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A SERMON.

Delivered before the Presbyterian Congregation in Hillsborough, N. C., April 11, 1841.

On the Death of Wm. H. Harrison, late President of the United States.

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[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

"Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it." Micah vi. 9.

That event which has clothed a nation in mourning, seems properly to require some notice from those who are appointed to minister at the altar, and whose appropriate business it is to warn, to rebuke, to admonish. You understand to what melancholy event I allude. Death has come among us, and has selected as his victim the most shining mark. His arrow has sped, and William Henry Harrison, the man whom the people delighted to honor, the Chief of this mighty republic, the patriot whom friend and foe paid homage, has fallen. The high summit to which he aspired was gained, the sceptre of empire was grasped, the oath of office registered, the plaudits of the millions who hailed him as their chief had scarcely died away in distant echoes, when he is hurled from his high station, to the home appointed for all the living. The sun whose rising was hailed with such rapture, is suddenly darkened. On the 4th of March he entered on his office, and in the presence of thousands registered his oath; and on the 4th day of April he was a corpse. One brief month saw the splendid pageant passing before our eyes, and then it vanished as a dream. The ruler of this great nation has gone to render up his account to God the Judge, the Ruler of nations. To the deceased, honor is now a noisy breath; wealth, and worldly greatness, or gilded pageant, all, all has passed away as to him for ever, and he lies, the tenant of the cold grave, awaiting that trump which will summon kings and their subjects, the high and low, to a judgment seat.

With the political character and opinions of the deceased President, I have nothing to do in this sacred place, and on this solemn occasion. These, by a concurrence of events, have become "familiar as household words," and have been properly consigned to another and abler hand. I would not say a word to stay the current of grief which flows from every bosom, nor would I repress the ardor of patriotism which beats high in every heart. No, I would rather call on the nation to mourn. I would say to the fierce and noisy politician, cease your contentions for a season; a great and good man has fallen, and the nation is summoned to weeping and lamentation. Here at least, all party feeling must be forgotten, the bitterness of strife allayed, and all will unite in testifying respect to his memory—a respect due to his exalted station, and I cheerfully add, due likewise to his distinguished worth.

The nation has suffered a loss; a mysterious and overwhelming calamity has come upon it, and what improvement shall we make? how shall we demean ourselves under the rod? My friends, we are a christian people. Whatever the little street politicians may say in their venom, infidelity, thanks be to God, is not yet the established system in this country. The christian religion is professed, christian principles are avowed, and the Bible is our code of morals and of belief. Wherever we turn, this strikes us. Go to your courts of justice, to your halls of legislation, to your noble constitution, to your peaceful firesides, to the grave-yards, where slumber the ashes of your fathers, and you will find the Bible acknowledged, the christian religion professed. Where is the man who would uproot this system from its firm foundation in the hearts and affections of the people? I would point to our noble institutions, the pride and glory of the age, and bid him stay his suicidal hand.

But I trust there are none such here today, and devoutly hope the number is small of those who reject religion and scoff at its duties.

We are called on as a christian people to mourn. Our strong rod is withered and broken, and by this national calamity we are summoned, as a people, to a throne of grace, to confess our sins, and to deprecate the wrath which our transgressions deserve.

The Prophet in the text suggests the topic on which I propose to dwell. "Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it." It is a voice from heaven, addressed to us as a nation. As if to assert his sovereignty, and to chastise us for our sins, and to write on all human things "vanity," the Sovereign of nations has broken the rod of our strength, and he has withered away.

We are called on as a christian people to recognize and adore the hand of God in this event. He hath appointed this rod. It is a chastisement laid upon us by the Sovereign Judge, who in wisdom "putteth down one and setteth up another." "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south, but God is the Judge."

Let me, then, remind you of a few passages in which it is distinctly stated.

The kingdom is the Lord's, and he is the governor among the nations. The Lord most high is a great King over all the earth. The Lord has prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all. By me princes rule, even all the nobles of the earth. He is the blessed and only potentate, the King of kings and the Lord of lords.

Such is the teaching of Holy Writ on this subject. There is a power above us, ruling over all. He exalts one, and depresses another. He creates light, and sends distress. The pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day, are from his hand. Wars, famine, disease and death, are the rods with which he chastises the guilty nations. And he claims to himself this right. "Shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people not be afraid? Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?" Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.

And can we, as a nation, forget this? Can we reject this wholesome truth, without plunging into all the darkness and horrors of atheism? In this time of public calamity, shall we forget the God who rules in heaven? Can we, or dare we, with the scoffing infidel, ask who is the Almighty, and reject his reign?

