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THE
RIGHTS OF THE SOUTH
DEFENDED IN THE PULPITS:
BY
B. M. PALMER, D. D., AND W. T. LEACOCK, D. D.
OF
NEW ORLEANS.

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THANKSGIVING SERMON,

DELIVERED IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS,

ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1860, BY

Rev. B. M. PALMER, D. D.

PSALM XCIV, 20.—Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law?

OBADIAH 7.—All the men of thy confederacy have brought thee even to the border; the men that were at peace with thee have deceived thee, and prevailed against thee; they that ate thy bread have laid a wound under thee; there is none understanding in him.

The voice of the Chief Magistrate has summoned us to-day to the house of prayer. This call, in its annual repetition, may be too often only a solemn state-form; nevertheless it covers a mighty and a double truth.

It recognizes the existence of a personal God whose will shapes the destiny of nations, and that sentiment of religion in man which points to Him as the needle to the pole. Even with those who grope in the twilight of natural religion, natural conscience gives a voice to the dispensations of Providence. If in autumn "extensive harvests hang their heavy head," the joyous reaper, "crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf," lifts his heart to the "Father of Lights from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift." Or, if pestilence and famine waste the earth, even pagan altars smoke with bleeding victims, and costly hecatombs appease the divine anger which flames out in such dire misfortunes. It is the instinct of man's religious nature, which, among Christians and heathen alike, seeks after God—the natural homage which reason, blinded as it may be, pays to a universal and ruling Providence. All classes bow beneath its spell especially in seasons of gloom, when a nation bends beneath the weight of a general calamity, and a common sorrow falls upon every heart. The hesitating skeptic forgets to weigh his scruples, as the dark shadow passes over him and fills his soul with awe. The dainty philosopher, coolly discoursing of the forces of nature and her uniform laws, abandons, for a time, his atheistical speculations, abashed by the proofs of a supreme and personal will.

Thus the devout followers of Jesus Christ, and those who do not rise above the level of mere theism, are drawn into momentary fellowship; as under the pressure of these inextinguishable convictions they pay a public and united homage to the God of nature and of grace.

In obedience to this great law of religious feeling, not less than in obedience to the civil ruler who represents this commonwealth in its unity, we are now assembled. Hitherto, on similar occasions, our language has been the language of gratitude and song. "The voice of rejoicing and salvation was in the tabernacles of the righteous." Together we praised the Lord "that our garners were full, affording all manner of store; that our sheep brought forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets; that our oxen were strong to labor, and there was no breaking in nor going out, and no complaining was in our streets." As we together surveyed the blessings of Providence, the joyful chorus swelled from millions of people, "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces." But, to-day, burdened hearts all over this land are brought to the sanctuary of God. We "see the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian do tremble." We have fallen upon times when there are "signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming" in the near yet gloomy future. Since the words of this proclamation were penned by which we are convened, that which all men dreaded, but against which all men hoped, has been realized; and in the triumph of a sectional majority we are compelled to read the probable doom of our once happy and united confederacy. It is not to be concealed that we are in the most fearful and perilous crisis which has occurred in our history as a nation. The cords which, during four-fifths of a century, have bound together this growing republic are now strained to their utmost tension; they just need the touch of fire to part asunder forever. Like a ship laboring in the storm and suddenly grounded upon some treacherous shoal—every timber of this vast confederacy strains and groans under the pressure. Sectional divisions, the jealousy of rival interests, the lust of political power, a bastard ambition which looks to personal aggrandizement rather than to the public weal, a reckless radicalism which seeks for the subversion of all that is ancient and stable, and a furious fanaticism which drives on its ill-considered conclusions with utter disregard of the evil it engenders—all these combine to create a portentous crisis, the like of which we have never known before, and which puts to a crucifying test the virtue, the patriotism and the piety of the country.

You, my hearers, who have waited upon my public ministry and have known me in the intimacies of pastoral intercourse, will do me the justice to testify that I have never intermeddled with political questions. Interested as I might be in the progress of events, I have never obtruded, either publicly or privately, my opinions upon any of you; nor can a single man arise and say that, by word or sign, have I ever sought to warp his sentiments or control his judgment upon any political subject whatsoever. The party questions which have hitherto divided the political world, have seemed to me to involve no issue sufficiently momentous to warrant my turning aside, even for a moment, from my chosen calling. In this day of intelligence, I have felt there were thousands around me more competent to instruct in statemanship; and thus, from considerations of modesty no less than prudence, I have preferred to move among you as a preacher of righteousness belonging to a kingdom not of this world.

During the heated canvass which has just been brought to so disastrous a close, the seal of a rigid and religious silence has not been broken. I deplored the divisions amongst us as being, to a large extent, impertinent in the solemn crisis which was too evidently impending. Most clearly did it appear to me that but one issue was before us; an issue soon to be presented in a form which would compel the attention. That

crisis might make it imperative upon me as a Christian and a divine to speak in language admitting no misconstruction. Until then, aside from the din and strife of parties, I could only mature, with solitary and prayerful thought, the destined utterance. That hour has come. At a juncture so solemn as the present, with the destiny of a great people waiting upon the decision of an hour, it is not lawful to be still. Whoever may have influence to shape public opinion, at such a time must lend it, or prove faithless to a trust as solemn as any to be accounted for at the bar of God.

