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From the Knickerbocker.

Tax WAY TO DISMISS MINISTERS.

CHAPTER II.

CASE OF PARSON GERRY.

After the dismissal of Mr. Bush, the church in Stokeville remained for a great length of time unopened. The excitement had been so furious, and the feelings of the religious portion of the community so exasperated, that there seemed to be an indifference whether the church was ever reconstituted. But when they found that Mr. Bush was innocent, and that they were in the wrong, there was a movement immediately manifested to procure another clergyman.

No one was more forward in this work than Mrs. Meeks, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Brown, and Miss Polly Sly; these evil spirits who had by their venomous tongues first poisoned the congregation. It was resolved that an old man should be procured; one whom slander could not touch; one who had been tried in the fiery furnace; one in whose age should render him invulnerable to all the shafts which malice could forge, or slander direct.

After some weeks, "old Parson Gerry" was hit upon as the very man of all others to fill the pulpit in Stokeville. He was about sixty years of age, and as venerable in appearance as the pictures of the apostle. His fine head, quick piercing eye, wrinkled brow, and thin gray hair, gave him a reverend and holy aspect. He was installed, and with a family of ten children, comfortably located in the parish house. He was one of those whose fortune it had been, as is too often the case with members of the clerical profession, never to be settled; to be tempest tossed through the world, without ever finding port. He had preached in every state in the Union, and almost in every town. He had never been in one spot long enough to take root; and when he came to Stokeville, with his children swarming around him, he seemed jaded out of all spirits; as one indeed who looked in the grave as his only resting place.

Old Parson Gerry was the town's talk for some months. Every body called upon his family, and every mouth was open in their praise. The old man was extolled as a "saint, if ever there was one;" his wife was a female Samaritan, and his daughters were all beautiful. "What a good old man Parson Gerry is!" said Mrs. Meeks—"What an amiable wife he has!" rejoined Mrs. Dow. "What lovely daughters!" said Mrs. Brown. The whole public sentiment had changed. There was at length a delightful calm after the late terrible storm. Several large parties were given on Parson Gerry's account, and his daughters were hailed as the spirit and soul of them all. Presents were made to the family; and it really seemed for some months that it was impossible to do too much for, or exalt too highly, old Parson Gerry and his incomparable family.

Mr. Meeks, husband of Mrs. Meeks, was the first man to break in upon the quiet of the church the second time. It so happened that the old parson, on one or two occasions, omitted a portion of the service. Mr. Meeks detected this at once, and of course was struck dumb with horror. He said he "had been brought up a churchman, in the severest sense of the word; and it wounded his feelings, and roused his astonishment, to find Parson Gerry guilty of such sacrilege! There must be something wrong about him; he was either no Christian or else his faith in the discipline of the church was sadly perverted." Of course a flame was soon blown up, which spread wider and wider; but before it had consumed the old gentleman, some friendly hand extinguished it, harmonized the congregation, and tranquility was restored.

It was soon observed, that in spite of the harmony restored, there was a growing dislike to Parson Gerry and his preaching. The people were about "getting tired" of him, as the phrase is. His congregation began to drop off one after another, until scarcely an apology for an audience was left. Every member had his own excuse for not attending church. Some did not like his discourses because they were so long; others disliked them because they were prosy and dull; and many said he did not preach the true orthodox doctrine. There were a thousand objections to him; and each one who had an objection, found in it an excuse for deserting the church, until, as we have said, he had scarcely an apology for an audience left.

It was necessary to find some grave charge to justify the removal of Parson Gerry; and the ingenuity of Stokeville soon framed one. After torturing every vein that had ever been committed by the minister or his family, they discovered that "Parson Gerry's wife and daughters were extravagant in their dress;" and it wounded the feelings of the congregation to behold Christian simplicity outraged.

This was enough. An association was snapped at the bait. The members of the church were so excitedly running their

case in debt." It would never do, the church would be ruined.

"Oh!" said Miss Polly Sly, running breathless into Mrs. Dow's, just for an afternoon's call; "oh, Mrs. Dow! have you heard the news?"

