

MISCELLANEOUS.

The author of the following communication, in a letter to the Editor, acknowledges himself indebted to the works of others for some small portion of his dialogue.

FOR THE CAROLINA CENTINEL.

THE MODERN CANDIDATE, A DIALOGUE.

SCENE—A TAVERN.

[ENTER CANDIDATE—SEVERAL PERSONS IN THE ROOM.]

CANDIDATE.—[Meeting with Alastor] Sir, your most obedient. Shall I have the pleasure of your name?

ALASTOR.—Alastor, Sir, at your service.

CAND.—Believe me, Mr. Alastor, I'm truly happy to see you. [shaking hands]—Gentlemen, your most humble servant. God bless me, friend Harris, is this you? [shaking hands]—Upon my word, I am happy to see you. How is the old woman and children? Does the old lady hold out pretty well yet?

HARRIS.—They are all so as to be about, except the old lady; she is grunting a little with the tooth-ache—Well, now, talk of the old boy and his imps will appear. Boys, let's have some grog; here's Major O'Fellagan, by zounds! Landlord, bring in a decanter of whiskey. Dig my cat, now, Major, if we don't take a gall burster together; come, take hold. Now, Major, I mean to sport your election; I've always been a friend to your side. Now, if we be right sharp this year, we'll beat our old opponents a long gap, my old Paddy. Now, on Nahunty, you'll stand pretty well, & upon Little River and Falling Creek, they are for O'Fellagan to a man. Oh! we'll trim 'em out, Major. Well, here goes for our side.—Wye, Dobson, my old lark, come on here, see whom we've got here.

CAND.—Landlord, let us have a quart of your best brandy.—[shaking hands with Dobson] How goes it, my old soul—what, as gaily and heartily as ever? No wonder; the old woman feeds him up with those fine cheese of hers—and the girls spin their twenty cuts a day, and weave eighty yards a week—no wonder he looks so young and fat. Come, neighbour, take some grog with us—here's spirits and water, help yourself, sir.

Dobson.—Wye, Major, I believe I would not choose any, I don't feel much like drinking to day.

CAND.—Here's some good old peach brandy and cool water, do help yourself, sir.

Dob.—[Throwing away a quid of tobacco, takes a glass half full.] Major, where in the world have you been all this time; a body might have been dead and buried for all you cared. How are madam and the children? How is little Robbin, the little dog? I long to get a squeeze at his little hide.

CAND.—How finely, neighbour Dobson, you paid us that visit you promised us—you're a man of your word! My old woman has a crow to pick with you. But let us take some grog—landlord, bring us out a gallon of rum toddy.

IRISHMAN.—By St. Patrick, that same Major is a jontleman, and his father was an Irishman; arrah, honey, and his mother too. I'll bet a noggin of whiskey of that—he's Dennis O'Fellagan's son, the parson of Welksford. Och, bodderation, he puts me in mind of the old times—“Erin go bra.”

CAND.—You are right, sir, I am the youngest son of Parson O'Fellagan.

IRISH.—Faith! and you're like your old daddy, every inch of you. Good luck to the old Welksford Parson, and rest be to his soul.

CAND.—Come, gentlemen, one and all. Here goes success to the friends of liberty—may their taxes be lighter every year, and their delegates true to the interest of the people. [Drinks.]

HARR.—Here goes success to Major O'Fellagan, our worthy candidate—may he out-poll his opponents three to one. [Drinks, and O'Fellagan withdraws.]

I tell you what, boys, if we consult our own interest, we'll send the Major; a kinder truer hearted lad never was born—rich or poor, all one to him. Here are several freeholders of us, and we can give him a smart lift. Each of us has several sons, too—let us give them 50 acres a piece; that is the way to whip the old boy round the stump.

IRISH.—Arrah, jontlemen, if you'll give me 50 acres a piece, I'll give him 50 votes, so I will. Faith, I have 500 votes in Ireland, and if I can get them here he shall have the whole of them, so he shall.

[ENTER MRS. COMMERCE, & SON, handed in by O'Fellagan.]

