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1860

BLOT OUT THE STARS AND LEAVE THE STRIPES! WHY?

THE

CAUSES AND REMEDIES

OF

IMPENDING NATIONAL CALAMITIES.

An Address

BY

SAMUEL R. WILSON,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CINCINNATI.

"The curse causeless shall not come."

PROVERBS.

CINCINNATI, OHIO:

PUBLISHED BY J. B. ELLIOTT, 51 FOURTH STREET.

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DEDICATION.

THE following Address, which was delivered in the regular course of the author's ministrations, on Sabbath, November 18th, and is given to the public in its present form at the request of a friend who has kindly provided the means for its publication, is now respectfully dedicated to the sons of those whose Pioneer hands founded these Central States, the borders of which are washed by the waters of the Ohio, and upon whom rests, in great measure, the ultimate decision of the question whether the Republic shall be preserved in its original integrity, or perish in the strife of contending factions.

S. R. W.

ELM STREET, NOV. 20, 1860.

CAUSES AND REMEDY
OF
IMPENDING NATIONAL CALAMITIES.

It should seem that we are upon the eve of CIVIL WAR. Already is the atmosphere murky with those clouds which hang like a funereal pall over the burning volcano. Already do we feel those strange vibrations which admonish that the pent-up fires are struggling to break over their accustomed barriers, and pour their lava tide over field, and city, and hamlet. The most thoughtless have ceased to laugh at the threatening calamity; the wisest and the bravest feel their hearts beat slower as they look around for some means to avert the danger, or prepare bravely to meet it. In the North there is denunciation; in the South there is menace. Everywhere the mingled sound of hesitation, preparation, action. The sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing, because of those things which seem to be coming upon the land.

The immediate occasion and ostensible pretext for these revolutionary movements is the election, by a portion of the states of the Confederacy, and, perhaps, a minority of the people, of a Chief Magistrate who is the representative of that party which claims to be the peculiar antagonist of slavery, the friend of universal freedom and of the slave. This consummation has been styled by one clerical leader of the party, itself a Political Revolution; and by another it has been announced, with exultation, as the first time the slave has chosen a President. It may be that both of these declarations are true, or both may be false. But, whether true or false, they indicate the *animus* of the party dominant at this moment, and whose momentary success has become the pretext for those movements which are to issue in a cutting asunder of our national bands, and plunging us into fratricidal strife.

In such a juncture of affairs it becomes the duty of every citizen to study the things that make for peace, and of every Christian to

entreat the God of the Covenant, in prayers, and supplications, and intercessions, on behalf of all that are in authority, that they may be restrained and guided so that the people may receive no damage, and the Church be left in quietness to pursue her work of love. It also becomes the ministers of Christ, ambassadors of God, in such a time, to inquire after, and point out the *moral* causes of our national calamities, and to suggest the appropriate remedy; if, peradventure, by timely and sincere repentance, the anger of God may be averted from us, and our tranquillity lengthened out.

That there is such a call upon every one, to the prompt discharge of their several duties, at this time, can not, surely, be doubted. Telegraphic dispatches may be erroneous or false at times; speculators may exaggerate the excitement, and demagogues may bluster; and due allowance must be made for all these elements in estimating the true state of affairs. But when every requisite abatement has been made, the sober and sad conviction of every friend of his country and race must be, that there is a settled purpose on the part of a powerful faction, both in the South and in the North, to trample down the Constitution, to break up the national Covenant, and in so doing to brave all the inevitable horrors of civil and servile war. And even if in this judgment one should be really in error, oversolicitude for the security and peace of our firesides and altars disturbing the mental vision, and so creating unnecessary alarm, in view of imaginary rather than real dangers, still, better far the false alarm of the faithful sentinel, than the soothing flattery of the traitor, or the stupid indifference of the sluggard.

