

# CAROLINA CENTINEL.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### VILLAGE TALES.

*The Farm House.*—Holborn Hill was but a mile from Alesbury, and I was a frequent visitor there when young. It had been the residence of the Hawthorns for nearly half a century, and no less than five of its venerable proprietors had died, successively down to the ample family vault that was enclosed upon its border, and consecrated to the reception of their loved remains. I recollect at this moment the visit I paid to young Oliver, when I was on the eve of leaving my native village for the great mart of commerce of Pennsylvania. He had only a few years before come into possession, by the death of his father, and had always been what even in those times of extravagance would be called a good liver, and indeed I thought, he well might be for he got with his farm some hundreds in loose cash, fourteen or fifteen head of fat cattle, and two excellent teams of horses, besides a quantity of grain and other farming stock and materials in profusion. But what was my surprise to hear him talk of hard times—of the difficulty of procuring money—and of the ungenerous impudence of sundry persons to whom he said he happened to owe several small sums. In the course of the conversation, however, he had told me that he had been getting his new gig repaired, which he had broken some time before in driving off a bridge at the same time that he had killed, a fine six years of hay, to replace which swept off a round two hundred, that he had two law suits on hand—and had not seen the sun rise or took hold of a plough in two years. I had always took notice that Oliver appeared the most free and easy man in all the country for he never missed a hunt, a fishing party, or a horse race within twenty miles round, but I never thought of the consequences of such a course, or I should not, assuredly, have thought strange that hard times should overtake him.

And then it was really amusing to hear him talk. He praised up the life of a farmer to the clouds, and hoped that every man that was ashamed of the plough might want bread; and how necessary it is, he would say that instead of saying to a set of workmen, go to work, one should say, come along with me to work. In fine he preached the finest of doctrine of any farmer in the whole country, and acted as directly opposite to his own advice as it was possible for a man to do.

Oliver had a young brother who lived in a small but neat pine cabin at the foot of the hill. He had been unfortunate in incurring the displeasure of his father by marrying a poor but lovely girl, who had engaged his affections while he was yet almost a child. The old gentleman one day called him and said, "Bob, squire Mayo's daughter is the person I intend you shall marry; you will therefore let me hear no more about Mary B." "Father," said he, looking at his own hard hands, and stretching them out, "while these hands and this heart are mine, I will not sell myself for all Holborn Hill." And he never changed his mind—he married, renting the little cottage and the few acres on which he now lived he settled himself, and began the world without a farthing.

On my return from the farm house, for so the mansion of Holborn Hill was always called, I stopped at Robert's and took with him a glass of beer and a slice of sweet cake. Bob was too busy to talk much of the times, but as soon as I had finished my glass he invited me into the meadow where he was mowing, and he sat myself; there we talked an hour or two, while he finished his day's work, and gave me a history of his affairs. He had never been three months in debt, he said, to any man and the reason was plain—"I work my little place on shares; what belongs to my landlord I never touch; and as to articles which I do not raise I pay for them or do without them. Grain I can raise more of, to my share than I can use—my beeves I fatten on my few acres of meadow, and the hay I get from it, a couple of cows supply us with butter, cheese and milk, a little spot of dry clothes us all, rye serves us for coffee for morning and night, and there is a few maple trees on the place from which I make all the sugar I want to use. Now and then I have a few bushels of corn, a few pounds of butter, a cheese, or some other articles to sell; I find a

ready market, and the money they produce, I can put in good hands, and have compound interest for it as long as I please.

I must confess, whether it looks like ignorance or not, that I long after this could not but believe Robert Hawthorn to be the wealthiest of the two; but I left Alesbury, and it was only a few summers ago that I again had the happiness of visiting its peaceful vale.

Ten or twelve years make a wonderful difference in the aspect of things generally, and Alesbury was changed; oh! how changed. As I rode by Holborn, I could not but recollect my old friends the Hawthorns. The farm house was improved—not a pane of glass was broken in the windows—the fences were tight, and the fields were literally groaning beneath the pressure of the ripening harvest; the fruit trees had been trimmed up and were loaded with the choicest fruit and the pasture fields were crowded with droves of cattle, sheep, and hogs.—Well done, Oliver, said I, your example as well as your precept now proves you the best farmer in the country I'll warrant; but I shuddered when I passed the cottage that once afforded to Robert Hawthorn so neat a dwelling. Poor fellow, thought I he has become wonderfully changed: instead of the neat and rustic simplicity that used to be seen here, all was gloomy, the windows were stuffed with old hats and dirty rags. I looked around, but not a soul was to be seen, a few half starved shoats were squealing about the door, where the dog sat, in lank dependency, and snarled as I passed.—Perhaps thought I, Robert is dead; I'll look at the burying place of the Hawthorns; but when I came in sight of it I could not recognize a single new stone in it—the old and well known monuments alone appeared.

