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FRAUDS IN PACKING COTTON.

Every friend to the reputation of North-Carolina, must regret that there should be occasion for the publication of the following article. If the charge be true, and we cannot think it is wantonly made) then indeed does it behove our citizens to unite in detecting such shameful frauds; a regard for the honor of the state, no less than a desire to arrest an evil productive of injury to the unsuspecting purchaser, require that effectual measures be adopted by the legislature whereby the clamours (whether just or unjust) of the northern merchants, may, in this respect, be finally silenced. It is at least insinuated by the writer of the complaint which follows, that our citizens connive at the commission of these frauds, when he says—"there was an intimation that a law for the inspection of this staple would be passed in North-Carolina; but it appears to have been but an intimation." An imputation of this kind, is as unjust as it is illiberal; collectively, the people of North-Carolina view the wretch who would commit such frauds, with disgust, and if a law for the inspection of cotton has not been enacted, it was because the legislature did not deem the evil of such frequent recurrence as to require their interference.—*Ed. Car. Centinel.*

To the Editor of the New-York American.

Sir—Knowing the interest you take in the commercial prosperity, not only of this city and state, but of the United States at large, and that your paper is open to such hints as may tend to promote that prosperity, I take this opportunity to make a few remarks on the increase of an evil, which, if not checked, will prove detrimental to, if not destructive of our trade in one of the chief staples of our country. I allude to the frauds practised in the packing of cotton, particularly in the state of North-Carolina. In former years we have had complaints from abroad and many in the newspapers of that state, of extensive frauds by the introduction of large stones into the bales; but in no former year has there been such fraudulent packing of cotton itself, as in the present.

Many instances have occurred in which a large mass of dirty, rotten trash has been neatly covered over with good cotton, while the bales have been so firmly packed, and the good cotton made so completely to envelope the trash, that, in the ordinary mode of examination, the fraud could not be discovered until the bales were opened by the manufacturer. Now, whether it be from a defect in our laws, or from other cause, I know not; but the fact is, that in very few, if any instances, has the shipper been able to recover, even on undoubted certificates of the fraud. The effect will be, that purchasers will be driven from this market to others; for there are some at the south, they can recover in case of deception, and the North-Carolina cotton, the growth of which has been increasing for several years past, will be avoided, as it ought to be.

There was an intimation, I remember, that a law for the inspection of this staple would be passed in North-Carolina; but it appears to have been but an intimation, and the frauds practised in that state are more extensive than ever. I am induced to notice the subject at this time, as several cases have recently come to my knowledge in which claims have been made on account of frauds of this nature, without any success; and as in most instances the answer has been, that the sellers were merely agents, I think our Chamber of Commerce should take the subject into consideration, and that no agent should do that for another which he would not do for himself.—Let it be once understood that the merchants of New-York will hold themselves responsible for any frauds that shall be duly certified, and the consignors will be more careful at the time of purchase, and a warranty will be required from the gin house to the loom. This is nothing more than common honesty between man and man requires.

Another inducement for noticing the subject at this time, is to give timely warning to those who may be engaged in packing the coming crop, as the scrutiny will be more severe, inasmuch as the danger of frauds and difficulty of recovery are enhanced.

A COTTON DEALER.

MILLETT.

From a Delaware Paper.

On the 5th of May last, I sowed half a bushel of millet seed on an acre and one quarter of ground, which I had mowed for the purpose. About the 25th of July following, when the heads were yellow and the stalks and blades were green, I had it cut. It produced three tons of hay which my horses eat with as much avidity as they

would the best Upland. It yielded 30½ bushels of clean seed, exclusive of what was left in the sheaves weighing 49 pounds per bushel. When manufactured into flour it makes a cake equally palatable as buck wheat, and I believe more wholesome. By not mowing it till the seed are ripe, all the advantages derivable from seed will accrue to the farmer, and the hay will be equally good if not better than if cut earlier. I think I sowed mine rather too thin. I am informed, and from the experiment I made, I believe correctly, that it will produce more and better of both hay and grain if three pecks or one bushel of seed be sown to the acre, according to the quality or strength of the ground.

This crop has a great advantage over most others. It is sown and gathered at a time when it does not interfere with other work. My crop was cradled, shocked and found the same as wheat. It remained about five days in shock, and was thrashed in one day by two men, as it was hauled into the barn, so easy is it to thrash.

WILLIAM WARNER.

Wilmington, Sept. 11, 1822.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

Good News for the Government!