I am not by natural constitution very well fitted to be the agent of a Non-resistance Society. Grace does not teach me the duty of passive obedience to the illegal and unauthorized demands of my fellow-man. If persecuted for righteousness' sake, I should rejoice, take it patiently, and commit my cause to him who has said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." If assailed in my civil rights, I should "appeal unto Cæsar," as a free-born citizen of a free Commonwealth. If attacked by a ruffian, I should repel force by force, and in the alternative of killing or being killed, should let instinct have its way. But even if it were so that a man ought not merely on his own account to resist wrong, and repel force by force, yet the obligations of society often rise above merely private or personal considerations. And the case may occur, and often has occurred, in which it is as plain a duty for a Christian to stand, rifle in hand, between his family and infuriate men, as if, instead of men, they had been less savage

bears and wolves. The maxim of the Christian is, "*As much as in you lies*, live peaceably with all men." But he who says to himself and others, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace, becomes the miserable victim of his own delusion, and probably involves others, more innocent than himself, in a common ruin.

I have not studied the Bible or human history to so little purpose, as to have adopted the absurd dogma of sentimental philanthropy, that war is the direst of evils. On the contrary, I am firmly of opinion, that there are gigantic evils, compared with which, war is as nothing, and for which the only practical remedy has been, and in this present evil world will continue to be, war, bloody, desolating, and, perhaps, exterminating; yes, even civil war, fratricidal, hateful, hellish. Better the horrors of the French Revolution, than the perpetual incubus of royal debauchery and tyranny, smothering the life of the people under its hideous weight. Better the fields of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Marengo, than the Bastille and the Inquisition. Better Rome in flames, than the Roman people chained to the car of a Nero. But if it be true, as all history attests, that war is not the worst of calamities, nay, that war itself may become the only practicable remedy for more permanent and less bearable evils, it is also equally true, that it should be accepted only as a *remedy*, and as that of LAST RESORT. It is the easiest thing in the world to kindle the flames of war, and it is certainly the silliest and wickedest, except for the most substantial reasons. The pomp and circumstance of war, as it appears in holiday dress, with sash, and epaulette, and gaudy plume, moving gracefully to sound of fife and drum, over the soft green sward, its banners and bayonets flashing in the genial sunlight, is indeed a grand thing to behold. How it dazzles the eyes and stirs the heart of youth and beauty. With what zest, too, do we sit at home, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of refined and peaceful life, and pore over the blood-stained pages of history. How magnificent Achilles and Hector, and the warlike sons of Atreides look, as their heroic deeds are painted by the blind old bard of Greece. How stirring the story of great Cæsar's wars in Gaul. With what breathless attention do we listen to the thrice-told tale of Napoleon and his marshals; of Washington and his patriot generals; of Wellington and his grenadiers; or Jackson and his pioneer riflemen. How the hot blood of manhood, yes, and the warmer but gentler blood of maidenhood, courses swifter and swifter through the veins, as, with glowing pen, the historian recounts the gallant charge, the well-sus-

tained shock, the quick repulse, the victory, the flight. Flaxen-haired boyhood already emulates in mimic war the deadly strife, and longs to be a soldier, while even soberer age grows restless at what seems inglorious peace. Indeed, the tented field of hostile hosts looks wondrous fine from a parlor window, and the curtain which the historic muse lets fall over the gory stage on which grim-visaged war plays out his tragedies, is most gorgeously pictured. But lift that curtain, and how changed the scene. Become a spectator of the tragedy, and how soon the illusion vanishes. Leave your easy seat upon the divan, lay aside your velvet slippers and silken gown, and buckle on the knapsack and sword, and take your stand among the actors. Place yourself in the midst of the dead, the dying, the mangled human forms worse-doomed still to live. Stand with those grand marshals and that grand Napoleon, amid the scorching air and crumbling walls of deserted Moscow. Follow with the wolves and Cossacks the flying invaders across the trackless snow. Ride with the "Iron Duke" over the field of Waterloo, strewn with its myriads of shrieking and groaning wretches, crying out for "Water, water!" Go watch during the long, long winter nights with the shivering, barefoot sentinel, at the camp of Valley Forge; or, with unrelenting heart and murderous hand, join in the hideous feud of Whig and Tory. Become a party in the burning of hamlets and the sacking of cities. Unsheathe the sword, that wives may become widows, mothers be made childless, and children orphans. And then you will know what war is—real war; not such as is painted upon canvas, or in soft rhetoric strains depicted upon the historic or epic page; but gaunt, grim, reeking war, such as it is to the soldier on the battle-field; such as those shall find it who now invoke its aid, no matter for what cause.