It may readily be supposed that I did not long remain a stranger to the causes which had led to this transformation.—And I cannot say I was more surprised, than otherwise, or that I felt less joy than sorrow, when I learned that Robert Hawthorn was now the owner of Holborn Hill farm and that poor Oliver inhabited the cottage at last. The two brothers had never changed the habits of their early days, Bob, though now the owner of the best property along Alesbury, was still the same industrious, careful and prudent man.—While Oliver though stripped of all he ever was worth and unable to pay even the petty rent demanded by his landlord still attended to every one's business but his own, was still as wise in theory, & as poor in practice as ever he had been.

When I called at the farm house, Bob received me with a smile, and Mary brought out the old treat sweet cake and the finest home made beer, which, however, I had always thought better than Oliver's wine and segars. "Well," said I, "how happens all this?" There was something I thought, of triumph in his eye, when stretching out his hands he replied in the same language as that which some years before had turned him penniless from the very door, "these hands and this heart, Sandy, have bought and paid for Holborn Hill."

### WILL OF E. BOUDINOT, L. L. D.

It is generally known that this distinguished Philanthropist has appropriated a large proportion of his estate to religious and charitable uses, and as it must be acceptable to all, and particularly advantageous to all those concerned, to be correctly informed on this subject, the following summary has been obtained and may be relied on as authentic. The Testator gives

1. The sum of \$200, to be distributed by his daughter among ten poor widows.
2. He gives his daughter 15 shares in the Aqueduct Company of Burlington, the yearly produce of which she is to distribute among the Friendly Society of Females in Burlington.
3. He gives \$200 to the New Jersey Bible Society, to be laid out in spectacles, for the use of indigent old persons to enable them to read the scriptures.
4. A devise of 4,000 acres of land, in the county of Warren, and state of Pennsylvania, to "the Society established in the State of New-York, for meliorating the condition of the Jews," under certain conditions, for the purpose of supplying Jewish settlers with farms of fifty acres each, at the option of the said Society, the sum of \$1000 within 2 years.
5. The sum of \$2000 is given to the United Brethren of Moravians, at Bethlehem, to enable them to civilize and gospelize the Indians.
6. To the Magdalen Societies of New-York and Philadelphia, and "the Institution at Cornwall, in Connecticut, for educating the Heathen," respectively the sum of \$500.
7. To the Trustees of the General

Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, three houses in the city of Philadelphia, the rents of which are to be laid out for the purchase of books for pastors of Congregations—the first years rent to be divided equally between the Presbyterian Church at Elizabeth Town N. J. and the Episcopal Church at Burlington.

8. The testator's library is left, after his daughter's death, to the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J.

9. 4,000 acres of Land, in Luzerne county, Pa. to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the proceeds of which to be appropriated to the education of such students of divinity in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, as are not able to support themselves—each student not to receive more than \$200 annually.

10. 4,000 acres of land in the said county, to the Trustees of the college of New-Jersey, from the profits of which are to be appropriated \$1,000 in the first instance, for the improvement of the cabinet of Natural History, and the residue for the establishment of fellowships in said College, so that no incumbent however be allowed more than \$250 per annum.

11. 4,542 acres of land in Lycoming county, Penn. to the American Board of Commissioners, for foreign missions in Massachusetts, for the purpose of sending the gospel to the heathen, and particularly to the Indians of this continent.

12. 3,270 acres of land in the county of Bradford, and state of Pennsylvania to the managers of the hospital in Philadelphia, for the use of poor and destitute foreigners, and persons from other states than Pennsylvania, to enable them to gain admittance when necessary into this institution.

13. To Messrs. Matthew Clarkson William Woosley, Samuel Boyd and John Pintard, of New-York, in trust for the AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, 4,589 acres of land in the county of Northumberland, and state of Pennsylvania, the profits of which are to be applied to the general purposes of the institution, but especially to sending the gospel to the heathen.