"Why, what?" exclaimed Mrs. Dow, looking up in astonishment.

"Why, Parson Gerry! about Parson Gerry! He owes every body!" exclaimed Polly, holding up both hands with a holy horror.

"Why how you talk!" said Mrs. Dow.

"Yes, every body! every body! He owes Mr. Tape ten dollars for that beautiful spin his daughter Mary wears; and Mr. Shalley for the gingham; and Mr. Broad-loth for three new suits; and Mr. Worsled for the Lord knows how many goods! And every body says, Mrs. Dow, that he'll never pay; and they say he owes all the merchants here he comes from. Did you ever hear she like!" said Polly. "Did you ever in all your born days? And they say—"

"But perhaps he has the means to pay," interrupted Mrs. Dow.

"Pay!" said Polly, "not he! He never means to pay. Why that's the way every body says he gets through the world. Folks, you know, trust in his honesty because he is a clergyman; and then he runs away and cheats them. Such men as we have to fill our pulpits is really too bad."

"Yes, but don't let us condemn him until we are assured of his guilt!" replied Mrs. Dow, trying to pump up a Christian spirit of forbearance.

"But don't you believe me!" exclaimed Polly; "every body says he is condemned already. Your husband, Mr. Dow, and Mr. Meeks, and Mr. Jones and every third of the church members and every body else, thinks so. He don't never mean to pay. And there's his girls; I saw them fluting through the streets this very day with their silks and satins, all of which he owes for. And he got a new sofa, and I dare say he owes the cabinet maker for that—and his wife keeps a hired girl, and pays her a dollar a week. There never was such a man!" and Polly Sly, running out of breath, sank back for a moment, completely exhausted.

Just as Polly closed, in came Mrs. Meeks. "Didn't call to stay," said Mrs. Meeks. Polly heard Mrs. Meek's voice, and up she jumped, caught her by the hand, and was so glad to see her; it was so comfortable to see one's friends; there was so much trouble in the church, it was so rejoicing to find a person who could revive her spirits."

Mrs. Meeks was out on precisely the same business, to cry down Parson Gerry's extravagance. Mrs. Meeks had been "making calls" for two hours, talking all the time as fast as her tongue could rattle. She was as happy to meet Polly Sly, as Polly was to meet her.

"What are we to do with our minister!" exclaimed Polly to Mrs. Meeks, as soon as she got through welcoming her. "Mrs. Dow and I have been talking about it, I've been telling her all about him; how he owes every body and can't pay; how the church is disgraced, and every body talks about it;—"

"And how," said Mrs. Meeks, suddenly cutting Polly short, "heavy demands have been sent on for collection from abroad to Lawyer Brief, who holds them in his hands, but don't want to make trouble!"

"Mercy sake!" roared Polly; "is he going to be sued! Well I expected it. I told them he owed her he come from. Don't say any more, Mrs. Meeks; I shall go distracted."

"What a man!" exclaimed Mrs. Dow, who just began to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

"Well," said Polly, "I must be going." And Mrs. Meeks said, "she must be going to—" and both bidding Mrs. Dow "good afternoon," talked scandal to the door, and then to the gate, and finally broke off the subject by bidding Mrs. Dow "good morning," and departing.

The next day the storm of scandal raged still higher. Several persons were seen talking at the corner of the streets, berating Parson Gerry and his family. Some said that the old man ran away from the first parish where he preached, to avoid the service of civil process for debt; others said that the Bishop had dismissed him for the same cause, and that he was preaching without license. Wherever he had been, the same extravagance, it was said, had been indulged in. The story was revived which originated with Mrs. Meeks—that heavy demands were sent on for collection, from abroad, to Lawyer Brief; and two or three of the church vestry men visited the Lawyer to inquire into the matter. Lawyer Brief pronounced the charge false, but no one believed him, for they thought he acted from interested motives; that he was fearful of endangering the collection of his debt by adding fuel to the fire of persecution which was already consuming the

Stokeville lasted for several days, until finally resolved that he should be dismissed at

once. He had of course heard of the charges which were in circulation against him; he pronounced them untrue, and was willing to submit them to an investigation. He admitted that he was some what in debt, but it was necessary alone that drove him into it. He nevertheless declared himself able to pay all. He denied that he owed a cent to any one abroad, or that prosecutions had been commenced against him. But it was of no use. The fiat had gone forth. It was determined that old Parson Gerry should leave the parish forthwith.

