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From the National Intelligencer.

THE FUNERAL.

What all the pomp and triumphs of our lives
But legacies in gloom—
Yours.

When, but four weeks since, it was our welcome task to joy before our readers a sketch of the joyous scenes which marked the inauguration of a beloved Chief Magistrate, how little did we—alas! how little did any one anticipate that our columns would so soon be occupied with the particulars of his funeral obsequies! It seems, even yet, but as a dream—some false but affrighting vision. Could the deep solitude of the best and the wisest men—could the fond, the sanguine hopes of innumerable personal and political friends—could the prayers, the sincere and fervent prayers, of a multitude of Christian people—could the undivided affection of almost an entire nation, have secured to one human being prolonged life and unimpaired health and felicity, these would assuredly have been the lot of William Henry Harrison. Never, since the time of Washington, has any one man so concentrated upon himself the love and confidence of the American People; and never, since the melancholy day which shrouded a nation in mourning for his sudden death, has any event produced so general and so profound a sensation of surprise and sorrow.

So brief had been the late President's illness, that, now as in the case of Washington, there had scarce been time for us to begin to fear, when the stunning blow of the reality fell upon us like the stroke of thunder from a cloudless sky. Men looked aghast and staggered, as if amazed by something they could scarce believe. But it was true. He who, with open beaming countenance, passed along our streets in the joy of his heart—he, the welcome, the long expected, the desired, on whom all eyes were fastened, to whom all hearts went out, who had within him more stirring subjects of exhilarating consciousness than we have met in any single bosom since Washington was crowned with wreaths as he came back from Yorktown, was, on Wednesday last, within one month, "one little month," borne along that same crowded avenue—crowded not as before with a jubilant People gathered from every quarter of the country, but with sincerely sorrowing multitudes following his bier. As the shouts which then rent the air were the free spontaneous expression of the love and joy of freemen, delighting to confer their highest honors on one whom they believed to have richly deserved them; so, now, the tears which fell from the eyes of woman, the sighs and looks of grief of gray headed men, the general, universal aspect of public sorrow, were the unthought, the unpurchasable tribute of a bereaved People to public virtue and devoted patriotism. This was not the momentary gush of feelings wrought upon by the pomp and circumstance of a funeral procession. It was not the sabbic car, the nodding plumes, the slow and mournful array—it was the event itself—the loss of such a man, at such a time, which drew forth these expressions of public feeling. They will be substantially the same in every part of the country. As it was here, so it will be every where. When the words "THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD" met the ear, the man of business dropped his pen—the artisan dropped his tools—children looked in the faces of their parents, and wives into the countenances of their husbands, and the wail of sorrow arose as if each had lost a parent or some near and dear friend. Could Gen. Harrison now look down on the land he loved, he might, indeed, "read his history in a Nation's eyes;" and those whose bosoms glow and struggle with high purposes and strong desires for their country's good, may learn in what they now behold, wherever they turn their eyes, how glorious a reward awaits the memory of those who faithfully serve their country.

But, while we mourn for ourselves, there is no cause of mourning on behalf of the deceased. The ray of his country's gratitude, though late, shone in full splendor on his departing hour. He had attained all that man can reach of human honor. Freely, spontaneously, unanimously, had his countrymen placed him on the highest seat they had to give. He had done enough, during the brief time he occupied it, to show that, as he had passed with honor through many lesser trusts, so he was equal to this last and highest trial to which his character and powers could be subjected. As much as he had opportunity to do, he did well. The candid, even among his enemies, (if there be any who do not now blush to own that title) will admit this. But he had not so far entered on the tempestuous sea of public affairs as to expose himself to new and personal enemies from the discharge of his duty. Before the storm had time to gather—before envy, and detraction, and party fury had begun to muster their stores of coming vengeance to pour without mercy upon his head—that venerable head, silvery with the frosts of age and of long and arduous devotion to his country's service, is gently laid on the pillow of death. In that sacred sanctuary, which nothing earthly can invade,