And yet, it may become necessary at times to invoke this dread instrument as that which alone can redress intolerable wrongs, and bring certain relief to oppressed humanity. Has our country indeed fallen upon such a time? Are the wrongs under which we groan so intolerable, as that there is left us no other means of redress but this of the sword? Must it needs be, that the brotherhood of white men should be torn asunder in the bitter strife of freemen over the prostrate body of negro bondmen? It is but yesterday, as it were, that the best blood of the South was freely poured out at the Raisin, at Tippecanoe, at the Fallen Timber, and at New Orleans, to secure our firesides from the tomahawk and scalping-knife. These fertile fields, whose wealth has built your city; this beautiful

river, which bears upon its bosom your merchandise to the great Father of Waters; the free use of that great stream itself, are all the purchase of the blood and toil of those brave men whose slaves kept watch for them at home, while they drove from the soil the "Red Sticks" and "Red Coats." And can it be, that so soon we have learned to forget to whom we owe the possession of this fair land? Shall the sons of sires who fought shoulder to shoulder in '76, in '98, in 1812, boast so soon that they have no need of one another, and to prove it to the world, turn their plowshares into swords, with which to destroy each other? Shall the strangers who have come in to sojourn among us, and who have been welcomed to a share in our rich inheritance, be enlisted in this internecine war? Is it true, that an "irrepressible conflict" has begun, not between Slavery and Freedom, not between the oppressed and their oppressors? No, no, no—not such a conflict at all—but between "Cotton Gins" and "Cotton Jennies;" between Boston and Charleston; between office seekers and office holders; between pretended philanthropy in the North and offended pride in the South; between slaveholders in the South and the men in the North and West who have grown rich upon the products of slave toil. Is it true that an "irrepressible conflict" between these parties has indeed begun, which is to carry fire and sword through this fair land, and not cease until one or the other has been crushed and conquered? We are told by distinguished statesmen that this is the issue before us. A portion of the Southern States of the Confederacy declare that they are about to withdraw from the Republic. "Let them go," say some; "we can do better, or as well, without them." "Compel them to stay at the point of the bayonet," say others; "they have no right to withdraw." And thus it does look as if our national compact was to be broken up, the Union annihilated, the Constitution torn to pieces and trampled in the dust. Toward this the Republic has been manifestly drifting for these many years. Can the fearful catastrophe be averted?

What is the cause or causes of the present threatening movements in the country? I have told you what the *immediate occasion* of them is: the election of a President and Vice-President, both of them living in the North, and by a vote of the non-slaveholding states exclusively. But this is not the *cause*; such an event of *itself* is unimportant, and totally inadequate to account for the conduct of those statesmen who are precipitating the country upon Revolution. I will tell you the causes which have been gradually working out this so deplorable a result. Causes it is yet possible to remove;

but which, if not removed speedily, will plunge us in anarchy and ruin, by a law as inevitable as gravitation itself.

CAUSE 1. *Pride*.—Probably no sin is more hateful to God than this. It is represented as that sin which brought the Devil under condemnation. It was this that drew down the deluge of waters upon the whole race of man, and afterward provoked God to confound their tongues and scatter them abroad over the earth. This was the iniquity of Sodom: "Pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy." To Petra, the stronghold of Edom, the prophet Obadiah is commanded to cry, "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground?" It was in the very moment when King Nebuchadnezzar, walking in the palace of the kingdom of Babylon, the report of whose splendor it has been left for our day to verify, "spake and said, Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty;" it was "while the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee." And that other Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, was saying in her heart, "I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow," when in one day her plagues came upon her, death, and mourning, and fire.

