THE DAILY APPEAL, MEMPHIS, TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1861.

Daily Appeal.

CIVIL WAR, ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A SERMON BY REV. N. M. GAYLORD.

On Sunday evening, the 23d ult., a timely sermon was preached on the subject of civil war, in the chapel of the Fourth Universalist Society, Cumberland street, Brooklyn, by the pastor, Rev. N. M. Gaylord. The reverend gentleman took his text, from 2d Chron., 15th chapter, part of the 4th verse:

"Thus saith the Lord, ye shall not go nor fight against your brethren; return every man to his house."

Mr. Gaylord, in his opening remarks, inquired if it were possible that civil war was imminent in this once favored land. If the fatal blow had been struck which would precipitate the struggle, it were well that we all prepared for the strife. Even the women and the children will, in spite of themselves, be enlisted for that fight. But leaving for the present the question of the probability of civil war, let me ask you to consider for a moment or two what such a war means, where all what it means in this country. For I take it that at the time should ever come for armed civil strife in this land, there will have shocking and more appalling scenes to record than she has ever yet traced upon her warning page. I will not ask you to recall the frightful examples which the annals of other times and other lands offer us, of the excesses to which men are driven by their satanic passions, when, forgetting the ties of common lineage, common country, common religion, and all sacred memories, common customs, they have in the interests of a party or sect, turned their arms against each other. Let us suppose this Union dissolved by violence. Let us forecast that future which some think so near, and which so many are doing their best to hasten and bring more quickly, when the Constitution will be trampled under foot by State after State, as a worthless rag; when from the dome of the capitol the flag of our power and of our honor shall be torn down and trampled in the trod, as Garrison has so often prayed; when that capitol shall be in ruins or its halls valueless; when there shall be no Government of the United States; when there shall be no United States, and when a Northern and a Southern Confederacy shall summon their fighting men for the battle! Let us imagine, I say, that scene, when the North and South shall have gathered in battle array upon some memorable field—say Yorktown—to decide by the dread arbitrament of arms their controversy. Would not that be a scene to make heaven weep and hell rejoice?

But suppose the battle fought, and that victory has crowned the arms of the stronger North—what then? Will you write peace with victory? Never! From the day that American citizens meet as hostile armies to decide by trial of battle any question of a political or social character, peace and tranquillity, public and private, have fled our borders for ever. From the field, where the soldier has done his murderous work, the fiendly spirit which animated that work will be carried into all the ways of civil life, to rankle there as incurable poison overmuch. Let but one battle in a war of this character be fought, and the die is cast—then life in any part of this once happy land would be a burden and a curse to all save brigands, assassins, Garrisonians and southern fire-eaters. The last class, the upper and lower strata of society might still live and riot here; them to whom the level has imparted his own indomitable ambition, and who, fortified with the conviction that to rule in hell is better than to serve in heaven—would find this distracted country more than profitable—but honest men, men who love peace—who love true freedom, who know that order is the first law of heaven, and that society without law and order, and without the respect due to enlightement, and conservation public opinion, is worse than the savage state, would flee its shores as a place of refuge in any, even the worst despotism of the old world. For, consider what must follow on the heels of such a war as this war. The worst has not been seen when the fields of the laborer are trampled by the hoofs of the war horse, and his cottage given to the flames amid which the bodies of his violated wife, daughter or mother are consumed.

The worst has not been seen, when the infuriated soldier of one section shall meet his equally infuriated brother from a different section, and though they twinned at a birth, to grapple in the fierce tug of war and yield not until one or both is with the dead. No, nor will the worst be seen, when as a necessary result of protracted civil strife, all the arts of peace decay, when there is no sound of hammer in the shop or wheel in the mill; when the fenceless fields are barren as the desert, houses are empty, and unidemed ships are rotting at the wharves; when ruins incumber the streets of once prosperous cities, and when gaunt multitudes of famishing creatures wander at gaze and down the land clamoring for bread, and threatening bloody work if they get it not. Worse, worse, a thousand times worse than all this would be the effects left in the nation's mind and heart as the three accused legacies of civil war; the social family feuds that become hereditary like disease, hatreds that bore in the blood from generation to generation. And depend upon it, our civil strifes will furnish the chronicles of after times with materials every whit as heroic and infinitely more appalling than those furnished in the experience of the famed Houses of York and Lancaster. When this great contest shall have been decided, so far as steel and cannon can decide it, then will begin the battle that must be handed down a cherished bequest from sire to son. Then the scene of strife will change. It will no longer be the tented field—no longer the savannas of the South—the green hills of New England, or the broad prairies of the West; but that battle to be fought with pen and speech and book, implements all of keener edge than any sword blade, will be waged everywhere. In the drawing room, in the counting-house, on the street, in crowded halls—[illegible] the theater, and on Sabbath days, in church and sanctuary, will the "worse than worst," around the private [illegible] and at the sacred hearth of home.

And remember, I pray you, that when this civil war time comes, the strife will not be between a united North and a united South—fearful as such a war would be, we might come out from it, and have some hope in the future—but the man is a fool who thinks it possible, in the event of actual hostilities resulting in bloodshed, to unite the people of either section in hearty opposition to the other. That cannot be done, for the North will have its allies in the South, and the South will have its allies in the North. You have heard it already proclaimed abroad, that when the day to fight comes, the fields of battle will not be on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, although there will be fighting enough there too, but the fiercest, the most relentless, the most satanical and hellish battles will be fought nearer our homes; here in the streets of New York and Brooklyn—there in Boston, and at the base of the granite column on Bunker Hill. In every hamlet and village throughout the North such this demon of discord leave his bloody trail.