CAND.—Mrs. Commerce, I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well. Pray how is my old friend, Mr. Commerce? I believe he stays pretty close at home; he hardly ever takes time to visit his old friends; I should be truly happy to see the old gentleman.

Mrs. COMMERCE.—You do us much honor, Major. Pray, how are Mrs. O'Fellagan and the children? I have had

some hope of a visit; but I suppose Mrs. O'Fellagan has totally forgotten her old school-mate.

CAND.—[Earnestly] Indeed, madam, you are much mistaken; she is continually talking about you, and has to apologize for the delay; but you may expect her next week.—And is this your youngest son, Mrs. Commerce? [raising his hat before] He is as much like his father as he can stare.

Mrs. COM.—I expect Mr. Commerce here, every minute, and hope you will let us have your company this evening.

CAND.—I thank you kindly, Mrs. Commerce, and am truly sorry my arrangements are such as to render it out of my power; I wish much to visit the family, and will the first opportunity. Pray, how do Nancy and Adela come on—as pert and lively, I suppose, as ever? I have a small present for them [Gives Mrs. Commerce several ginger cakes, & presents one to her son.]

Mrs. COM.—I thank you, sir; I will do myself the pleasure of presenting them.

CAND.—Gentlemen, let us walk to the spring and take some good cool grog—it will be much more agreeable than in the house; it is quite sultry this evening.—[Exit Mrs. Commerce, Mr. Commerce, and Irishman.]

[ENTER MR. COMMERCE.]

MR. COM.—Who were all those, my dear, I saw going down the hill to the spring—is it master-day?

Mrs. COM.—No, my dear, it is Major O'Fellagan and all the neighbours, met concerning the election—they seem determined to send him—and I wish him success; for he seems one of the most polite and clever men I ever saw. I know, if he gets elected, we shall have no embargoes or war, nor heavy taxes. He is as obliging and peaceable a soul as I ever saw. I wish, from my soul, he may be elected.

MR. COM.—I shall be very glad to see him—he is a good staunch supporter of our side, and a friend to his country.

Mrs. COM.—I made bold to ask him home with us, and told him I expected you here every minute.

MR. COM.—You did very right, my dear; you know your will is my pleasure.

Mrs. COM.—My dear, you know you have it in your power to favor the Major's election.

MR. COM.—How, my dear? I wish I could; but the fools of our county are such stiff-necked foes to the Major, I am doubtful of his election.

Mrs. COM.—You have many customers in arrears to you, Mr. Commerce—send them their accounts and demand their bonds—tell them you will indulge them six months longer, if they will oblige you so far as to vote for Mr. O'Fellagan. The interest will be going on, you know. Now, what do you think of my scheme, my dear?

MR. COM.—You know two heads together are better than one, honey—but here they all come.

[ENTER DOB. CAN. HARRIS, &c. STAGGERING.]

CAND.—[To Alastor] And how do you do, sir?—I hope to have the honour of an acquaintance with you.

ALASTOR.—I have already had the honour of an acquaintance with Major O'Fellagan, to day—I am Alastor, sir.

CAND.—Ah! sure enough—I thought I could trace some lines of sociability in Mr. Alastor's face.—[Passing to Johnson] Ah! my very good friend, Mr. Johnson! How does your father do?—[shaking hands.]

JOHNSON.—He is dead.

CAND.—So he is.—[To Martin, shaking hands] Mr. Martin, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

MARTIN.—I never was married, sir.

CAND.—No more you were.—Well, neighbors and friends—Ah! and here's honest Dick Bennet! [Addressing Gregory Gubbins, and shaking hands.]

GUBBINS.—My name is Gregory Gubbins, sir.

CAND.—You are right, it is so—and how fares it with good master Gubbins?

GUB.—Pretty well, sir, ex—

CAND.—I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

GUB.—But hark'e Major.

CAND.—Your pleasure, my dear friend?

GUB.—Why, as how, concerning our young one, at home—

CAND.—Right—she's a prodigious fine girl.

GUB.—Girl! zooks! 'tis a boy.

CAND.—True—he's a fine boy; I love and honour the child.