But why need I cite in particular instances of which the records of Providence are so full; the plain and oft-reiterated declarations of God in his word are more than enough to satisfy the wise that everywhere and always JEHOVAH stands ready to resist and abase the proud. "Pride and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the forward mouth, do I hate," saith the Lord. "Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord;" and therefore it is certain that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

This is a sin which has always flourished under precisely those circumstances in which men ought to be most humble and thankful. It is when God has blessed a nation in basket and store, increased their numbers and riches, raised them from feebleness to power, and from dependence to empire, that, forgetting the rock whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence they were digged, they begin to say, "Who is the Lord that we should obey him!" "I did

know thee in the wilderness," says JEHOVAH to Israel, "in the land of great drouth. According to their pasture so were they filled; they were filled, and their heart was exalted: therefore have they forgotten me." And a thousand years before Hosea had recorded this as history, Moses had spoken this prophetic song concerning that people: "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about; he instructed him; he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him.

"He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock; butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat; and thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape.

"But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked; thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness; *then* he forsook God who made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation."

Is not our history the counterpart of all this? Is not this a mirror in which we may look upon our own original—the feebleness of our beginnings; the wanderings of our fathers in this so late a howling wilderness; our exaltation, and our sin? Let us hear, then, our doom, except we repent, "The sword without, and terror within, shall destroy both the young man and the virgin, the suckling also with the man of gray hairs."

Pride; National pride; State pride; the pride of the earth-worm, MAN! Pride, which says, "With our tongue will we prevail; our lips are our own; who is lord over us?"—it is a germinal sin, prolific of every vice and crime. "These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him: a proud look; a lying tongue; and hands that shed innocent blood; an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations; feet that be swift in running to mischief; a false witness that speaketh lies; and he that soweth discord among his brethren." Here are the root and the branches of this Upas tree of Pride, which strikes deep its fibres in the soil of wealth, luxury, and ease, and drops its deadly dew upon the bosom of the very earth that gives it nourishment. This sin of the Devil, the sin of Sodom, Egypt, and Babylon, the sin of Tyre and of Rome, the sin of God's own chosen Israel, has become our sin already; a

republic scarce out of its swathing-bands; a nation begotten of poverty and oppression, whose birthday was but yesterday. Yes, I take you to record before that God in whom our fathers trusted, and by whose name they swear, "in truth, in judgment, and in righteousness," that as a people we are become such as these: "Lovers of ourselves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." "We call the proud happy; and they that work wickedness are set up, and they that tempt God are even delivered."

Pride is then the first, great, crying sin against God of which, as a nation, we are guilty; and this I put as the radical cause of all those evils of which we complain and which threaten our tranquillity.

CAUSE 2. *Oppression*.—To be a slaveholder is not necessarily to be a tyrant; nor are the terms "freedom" and "free soil," "republicanism" and "justice" by any means convertible. It is not essential to true liberty that a man should be endowed with the elective franchise; nor are oppression and injustice only to be found upon the plantations of the South. To Northern legislators, judges, and jurors, to Northern manufacturers and money lenders, it may well be said by their Southern brethren, "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? * * * Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." And if I should confine my remarks to the colored race alone it would be no difficult matter to show that the laws of the free states, and the intense prejudice of the populace are more unreasonable and oppressive than are to be found in most of the slaveholding commonwealths. "I had rather live in Old Virginy than in Ohio, if I could only get back again," said an intelligent free black woman to me the other day. But the laws of Virginia, like the laws of some of these Northwestern states, forbid the emigration of this helpless class of people into the State. In the South the negro is made to work when he is well: in the busy season, like the freemen of the North, to work hard and keep at it; he is well fed, well clothed, well housed; to a very great extent he is taught in the saving knowledge of the Gospel; when sick he is well nursed and well physicked. If he is lazy

or idle he is sometimes well whipped; but not more frequently, perhaps, than Northern white men whip their wives, for which privilege they pay five dollars. In New England, with the pæans of liberty sounding in his ears, the emancipated slave freezes and starves and sinks into imbecility; and the philanthropy of his boasted Northern friends, having exhausted itself in denunciation of his master, leaves him to the tender mercies of time and chance. In many respects I believe the black man in our midst is subjected to unjust disabilities, the removal of which neither imply nor require either social or civil equality.