Let me tell you what you may expect to see then. You will see on some holy Sabbath evening an infuriated mob gathering up against the doors of some crowded church; there will be in that mob not only the dregs of the lawless classes, but well dressed and apparently respectable citizens, and they will all be animated by one fell spirit, and they will batter the doors of the sacred temple, they will trample over the heads of screaming women and panic stricken men; they will seize the pulpit, and dragging from his hold upon the sacred place the man of God, they will stop the flow of his eloquence and will by hanging him from the horns of a lamp post, put a period to his career and the police having failed to restore order, the so'diers will come, will the sawyer at their head, and the mob will be shot down like rabid dogs; there will be blood upon the pulpit stairs, blood upon the torn leaves of the Bible and psalm book, blood in the aisles, on the pave—blood flowing freely enough—and good citizens will say, "the blood was rightly shed." But will that end it, and will there be no more mobs? Do not think it! For the infernal spirit once aroused will not slumber again for many years, and New York may expect to see in herself the image of Paris in the days of Terror. Do you mock at this as a crazy fancy? Well, then, here is what you will believe. Though that spirit of violence and open rebellion against all authority may not be generally aroused throughout the North—though we may not behold in our streets the movement of the disgraceful Kansas drama—we shall most assuredly find, as a result of civil war, that from every house, every town meeting, every civil assembly, every neighborhood and every church in the land, the old spirit of brotherly love and hearty fellowship have fled to return no more. What the end of such a strife will be we all know, unless history is for us as a sealed book. But if you please we will look at some of the consequences of civil war in the South.

One of the inevitable results of civil war would be a servile insurrection. Do you know what that means? Do the women of this congregation realize what the condition of their southern sisters would be in such an event? There is in the bare probability of such a calamity more than enough to fill the heart with sickening terror. It is a subject I understand but few care to serve. By the red light of blazing torches, or the lurid glare of burning houses it is brought before us—but how dare we attempt to portray it! What words are adequate to the description of a servile insurrection—enough to say, one day of such insurrection, when it is successful, is worse than a whole century of ordinary slavery. . . . . .

The wives of the South are many of them the daughters of the North and West. And it is upon their fair forms the savage negro has fixed his lustful eye—upon their hands will his club or axe descend—into the hearts of their defenseless babes will his pike be thrust. By their fair tresses will delicate girls of Georgia and Alabama be drawn by black and bloodstained hands to what before death is a fate which is a moderate death is as hell to heaven. Oh! but the slave will have a high carnival when the day so devoutly prayed for by many white men in this land shall have dawned—even the day when the sword of civil war is drawn and the brand of servile insurrection is kindled. But there will be a fearful afterward to that day or I have much mistaken Saxon human nature. It may be that white men in this country will be so busy fighting their own battles, that they will have no time to think of anything more than quelling the negro revolt; but the day will come for vengeance, and negro hunting will become in this land as popular as priest hunting was once in unhappy Ireland. And the hunters will be just as likely to fit themselves out for their day's shooting in Boston and New York as in Charleston and New Orleans. I do not say that this will be a righteous retribution—I am but stating probabilities—such as you know the nature of man and your own race especially, must admit. Does anyone imagine that the descendants of the Puritans and New York may expect to see in herself the image of Paris in the days of Terror. Do you mock at this as a crazy fancy? Well, then, here is what you will believe. Though that spirit of violence and open rebellion against all authority may not be generally aroused throughout the North—though we may not behold in our streets the movement of the disgraceful Kansas drama—we shall most assuredly find, as a result of civil war, that from every house, every town meeting, every civil assembly, every neighborhood and every church in the land, the old spirit of brotherly love and hearty fellowship have fled to return no more. What the end of such a strife will be we all know, unless history is for us as a sealed book. But if you please we will look at some of the consequences of civil war in the South.

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Mr. G. spoke at considerable length and with much force upon the fanaticism North and South, which had brought about the present condition of affairs. He considered there was much blame attributable to both sides, but was especially severe in his denunciation of the blood-thirsty sentiments of Garrison and his school, and did not wonder that the feeling of the South was exasperated, taking as they did, the frenzy and bloody ravings of the Garrisonian traitors for the fairly expressed opinion of the North.

We regret that the pressure on our space restricts us to the above sketch of Mr. Gaylord's admirable discourse.

List of Letters.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Memphis, Tenn., on the 1st DAY OF MARCH, 1861. Persons calling for them should say that they are advertised.

Ladies' List.

Allen J A; Andrews A.

Bird H; Bayless J H; Bates V J; Brown S A; Bayer S; Beach E M; Broadhurst L; Stevens C; Barrett E A; Green M E; Brown A C; Brown M W; Brown E A S; Bates W P; Saunders M; Brown J M; Bradford M E; Brown M E; Bright E M; Burdick L A; Bird M; Bond E A; Bowlers S E; Baker M C; Stocker M J; Burk M C; Bender C; Bailey A A; Bradford M E; Bender C; Bell F P; Berrien L; Butler Mac.

Carr A W; Clark A; Cowen E; Clark M C; Clark M C; Chandler H; Conway H; Cowell S; Cowell Vinnie J H; Crews J H; Carson E H; Carson S; Cobb E A; Cornelius E A; Cushman E A; Cushman P; Cobb Robina; Clark M; Cunningham S; Harrison P.

Davis O; Davis E; Dunlap M; Davis L A; Dyer M A; Dunbar M; Dyer J F; Dwier E; Dunn H; Davis M; Davis E; Davis M; Davis M; Davis M; Davis J; Davis E; Davis M; Davis M; Davis J; Davis E; Davis M; Davis M; Davis J; Davis E