A covered wagon was shortly after seen moving out of Stokeville, containing the scanty furniture of Parson Gerry. His family were seated in a couple of carriages, which followed behind. They had been absolutely driven out of the place; and driven out too by those who were so sensitive in matters of religious duty that they considered themselves doing God service, in the course they had taken. They supposed they had purged the church, and closed it for the reception of another pastor.

RASH JUDGING.

That disposition of mind, I allow, is very censurable, which inspires a perpetual attention to the actions of our neighbors, and the motive of it is sufficient to make us abhor the practice. We have reason to think, that the more people pry into the conduct of their neighbors, the more they intend to gratify the barbarous pleasure of defaming them; but there is a disposition for more censurable still, and that is to be always ready to form a rigorous judgment on the least appearance of impropriety, and without taking pains to inquire, whether there be no circumstances that diminish the guilt of an action apparently wrong, nothing that renders it deserving of patience or pity. It doth not belong to us to set ourselves up for judges of the actions of our brethren, to become inquisitors in regard to their manners, and to distribute punishments of sin and rewards of virtue. At least, when we usurp this right, let us not aggravate our conduct by the manner in which we exercise the bold, imperious usurpation. Let us not pronounce like bold, inquisitorial judges on the actions of those sinners, to whom nature, society, and religion ought to unite us in an affectionate manner. Let us procure exact information of the causes of such criminals as we summon before our tribunals, and let us not deliver our sentences till we have weighed in a just balance whatever tends to condemn or to absolve them. This would bridle our malignity. We should be constrained to suspend for a long time our avidity to solicit, and to hasten the death of a sinner. The pleasure of declaring him guilty would be counterbalanced by the pain of trying the cause. Did the Pharisee give himself time to examine the whole conduct of the sinner, as he called her? Did he enter into all the discussions necessary to determine whether she were a penitent sinner, or an obstinate sinner; whether she were reformed, or hardened like a reprobate in the practice of sin? No, certainly. At the sight of the woman he recollects only the crimes of which she had been guilty; he did not see her, and he did not choose to see her in any other point of light; he pronounced her character rashly, and he wanted Jesus Christ to be as rash as himself, this is a woman of bad fame. Do you not perceive, my brethren, what wicked intolerance animated this iniquitous judge, and perverted his judgment!

The Pharisee sinned by rashness. See how he judges of the conduct of Christ in regard to the woman, and of what the woman ought to expect of Jesus Christ, on supposition his mission had been divine. "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who, and what manner of woman this is that touched him, for she is a sinner." This opinion supposes, that a prophet ought not in any case to have patience with a woman of this sort. As if it were possible for a prophet to have any design impenetrable to the eyes of a Pharisee! As if any one had a right to censure the conduct of a man under the direction of the infinite Spirit! But it is because this man is a prophet, it is because he is more than a prophet, it is because he is the spring, the ocean, from which all the prophets derived the supernatural knowledge of the greatest mysteries of revelation, of predicting events the least likely to come to pass, of seeing into the most distant and impenetrable futurity; it is because of this, that he is capable of forming a just notion of the character of a sinner, and of the nature of a sin. Yes, none but God can form such a judgment. Who art thou, that judgest another? Rom. xiv. 4. Such a judgment depends on so many difficult combinations, that none but an infinite intelligence is capable of making it with exactness. Sauria

The parent who uses intoxicating liquor in his family incurs a fearful responsibility. Though he may drink in moderation, he is unable to determine the amount of influence he is exerting upon those who are growing up around him, nor can he say but his moderate glass may be the cause of ruin to his son.