Is it immodest in me to assume that I may represent a class whose opinions in such a controversy are of cardinal importance? The class which seeks to ascertain its duty in the light simply of conscience and religion; and which turns to the moralist and the Christian for support and guidance. The question, too, which now places us upon the brink of revolution, was in its origin a question of morals and religion. It was debated in ecclesiastical councils before it entered legislative halls. It has riven asunder the two largest religious communions in the land; and the right determination of this primary question will go far toward fixing the attitude we must assume in the coming struggle. I sincerely pray God that I may be forgiven if I have misapprehended the duty incumbent upon me to-day; for I have ascended this pulpit under the agitation of feeling natural to one who is about to deviate from the settled policy of his public life. It is my purpose—not as your organ, compromising you, whose opinions are for the most part unknown to me, but on my sole responsibility—to speak upon the one question of the day; and to state the duty which, as I believe, patriotism and religion alike require of us all. I shall aim to speak with a moderation of tone and feeling almost judicial, well befitting the sanctities of the place and the solemnities of the judgment day.

In determining our duty in this emergency it is necessary that we should first ascertain the nature of the trust providentially committed to us. A nation often has a character as well defined and intense as that of the individual. This depends, of course, upon a variety of causes operating through a long period of time. It is due largely to the original traits which distinguish the stock from which it springs, and to the providential training which has formed its education. But, however derived, this individuality of character alone makes any people truly historic, competent to work out its specific mission, and to become a factor in the world's progress. The particular trust assigned to such a people becomes the pledge of the divine protection; and their fidelity to it determines the fate by which it is finally overtaken. What that trust is must be ascertained from the necessities of their position, the institutions which are the outgrowth of their principles and the conflicts through which they preserve their identity and independence. If then the South is such a people, what, at this juncture, is their providential trust? I answer, that it is *to conserve and to perpetuate the institution of domestic slavery as now existing*. It is not necessary here to inquire whether this is precisely the best relation in which the hewer of wood and drawer of water can stand to his employer; although this proposition may perhaps be successfully sustained by those who choose to defend it. Still less are we required, dogmatically, to affirm that it will subsist through all time. Baffled as our wisdom may now be, in finding a solution of this intricate social problem, it would nevertheless be the height of arrogance to pronounce what changes may or may not occur in the distant future. In the grand march of events Providence may work out a solution undiscoverable by us. What modifications of soil and climate may hereafter be produced, what consequent changes in the products on which we depend, what politi-

cal revolutions may occur among the races which are now enacting the great drama of history; all such inquiries are totally irrelevant because no prophetic vision can pierce the darkness of that future. If this question should ever arise, the generation to whom it is remitted will doubtless have the wisdom to meet it, and Providence will furnish the lights in which it is to be resolved. All that we claim for them and for ourselves is liberty to work out this problem guided by nature and God, without obtrusive interference from abroad. These great questions of Providence and history must have free scope for their solution; and the race whose fortunes are distinctly implicated in the same is alone authorized, as it is alone competent, to determine them. It is just this impertinence of human legislation, setting bounds to what God only can regulate, that the South is called this day to resent and resist. The country is convulsed simply because "the throne of iniquity frameth mischief by a law." Without, therefore, determining the question of duty for future generations, I simply say, that for us, as now situated, the duty is plain of conserving and transmitting the system of slavery, with the freest scope for its natural development and extension. Let us, my brethren, look our duty in the face. With this institution assigned to our keeping, what reply shall we make to those who say that its days are numbered? My own conviction is, that we should at once lift ourselves, intelligently, to the highest moral ground and proclaim to all the world that we hold this trust from God, and in its occupancy we are prepared to stand or fall as God may appoint. If the critical moment has arrived at which the great issue is joined, let us say that, in the sight of all perils, we will stand by our trust; and God be with the right!

The argument which enforces the solemnity of this providential trust is simple and condensed. It is bound upon us, then, by the *principle of self-preservation*, that "first law" which is continually asserting its supremacy over all others. Need I pause to show how this system of servitude underlies and supports our material interests? That our wealth consists in our lands and in the serfs who till them? That from the nature of our products they can only be cultivated by labor which must be controlled in order to be certain? That any other than a tropical race must faint and wither beneath a tropical sun? Need I pause to show how this system is interwoven with our entire social fabric? That these slaves form parts of our households, even as our children; and that, too, through a relationship recognized and sanctioned in the Scriptures of God even as the other? Must I pause to show how it has fashioned our modes of life, and determined all our habits of thought and feeling, and moulded the very type of our civilization? How then can the hand of violence be laid upon it without involving our existence? The so-called free States of this country are working out the social problem under conditions peculiar to themselves. These conditions are sufficiently hard, and their success is too uncertain, to excite in us the least jealousy of their lot. With a teeming population, which the soil cannot support—with their wealth depending upon arts, created by artificial wants—with an eternal friction between the grades of their society—with their labor and their capital grinding against each other like the upper and nether mill-stones—with labor cheapened and displaced by new mechanical inventions, bursting more asunder the bonds of brotherhood; amid these intricate perils we have ever given them our sympathy and our prayers, and have never sought to weaken the foundations of their social order. God grant them complete success in the solution of all their perplexities! We, too, have our responsibilities and trials; but they are all bound up in this one institution, which has been the object of such unrighteous assault through five and twenty years. If we

are true to ourselves we shall, at this critical juncture, stand by it and work out our destiny.