But it is not the degradation and oppression of this insignificant portion of our population—insignificant in point of numbers I mean—it is not their oppression that is calling down the judgments of God upon us, half so much as that galling oppression with which the pride, and covetousness, and luxury of society is crushing out the heart of the people. Crimination and recrimination are easy. Epithets of reproach, truthful, severe, irritating, may without much trouble be bandied between the one section and the other of this great republic of Christian freemen. The taunting finger may point to the slave-mart, the whipping-post, and the loose marriage-tie of the slave; and the taunt may be hurled back by an appeal to the pauperism, prostitution, homicides, and divorcees of those who, in their philanthropic zeal, have forgotten the admonition of Jesus: “Judge not, that ye be not judged.”

Have done, I entreat you, with this vituperation of one another. Neither are so without fault as to be prepared to cast the first stone. Let this Divine counsel be received by all of every party and section throughout the land—*my* country as well as yours: “Break off your sins by righteousness, and your iniquities by showing mercy to the poor;” and so shall there be a healing of our past errors, and a restoration of fraternal harmony, such as bound together our sires in field and counsel hall.

CAUSE 3. *Lawlessness*.—It is one of the august titles claimed by JEHOVAH that he is a Lawgiver. The universe feels the controlling power of those laws of which He is the Author. The majesty of law is recognized by angel and archangel, cherub and seraph; by the “immortal star in its great course, and the little fire-fly in its insect flight.” All sin is *ανομία*—lawlessness. No wonder, then, if rebellion should be accounted in the Divine judgment a heinous sin, and that spirit of false independence, which neither fears God nor

regards man, be the unmistakable forerunner of the most direful calamities.

And yet is it not undeniably true that now, for a long time, this demon spirit has stalked abroad over the land, not only unchecked, but almost unrebuked—nay, applauded and caressed? It were an unnecessary tax upon your time to detain you with a rehearsal of particular instances in which this spirit has exhibited itself in every state and city of the Union, as an active, dominant spirit. A press teeming with the most atrocious calumnies against the highest functionaries of the government; inventing, misrepresenting, and detracting; schooling the people in contempt of their CHIEF MAGISTRATE by the daily application to him of the epithets, “traitor,” “dolt,” “old renegade,” “fool,” “granny,” and others yet more vile; charging him with complicity in the most infamous deeds or purposes; and heaping upon him and all his associates all manner of abuse, so that a simple-minded stranger must inevitably conclude that the powers that be in this country never are ordained of God, but always are of the Devil; and, therefore, it is a meritorious thing to despise and defy them. A judiciary, the only safeguard against oppression by prince or people, trailing its robes in the dirt, to be trampled upon by the mob; and if *one*, more noble, be found, who will not forswear himself at the bidding of the threatening crowd, then he must be ostracised for his integrity. A pulpit teaching the infidel doctrine of a Higher law than God’s word residing in the instincts and rational consciousness of man’s own soul; or exalting to an equal dignity with the holy martyrs of Jesus, one who, like Barabbas, was guilty of sedition and murder; or fanning the flames of civil war under the pretense of advancing human freedom, and then presenting Sharp’s rifles to those whose passions they have aroused, to be used in the unholy strife.

COVENANT-BREAKING is lawlessness of the worst kind. It is especially so in a government like the one under which we live: a constitutional, federative, and popular government. Covenant-breakers are pronounced in the word of God to be worthy of death; and covenant-breaking always draws after this penalty in some form or other. It is this death-bringing spirit that prompted to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It is this spirit that works in the hearts of every agent and supporter of the Underground Railroad, through the operations of which servants are enticed and conveyed away from their rightful masters. It is the same spirit that violently obstructs the master in reclaiming his fugitive; that refuses in good faith to execute the law of the land, and by *indirection* renders it

null and void. It is the same spirit that, setting more value upon a horse than a man or the authority of law, suffers a murderer to live, but hangs, without judge or jury, the horse-thief to the nearest tree. Which, entering into the women of some Northern town, breaks into a man's store, and breaks open his casks, and threatens, if he remonstrates, to break his head; and which, taking possession of the men in some Southern village, sets them upon treating to a coat of tar and feathers some unfortunate peddler or lecturer, whose zeal has outrun his discretion. It is that spirit which has been so long fostered in the land by negligent parents and a licentious press, that boys laugh in the face of their mothers and fathers, and men laugh in the face of the laws, courts, and judges.