To the christian patriot this truth is full of consolation. Amidst the ragings of the fierce passions of men, the shakings of nations, here is our hope. God, in wisdom and power, reigns on high. What though the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing, there is a power which restrains their malice and curbs their fury. Let men feebly attempt to break his chords asunder, He that sitteth in the heavens shall have them in derision, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

It is likewise a most solemn thought. God, who is holy, just, wise, has not cast aside the reigns of universal empire. With an outstretched arm he controls all events. At his bidding nations rise and fall; kingdoms are shaken with wars, or desolated with famine. By him kings reign, and rulers are set up, and at his call they pass away. Let the wicked fear, for God is holy. Let the nation that forgets God tremble, for he is a righteous sovereign.

On this occasion hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it. Come, let us worship, and bow down before the Lord, our Maker; as a nation let us own him as King of kings, and Lord of lords. With penitence let us seek his throne. Then may we hope that his chastisements will be taken away from us, and our country blessed with peace and prosperity; then it may be said of us, happy is the people whose God is the Lord.

This dispensation ought to be regarded as a rod of chastisement, coming from his hand who in justice and equity governs the earth. Nations, as well as individuals, are corrected for their sins. The nation and people that forget God will be dealt with accordingly. Thus it has ever been. The history of the world is full of examples to warn and instruct us. Thus Babylon and Egypt and Tyre and Sidon and Israel were withered under his rebukes. And in modern days we have had an instance of a nation that disowned God, and on her guilty head was poured the vials of the wrath of the Almighty. Let our nation fear. The mighty God who ruleth on high, has resources of power with which he can afflict us. In a moment he can blight our prosperity. He can arm against us foreign enemies, or turn loose upon us the fierce passions engendered by party strife; he can send disunion among our states, and discord into our councils; he can arouse the elements, and famine and pestilence will stalk through the land. We are surrounded by enemies, whose fury and power are only restrained by the over-riding providence of God. Then hear the rod.

When the Almighty chastises nations, it is for their sins, and in order to their repentance. Individuals are judged and punished at the judgment; but nations as such, are punished in the present dispensation of things. May we not, then, interpret this dispensation, and others of recent occurrence, as indicating His displeasure against our sins as a nation? It becomes us as a christian people to ask, why it is that the Sovereign of the earth thus afflicts us? Why is it that the land is full of rumors of wars, the public mind unsettled, and the rod of our strength withered? Let the people remember that their sins call for His wrath, and let them search out and confess their iniquities.

I will briefly enumerate some of those national sins which seem to me to require of us repentance and confession on this occasion.

1. I would mention as a national sin, forgetfulness of God and ingratitude for his mercies. We stand among the nations of the earth distinguished by innumerable favors. A series of providences from the earliest settlement of the country, to the present moment, has given proof that ours is a land which the Lord delights to bless. We have leaped from the weakness of infancy to the giant strength of manhood, and in the race of improvement have outstripped older competitors. Peace and prosperity have

reigned in our borders. No foreign foe has desolated our borders, and no intestine discord has swept over our land. Here is enjoyed rational liberty; the oppressed have found an asylum, and the poor a friendly home. Liberty of speech and of conscience are our birthright; and under our own vine and fig tree we can sit, and there is none to make us afraid.

Such has been the goodness of God towards us. But where is our gratitude? Alas! the God who has blessed us is forgotten by this nation; his name is profaned, his goodness despised, and his laws trampled under foot. The strong language of the prophet Isaiah to the people of Israel, is but too applicable to us. "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." And may we not fear? Other nations in their pride and fulness have forgotten God, and he has swept them away with the besom of destruction. Let us hear the rod.

2. Covetousness is another national sin of which we are chargeable. The desire of gain has possessed our people. Every thing has been prostituted to this unhalloved passion, and mammon has been the God of our idolatry. There has been abroad a restless spirit of speculation, unfriendly to every thing good, and destructive of vital piety. And how have our hopes been blasted! What distress has come on the land! What perplexity has seized the people! And what is the meaning of this? The iniquity of our covetousness has come upon us, and we are withered. This is the sin, and God has sternly rebuked us for it.

3. I would mention as national sins calling for humiliation and prayer, Sabbath-breaking, intemperance, profaneness.

The Sabbath is well nigh obliterated. Few reverence this sacred institution. Most of us for pleasure or for filthy lucre, will without hesitation trample on this day which God has claimed as his own. Is this not true? Look at our public men, our lawyers, judges, merchants, and alas for it, even at the members, elders, and ministers of the church. Go to the great thoroughfare of the nation, and you will be constrained to say, this is a Sabbath-breaking people.