This duty is bound upon us again *as the constituted guardians of the slaves themselves*. Our lot is not more implicated in theirs, than is their lot in ours, in our mutual relations we survive or perish together. The worst foes of the black race are those who have intermeddled in their behalf. We know better than others that every attribute of their character fits them for dependence and servitude. By nature the most affectionate and loyal of all races beneath the sun, they are also the most helpless; and no calamity can befall them greater than the loss of that protection they enjoy under this patriarchal system. Indeed the experiment has been grandly tried of precipitating them upon freedom which they know not how to enjoy; and the dismal results are before us in statistics that astonish the world. With the fairest portions of the earth in their possession, and with the advantage of a long discipline as cultivators of the soil, their constitutional indolence has converted the most beautiful islands of the sea into a howling waste. It is not too much to say that if the South should, at this moment, surrender every slave, the wisdom of the entire world, united in solemn council, could not solve the question of their disposal. Their transportation to Africa, even if it were feasible, would be but the most refined cruelty; they must perish with starvation before they could have time to relapse into their primitive barbarism. Their residence here, in the presence of the vigorous Saxon race, would be but the signal for their rapid extermination before they had time to waste away through listlessness, filth and vice. Freedom would be their doom; and equally from both they call upon us, their providential guardians, to be protected. I know this argument will be scoffed abroad as the hypocritical cover thrown over our own cupidity and selfishness; but every Southern master knows its truth and feels its power. My servant, whether born in my house or bought with my money, stands to me in the relation of a child. Though providentially owing me service, which, providentially, I am bound to exact, he is, nevertheless, my brother and my friend; and I am to him a guardian and a father. He leans upon me for protection, for counsel, and for blessing; and so long as the relation continues no power, but the power of Almighty God, shall come between him and me. Were there no argument but this, it binds upon us the providential duty of preserving the relation that we may save him from a doom worse than death.

It is a duty which we owe, further, *to the civilized world*. It is a remarkable fact that during these thirty years of unceasing warfare against slavery, and while a lying spirit has inflamed the world against us, that world has grown more and more dependent upon it for sustenance and wealth. Every tyro knows that all branches of industry fall back upon the soil. We must come, every one of us, to the bosom of this great mother for nourishment. In the happy partnership which has grown up in providence between the tribes of this confederacy, our industry has been concentrated upon agriculture. To the North we have cheerfully resigned all the profits arising from manufacture and commerce. Those profits they have, for the most part, fairly earned, and we have never begrudged them. We have sent them our sugar and bought it back when refined; we have sent them our cotton and bought it back when spun into thread or woven into cloth. Almost every article we use, from the shoelatchet to the most elaborate and costly article of luxury, they have made and we have bought; and both sections have thriven by the partnership, as no people ever thrived before since the first shining of the sun. So literally true are the words of our text,

addressed by Obadiah to Edom, "All the men of our confederacy, the men that were at peace with us, have eaten our bread at the very time they have deceived and laid a wound under us." Even beyond—this the enriching commerce, which has built the splendid cities and marble palaces, of England as well as of America, has been largely established upon the products of our soil; and the blooms upon Southern fields gathered by black hands, have fed the spindles and looms of Manchester and Birmingham not less than of Lawrence and Lowell. Strike now a blow at this system of labor and the world itself totters at the stroke. Shall we permit that blow to fall? Do we not owe it to civilized man to stand in the breach and stay the uplifted arm? If the blind Samson lays hold of the pillars which support the arch of the world's industry, how many more will be buried beneath its ruins than the lords of the Philistines? "Who knoweth whether we are not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Last of all, in this great struggle, *we defend the cause of God and Religion*. The abolition spirit is undeniably atheistic. The demon which erected its throne upon the guillotine in the days of Robespierre and Marat, which abolished the Sabbath and worshipped reason in the person of a harlot, yet survives to work other horrors, of which those of the French revolution are but the type. Among a people so generally religious as the American, a disguise must be worn; but it is the same old threadbare disguise of the advocacy of human rights. From a thousand Jacobin clubs here, as in France, the decree has gone forth which strikes at God by striking at all subordination and law. Availing itself of the morbid and misdirected sympathies of men, it has entrapped weak consciences in the meshes of its treachery; and now, at last, has seated its high priest upon the throne, clad in the black garments of discord and schism, so symbolic of its ends. Under this specious cry of reform, it demands that every evil shall be corrected, or society become a wreck—the sun must be stricken from the heavens, if a spot is found upon his disc. The Most High, knowing His own power which is infinite, and His own wisdom which is unfathomable, can afford to be patient. But these self-constituted reformers must quicken the activity of Jehovah or compel his abdication. In their furious haste, they trample upon obligations sacred as any which can bind the conscience. It is time to reproduce the obsolete idea that Providence must govern man, and not that man should control Providence. In the imperfect state of human society, it pleases God to allow evils which check others that are greater. As in the physical world, objects are moved forward, not by a single force, but by the composition of forces; so in his moral administration, there are checks and balances whose intimate relations are comprehended only by himself. But what reck they of this—these fierce zealots who undertake to drive the chariot of the sun? working out the single and false idea which rides them like a nightmare, they dash athwart the spheres, utterly disregarding the delicate mechanism of Providence; which moves on, wheels within wheels, with pivots and balances and springs, which the great designer alone can control. This spirit of atheism, which knows no God who tolerates evil, no Bible which sanctions law, and no conscience that can be bound by oaths and covenants, has selected us for its victims, and slavery for its issue. Its banner-cry rings out already upon the air—"liberty, equality, fraternity," which simply interpreted, means bondage, confiscation and massacre. With its tricolor waving in the breeze—it waits to inaugurate its reign of terror. To the South the high position is assigned of defending, before all nations, the cause of all religion and of all truth. In this trust, we are resisting the power which wars