The last N. Y. American has a brief article on the "National Resources," which exhibits a very interesting fact. In the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, of the 10th Dec he estimates the receipts for the present year at \$16,110,000—of which the duties were to yield \$14,000,000; leaving the residue to come from other sources.—Even upon this basis, he calculates the receipts to exceed the expenses by \$1,162,338. Now the American informs us, on an authority on which he implicitly relies, that the duties on goods imported into the port of N. Y. alone for the last quarter of 1821, the 2 first of 1822, and the 3d of 1822 by estimate, amount to \$16,123,678; independent too of the tonnage duties which will amount to 3 or 400,000.—Thus it appears that "the amount received at the single port of N. Y. falls short of the contemplated estimate for customs in all ports of the U. S. only by \$3,874,322, and of the whole estimated expense of the government only \$4,821,983." And as in 1821, the receipts at N. Y. were about 5 1/2ths of those of all the ports; and last year, a little more than half; then it follows that in this proportion from this source of the public revenue alone, it will exceed the estimated expense by more than 6 millions.

This is excellent news, at least for the government. Money is not only the sinew of war, but of the preparations for it. Let the revenue go on at this rate, it will not only contribute to lay up funds to meet the instalments of the public debt, but we shall possess the means of perfecting those institutions which are so intimately connected with the best defence of the country. We may lay in arms and ammunition, timber and materials for our navy—go on and build shells of ships—i. e. create our fortifications—preserve our army, if not add to it, particularly the officers, and cherish our military academy. It will be in our power to carry into effect the wise and energetic system, recommended during the last session by Mr. Monroe, in his message on fortifications. A system, which the experience of fast war so powerfully recommends. Meanwhile, though our revenue may relieve our embarrassments, it is our duty to avoid all waste and extravagance—to bring all salaries to their proper rate; to watch over all contracts—to investigate all charges or even slightest suspicions of frauds—to scan all the public disbursements critically—to hunt up all delinquents—and to compel all the public leeches to disgorge their ill-gotten plunder. We look to the next session of Congress to institute the most searching investigations—to erect new barriers against abuse—to cleanse the Augean stable, and not be lulled into an inglorious apathy by any cheering sunshine of financial prosperity.

From the National Intelligencer.

"HALIDON HILL."—BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The disease of the present day is writing too much, and writing too fast. Before we get fairly through one book, and certainly long before we have had time to form any opinion of its merit, (if indeed it should happen to have any) our bookseller pushes another before us, from the pen, (as he tells us, by way of recommendation,) of the same author, and, no doubt, superior to all his previous productions." This is all very well. Authors and booksellers thus fill their purses, and, I make no doubt, highly applaud themselves for the dexterity with which they thus practice upon the credulity of their simple customers. In the name of heaven, let us have some breathing time! If a book is good, we can afford to read it again and again; and if it be bad, its author had better hang up his ink horn, and be silent. Who ever got tired of reading Shakspeare, or Milton, or Pope, among the poets? or, among the prose writers, of

reading such authors as Swift, Steele, Addison, Fielding, and many others that might be named? On the other hand, who in the name of common sense, thought of wading a second time through such books as the Abbot, the Monastery, the Pirate, or Precaution? Writers, (if they do not better merit the name of scribbles) of the present day, seem to think that an author's genius is to be measured by the length and number of his productions. In this particular I cannot bring myself to be of their way of thinking; and I believe it would not be difficult to prove, by referring to authors of acknowledged merit, both of ancient and modern times, that such a notion is wholly unfounded; and it will be found, if I am not greatly mistaken, that the writers of the present day might be called, with still greater propriety, "the writers for the present day;" for, I am persuaded, it requires a very moderate portion of prophetic criticism to foresee that their days are numbered, and that the awful sponge of oblivion must soon descend upon their devoted pages. The secret is this: It was formerly thought necessary, or at least decent, to take some pains in writing a book, which was intended for the amusement or edification of the public. Horace (who doubtless is thought an exceedingly dull fellow by the wits of the day) was of opinion that a piece should be kept nine years, and in this he was followed by Mr. Pope; and it is abundantly well known that Milton did not write quite so fast as Sir Walter Scott, or my Lord Byron. The rationale of the matter seems to be this. The great writers of antiquity, and those writers who figured in the early history of English Literature, addressed themselves to a narrower, and of course a more select, circle of admirers; Cicero had for his admirers such men as Cæsar, and Atticus, and Cato;—Virgil and Horace were the darlings of the accomplished Augustus; and in more modern times, and before the knack of reading was so general as it now is, and books so cheap as in these blessed times, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, wrote to emulate the ancients and to please the learned. In the present times, our authors are less aristocratical. They think themselves happy if they can please the rabble. Gentlemen in livery, and ladies' maids, I have been assured, are among the most enthusiastic admirers of Scott, Byron, and all the other literary heroes of the day. Much more might be said upon this subject, and many pros and cons bandied about, before the pretty Misses and young Masters could be brought to believe that their beloved idols, Messrs. Scott & Co. are, notwithstanding all the bustle and hubbub that has been made about them, little more than the pageants of greatness, whom a few short years will consign to the sober shades of oblivion.