he sleeps in safety from the strife of tongues. His name, free from the semblance of a spot, and illustrious in the halo of an imperishable fame, is delivered over to history as a sacred trust to be written on the same page with that of those pure patriots who, in every age and every land, have been the disinterested friends of human freedom and happiness. The beautiful union of private excellence with public virtue has never been more winningly exhibited than in the case of Gen. Harrison. His frank simplicity and freedom from all ostentation—his attachment to his soldiers—his urbanity and condescension to men of humble fortune—his charity to the poor—his open-hearted and open-handed hospitality—his incorruptible honesty in every pecuniary trust—his uniform, unwavering devotion to his country, illustrated in his dying moments by the expression of his attachment to the Constitution, and sanctified by the sentiments of personal piety—unite to entitle him to the inscription on his tomb of "The Good President."

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

Wednesday having been set apart for the solemnities of the funeral of the late President, some anxiety was felt, in the early part of the morning, as to the weather, for the sky was overcast and fears were entertained lest it would come on to rain; but as the day advanced these apprehensions were dissipated, and though it continued rather cool, this did but favor the march of the troops and of the other numerous collections of persons who formed portions of the funeral procession.

At sunrise, the sound of cannon from the several military stations in the vicinity of the city heralded the melancholy occasion which was to assemble the citizens of the District and its neighborhood, and minute guns were fired during the morning. In entire consonance with those mournful sounds was the aspect of the whole city, as well its dwellings as its population. The buildings on each side of the entire length of the Pennsylvania avenue, with scarcely an exception, and many houses on the contiguous streets, were hung with festoons and streamers of black, not only about the signs and entrances, but in many cases from all the upper stories. Almost every private dwelling had craped upon the knocker and bell handle of its door, and many of the very humblest abodes hung out some spontaneous signal of the general sorrow. The stores, and places of business, even such as are two frequently seen open on the Sabbath, were all closed. Every thing like business seemed to have been forgotten, and all minds to be occupied with the purpose of the day.

The railroad cars approaching the city were crowded to excess, although the trains were doubled, and a large portion of the passengers stood up, from necessity, the entire way from Baltimore hither. The steamboats brought crowds of people from Alexandria, and the individuals entering the city from the adjacent country on horseback and in vehicles of every description seemed to be more numerous than even on the occasion of the late inauguration. The great point of attraction was the President's Mansion. Towards that all steps, all thoughts, were tending. There lay the body, closed in its leaden hearse, and covered with its solemn pall, seated in that deep repose which nothing shall break but the Archangel's trumpet. It lay on a bier in the East Room, (an occupation how different from its wont!) and ladies were admitted all the morning, who heaped upon the coffin offerings of the most beautiful flowers. The northern porch of the Mansion was hung with long banners of black, extending from column to column. The iron gates of the enclosure in front were closed, save when the carriages of the Foreign Ministers, members of the Cabinet, the attending Physicians, the Clergy, and some other privileged persons were admitted, preparatory to their taking the places assigned them in the funeral procession.

The military portion of it, constituting the funeral escort, began to form in line on the New York avenue, immediately north of the President's House, and a most noble and imposing appearance it presented. Without undertaking to give the exact order or all the details of the military part of the procession, it must suffice us for the present to state that of volunteers, besides the Light Infantry, National Blues, and Columbia Artillery of this city, and the squadron of Potomac Dragoons from Georgetown, there were present the Eagle Artillerists, Eutaw Infantry, Invincibles, Independent Greys, National Guards, Maryland Cadets, and Military Association, of Baltimore, the Annapolis Greys, from the city of Annapolis, and a part of the York Riflemen and Washington Blues from York, Pennsylvania. Then there was a battalion of United States Marines, and a division of United States Light Artillery, commanded by Capt. Ringgold, from Fort Mifflin. But one of the most important portions of the military part of the procession consisted of the dismounted and mounted officers of the Army, Navy, Militia, and Volunteers. Seldom has there been exhibited within a space so limited so many distinguished military

men; the sight of whose well-known figures led back our thoughts so many a bloody field and many an ensanguined sea, on which the national honor has been well and nobly maintained.