against constitutions and laws and compacts, against Sabbaths and sanctuaries, against the family, the state, and the church; which blasphemously invades the prerogatives of God, and rebukes the Most High for the errors of His administration; which, if it cannot snatch the reins of empire from His grace, will lay the universe in ruins at His feet. Is it possible that we shall decline the onset?

This argument, then, which sweeps over the entire circle of our relations, touches the four cardinal points of duty *to ourselves, to our slaves, to the world, and to Almighty God*. It establishes the nature and solemnity of our present trust, *to preserve and transmit our existing system of domestic servitude, with the right, unchallenged by man, to go and root itself wherever Providence and nature may carry it*. This trust we will discharge in the face of the worst possible peril. Though war be the aggregation of all evils, yet, should the madness of the hour appeal to the arbitration of the sword, we will not shrink even from the baptism of fire. If modern crusaders stand in serried ranks upon some plain of Esdrælon, there shall we be in defense of our trust. Not till the last man has fallen behind the last rampart, shall it drop from our hands; and then only in surrender to the God who gave it.

Against this institution a system of aggression has been pursued through the last thirty years. Initiated by a few fanatics, who were at first despised, it has gathered strength from opposition until it has assumed its present gigantic proportions. No man has thoughtfully watched the progress of this controversy without being convinced that the crisis must at length come. Some few, perhaps, have hoped against hope, that the gathering imposthume might be dispersed, and the poison be eliminated from the body politic by healthful remedies. But the delusion has scarcely been cherished by those who have studied the history of fanaticism in its path of blood and fire through the ages of the past. The moment must arrive when the conflict must be joined, and victory decide for one or the other. As it has been a war of legislative tactics, and not of physical force, both parties have been manœvering for a position; and the embarrassment has been, whilst dodging amidst constitutional forms, to make an issue that should be clear, simple, and tangible. Such an issue is at length presented in the result of the recent Presidential election. Be it observed, too, that it is an issue made by the North, not by the South; upon whom, therefore, must rest the entire guilt of the present disturbance. With a choice between three national candidates, who have more or less divided the votes of the South, the North, with unexampled unanimity, have cast their ballot for a candidate who is sectional, who represents a party that is sectional, and the ground of that sectionalism, prejudice against the established and constitutional rights and immunities and institutions of the South. What does this declare—what can it declare, but that from henceforth this is to be a government of section over section; a government using constitutional forms only to embarrass and divide the section ruled, and as fortresses through whose embrasures the cannon of legislation is to be employed in demolishing the guaranteed institutions of the South? What issue is more direct, concrete, intelligible than this? I thank God that, since the conflict must be joined, the responsibility of this issue rests not with us, who have ever acted upon the defensive; and that it is so disembarrassed and simple that the feeblest mind can understand it.

The question with the South to-day is not what issue shall *she* make, but how shall she meet that which is prepared for her? Is it possible that we can hesitate longer than a moment? In our natural recoil from the perils of revolution, and with our clinging fondness for the memories of the past, we may perhaps look around for some-

thing to soften the asperity of this issue, for some ground on which we may defer the day of evil, for some hope that the gathering clouds may not burst in fury upon the land.

It is alleged, for example, that the President elect has been chosen by a fair majority under prescribed forms. But need I say, to those who have read history, that no despotism is more absolute than that of an unprincipled democracy, and no tyranny more galling than that exercised through constitutional formulas? But the plea is idle, when the very question we debate is the perpetuation of that constitution now converted into an engine of oppression, and the continuance of that union which is henceforth to be our condition of vassalage. I say it with solemnity and pain, this Union of our forefathers is already gone. It existed but in mutual confidence, the bonds of which were ruptured in the late election. Though its form should be preserved, it is, in fact, destroyed. We may possibly entertain the project of reconstructing it; but it will be another union, resting upon other than past guarantees. "In that we say a new covenant we have made the first old, and that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away"—"as a vesture it is folded up." For my self I say that, under the rule which threatens us, I throw off the yoke of this Union as readily as did our ancestors the yoke of King George III., and for causes immeasurably stronger than those pleaded in their celebrated declaration.

It is softly whispered, too, that the successful competitor for the throne protests and avers his purpose to administer the government in a conservative and national spirit. Allowing him all credit for personal integrity in these protestations, he is, in this matter, nearly as impotent for good as he is competent for evil. He is nothing more than a figure upon the political chess-board—whether pawn or knight or king, will hereafter appear—but still a silent figure upon the checkered squares, moved by the hands of an unseen player. That player is the party to which he owes his elevation; a party that has signalized its history by the most unblushing perjuries. What faith can be placed in the protestations of men who openly avow that their consciences are too sublimated to be restrained by the obligation of covenants or by the sanctity of oaths? No! we have seen the trail of the serpent five and twenty years in our Eden; twined now in the branches of the forbidden tree, we feel the pangs of death already begun as its hot breath is upon our cheek, hissing out the original falsehood, "Ye shall not surely die."