In state affairs it is called NULLIFICATION. It had its birth in the Northeast, somewhere about the year 1812, and has gradually spread over the land, until scarce a state or city that is not infected by it. And now its legitimate fruit seems about to be gathered in a harvest of lamentation, and woe, and death. For what is secession but nullification in its consummation? Must it, indeed, come to this? God of our fathers, avert, in thy mercy, the fearful doom!

And yet it must and will come to this ere long, unless there is Christian humility and manhood, the magnanimity of noble minds, enough in these free states to say, "We have verily sinned in this thing, concerning our brethren," and the true spirit of that ancestry from whom we received this common inheritance, restore to the national covenant its original integrity and force. Repeal our nullifying laws; cease our nullifying acts; return the slave to his master, as we are bound to do by the Constitution; and give up offenders to the states against whose laws they have offended; in short, act out the true meaning of the rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them;" and no longer demand or expect that any other principle of equity should be recognized in the South toward us than this, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

If at once, and in that spirit by which, I am sure, every true friend of his country and the human race ought to be actuated, such a course of justice be taken, then my hope is that God would smile upon the endeavor to repair our breaches, and bring back the whole land to unity and peace, and, under a new reign of justice and fraternity, the ultimate happiness of all classes be attained in the highest degree of which man is capable in this sin-stricken world.

Let this, the State of the beautiful river, eldest-born of these Northwestern sisters, daughter of Virginia and Kentucky, take the lead in a movement so honoring to her wisdom and patriotism.

But if another spirit shall rule in the hearts of the people and in the halls of legislation, then, indeed, will it be manifest that the cup of our iniquity is full; that the unatoned blood of a thousand murdered innocents, in these Northern states, is to be avenged; that our sins as a nation have reached their climax, and await their just punishment. Then will God have given us up to that infatuation which is the premonition and first-fruit of a terrible doom. For think not that these calamities are the mere outgrowth of personal ambition, or the devices of a few designing men, or the result of inevitable blind fate or chance. It is JEHOVAH, God of heaven and earth, who sits Judge among the nations. It is His voice that gives command to plant and build a kingdom, and it springs, as if by magic or miracle, or by slower degrees, to life, and greatness, and power; and it is his voice that pronounced against a nation for its evil deeds, to pluck up, and to pull down, and to destroy it. "JEHOVAH sitteth upon the flood; yea, JEHOVAH sitteth King forever." His almighty hand lifts the floodgates of human passion and sends the desolating scourge over a guilty land; and his nod alone can still the noise of the waves, the tumult of the people. He it is that teaches the hands of man to war, and his fingers to fight, so that one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight; and the swift fail in the race, and the battle be lost by the strong.

It was well and cuttingly said by a king, in olden time, to a boasting foe, "Let not him that putteth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off." It may be wise for these Northern States to heed the admonition. Such language as the following, with which our daily journals are filled, on this subject, sounds very defiant and confident:

"We have got nearly as many people, and if you count activity and enterprise, we are actually ahead of South Carolina in the scale of progress.

"It is true, South Carolina has, besides, [her white citizens,] a slave population of 384,984, or about 110,000 more than her free inhabitants. But this black element, so far from being a fortress of strength, is an element of weakness. In a struggle to maintain her independence of any foreign power, she has got to fight not only a foe in front, but an enemy in the rear. She has got, in all probability, not only to repel invasion, but to suppress insurrection. Her slaves would be found a formidable inebus upon her success in the arduous enterprise which she seems inclined to undertake, of setting up for herself as an independent nation.