For Halidon Hill, it seems to me, to be much upon a par with the rest of Scott's poetical (rhyming) works; or rather those of them that I have read. One circumstance I think distinguishes it from his other works. The Dramatic Personæ are rather more within the limits of nature and probability than his heroes usually are.—They swear, and rant, and bully less—are less intimate with witches, and witchcraft, and truly, considering all things, carry themselves with a most miraculously becoming demeanor; but after all, they are but dull folks, and little likely to make one either laugh or cry, though peradventure they may chance to put one to sleep.

It is, indeed a dull performance, and as it is destitute of those glaring beauties which characterize the prose writings of the author of Waverly, so it cannot make a claim to beauty of any other sort. The versification indeed gets along somewhat more smoothly than Sir Walter's can generally boast of doing. There is too a certain stiff propriety which seems to indicate unusual care; but, throughout the whole piece, the same unvaried tone of burlesque dignity, and pompous inanity prevails, which I fear is but too true an index of its author's character. It has neither incident nor character, design or fancy, pathos or grandeur; and of course, according to the inflexible laws of criticism, ought to be condemned to lie forever in coventry upon the dusty shelves of the bookseller.

From the Pittsburg (Pennsylvania) Gazette.

THE SHAKERS.

The following account of the Shakers, in Warren county, Ohio, has been furnished by the Rev. Jonathan Leslie. It probably contains as correct and particular information of their peculiar tenets and practices as any heretofore published.

Mr. Andrews—I here send you an account of the Shakers and their creed, taken from personal knowledge, and acknowledged correct by their elders, together with some of my own remarks on their appearance, manner of worship, &c. You are welcome to publish the whole or any part of it, as you may think best.

The Shakers live in a village called Union, 30 miles from Cincinnati, and 4 from Lebanon, the seat of justice for Warren county, Ohio.

Their number is 600, and they live in 11 families. The number of individuals in each family varies from 40 to 60, one half men, the other half women, who attend to their appropriate business.

Their dwelling houses are brick and frame, spacious, neat and plain, well finished and convenient. Their apartments are not decorated with ornaments; but are supplied with useful furniture. They are neat farmers and their mechanical work is completely executed. The orchards and gardens are extensive. They have plenty to eat and wear, and appear to be contented with their condition. They are hospitable and social, and frequently bestow large charities to worthy objects.

They have a meeting house, two stories, 65 by 56. The outside is painted white, the roof as well as the walls; which gives a singular appearance. In the upper story the ministry live. They are two men and two women, who are said to have arrived to an extraordinary degree of holiness.—They superintend the whole community, visit different stations, and hear the confessions of those who are initiated into their community. The lower story is for public worship on the Sabbath, and in it are accommodations for a great number of spectators.

In each family are two male, and two female elders, who have the spiritual direction of the members, and two male deacons, who furnish the kitchen, and attend to all the temporal concerns of the family.

I first called at a great house, opposite the meeting-house, and had considerable conversation with three elders, who are men of intelligence and capable of expressing their ideas clearly. They directed me to Mathew Huston, for they Mr. no one who is appointed to converse with the people of the world, and to entertain them. He had formerly been a Presbyterian minister, and left that body in the time of the revival in Kentucky. He appeared very willing to gratify my curiosity, and answer the queries I made relative to their belief and practice.

At 8 o'clock, their stated hour for evening devotion, a folding door was opened, which united two spacious rooms. The men and women formed each a column facing one another, with a space between, at the head of which elder Huston stood. Their devotion commenced by all singing a hymn, in one part of music. The tune was lively, and their words were plainly pronounced. Amongst the women were several little girls. After singing, the elder gave a short exhortation, and bade them prepare for labour. Then the men pulled off their coats, and the women some of their loose clothes, and all faced towards the head of their column. Four of the brethren and as many sisters sang, and the rest danced. At certain turns in the music they spat on their hands, turned entirely round and still continued dancing. They sang a more lively tune, and danced with a more lively step. Another hymn was sung and they immediately retired to rest.

My feelings at what I have just seen, I cannot express. Never did a greater mixture of sensations crowd upon my mind.—I felt contempt for their folly, pity for their ignorance, indignation at their leaders, who, to think the most charitably of them, ought to know better, and I wept at the awful disappointment they must experience when they enter the eternal world—when their sandy foundation shall be swept away; their hopes fall, and they be forever undone!

I retired to rest; but the recollection of what I had seen drove sleep from my eyes. I concluded they only are happy whom the arms of everlasting love support.