Another suggests that even yet the Electors, alarmed by these demonstrations of the South, may not cast the black ball which dooms their country to the executioner. It is a forlorn hope. Whether we should counsel such breach of faith in them or take refuge in their treachery—whether such a result would give a President chosen by the people according to the constitution—are points I will not discuss. But that it would prove a cure for any of our ills who can believe? It is certain that it would, with some show of justice, exasperate a party sufficiently ferocious; that it would doom us to four years of increasing strife and bitterness; and that the crisis must come at last under issues possibly not half so clear as the present. Let us not desire to shift the day of trial by miserable subterfuges of this sort. The issue is upon us; let us meet it like men and end this strife forever.

But some quietest whispers, yet further, this majority is accidental and has been swelled by accessions of men simply opposed to the existing administration; the party is utterly heterogeneous and must be shivered into fragments by its own success.

I confess, frankly, this suggestion has staggered me more than any other, and I sought to take refuge therein. Why should we not wait and see the effect of success itself upon a party whose elements might devour each other in the very distribution of the spoil? Two considerations have dissipated the fallacy before me. The first is, that however mixed the party, abolitionism is clearly its informing and actuating soul; and fanaticism is a blood-hound that never bolts its track when it has once lapped blood. The elevation of their candidate is far from being the consummation of their aims. It is only the beginning of that consummation; and, if all history be not a lie, there will be coherision enough till the end of the beginning is reached, and the dreadful banquet of slaughter and ruin shall glut the appetite. The second consideration is a principle which I cannot blink. It is nowhere denied that the first article in the creed of the now dominant party is the restriction of slavery within its present limits. It is distinctly avowed by their organs, and in the name of their elected chieftain; as will appear from the following extract from an article written to pacify the South and to reassure its fears: "There can be no doubt whatever in the mind of any man, that Mr. Lincoln regards slavery as a moral, social, and political evil, and that it should be dealt with as such by the Federal Government, in every instance where it is called upon to deal with it at all. On this point there is no room for question—and there need be no misgivings as to his official action. The whole influence of the Executive Department of the Government, while in his hands, will be thrown against the extension of slavery into the new territories of the Union, and the re-opening of the African slave trade. On these points he will make no compromise nor yield one hair's breadth to coercion from any quarter or in any shape. He does not accede to the alleged decision of the Supreme Court, that the Constitution places slaves upon the footing of other property, and protects them as such wherever its jurisdiction extends, nor will he be, in the least degree, governed or controlled by it in his executive action. He will do all in his power, personally and officially, by the direct exercise of the powers of his office, and the indirect influence inseparable from it, to arrest the tendency to make slavery national and perpetual, and to place it in precisely the same position which it held in the early days of the Republic, and in the view of the founders of the Government."

Now, what enigmas may be concluded in this last sentence—the sphinx which uttered them can perhaps resolve; but the sentence in which they occur is as big as the belly of the Trojan horse which laid the city of Priam in ruins.

These utterances we have heard so long that they fall stale upon the ear; but never before have they had such significance. Hitherto they have come from Jacobin conventicles and pulpits, from the rostrum, from the hustings, and from the halls of our national Congress; but always as the utterance of irresponsible men or associations of men. But now the voice comes from the throne; already, before clad with the sanctities of office, ere the anointing oil is poured upon the monarch's head, the decree has gone forth that the institution of Southern slavery shall be constrained within assigned limits. Though nature and Providence should send forth its branches like the Banyan tree, to take root in congenial soil, here is a power superior to both, that says it shall wither and die within its own charmed circle.

What say you to this, to whom this great providential trust of conserving slavery is concerned? "Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law?" It is this that makes the crisis. Whether we will or not, this is the historic moment when the fate of this institution hangs suspended in the bal

ance. Decide either way, it is the moment of our destiny—the only thing affected by the decision is the complexion of that destiny. If the South bows before this throne she accepts the decree of restriction and ultimate extinction, which is made the condition of her homage.

As it appears to me, the course to be pursued in this emergency is that which has already been inaugurated. Let the people in all the Southern States, in solemn council assembled, reclaim the powers they have delegated. Let those conventions be composed of men whose fidelity has been approved—men who bring the wisdom, experience and firmness of age to support and announce principles which have long been matured. Let these conventions decide firmly and solemnly what they will do with this great trust committed to their hands. Let them pledge each other in sacred covenant, to uphold and perpetuate what they cannot resign without dishonor and palpable ruin. Let them further take all the necessary steps looking to separate and independent existence; and initiate measures for framing a new and homogeneous confederacy. Thus, prepared for every contingency, let the crisis come. Paradoxical as it may seem, if there be any way to save, or rather to re-construct, the union of our forefathers, it is this. Perhaps, at the last moment, the conservative portions of the North may awake to see the abyss into which they are about to plunge. Perhaps they may arise and crush out forever the abolition hydra, and cast it into a grave from which there shall never be a resurrection.