The civic part of the Procession was not less striking than the military. It embraced the municipal officers of the District, the Clergy of all denominations, the Judiciary, the executive officers of the Government, including the President of the United States and the Heads of Departments, the ex-members of the late Cabinet now in the city, the Comptrollers, Auditors, and Commissioners, Treasurer, Register, &c. with a numerous column of clerks in the several departments. Such members of both Houses of Congress as were in the city also attended, and ex-President Adams in his place. Next followed Officers and Soldiers who had served under Gen. Harrison in the war. Another division of the Procession consisted of public Societies and Associations, preceded by their banners, and wearing their respective badges—among whom we noticed the Society of Odd-Fellows, very rightly attired, the Washington Catholic Temperance Association, with their white banner displaying the Cross which is the symbol of their faith, the Typographical Society, several Schools and Lyceums, and, to close all, the different Fire Companies of the District, in their showy and picturesque uniforms of cloaks, hats, and accoutrements, and with appropriate emblems.

The music was excellent; several fine bands playing mournful airs, giving place, from time to time, to the muffled drums of the military, beating slow marches.

But the object of chief interest, and one which, as it passed, hushed every other sound, and caused many a tear to fall, was

THE FUNERAL CAR.

containing the body of the deceased President. It was of large dimensions, in form an oblong platform, on which was a raised dais, the whole covered with black velvet. From the cornice of the platform fell a black velvet curtain outside of the wheels to within a few inches of the ground. From the corners of the car a black crape festoon was formed on all sides, looped in the centre by a funeral wreath. On the coffin lay the Sword of Justice and the Sword of State, surmounted by the scroll of the Constitution, bound together by a funeral wreath formed of the yew and the cypress. The Car was drawn by six white horses, having at the head of each a colored groom, dressed in white, with white turban and sash, and supported by pall bearers in black. The effect was very fine. The contrast of this slowly-moving body of white and black, so opposite to the strong colors of the military around it, struck the eye even from the greatest distance, and gave a chilling warning beforehand that the corpse was drawing nigh.

The entire procession occupied two full miles in length, and was marshalled on its way by officers on horseback carrying white batons with black tassels. The utmost order prevailed throughout; and, considering the very great concourse of people collected, the silence preserved during the whole course of the march was very impressive.

Before the body was removed from the Presidential Mansion, religious services were conducted in presence of the President of the United States and Ex-President Adams, the members of the late and present Cabinets, the Foreign Ministers, and the mourning household, by the Rev. Mr. Hawley. The Reverend gentleman declined making any address upon the occasion, but, pointing to a bible and Episcopal prayer book which lay upon the table, stated that they had been purchased by the deceased President immediately after his arrival in the city, and had been in daily use by him since then; that the late President had declared to him (Mr. Hawley) personally, his full belief in the truth of the Christian Religion, and his purpose, had not disease intervened to prevent it, to have united himself to the Church on the succeeding Sabbath.

On the firing of the signal gun at the appointed hour, the procession, having received into its ranks the funeral car and the Family Mourners who followed the remains of their relative to the tomb, moved along Pennsylvania avenue, under the fire of minute guns near the President's House, repeated at the City Hall on the head of the column arriving opposite to it, and at the Capitol on its reaching the western gate of the enclosure. Having reached the Capitol Square, passing on the South side of it, the procession advanced over the plains eastward till it reached the space in front of the Congressional Burying Ground. Here the Car halted, while the line was formed by the Military as they arrived, and then passed slowly on, being saluted as it passed with colors lowered, the troops presenting arms, and the officers saluting it in military form. Having reached the principal entrance, the Car was again halted; the coffin was taken down and placed on the shoulders of the bearers; the Clergy advanced, and the Rev. Mr. Hawley, reciting the solemn funeral service of the Episcopal Liturgy, the procession advanced down the principal ave-

nue of the Cemetery until it reached the receiving vault, where a space had been kept open by sentries under arms, and where a hollow square being formed, the coffin was lowered into the vault. A signal being given to the troops outside, the battalion of Light Artillery, who were placed on an adjoining eminence, fired a salute, which was immediately followed by the several military bodies in line, who commenced firing from the left to the right, and continued the salute till it had thrice gone up the whole line.