From the Raleigh Register.

Whig State Convention.

Tuesday, April 5, 1842.

Mr. Cherry, of Bertie, said that there was one gentleman in that hall, whose opinions, as well from the deservedly high reputation which he had in the country, were added to the very greatest respect. And he knew that this Convention were extremely anxious to hear him on the present occasion. He hoped therefore, that Mr. Badger, late Secretary of the Navy, the gentleman to whom he alluded, would not refuse to gratify his friends in this matter.

This call was seconded by the most unequivocal marks of approbation, which having subsided,

Mr. BADGER rose and remarked, that he could not resist the very flattering call which had been made upon him, to say something on the subject of the Report and Resolutions under consideration. Under ordinary circumstances, it might be deemed impertinent to make any allusion to himself, but occupying the peculiar position referred to by his friend from Bertie, he felt assured the Convention would not attribute to egotism a slight deviation by him, from a rule, the propriety of which, in general, none more readily acknowledged than himself.

It was known to all that he had been requested by Gen. Harrison to accept an appointment as a member of his Cabinet. It was well known to his immediate friends, who understood his motives, that he yielded his own personal wishes to the opinions of those he felt bound to consult. He went into the public service with extreme reluctance, and so far as he might be permitted to be a judge in his own case, entertaining no views inconsistent with true devotion to the country. We all know, continued Mr. B., that the eyes of the whole American people were turned to Harrison, with perfect confidence that every faculty he possessed would be exerted for the good of the country; and he believed as truly as he did in his existence, that he would have administered the government according to the great principles that had received the sanction of his fellow-citizens. Not like an eastern Sultan, born to rule, who, by the right of succession, claims the mastery over his fellow-creatures; but, as a Representative of a free constitutional Republic, chosen by the voluntary suffrages of his fellow-citizens to administer the government they themselves had constructed, on the principles they themselves had declared. Therefore it was, that Harrison, before his election, and afterwards in his inaugural address, took occasion distinctly to announce that his powers should never be used to disappoint the known wishes or counteract the deliberate opinions of those over whom he presided, and that the government should be restored to its original health and vigor, so far as it could be effected by any legitimate exercise of the power placed in his hands.

Was there, sir, a member of the Whig party, who did not look with confident hope and expectation to that session of Congress called by Harrison? Who did not anticipate a complete and satisfactory adjustment of all difficulties, caused by fraud or mismanagement? Every countenance was bright with animation, and every bosom beat high with the hope of deliverance. But in the councils of Heaven, another result was prepared. The good Harrison was taken away. All can bear witness to the pang which our hearts felt, when the melancholy tidings reached us. And it was not confined to the Whig party alone; for many a good man, who had differed from him in political opinions, severely felt the blow; some expressed indifference at the event, and a few so far forgot themselves, as to indulge in exultation. He hazarded nothing in saying, that no dispensation of Providence, since the death of Washington, had produced throughout the whole land so general a conviction that we had cause for sorrow, and the anticipation of evil. Still we could not but hope. The gentleman, on whom by constitutional provision, the duties of President devolved, as his friend from Bertie remarked, had been nominated and elected as a Whig, and where votes were to be got by the declaration, was "every inch a Whig." How could it be supposed he would prove faithless, and forget all the obligations imposed upon him by the circumstances of his election, heightened by a solemn sense of Providential interposition! How cruelly all our hopes were disappointed, is known but too well. Nothing which the ingenuity of man could devise, deeply anxious as the Whig Cabinet and the Whig Congress were on the subject, was able to satisfy the impracticable notions of Mr. Tyler. The Extra Session closed in gloom and despondency. And he must be here permitted to say, that he then regretted deeply, that our Whig friends in Congress did not take up at once and pass the bill to establish a Fiscal Bank, recommended by Mr. Ewing, the then Secretary of the Treasury. As a matter of policy, he thought, in this instance, the Whigs had acted injudiciously; though

subsequent developments, he confessed, had produced a strong impression that even this bill would not have received his official approbation.