Thus, with restored confidence, we may be rejoined a united and happy people. But, before God, I believe that nothing will effect this but the line of policy which the South has been compelled in self-preservation to adopt. I confess frankly, I am not sanguine that such an auspicious result will be reached. Partly, because I do not see how new guarantees are to be grafted upon the Constitution, nor how, if grafted, they can be more binding than those which have already been trampled under foot; but chiefly, because I do not see how such guarantees can be elicited from the people at the North. It cannot be disguised, that almost to a man, they are anti-slavery where they are not abolition. A whole generation has been educated to look upon the system with abhorrence as a national blot. They hope, and look, and pray for its extinction within a reasonable time, and cannot be satisfied unless things are seen drawing to that conclusion. We, on the contrary, as its constituted guardians, can demand nothing less than that it should be left open to expansion, subject to no limitations save those imposed by God and nature. I fear the antagonism is too great, and the conscience of both parties too deeply implicated to allow such a composition of the strife. Nevertheless since it is within the range of possibility in the Providence of God, I would not shut out the alternative.

Should it fail, what remains but that we say to each other, calmly and kindly, what Abraham said to Lot: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren: Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me—if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right, or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." Thus, if we cannot save the Union, we may save the inestimable blessings it enshrines; if we cannot preserve the vase, we will preserve the precious liquor it contains.

In all this I speak for the North no less than for the South; for upon our united and determined resistance at this moment depends the salvation of the whole country—in

saving ourselves we shall save the North from the ruin she is madly drawing down upon her own head.

The position of the South is at this moment sublime. If she has grace given her to know her hour she will save herself, the country, and the world. It will involve, indeed, temporary prostration and distress; the dykes of Holland must be cut to save her from the troops of Philip. But I warn my countrymen the historic moment once passed, never returns. If she will arise in her majesty, and speak now as with the voice of one man, she will roll back for all time the curse that is upon her. If she succumbs now, she transmits that curse as an heirloom to posterity. We may, for a generation, enjoy comparative ease, gather up our feet in our beds, and die in peace; but our children will go forth beggared from the homes of their fathers. Fishermen will cast their nets where your proud commercial navy now rides at anchor, and dry them upon the shore now covered with your bales of merchandise. Sapped, circumvented, undermined, the institutions of your soil will be overthrown; and within five and twenty years the history of St. Domingo will be the record of Louisiana. If dead men's bones can tremble, ours will move under the muttered curses of sons and daughters, denouncing the blindness and love of ease which have left them an inheritance of woe.

I have done my duty under as deep a sense of responsibility to God and man as I have ever felt. Under a full conviction that the salvation of the whole country is depending upon the action of the South, I am impelled to deepen the sentiment of resistance in the Southern mind, and to strengthen the current now flowing towards a union of the South, in defense of her chartered rights. It is a duty which I shall not be called to repeat, for such awful junctures do not occur twice in a century. Bright and happy days are yet before us; and before another political earthquake shall shake the continent, I hope to be "where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest."

It only remains to say, that whatever be the fortunes of the South, I accept them for my own. Born upon her soil, of a father thus born before me—from an ancestry that occupied it while yet it was a part of England's possessions—she is in every sense my mother. I shall die upon her bosom—she shall know no peril, but it is my peril—no conflict, but it is my conflict—and no abyss of ruin, into which I shall not share her fall. May the Lord God cover her head in this her day of battle!

THANKSGIVING SERMON,

BY

REV. DR. W. T. LEACOCK,

AT CHRIST CHURCH, IN NEW ORLEANS, ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

A day of Thanksgiving—one day of every year set apart for the expression of a nation's thanks to the God and Father of our spirits, grows out of the nature of God's blessings to men. Some of his blessings are individual blessings, and for them individuals should be thankful every day. Others are national blessings, and for them the nation should, at one and the same time, lift up its heart and voice to God in praise. That time is this—we of this State are, on this day, called upon to bless God for all his benefits.

But even our individual blessings require a fixed period of time for praise, because they are not understood or felt to be blessings at the time they are given. God's dispensations are not always self-evident mercies. We know they are mercies. For God has nothing now but mercies for his creatures—his very chastisements are mercies—mercies in disguise—but they are not understood by our hearts at first, and therefore they seem hard; and, seeming hard, the language of our hearts is the language of rebellion, not of praise. But time develops the mercy in the dispensation. What once appeared hard is now seen to be merciful in the good in which it issues, and then our hearts, penetrated by a deep sense of repentance for our rebellion, overflow with gratitude to God, and praise is extorted from our lips.

Now, this fact, the fact that the mercy is not seen in the dispensation as soon as it occurs, is a reason for one day in the course of the year to be set apart for the purpose of thanksgiving.

Every day should be a day of thanksgiving and praise, because every day is itself a blessing and brings blessings with it; but the events of every day are not understood; they require time to be developed; the dispensation which seems hard to-day, may, in the process of a few months, be felt to be a great mercy. Every touch of the artist has its value, but the value of the touch can not well be discovered till the picture is completed; and every event of God's providence has its mercy—but the mercy may not be discovered till the event is developed—and this development requires time.

Now, the Christian, and the Christian heart alone, knows every event of God's providence to be a mercy, and he is willing to praise God in advance for the mercy, knowing that if he does not see it then, he will see it soon; but every heart is not a Christian heart—every heart, though a believing heart, does not possess this faith—and, therefore, in the course of each year a day is wisely set apart for reviewing the dispensations of God in our being, that we may see the benefits they are calculated to bring, and assure our weak hearts that we are not in a fatherless world, but in a world in which nothing can occur without its use, and that use our good.