14. To the mayor and corporation of Philadelphia, 13,000 acres of land in Centre county, Pennsylvania, for the purpose of forming a fund for supplying the poor of that city with wood on the lowest terms—from this fund, a medal worth \$10 is to be given to any person who will undertake the purchase and distribution of the wood gratuitously.

15. The sum of \$5,000 to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, one half of the interest of which sum is to be appropriated to the support of a missionary or catechist, who is to instruct the poor in the hospital, prisons, &c. in Philadelphia and the other half for like purposes in the city of New-York.

16. The residue of his estate, the testator gives and devises to his trustees—and among the trusts are the following of a public nature, to be carried into effect after his daughter's death.

1. To the trustees of the college of New-Jersey the sum of \$10,000, half for the use of said college, and half for that of the Theological Seminary, as directed in the devise of real estate above mentioned.

2. To the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, the sum of \$5,000 for like objects, as stated in the devise of real estate.

Finally, after providing very liberally for his nearest family friends and connections, by a codicil, he gives the residue of his estate after the death of his daughter, and after satisfying his specific appropriations, to the use of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church towards the support of such of the members as are of the Synod of New Jersey, and whose salaries are insufficient for their support. Or this fund may, at the discretion of the General Assembly, be applied in whole or part to missionary purposes, or to the use of the two education societies under the superintendance of the said General Assembly. The Trustees and Executors are—

Mrs. Susan Bradford of Burlington.  
Richard Stockton, Esq. Counsellor at Law, and Samuel Bayard, Esq. of Princeton.

Lucius H. Stockton, Counsellor at Law, Trenton.

Elias E. Boudinot, Esq. Newark, N. J.  
*New Brunswick Times.*

### LORD BYRON.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, is the grandson of the celebrated Commodore Byron, whose outset in a disastrous life has interested us so much in our reading of voyages and shipwrecks. He was born in Scotland in 1791. His father, the brother of the late lord, was an officer in the Guards; his mother a

Gordon of Park, related to the Earls of Fife. The poetry that finally took its due aspect in his person, had given various intimations of itself in his family, in the shape of verse-writing ladies and romantic adventures. The race, who were great country proprietors in Yorkshire were ennobled in the person of Sir John Byron for his loyal efforts in the cause of Charles the First; but the greatest Byron of old was one recorded in Sir John Beaumont's poem of Bosworth Field for his friendship for his companion Clifton. Lord Byron is of good stature, with a very handsome face and person. His hair is brown with a tendency to run in ringlets; his head and forehead finely cut; his eyes of a laming blue, and might give his face too haughty an expression, if it were not for his mouth and chin which are eminently bland and beautiful. It is not new to the public, that all his beauty of aspect, has one contradiction to it, in a lame foot; but the lameness is hardly perceptible in a modern dress, as he sits; or even when he is lounging about the room, he seems little more than sweeping hither and thither with a certain lordliness of indolence.—It is a shrunken foot, not one raised upon irons, or otherwise promptly defected.—We are the less scrupulous in alluding to his lameness, because it has been mentioned in the grossest manner by some poor creatures, who thought to worry his Lordship's feelings. It is remarkable that the two eminent living writers, whose portraits of humanity are upon the whole mixed up with a greater degree of scorn than those of any of their contemporaries, are both of them lame.—The other we allude to is Sir Walter Scott. Lord Byron was bred at Harrow, where he cultivated his young friendships and verses with equal ardour. He has told us that his regard for another living writer was first awakened by a youthful publication, in which similar inclinations abounded. He recollects his school-days with regard; and yet at Harrow the first seeds were probably sown of that mistrust and disappointment at human nature which is so apparent in his writings.—School-boys in general understand little but one another's defects; and when he left Cambridge, he was destined to find that friends of whom he expected otherwise, could soon forget him in the bustle of the world. He grew careless and riotous. The first productions of his pen, (common place enough it is true, like those of all young writers who are brought up in the midst of artificial models,) were contemptuously treated by the reviewers. The rest of his life is well known.