Congress adjourned. The Whig members issued an Address to the People of the United States, detailing the causes why nothing effectual had been done for public relief, and describing matters as they actually existed. To every word, contained in that manifesto, Mr. B. said he heartily subscribed. Immediately after this proceeding, several elections took place, and the Whigs were defeated. What was the inference? Did it manifest any diminution of Whig strength? Did it prove that the Whigs were less able, or less willing than before to carry out their principles? Let us examine. In Maine, for instance, the election took place immediately after the Veto. There, as elsewhere, the people were suffering from all the effects of a disordered currency—this Bank Bill was looked to by them as a great measure of relief—and, at the very moment when they expected its adoption, they are informed that it has been destroyed by one they supposed a friend. And without opportunity for consideration, or time to rally from the effects of such a blow, they are forced into an election. Did they go over to the enemy? No, sir, they remained at home, and permitted the election to go by default; and, though not excusable for this result—for no man is excusable for inaction, when the great interests of his country are at stake—yet the circumstances offer a satisfactory solution of the causes of defeat there and elsewhere. Such being the state of things—with one at the head of the government who has now thrown off all disguise—who no longer claims to be a Whig either in principle, practice, or name—and from whom we have now just reason to expect an active agency against Whig success—what ought the great Whig party to do? As the eloquent gentleman last up (Mr. Cherry) had said—this is no time for uncertainty or indecision. What was ever gained by it by honest men, united for just purposes! In 1836 the Whigs were defeated for the Presidency, and why? Because, they were split up into fragments, sustaining one candidate in one state, and a different one in another, and by thus dividing their strength, as might have been expected, were baffled and beaten. But when Harrison was nominated at Harrisburg, every man laid aside his personal predilections, buried minor differences of opinion, inscribed his name upon the Whig banner, and unfurling it to the breeze, invoked the people to rally and drive the spoilers from their prey. The people of the United States gathered under that glorious banner, and in 1840, achieved a victory, which astonished themselves. And so it will always be; for never was there a greater mistake than this idea of waiting the tide of events. While timidity is carefully calculating the chances of failure, boldness moves forward and conquers success. We are not like men setting sail upon the high seas; delaying for a propitious wind. The mariner must wait; but what events wait we for? If our minds are fully made up, in the name of common sense, and of the disastrous results of our former shortsighted and weak policy, and in view of our glorious success before, let us proceed to act, and that promptly. Why should we wait? Do we expect that our Loco Foco friends will come to our support? Or will they wait too, and relax their vigilance, and say—"They sleep—let us not engage in a contest against sleeping men." Experience has shown us, that they are ever active—incessantly engaged by night and by day, not only on the great theatre of public action, but in the little circles of neighborhood association, and even in the private intercourse of life, where the kindlier feelings of our nature should alone be cultivated.

Under all the circumstances of the case, then, it is idle to talk of delay. Action is dictated by every consideration of policy and duty. No wise man should hesitate for a moment. If then, we are to act, and at once, what ought we to do? The Report recommends the nomination of a Whig candidate for the Presidency. Who shall that candidate be? To this question, if asked in any assembly of Whigs in North Carolina, there will be but one response. Not one man can be found, who will not answer—HENRY CLAY, of Kentucky. No sir, not Henry Clay, of Kentucky—nor Henry Clay, of Virginia—he was not born, nor does he live for any one portion of this wide spread continent—his patriotic affections, enlarged and elevated beyond every low and narrow sectional prejudice, are wide as the whole country, embrace all its parts, and are given up with intense devotion to the prosperity and happiness of the entire Union—when we contemplate such a man, we think not where he was born, or where he lives, but regardless alike of his nativity and his residence, instinctively hail him as Henry Clay, of the United States. True, he has been assailed—no man acting such a part as he has on the theatre of his country, could escape the restless detraction which always follows eminent men. But he has outlived, and lived down all the aspersions which