The child thinks his father's discipline hard, and the lessons which he is required to learn useless; but when that child becomes a man, he then sees that the discipline and lessons were both strong evidences of love in his parent.

And thus it is with our hearts and God. Dispensations which seem hard in January, may prove themselves in December to have been nothing but mercies to our souls, mercies, too, which deserved a lifetime of praise.

We have met, then, to-day, to open the Book of Providence, and read there the events which have occurred, and in which we have had a share, during the period that has elapsed since our last similar meeting, that in solemn assembly we might lift up our hearts and voices to the Lord our God in thanksgiving and praise. Some of the events may not yet have developed themselves, but others have; and those that have should teach us that there is mercy in those that have not, only we know it not yet, and therefore that we should number them among our blessings. Let us then pause, look back and consider.

And we shall soon take up the language of Psalms and say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies, who satisfieth thy mouth with good things."

Let us take these benefits as they are enumerated. Who has not cause to praise God for the forgiveness of his iniquities? Take this forgiveness in the lowest and most limited sense—in the sense of simply averting from us the temporal consequences of our errors—who has not cause to praise God in this?

Who would not have lowered himself in the estimation of others—who would not have marred his own prospects and diminished his own happiness—if the consequences of every unadvised word and act had been visited upon him? Who has not cause to praise God for disease escaped, or for sickness healed, during the past year? Who can tell how near he has been, even in the broad blaze of noon, to that destruction from which the providence of God has rescued him? Which of us, even among those who have endured the heaviest sorrows, and shed the bitterest tears, can not discover, on comparing what we have experienced with what we have deserved, or even with what we might have expected, will not find a large amount of loving kindnesses and of tender mercies, for which he is a debtor to God? And if the mouth be not literally satisfied with good things, how can we tell that the things which we most desired were *really good*? Who can tell that the love of the creature, which he is seeking, and with which he is yet unsatisfied, may not deceive him, as it has deceived others? Who can tell that the affluence which he had accumulated, but which has been snatched from his grasp, might not have destroyed his soul if it had been retained?

Who can tell that the object of his secret aim, whatever it might have been, that was irrespective of God, and from which he now seems farther off than he was twelve months ago—that this might not have been the rock upon which, if he had struck, he might have made shipwreck at once and forever of faith and of a good conscience? All real blessings, all blessings that will bear to be tested by the result, are subjects of praise, though some may have approached us under the lowering aspect of sorrow, and others under the forbidding frown of disappointment; for who will not testify—who, at least, that knows himself and examines the past—will not testify that the most untoward events have often proved most beneficial in the result—thus adding another testimony to this glorious truth, that all things, at all times, are working together for good to them that love God.

But this is a national day, and we must speak of national as well as individual mercies; and we have them, blessed be God, we have them to lift up our hearts to God in prayer.

We have been greatly blessed as a people. We know nothing of those evils which commonly fall to the lot of nations, and therefore, we feel not, as we should, the blessings which surround us. War, pestilence and famine have been removed from our borders; abundance has crowned our fields; prosperity has attended our commerce; and peace has united us with the nations abroad. And should we not be thankful? But there is a rising cloud in our hemisphere—a cloud as on a summer's eve—of which we cannot tell, until it bursts, whether it will bring the desolating tempest, or the cool, refreshing shower. But there is a hand that directs the storm; and there is a hand in that very cloud, which has long forewarned us of its coming, and prepared us with a refuge. The agitation of the slavery question, once thought an evil, God has made a blessing to us.

You and I remember when the slavery question was first mooted in our national councils, we dreaded the consequences and trembled at the bare mention of the subject, we stood aghast before our adversaries; and why? Because we were not as well informed on the subject of slavery as we are now; many of us doubted whether we could religiously hold our servant; there was no bond of union between us and them but the bond of property, and as all property is timid, negro property, under the circumstances of our ignorance, was cowardly, and therefore the moment this property was invaded in discussion it made us cowards, and as a band of cowards we were for imploring silence from our adversaries, and thus our cowardice only gave them courage to make their attacks more frequent, and more and more severe. But the question has been sifted to its very foundation, and we now feel ourselves safe, we now feel that as Christians we can hold them, and this feeling has dissipated our cowardice and given us an advantage over our adversaries; we shun them not now, we fear them not now, we are willing to meet them not only on Constitutional grounds, but on reason, on religion, on expediency, and dare them to their face to dislodge us from our position.

But how have we been placed in this position? Have we always occupied it? No—there was a time when we saw no mercy in God's permitting the subject of slavery to be brought before the public mind for examination, but it has been examined, and we now see the mercy—mercy in having our own minds fortified—mercy in calming down the opposition of the wise and virtuous. And should we not be thankful for this mercy? Should we not on this day give thanks to God for the termination he has given to a subject which at first seemed fraught with nothing but calamity to our very

souls? Surely, surely, then, the agitation once thought an evil is now discovered to have been a blessing.

But this is not all—this is not the only blessing for which we should feel thankful. While the truth-seeking, truth loving portion of our community are convinced that our position is of a character which can not be changed, and therefore should not be tampered with, there are others who, regarding not the truth, and following nothing but their own prejudices and interest, have invaded our rights—invaded them by deceiving an ignorant but honest portion of our countrymen to unite themselves for the support of a band of robbers and assassins to murder and to rob.