Survey the ruin caused by intemperance in our land. Summon up before you the crowd of drunken husbands, of beggared children, of withered hearts and of blighted hopes; and then remember that there are dens licensed by law to do this sad work; there are men, fathers, husbands, professed patriots, who can do this work, pocket the gains, and then smile at the misery they cause. Oh! this land mourneth by reason of drunkenness. It is the plague spot of the nation. It has infected every family.

And if these things are so, ought we not to awake? God is a righteous Sovereign, let us not imagine we are safe. He can turn upon us the fruits of our national sins. There may be raised up again "a scourge of God," who will desolate this fair land, and liberty, peace, happiness, will be crushed beneath an iron despotism. Let us bear in mind that virtue and intelligence are our only safeguards, and where these are wanting we may well tremble for the future. The people that cannot be ruled by these, must be kept down by "a forest of bayonets;" and then our children, and our children's children, will become the slaves of some spawn of legitimacy, to be oppressed and afflicted by the grace of God.

We summon the people to repentance and confession. Let them come before the throne of God, and seek his favour, and then his wrath will be turned away, and God, even our God, will bless us.

There are various additional topics connected with this melancholy event, to which I must allude ere I close.

1. This dispensation has in some degree tested the strength of our institutions, and affords a presage of the stability of our government. The hand that guided the ship of state has fallen nerveless from the helm, but no commotion has followed; the wheels of government move on with their accustomed regularity. May we not cherish the hope that our institutions will stand yet ruder shocks, and that there is among the people a healthy state of feeling which will render void all the predictions of the enemies of our free institutions.

2. There is one part of the character of the deceased, on which as a christian minister I may dwell a moment. I refer to his religious character. You have all heard what he said in his inaugural. On his death bed he expressed his firm attachment to the christian religion, and we are informed by the clergyman on whose ministrations he attended, that it was his design at an early date to unite himself publicly with the church of God. Alas, death intervened to thwart all his plans. So death may step in between you and your cherished plans. Then whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

It is pleasant to know that the Chief Magistrate of this great republic paid such public homage to the christian religion. It is comforting to hope, as indeed we

may, that these sentiments sustained him in his last mortal struggle, and threw around his death-bed a hallowed peace, a glory which the proudest conqueror might covet; a glory not of the earth, but divine, as imperishable as eternity. May you and I, my hearers, have this anchor on which to rest in a dying hour, for this alone can support us.

It is too fashionable with our public men to discard religion from their thoughts, and to disown its claims. But this was not always the case. The men who laid the foundations of our government and sealed them with their blood, were men of faith and of prayer. Look at the history of our revolution. These men, whose patriotism was never questioned, and whose names will be venerated as long as liberty has a home among men, were, many of them at least, firm believers in Revelation, and revered the Bible and its institutions.

Let the dwarfs who ape their patriotism, while they scoff at their religion, blush at their folly. My friends, the christian religion has done every thing for us, and when this light goes out in this land, a dark cloud will settle on our prospects. Cherish this light, disseminate these principles, and we are safe. Count that man an enemy to your dearest rights and most precious hopes, however exalted his station and specious his professions, who would lay his ruthless hand on the Bible.

3. I cannot refrain from saying, in closing, that here is another most affecting comment on the vanity of human glory. 'Tis at best but a mere bubble, a painted toy. A man to-day is clothed with honor, and surrounded by all the pomp and splendor of human glory, and to-morrow is the tenant of the grave—his glory withered as the flower of grass. "Verily, man at his best state is altogether vanity."

And, my friends, towards that grave you are tending. And is this world all? Is the grave to terminate the scene? Surely not. Then, hear the rod. Listen to the voice that says to us, All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. Prepare to meet thy God.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

We find in the Cincinnati Times an account of a female, who has within a few years seen many vicissitudes of fortune. She is now an applicant before the Ohio Legislature for a divorce, and resides in Newkirk, Ohio. She is a native of Lockport, New York. She was married in 1820, to a man by the name of Herrick, with whom she lived about three years, when by dissipation and idleness on his part, they were reduced to want, and the husband was obliged to leave his home to seek employment. He went to Cincinnati, where he remained some time, and then took it into his head to go to Texas. Herrick wrote to his wife at Lockport, requesting her to remove to Cincinnati, that she might be nearer to him when he was in Texas, and she left Lockport for Cincinnati. At Cleveland, her means failed her, and she was obliged to throw herself into the kitchen of a hotel, to procure money to continue her journey. While in this situation she accidentally became acquainted with a gentleman from Columbus, who discovering that her accomplishments and education were those of a lady, who must have known better days, became interested in her behalf. She had her case before him, and asked his assistance in procuring a school that she might earn the necessary means to follow her husband. He requested her to come to Columbus; she came, and the gentleman procured her a small school.