either ignorance or prejudice has given birth. His own prejudices, said Mr. B., once believed him capable of the only act of political baseness ever charged upon him amid the multiplied calumnies with which he had been pursued—a charge originated by an atrocious conspiracy, scarcely paralleled in the annals of politics, and now, happily for the country, for the cause of truth and patriotism, dispelled, disproved, and by all ingenious minds, thoroughly disbelieved; and his elevation to the Presidency is due to him, if for no other reason, as the only adequate reparation for the most cruel wrongs ever inflicted upon a distinguished public benefactor. If Oliver Cromwell's rule, to "judge of the future from the past," be as certain now in its results, as it was in his day, no uneasiness need be felt by the Whigs, in taking Mr. Clay for their candidate. True, as a public man, he has his faults. What man has not? But his faults are those which belong to a manly, open and impetuous temper, which, though it sometimes runs into excess, instinctively spurs alliance with every thing insidious, skulking, or in the least akin to hypocrisy or corruption. If such a man cannot be trusted, in whom can confidence be placed?

Some may say, continued Mr. B., that though action at this time may be proper, yet it will not come with propriety from the Whigs of North Carolina. Or, in other words, that as we have been, at times, heretofore led, we should now await the movement of our neighbors, and put under their guardianship what they have been pleased to think the infant, half idiot state of North Carolina. What, sir, shall the good sense of the Old North State submit to take its direction from the visionary, yet mischievous abstractions of Virginia, or the disorganizing, anti-social, Union-destroying metaphysics of our Southern neighbor? Is this a position worthy of ourselves, or our sires? Sir, said Mr. B., we should lead on this occasion, and have, in my judgment, the qualities that entitle us to the distinction. It is no new thing with our people to give a lead to the rest of the Union. During the year immediately preceding the glorious Revolution of 1776, when doubt and uncertainty were spread over the states—when even wise and good men were endeavoring to conciliate our unnatural mother across the water—at that day a few determined patriots of North Carolina, on their own responsibility, and without consulting the opinions, or engaging the support of others, impelled by their sense of tyranny and their determination to be free, boldly declared their separation from the mother country—an act never surpassed for its fearless and indomitable spirit, in the whole history of resistance to oppression. We then led at Mecklenburg, and raised the standard of Liberty to the whole people of the United States. And the Declaration, put forth by our forefathers more than twelve months afterwards, by which they assumed their equal stand among the nations of the earth, was but the echo of the Continent to that shout of Independence which had been raised in North Carolina.

Sir, said Mr. B., is this the only instance in which we have led? The eventful crisis of 1840, was second only to that of 1776. The object of the one was to free us from foreign tyranny, and enable us to act independently of external control; that of the other, was to deliver us from domestic oppressors who, maintaining the form of a Republican Government, were doing every thing in their power to change the spirit of our institutions, and to obstruct the general welfare. In that crisis, who was it that led? The people of North Carolina. The gentleman from Bertie, as he had stated, pledged North Carolina at Harrisburg to the support of Harrison and Tyler, and his fellow-citizens gallantly responded to the call, and whilst following him, they led others. In Congress, great dissatisfaction was felt when intelligence reached there, of the result of the Harrisburg Convention. The members from North Carolina, though greatly disappointed at the defeat of Mr. Clay, were the first to take the nomination of Harrison heartily up, and fling his banner to the breeze. Had the Old North State faltered—had her sons been dispirited or lukewarm, it is scarce too much to say, that Harrison would not have received his just reward. Her example exerted a moral influence on the Union, which settled the contest.

It is not only proper, sir, continued Mr. B., that North Carolina should speak out on this subject, but it is her peculiar province to do so. Let her voice proclaim the name of HENRY CLAY, and throughout this wide Republic, from the Atlantic to its most western border, a responsive shout will be heard, swelling louder and louder, until at our glorious success, it shall reach the loftiest peak of triumph, and grateful joy!

Another most important matter remains, on which, said Mr. B., I wish to say a word. Action and energy are indispensable agents to success in political contests. Unless we imitate the conduct of the weak and wicked man, who is in possession of a principle he never illustrates, we must act, and in concert. Does the Convention approve the plan