### Religious

#### SOLITUDE.

Solitude is essential to the Christian. Our Lord himself has given us an example of occasionally retiring from the world, when he spent nights on the mountain in reflection and prayer.—Holy men in all ages have followed his example.—They have assured us that they have made their attainments in the life of the soul, during their hours of lonely retirement, in unwitnessed meditation, in unpartaken musing, in whispered prayer. In such hours they have recovered that sense of the value of divine things, which the world had made them forget; they have restored that sensibility of conscience, which intercourse with mankind had blunted; they have gained new life to those affections, which had been deadened by the excitement of other affections in the company of men; and then they have returned to the active duties of their calling, prepared to pursue them with fresh ardor and diligence, and to combat temptation with increased strength. Every one, indeed, who has had any experience at any time of the genuine influence of religion on his soul, must be aware how much his zeal, and steadfastness and comfort, and improvement, have been owing to his solitary hours, and how these have languished and gone from him, in proportion as he has neglected a reasonable retirement, and suffered himself to be engrossed in the cares of the world.

It may be assured as a maxim amongst Christians, that he who ceases to have any time to himself, will cease to improve as a religious man. The spirit within him will be dying away, the warmth of his heart will be waxing cold, the beautiful regularity of his affections and dispositions, which were once the source of his choicest peace, and that devout frame of contemplation and heavenly-mindedness, which was once to him as the fore-castle of Heaven, will be passing from him, and he will gradually become a different man. He may still, in a cold, calculating way, show fidelity to his worldly trusts, and be obedient to the

demand of his several stations in life; but he cannot continue, like a disciple of Jesus, his heart glowing with holy feeling, and his mind enlarged, interested and elevated by habitually acting in sight, as it were, of invisible and infinite things.

As a religious man, therefore, he ceases to improve. He never retires from the world, and the world by degrees monopolizes all his thought and concern.

*Christian Disciple.*

"Life is short: the poor pittance of 70 years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies interred in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you thro' the tracks of time, a vast desert of unnumbered ages lies open in the retrospect: through this desert have your forefathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. What ever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, be not dismayed. The universe is in endless motion; every moment big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but rushing forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence."—BLAIR.

## FOREIGN.

### Latest from England.

CHARLESTON, FEB. 4.

By the ship *Bayard*, Capt. VANDYKE, arrived on Saturday evening, in 33 days from Liverpool, we have received our regular files of London Papers to the 27th, and Liverpool to the 29th December.

Our files by the *Bayard*, furnish an unbroken series of intelligence up to the 29th of December—but the accounts by her from Ireland, are not so late as those received at this office by the *Fama*.

War had not actually commenced between Russia and Turkey, but on all hands it appears to be considered as inevitable.

At the same time, the Greeks appear, unassisted, to be making head against the Mahomedans, and, we are sorry to say, have been guilty of the most horrible excesses towards the Turks, particularly at Navarin and Tripolizza, after those places had capitulated. Women and children were massacred by them, after having surrendered; and some of the circumstances are said, in the London papers, to have been too atrocious for publication.

A civil war had commenced in Spain, and that afflicted, distracted country, appears destined to be the theatre of the most appalling scenes.

A number of families passed through Bayonne, on the 7th December, on their way to France, whither they were flying in consequence of the disturbed state of the interior of Spain. They reported that no persons of property were safe, unless they embraced the popular cause; that open rebellion had been declared in many places; and that there is a complete system of correspondence among the disaffected from one end of the kingdom to the other.

Private letters from Lisbon, to the 12th of December, represent the situation of Portugal as very precarious. Assassinations and robberies are frequent—384 of the former are reported by the Intendant of Police to have taken place within the last ten weeks.—We are on the eve (say the writers) of some great change. The King was without money to pay his daily expenses the other day; with difficulty some was procured for his present subsistence.

The tremendous hurricane of the 30th Nov. (says one of our London papers) whether in regard to the loss of shipping or other valuable property, or, what is infinitely more value, the loss of men's lives, will be regarded by future generations, as the most fatally destructive of any on record.

It is stated, that Mr. Alexander Baring realised £120,000 by transfers in French Stock in two years.—He has purchased the noble mansion and domains of the Hon. Mr. Petre, in Norfolk, for £300,000.

### THE COTTON MARKET.

Liverpool, Dec. 28, 1821.

Yesterday there was a very good demand for Cotton, and about 1900 bales sold; no advance was obtained, but holders are rather stiff, and many are inclined to think that rather better prices may be looked for in the spring; the stock being now smaller than at this period last year; the consumption probably greater, the crops in the U. S. being reported to