This was in 1835. While teaching school, she became ill and was confined to her room for some weeks. During her indisposition, a man calling himself Wilson, visited her, and told her he was just from Texas, and that her husband died in that country, a few days before he left. He told her all the circumstances connected with her husband, that he left a wife in Lockport, etc., in such a straightforward manner, she was forced to believe him. She partially recovered her health, and in 1837 became acquainted with a worthy gentleman—a widower—residing in Newark, named Chandler. After the due forms of courtship, and in about a year after she heard her husband was dead, Mr. Chandler offered her his hand and fortune—she at first refused, but subsequently taking into consideration her destitute situation—which was really one of want—she consented to become his wife. They were married in New York, Mr. Chandler took her to his home at Newark, where she lived with him, enjoyed as much happiness as human flesh is heir to, until last November—when suddenly her first husband, Mr. Herrick, appeared, and claimed her as his wife. This was a trying scene for a pious and virtuous woman; she flew to the pastor of her church for advice, and he advised her to seclude herself from both until such a time as the marriage contract with one of them could be annulled. This she did, and she immediately applied to the Legislature for a divorce from her first husband.

Mrs. Herrick, is represented as a lady of great mental and personal accomplishments, and unflinching piety. She has never had any children by either husband.

THE SUB-TREASURY.

Not to be forgotten.

It is true, the people have given their vote against it, and think they have escaped from it, as we trust they will, though it is yet the law of the land. An injured people are forgiving, the moment they see relief ahead. This is true in republics as well as in monarchies. When a king removes a grievance, his subjects are as excessive in their gratitude, as they were vindictive in their sufferings. They forget their troubles. We are forgetting the bad measures that brought on the Sub-Treasury, and bear lightly the evils that have resulted, in hope of getting out of them soon. This is virtue; but our safety requires, that we should cherish undying hatred to such a foul conspiracy against freedom, and such a plan for the destruction of prosperity.

The falling of the Sub Treasury as a deposit of public money.

In this view, as opposed to a proper fiscal agency, it may be defined in a word, as a lock-up chest, or a miser's vault. It is not the fiscal agent of a State, and has nothing of its character; but the system, in this particular, is based on the principle of a miser's calculation—get money, if you can, and keep it, not use it. The money is hoarded, all that is in hand. The true economy of a nation, in regard to its financial concerns, is to have money on demand, but never have it in hand. All that is in hand is dead capital. Hoarded treasures are fit only for a miser's false estimate of value, or a tyrant's occult designs. There was never any thing more false, as a State policy, than the Sub-Treasury. As a part of a social system, it is fit only for a state of barbarism, or for a despotism. When it is understood, public economy would condemn it, civilization would scorn it, and freedom would rebel against it.

A fiscal agent indispensable to a nation.

A moment's reflection will show, that a fiscal agent, in the proper sense of these terms, discharging all the commercial or bank functions of a nation's Exchequer, is one of the most indispensable parts of the machinery of Government. A ship of the line might as well be aloft without a purser, or an army be in the field without a fiscal agent. The farmer says, money makes the mare go. In the affairs of a nation, it is not only necessary to have money, but equally, supremely important that the agent thereof should be perfect in its machinery, and infallibly secure in its banking operations. There must be a medium, and one medium, a safe and responsible agency between the Government and its resources. The fiscal agency of a nation is trade, a profession, a high vocation, and the most responsible banking operation in the world.

The United States without a Fiscal Agent.

There is this moment a perfect vacuum in this department of the Government. The entire machinery, in this particular, has been destroyed. It is wanting. The Sub Treasury was intended as a substitute, but it is not one, and cannot be. There is not a single feature in it of a proper fiscal agency, nor can it possibly perform those functions. There is no constitutional medium between the Government and its resources. It has been annihilated. And what is more, the system by which it has been superseded, is wanting in the prudence of the most ordinary commercial transaction, both as to responsibility and as to convenience. It is a thing which can by no human power be made to work. It does not work, and never will, and never can, except to crack, and break, and fall, to the ruin of the country. It is an invention of quacks, having no pattern in the practical operation of human affairs. Without exception it is the greatest blunder, upon which a nation ever stumbled. Every dollar of the public money, while there is any, is not only put in peril, but is out of use. The nation, whose it is, is deprived of it. It is locked up, if it could be kept; but being a temptation to rogues, it makes rogues, and then it is gone. While there is no money, we do not want a Sub-Treasury; and while there is money, it is so much more than dead capital, as that the people are deprived of it for the time being, besides that it is in danger of being lost.

