusted to men, with a gown and bands, who loved books more than souls, and worshipped Mammon rather than God. From such preachers, plain and pious Christians turned away in disgust; and thus prejudices were created against an educated and salaried ministry, which are widely, but unreasonably prevalent to this day.

From a review of the settlement of this country, it is apparent, that the majority of the colonists brought with them to these shores a love of liberty. The oppression of the old world taught them to prize the immunities of the new. Opposition to tyranny was interwoven with all their recollections of the past, and was bequeathed by them to their children. The son remembered the wrongs of the sire. He looked upon the tyrant as the serpent, that had invaded the heritage of his fathers, and blighted his political paradise. The virtues of nations and families are mostly hereditary. The freeman is the heir of lofty principles. He drinks in the love of liberty with the milk that nourishes his infancy. The nursery tales of wrong and outrage which beguiled his boyhood's hours, and started in his eye the tear of sympathy, or flushed his cheek with generous indignation,—the sufferings of his kindred, the cruelty and contumely of the proud oppressor, will live in his memory, and glow in his soul, and will strengthen his arm, when the day of retribution shall come. The champions of liberty may perish. They may die on the scaffold, or at the stake. Their martyred bodies may be hung to gibbets, or rot on neglected fields. They may pine in prison and in exile. They may meet a felon's doom, and the proud may trample on their lowly graves. But the spirit of liberty is invincible. Great principles never die. Clad in impenetrable panoply,

they defy the dagger's point, and the headman's axe. The spirit of liberty, like the pent violence of the volcano, is not exhausted by a single eruption. The central fire burns brightly and fervidly below, although it does not flame from the summit. It will continue to burn and will overflow, bearing blessings in its path, until, wrapping the earth in its warm and fertilizing embrace, it causes the "desert to rejoice," and clothes the barren mountain with verdure.

Such was the course of liberty in this Western world. Knowing, as the British ministry might have done, the character of our fathers, when their policy was once settled, they might have foreseen the inevitable result. It was not to be supposed that the descendants of men who had relinquished their homes for liberty, would patiently submit to oppression. Subjugation was impossible. They might have been exterminated, but could not have been enslaved. The attempt was made by the ministry of George III. and the result was—the American Revolution. The grievance which drove the revolutionists to arms was the very evil, on account of which, the friends of Hamden and Pym and Cromwell left England and settled on this continent—taxation without representation. The patriots of that crisis were impelled by the love of constitutional liberty—the very spirit which hurled James from the throne of a free people, to become the pensioner of an absolute monarch at the palace of St. Germain. It was this spirit which pervaded the American people of '76. The Revolution was not the excitement of exasperated minds, nor a transient ebullition of political discontent. It was the calm dictate of patriotic duty, a sublime struggle for inalienable rights. It was not an isolated event. Viewed in its relation to other events, it must be regarded as only one of a succession of victories which have been won for liberty by Anglo-Saxon valor. It was the love of freedom which excited the American Revolution, which gave steadiness to resistance, and heroic fortitude to endurance, which filled the land with heroes and carried the cause successfully on, from the time when the thunder of war first broke from Bunker's Hill, until the flag of the Union waved over the redoubts of Yorktown.

When we revert to the early colonization of this country we are filled with devout gratitude to God for so directing the stream of emigration as to make it the abode of Protestantism and Republicanism. Our soil narrowly escaped the blight of popery. Seven years before the rocks of Plymouth were trodden by the feet of the Pilgrims, the Romish religion had been planted in Maine. Jesuit missionaries from France and Spain, fired with the zeal of Loyola, were penetrating the wilds of America and rearing their wooden crosses in the wigwams of the savage; seeking to compensate a dotard superstition for the loss of its empire in the old world by the conquest of the new. Suppose that the enterprise had succeeded, and this country had been peopled by papists; what would have been the result? Instead of a free and happy republic, the seat of intelligence and virtue, enriched with the arts and sciences, and filled to profusion with the fruits of industry, looking back upon a glorious history, and looking forward to increasing prosperity and grandeur, instead of this great commonwealth, than which the sun looks down upon none more glorious—we should have seen, perhaps, a crushing despotism, like that of Spain in its worst days of papal delusion and an oppressed and priest-ridden people, robbed of their hard earnings by an imperious government and an unprincipled hierarchy, and awed into submission by the tortures of the inquisition in this world: and the fires of purgatory in the next. Our soil would have been overrun with cowed monks and hooded nuns; and, instead of the simple rites of a spiritual worship, we should have had the unmeaning mummeries of an idolatrous superstition. Our annals would have presented one dark narrative of brutishness, ignorance and sin, unless perchance relieved here and there by a bright page which recorded the daring and the deaths of martyrs, perishing in the forlorn hope of freedom. It is impossible that men, trained into subjection to ghostly tyranny, could ever have conceived the sublime enterprise of the American Revolution. The priest is the natural ally of the tyrant; and the slaves of the one will always be the victims of the other. Survey our Protestant institutions; think of what we are—and what we might have been; compare the Protestant citizens of North America with the Papist inhabitants of South America; and tell me

what thanks are due to Him who has thus made us to differ.

Our National Institutions, are pervaded throughout with the spirit of Protestant Republicanism. This constitutes the vital element—the *spiritus intus alens*—of the body politic. Under its auspices, we have reached our present position of felicity and grandeur. That position is to be maintained by the prevalence of the same high spirit. Possessed of a free constitution and a pure religion, we have only to add to them the supports of personal virtue and patriotism, in order to guarantee the permanence of the Republic. Protestantism and Republicanism having no natural alliance with ignorance, and having nothing to fear from the extension of public intelligence, it becomes us to enlighten the people and to disseminate sound principles in politics, morals, and religion. If the remark of Montesquieu, in which he only echoes Aristotle, be just, that a republican form of government requires more virtue for its support than any other, it is surely incumbent on the people of these United States to provide the means of moral and religious education and instruction. In republics, power resides with the people. Hence it is indispensable that the people be intelligent and virtuous, or they may only become the tools of designing men, in effecting the ruin of the commouwealth.

I have not been accustomed to contemplate as probable, the destruction of this free and glorious Republic. I anticipate an illustrious career, a magnificent destiny for my country. When I survey the history of the past, and see how often, and how signally, the Almighty has interposed in our behalf, I have stong assurance that the God of our fathers will be the friend of our children, that He, who caused the light of liberty to dawn on the dark night of the Revolution, and has made this country the home of Protestant freedom, will spread around us the munitions of his Providence, and never suffer the foot of tyranny to trample in the dust, nor the orgies of a base superstition to pollute, this last hope of mankind. My confidence in the perpetuity of our country's existence and glory, is firm ; because, I believe that the principles embodied in her institutions, are destined to be ultimately triumphant. **PROTESTANT REPUBLICANISM IS THE CONSERVATIVE ELEMENT OF AME-**

RICAN FREEDOM, AND IT WILL YET LEAVEN THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH. ON OUR SOIL IT HAS REARED ITS FIRST GLORIOUS MONUMENT; HERE STILL BURN BRIGHTLY ITS VESTAL FIRES; AND TO US IS ASSIGNED THE LOFTY DISTINCTION OF OCCUPYING THE VAN IN ITS MARCH TO UNIVERSAL DOMINION.