"Yet this little, greedy, gaseonading State, with her handful of white men, and with no actual wrongs whatever to redress, raises her defiant crest against

a nation of thirty millions, and swears she will secede from the Union. Why, you might as well talk of the town's poor seceding from the town, as one of the orators of New England said in a case somewhat similar."

Perhaps so; though it should seem that even the Queen City could not do without her town poor, in endeavoring to swell the number of her population. Possibly New England neither.

Is it, then, upon such a basis of calculation as this we are to be persuaded to either press or accept of a bloody revolution? for bloody beyond all help it will be, sooner or later, if permitted to come. No doubt South Carolina has the right to secede from the Confederacy, if she thinks it necessary to preserve her liberties as a free commonwealth. It is not a right under the Constitution, nor in it; but before, above it, in defiance, if need be, of it. It is the inherent right of a people to redress insufferable wrongs by revolution, if possible. But revolution begun is rebellion, and unsuccessful it is treason. Let each one, then, sit down and count the cost.

It is the duty of the Executive to enforce the laws and Constitution of the country; and it would have been well for us to-day if, during the last twenty years, this had, in every case, been promptly, impartially, and faithfully done. But does any one dream that the General Government can compel a state whose population is united in the determination to separate from the Union, to stay in it against their will? If so, it is high time, in my opinion, he should wake up from that dream. No one who is truly "wide awake" on this great question can soberly hold to such a delusive notion. No; this sort of thing can't be done with any state, not even little Rhode Island itself. It could not be done if a single Southern state were to stand alone, which will never be found to be the case, should events test the matter by an actual withdrawal of South Carolina from the Union. Little Benjamin stood it out against all the other tribes, until her streams ran blood. But, at the end, was Benjamin subdued? Annihilated, truly; punished fearfully, and so was all Israel. But, instead of the exultant shouts and songs of a glorious and honorable victory, you hear the wailings of anguish and remorse. "And the people came to the house of God, and abode there till even before God, and lifted up their voices and wept sore: And said, O JEHOVAH, God of Israel, why is this come to pass in Israel, that there should be to-day one tribe lacking in Israel?"*

* The reader is requested to turn to and carefully peruse the *last two* chapters of the Book of Judges.

Yes, we may “cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.” We may possibly carry fire and sword into the homes of our brethren of the Palmetto State. Our hopes or our expectations, or wishes, or fears, as you choose to call them, may be better realized than were those of Old England in the War of Independence, and the insurgent slave may open the gates for our admittance; the massacres of St. Domingo and of Syria be re-enacted upon the cotton-fields of the South. Yes, all the infernal orgies of India be acted over again, under the eyes of those German and Irish adopted citizens, whose activity and enterprise have found so welcome a field in this truly great county of Hamilton; but be it remembered, a county won from savage foes by the prowess and blood of these very Southern Christians whom we doom to such a fate. Federal troops and Northern adventurers on the one hand, and infuriate slaves on the other, a Southern State might possibly, if left alone, be encircled with a girdle of fire. Burnt up, devastated, blotted out from the political heavens, she might be; but subdued, never, NEVER; not if all the North were heartily combined to accomplish the task; and we are not united to do that thing.

But I must not detain you longer upon this theme, important and urgent as it is. I leave it for your reflection and your prayers. Drawing my life-blood from Southern veins, it may be thought my sympathies are unduly with her noble, generous sons; but then, like your own, its mingled streams flow toward the Lakes and toward the Gulf. I believe that in this whole affair Northern men have been really the aggressors, and impartial history will so attest. But I belong to no party; I have nothing to hope or to fear from any. My worldly interests, small though they be, are identified with this, the city of my birth. But I stand here to-day, as a minister of Christ, to call upon the people whom he has redeemed, both North and South, both black and white, both native and foreign, both bond and free, to pause and look back and look forward, and see how we have come to be what we are, and whither our course is tending. And then, to look up to Him who has commanded to pray for all that are in authority, that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty.

From this sacred place, on this holy day, and from this spot, on which, as a band of brothers, our pioneer fathers worshiped, let us begin that work which shall be blessed of Heaven to the restoration of justice, peace, purity over the land, the only sure pledges of permanent and genuine prosperity.

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