In the morning they rose at 4 o'clock, and one half hour after attended their morning devotions. They took their places as described last evening, and sung a hymn of praise to, and expressive of confidence in God, their mother; after which they all fell upon their knees, and appeared to be in silent devotion for some minutes. They then arose and went to their respective apartments.

They are regular and systematic in every thing they do. They retire at 9 o'clock, rise at 4, breakfast at 6, dine at 12, and sup at 6. They keep a school, where children of both sexes are taught. It is said that their teachers assiduously inculcate their peculiar principles upon their pupils. When their children are of lawful age to act for themselves, they insist on their making a choice either fully to unite with the community, or to leave it. They inform me, that in seven years past, 200 young and old, have joined their society. They have no summary of doctrine; but, by looking over books, and from conversation, with them, I drew up the following creed, which they acknowledge as their belief.

There is one God, but no Trinity of persons in the Godhead. That the Son is inferior to the Father, and in the work of creation was used as a subordinate agent. That the principle excellence of the man Jesus Christ consisted in his being filled with the divine Spirit. They deny the pro-

pitatory nature of the atonement of Christ, and hold that he suffered only for our example, to shew us how we are to crucify the flesh, that is, to eradicate our natural propensities and affections. They believe that none of those who died before Christ went to heaven, but that a number of them went with him, to that blessed place after his resurrection. They believe that the plan of salvation was not developed, nor perfect holiness required of those who then professed religion. But that Christ has come a second time, "without sin unto salvation," in the person of a female; and now the plan of salvation is perfectly revealed and understood by all shakers; perfect holiness is now required and attainable, and the example of Christ is to be literally followed. Hence, they will not permit the members of their church to marry; nor those who are married, when they unite with them, to live together as husband and wife. They believe that they are the children of the resurrection, and must neither marry nor be given in marriage, but be as the angels of heaven.

They deny the doctrine of God's decrees, and of justification through faith on the merits of Christ. But believe, when they confess their sins to their ministry and are absolved, they then live perfectly hol, and free from every taint of sin. They believe the day of judgment commenced when Christ appeared the second time in the person of Anna Lee, and that it is still progressing. That her spirit diffused on the ministry, enables them to judge, acquit, or condemn, and that they confer a portion of that same spirit on all that they account worthy of eternal life, which lives in, and continually governs them.

They say the resurrection is past, and that there will be no resurrection of the body. They believe that judgment, begun in this world, will be continued until all the souls of the wicked, who departed this life ignorant of the Gospel, as it is held by the Shakers, have an offer of it, and if they become Shakers, they shall be saved; if not, they shall be made eternally miserable. They believe the Bible is of no use now, farther than to prove the introduction of their new dispensation. It is the old heavens which have passed away. They trace the origin of their denomination from the French Jumpers.

150 DOLLARS REWARD

HAVING a Mulatto man run away, who I understand is in the neighborhood of General Durant Hatch and Mr. Gaston's Plantation, I will give the above reward to any one who will apprehend and deliver him to me or my agent, at Lake Phelps, Tyrrell County, or One Hundred and Twenty-Five Dollars if he is confined in Newbern Jail so that I get him. His name is DAVIE, of middle size, and about twenty-four years of age.

E. PETTIGREW.

June 5th, 1822—20 if.

25 Dollars Reward.

RAN AWAY from the Subscriber's Plantation, in Onslow County, on the 12th of March last, a Mulatto Man by the name of

LINKFIELD;

about five feet seven inches high, 25 years of age, and as likely as is commonly seen. It is expected he is lurking about Newbern of Wilmington. The above Reward will be given to any person who will apprehend and confine him in any Jail so that I get him again, and all reasonable expenses will be paid.

Masters of vessels and others are hereby forbidden from harbouring, employing or carrying him away, under the penalty of the law. LEWIS T. OLIVER. May 20th, 1822—19 if.

25 Dollars Reward

WILL be paid for apprehending and delivering to the subscriber in Beaufort, a Negro Woman named KATE, commonly called Kate Mumford, and DANIEL, her son; or Twenty Dollars for securing them in either of the jails of Craven, Carteret or Onslow.

KATE is of a yellowish complexion, and about 40 years of age. DANIEL is about 18, stender and of brown colour.

All persons are cautioned against harbouring, employing, or carrying them away, under the penalty of the law.

ANSON HARKER.

Beaufort, Carteret county, Sep. 6, 1822.

Taken Up,

AND committed to the Jail of this county on the 26th instant, a Negro man, who calls himself PERRY; and says he belongs to Benjamin Borden, of this county. The owner is requested to come forward, prove his property pay charges, and take him away!

Wm G TAYLOR, Jailor.

Newbern Sept. 26th, 1822.—36