They have murdered our people—they have robbed them—they are yet robbing us—but what is the result of their combined action? This, the slaves themselves have been so deceived by them as to fear them, and are now, many of them, unwilling to trust them; and the masters seeing the facility with which the slaves can escape, have so endeared themselves to their slaves as to make them unwilling to leave their service, which they know, for a condition which they know not. I speak of the border States, and all who live there know what I say to be true.

Now, what more alarming than to have a body of thieves let loose among us, pensioned by some, assisted by others, and encouraged by their own mistaken views of religion and philanthropy, to commit such depredations upon us! Yet what have they done? Great injury, to be sure, but great good also. And while we should deplore the evil, should we not also be thankful for the good?

But we have another cause for thankfulness. You and I thought a few months ago, that the Abolitionists were few compared with the population of the North; and whenever we expressed any fears for our condition, we were answered—"Oh, the Abolitionists are comparatively few, and by their very numbers and insignificance utterly powerless," we allowed ourselves to be lulled into slumber under this assurance, forgetting that we were slumbering on the very crater of a volcano. But this election has shown their force—has shown not only their numbers, but their power. They have come upon us like an avalanche, and the suddenness of their appearance and the number of their body have awakened us to action—awakened us in full time to check their destructive career. And should we not be thankful? Suppose they had not exhibited their strength as they have done; suppose they had gone on increasing, and lulling us all the while by the fancied paucity of their numbers, and then have burst upon us when the whole North had been absorbed by their views, what would have been our condition then? Nothing but inglorious submission. But what is it now? We have been roused to harmonious action by their formidable appearance at a time when yet we have friends in the North, but those friends powerless of themselves, and only waiting action on our part to take position by our side; and is not this a subject of thankfulness to be expressed on this day to our Heavenly Father? But we have yet another cause for thankfulness. When we consider the treatment we have received from the hands of our enemies; our character they have defamed; our feelings they have lacerated; our rights they have invaded; our property they have stolen; our power they have defied; our existence they have threatened; murderers and robbers have been let loose upon us, stimulated by weak or designing or infidel preachers, armed by fanatics, and sustained by a band of assassins, both political and civil, out of the very wealth which they have accumulated by their connection with us. Nothing has been left untried which the deepest and blackest malice could invent for our injury or destruction; we have been proscribed as unworthy members of the

great American household; we have been banished from their very houses of prayer; we have been ridiculed, and taunted, and flouted as unfit for the society of men, and accursed of God. And has not all this proved a blessing to us? For what has it not done for us? It has awakened us to the truth that there can be no concert of action between our enemies and ourselves, and hasten the period of adopting such measures as are best calculated for our interest. And what shall the measures be? Shall we fold our arms ingloriously, and do nothing but beg like craven cowards that they will not disturb us? I leave this question for your own hearts to answer.

It is not for me to show what should be done. It is only for me to say what I believe to be the hand of God, in what has been done—that the recognition of that hand might add fervor to our thanksgiving and praise.

Then bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not then his benefits. But how shall we bless God? We should bless him not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving ourselves up to his service, by walking before him in holiness and righteousness all our days, by doing our duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Him to call us; and there is no state of life, there is no circumstance in which we may not give praise to God—(the tradesman in the conduct of his business—the artisan in the practice of his craft—the parent in the government of his household, or in the instruction of his child—the domestic in the performance of her most menial service—the beggar in receiving a Christian charity—the exhausted and suffering inmate of a hospital in the endurance of a protracted and agonizing disease—all may give themselves up to God's service)—for we do this when we act uprightly, when we labor diligently, when we rule mildly, when we obey cheerfully, when we suffer patiently, when we submit ourselves to the will of God in the afflictions and visitations of life, and are only concerned to glorify Him through faith in his Son, Jesus Christ.

Now, in justice to myself, I must be permitted to make a remark before I close. But a few weeks ago, I counseled you, from this place, to avoid all precipitate action; but at the same time to take determined action—such action only as you felt you could take with the conscious support of reason and religion. I give that counsel still. But I am one of you. I feel as a Southerner. Southern honor is my honor. Southern degradation is my degradation. Let no man mistake my meaning or call my words idle. As a Southerner, then, I will speak, and I give it as my firm and unhesitating belief, that nothing is now left us but secession. I do not like the word, but it is the only one to express my meaning. We do not secede—our enemies have seceded. We are on the Constitution—our enemies are not on the Constitution; and our language should be, if you will not go with us, we will not go with you. You may form for yourselves a Constitution; but we will administer among ourselves the Constitution which our fathers have left us. This should be our language and solemn determination. Such action our honor demands; such action will save the Union, if any thing can. We have yet friends left us in the North, but they can not act for us till we have acted for ourselves; and it would be as pusillanimous in us to desert our friends as to cower before our enemies. To advance is to secure our rights; to recede, is to lay our fortunes, our honor, our liberty, under the feet of our enemies. I know that the consequences of such a course, unless guided by discretion, are perilous. But, peril our fortunes, peril our lives, but, come what may, let us never peril our liberty and our honor. I am willing, at the call of my honor and my liberty to die a freeman; but I'll never, no, never, live a slave; and the alternative now presented by our enemies is secession or slavery. Let it be liberty or death!