The Procession then resumed its march, and returned by the same route to the city, where the troops were dismissed, and the citizens retired to their several abodes. By five o'clock, nothing remained but empty streets and the emblems of mourning upon the houses, and the still deeper gloom, which oppressed the general mind with renewed power after all was over, and the sense of the public bereavement alone was left to fill the thoughts.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE FAMILY OF GEN. HARRISON.

The remains of the late President had not been committed to the tomb before we received two or three letters, from very respectable sources, suggesting the facts of Gen. Harrison having been in rather narrow circumstances when nominated for the office of President; of his having been subjected to heavy expenses by his position before the People, and by his preparations for his residence here; and of his having been, therefore, under the necessity of borrowing money before he came to the seat of Government, which it would now probably require the sacrifice of his family's property to pay—and proposing the opening of a subscription by the People, at the rate of one dollar for each voter, to provide for the comfort of the family whom his death has deputed of their dearest friend and only natural protector.

This suggestion is conceived in an honorable spirit, and we should recommend the plan to the Public, if it did not appear to us that the Nation has a duty to perform, in this respect, which it would be a distrust of the justice and liberality of Congress to doubt its discharging at the earliest practicable moment, the execution of which would supersede the slow and somewhat hazardous experiment of a subscription, by individuals. This view of the matter, we are most happy to perceive, has been spontaneously and simultaneously expressed in different parts of the country. At Charleston (S. C.) the citizens, in town meeting assembled, have resolved that an appropriation by Congress for this purpose would be not only liberal but just, and would meet with the hearty approbation of a generous People. The Southern Patriot (politically opposed to General Harrison's election) expresses the hope "that Congress will make some provision for the family of the General, whose pecuniary circumstances cannot bear the heavy expenses which must have been incurred by a removal to Washington." The American Sentinel (Philadelphia) also politely friendly to the last Administration, gives utterance to the following generous sentiments on the occasion: "The death of the President, so unexpected and sudden, besides being most afflictive to his amiable and affectionate family, must be attended with serious pecuniary loss to them. The old fashioned, generous hospitality of the illustrious deceased, and the heavy expenses necessarily incidental to his induction into the Presidency, cannot but have created burdensome and embarrassing claims upon his estate. We hope and believe that a great and generous nation will early and unanimously make suitable provision for his bereaved family. The extra session of Congress is at hand, and we trust one of its first acts may be the appropriation to the widow of either one year's full salary, or what would be still better and more becoming, half salary for the whole Presidential term for which Gen. Harrison was elected. We have no doubt such an appropriation would gratify the feelings and wishes of the whole People."

We trust that the Nation will act in this case as Gen. Harrison himself would have acted had a similar occasion presented itself to him. How he would have acted in such a case we are not left to conjecture. His conceptions of the part which it becomes the National Legislature to act in such a case, expressed on the floor of the Senate many years ago, are happily preserved on record. It was in debate upon the bill for the relief of Mrs. Brown, widow of Major Gen. Jacob Brown, who died in the public service at Washington, that the lamented Harrison delivered a speech from which we extract the following passage, the force of which we trust we have few readers capable of resisting: "The grounds (said Mr. H.) upon which I support the bill now under consideration, are those of moral obligation and correct policy. I am persuaded, Mr. President, that there is not a Senator within this Hall who, placed in the same situation with regard to other individuals