Evidence of this insecurity.

Isaac Hill's bonds, including his own, were in fact not worth over \$25,000, and yet he was liable, even in such times as these, to have \$150,000 or \$200,000 of the public funds in his hands. In prosperous times, he might have half a million, or a million. Is that no risk? The bonds of Dr. Penn, of Missouri, were nominally \$500,000. Very likely they might be worth more than those of Isaac Hill. But the first draft he made on the Missouri Bank was over \$1,200,000 in specie! Is this no risk? It is impossible to say, from the short period of this experiment, and from our ignorance of the real value of the bonds given by public receivers,

how much better they are generally, than these we have mentioned. But if we take the bad luck of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren in their appointments as a rule, it is indeed a fearful list.

The truth is, the whole system is a false one, and not only a total failure in its practical operation, but immeasurably disastrous. The simple project of having one currency for the Government and one for the people, as if the people's fare were not good enough for the rulers, constituting rulers a board of shaving brokers on the people, which is the practical operation of the system, is enough. It was a grand contrivance to bring the people under the pressure of exorbitant and intolerable Government exactions, and to make slaves of us all. The carrying out of the system would give the Government and its official corps, the absolute control of all the money of the country.

The Sub-Treasury as imperfect machinery.

It is imperfect for any other purpose than that of vice and mischief. It was intended as a fiscal agent, but cannot be made to work as such. It has parts without connexion, and each of the parts stands dead alone, till some special and expensive force is applied; and in this state of inaction, the wealth of the nation is not only unemployed, but exposed to the fingers of rogues. There is no clock-work in this machinery, depending on one spring or weight; but it is like a watch with all its wheels and tackle scattered here and there. It won't go. You may jog one of the disjointed parts, and see it move under the force you apply; but the moment that force is withdrawn it lies still again.

There is, for example, at this moment \$200,000 in the hands of the receiver at St. Louis, collected at an expense of 2 1/2 per cent., and is wanted in some remote part of the country. Where is the machinery to move it? It cannot be moved without the application of a special and expensive agency, involving hazard as well as loss of time. This fact illustrates the whole concern, and shows exactly what it is. It is in no sense a fiscal machinery, but lies scattered over the country, a fragment here, and a fragment there, each alike inert, having no vital, self-moving connexion with other parts, an expense and at hazard while lying still, equally or more so while in motion, and every part embarrassing the action of all the rest. Alas! alas! While describing it, knowing it is so—and every one will see it—we pity the nation on which it has been imposed, and scorn the agency by which it was inflicted.

The true policy will now be seen.

Sad experience has been our school-master, and the nation is being whipped, scourged out of folly into wisdom. It is a sound drubbing we got, long to be remembered. We bear the marks upon our backs, we feel the hunger in our stomachs, we are ashamed of our rage, and have escaped with just spirit and life enough to resolve, we will yet live again, and be free. May the lore we bear to those who have administered the chastisement do them much good, now they are out of employment. They have put it on well, and we shall all be wiser.

The indication of the times.

Wherever we look 'tis ruin stares us in the face. Was there ever such a sight as the currency of this country at this moment? And every simpleness can see how it comes. It is as plain as the nose on a man's face. We exult in the conviction that there will be equal unanimity in the application of the remedy. The nation must have a currency, and must have a fiscal agent.

Madisonian.

From the National Intelligencer.

PROSCRIPTION.

The Globe utters a lugubrious complaint against the policy of proscription, and speaks of it as involving "the livelihood of so many thousands who have no skill or means to support their families except by the employment which they have devoted the prime of life to learn."

Where were the tender sensibilities of the party to which the Globe belongs when, in 1829, the ruthless hand of despotism was first lifted to strike the innocent and the faithful? Then, neither the revolutionary services of the incumbents themselves, or their immediate progenitors—not fidelity in the discharge of duty—not the fact of having large families dependent on them for support—weighed aught in averting the blow from those who had incurred the displeasure of the Executive, or of that more potent "power behind the throne," greater than the throne itself, the behest of an irresponsible, self-constituted cabal, which met in secret, and at midnight denounced their fellow-laborers. When once marked, the destiny was as sure to overtake the victim as the cry of a la lanterne did those of France in the days of Robespierre.

One of the most revolting features of the proscription of 1829 was the attempt—unsuccessful though it was—to blast the characters of all who felt the blow of successful reform. The proscription of the present day—if, indeed, it may be styled proscription—is but the expression of that indignant feeling created by the first introduction of the system into every