as this Government stands in relation to the family of General Brown, would not acknowledge that he was bound, by a sense of duty, to provide for them a decent and comfortable support. An old and faithful servant, whose best days have been spent in your service, who has received on his own manly bosom the missiles aimed at your life, and in your absence protected your property from being plundered and your family from dishonor, dies of a disease incidental to his employment. Is there a person within the reach of my voice who would abandon the family of one by whom he had been thus faithfully served to the cold charities of the world, if he possessed the means of relieving them? No; I am persuaded there is none. But I may be told that it is the money of the People which we are now called upon to disburse, and that it was placed under our control for no such purpose; that we should be generous with our own, but not with the funds of our constituents. But, sir, if I am correct in supposing that there is a moral obligation upon the part of the nation to make this appropriation, who but our selves can discharge it? We are the Representatives of the People, and possessed of the sole authority to perform their obligations. I will not believe that it will be asserted that the principles which should govern honorable men do not apply to a nation; that a crime which would attach infamy upon an individual would be considered as no crime at all when perpetrated by the Government of a People, who, individually, profess to be honorable and virtuous. But it is asserted that we have been furnished with written instructions by our constituents which do not authorize us to appropriate their money in the manner proposed. I will endeavor to show, sir, (said Mr. H.) that there is no constitutional impediment to our making the proposed grant; but, even if the question is doubtful, (which I most positively deny,) there is one mode of settling it to which I always delight to refer, and which, under any circumstances, would put an end to my doubts. Apply, sir, to the plain, honest, unsophisticated opinions of the American people. Follow the family of General Brown to their home—no, sir, they have no home—not a spot of earth upon the globe which they can call their own. Follow them to the place of retirement provided for a friend, and, as you march along, inquire of every farmer or mechanic you may meet whether the proposed appropriation shall be made or not, and if ninety nine out of a hundred should not tell you to make it, then I will acknowledge that I am ignorant of the character of the American people."

GEN. HARRISON'S LAST LETTER.

The following touching incident is related in the New York Commercial Advertiser of Monday afternoon. It proves more clearly than a volume of studied eulogy could have done the genuine kind heartedness of the late President: "On Saturday, a hardy, weather beaten, but very respectable looking seaman presented himself to the Collector, at the Custom-house, and, inquiring for Mr. Curtis, said: "Gen. Harrison told me to give this letter into your own hand. He told me to give his kind respects to Mr. Curtis, and said Mr. Curtis was his friend, and would be my friend." Mr. Curtis opened the letter, and found it to be, from its date, one of the last, if not the very last letter written by General Harrison. It bears date of the day when his illness commenced. The reader will see, from a perusal of it, that amidst all the cares and troubles of his high position, he was true to the humblest of his old friends. Tucker says the General made him come to the dinner table with the great folks, and when he hesitated and intimated that he had better go below for his dinner, the General said, "Tucker, you and I have been shipmates, and a long time together. You are an honest man; come and eat your dinner with me, and come here again to-morrow morning and get your breakfast with me."

Tucker says the General invited him to stay in Washington, and told him he would take care of him; but his wife and children being in New York, Tucker preferred to return. He says Gen. H. followed him into the grounds on the east side of the White House, and then walked with him arm-in-arm; that the General had no hat on; and when Tucker adverted to his inability to take cold, he waived the remark by saying he was already unwell. Having received the letter from the General, Tucker says he followed him to the door and shook him by the hand, saying, "Go to my friend, Mr. Curtis, and after you have been to him don't forget to write to me that you and your wife and children are happy again."

Tucker says he had no money to come home by land, but he did not let the General know that, for he knew he would give it to him in a minute, and he did not wish to take money from the good old man who had been so kind to him. And so Tucker went on board the schooner L. L. Sturges, at Alexandria, and worked his passage home to New York. When he came to the Custom-house he had not been ashore thirty minutes, and having

first heard the sad news of the death of his kind benefactor as he passed on the Old Slip dock, the abundant tears that fell down his hardy cheek testified that his is no ungrateful heart.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Curtis immediately appointed Mr. Tucker an Inspector of the Customs.

THE LETTER.

WASHINGTON, 26th March 1841.

DEAR SIR: The bearer hereof, Mr. Thomas Tucker, a veteran seaman, came with me from Carthagen, as the mate of the brig Montida, in the year 1829. In an association of several weeks I imbibed a high opinion of his character, so much so that (expressing a desire to leave the sea) I invited him to come to North Bend and spend the remainder of his days with me. Subsequent misfortunes prevented his doing so, as he was desirous to bring some money with him to commence farming operations. His bad fortune still continuing, having been several times shipwrecked within a few years. He says that himself and family are now in such a situation that the humblest employment would be acceptable to him, and I write this to recommend him to your favorable notice. I am persuaded that no one possesses, in a higher degree, the virtue of fidelity, honesty, and indefatigable industry, and I might add, of indomitable bravery, if that was a quality necessary for the kind of employment he seeks.

Yours, very truly,
W. H. HARRISON.

EDWARD CURTIS, Esq.
Collector, &c. New York.

From the Fayetteville Observer.

NORTH CAROLINA MANUFACTURES.

Within a short time past, two new Cotton Factories, located in this vicinity, have gone into operation. The first is the Beaver Creek Factory, situated about 6 miles from this town, owned by Messrs. Hall & Johnson of this place. The building is 50 by 118 feet, 3 stories high, with an attic, is capable of containing 4000 spindles, of which 860 are already put up and in operation. The other is located on Little River, about 10 miles from town, is owned by a Company, Duncan Marchison, Esq. and others. The building is 87 by 42 feet, 2 stories high, with an attic, calculated for 2500 spindles, of which from 1000 to 1100 are now up, and in full operation.

The Machinery of both these Mills is from the Mottawana Works, N. Y.

There are six Cotton Factories now in operation in this town and vicinity, viz: 1st. Mallet's Factory, owned by Charles P. Mallet, Esq. 1500 spindles, working 52 hands, and consuming about 800 bales of Cotton per annum. Capital invested, \$40,000.

2d. The Cross Creek Factory, owned by Benbow & Co., 1208 spindles, employing 45 persons, and consuming 572 bales of Cotton per annum. Capital invested \$30,000.

3d. The Phoenix Factory, owned by a Company, of which Col. Jas. H. Hooper is President; 2150 spindles and 60 looms; employing 80 persons, and consuming 650 bales of Cotton; capital invested \$52,000.

4th. The Rockfish Factory, owned by a Company, C. P. Mallet, Esq. President; 4460 spindles and 100 looms, most of which are already in operation; employing when in full operation about 150 persons, and consuming about 1250 bales of Cotton. Capital invested \$112,000.

5th. The Beaver Creek Factory, as above. Capital invested \$40,000. Persons employed at present about 50. Cotton consumed about 350 bales per annum. It is intended to fill up the Mill as rapidly as possible.

6th. The Little River Factory, as above. Capital invested about \$25,000, working 30 to 40 hands, consuming about 600 bales per annum. Total invested \$295,000; No. of spindles 11,198; No. of looms 160; No. of persons employed 417; Quantity of Cotton required per annum 4,232 bales.

There is abundant water power in this place and vicinity still unemployed. It is of that unfading nature known in many countries; only and is so easily commanded that overshot wheels of from 16 to 18 feet diameter are generally obtained. The power already at command at Rockfish is capable of turning at least four such mills as the large one now in operation here. May we not hope at some day to see all this power fully and profitably employed? We trust so.

P. S. If the officers of the numerous Manufacturing Establishments will furnish us with similar information to the above, so as to enable us to furnish a complete statistical view, they will doubtless gratify the public, as well as oblige us.

The Penny Postage in Great Britain, which it was prophesied would not pay its expenses, has yielded 44,000,000 net revenue, in the first year of its experiment.

The crop of tobacco raised in Kentucky last year amounted to two and a half millions of dollars in value.