GUB.—Nay, sir; it is none such—he has been mighty poorly for a long time—I live a good distance off—we have no doctor thereabouts—couldn't you help—

CAND.—I will attend to you in an instant.—I hope I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Commerce in good health. [shaking hands.]

MR. COM.—Major, how are you; upon my word, I am happy to see you.

CAND.—Landlord! let us have another bowl of toddy, and put a plenty of nutmeg in it.

MR. COM.—Major, I hear you are up, this time, for the Commons, and am really glad to hear it. I really hope you may get elected; I know you are our

friend, and will do the best you can for us, these distressing times—

CAND.—Mr. Commerce, and my other worthy friends—It has always been my pleasure to consult the benefit of my neighbours, and do for them what lies in my power. Pecuniary pressures, perhaps, at this time, are more distressing than have ever been known. To check the extension or establishment of banking institutions, and extend all possible lenity to those who are already ensnared by them; to increase the prices of pork, palma christi, tar, turpentine, cotton, corn, wheat, peas, rice, tobacco and shingles, so that the farmers shall receive a suitable equivalent for the productions of their labour, shall, gentlemen, be the sole aim of my unremitting exertions. As for the Navigation and Ditching business, I must avow my hostility to it, unless it is done exclusively by the Scotch and Irish; as no native American, and more particularly a citizen of our own state, can possibly know any thing about such important concerns—and in a free government, like ours, native genius should never be suffered to come in competition with foreign—imported ignorance will, no doubt, be easier palmed on the people, than homebred truth & knowledge.—I think, too, that granting exclusive privileges to particular bodies of men is prejudicial to the cause of liberty—and provided all these Navigation companies are established, and the navigation of our head waters improved to the degree contemplated, we down-the-river folks shall have to pay taxes for carrying our produce to the markets, where we now go free. All this would come out of our pockets, and go into navigation stock-holders' pockets, or be pocketed by imported ditchers, without benefiting us one solitary cent. Will you submit to this? But before these mighty works can be effected, admitting that they can, what oppressive labour would have to be endured by the poor but virtuous yeomanry of the country, unless like the masters, the men also should be shipped from abroad? Besides, in this portion of the country, where the navigation is now unobstructed, industry would languish, and enterprise sink beneath the infliction of duties: to defray the millions of expense that must be incurred—while the retailers of town lots, mill-seat owners, and stock speculators would be the only persons benefited.

IRISH.—[Brandishing his shillelagh]—That's right, my ould soul, don't pay the sons of beggars one cent in their banks—they have got enough out of our pockets, already—and the devil burn their ditching business. I help'd 'em in Ireland to ditch from the Shannon all round the city of Americk, and through, and the devil a farthing did I get for it. Och bodderation! but I sued the Company, for breach of promise, and put one of them in jail, and left him in Jack's house when I came away from swate Ireland.—Arrah, my jewels, Major O'Fellagan's the man for me! He's for none of your laws, taxes, and sheriffs.

DOB.—I am the best man on this ground—I'm a horse—who says any thing against O'Fellagan?—Huzza for our county, this time.

CAND.—Well, gentlemen, I hope to have all my friends' company next Saturday, at Adams' muster ground, to partake of a barbecue and some grog.

IRISH.—Arrah! now, success to the daddy a mammy that calls you their son. Welksford forever, and “Erin go bra.”

CAND.—I wish you all, gentlemen, a good evening, and my compliments to your friends. [Exit.]

IRISH.—Arrah, my honey! success attend you—you're the best lad I've met with since I left Limerick.

WATERLOO TROPHIES.

A London paper of the 20th of June, states that on Friday week a numerous and fashionable party attended at the late Museum in Piccadilly, to witness the sale of the carriage and other things which belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, which were captured at Waterloo. The articles were all eagerly bought up, and some of them at most extravagant prices. The following statement of the prices given for some of the things, will serve to shew in what estimation these relics are held. The carriage sold for 168*l*.; small opera glass 5*l*. 5*s*.; tooth brush, 3*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*.; snuff box 166*l*. 19*s*. 6*d*.; military stock, or collar, 1*l*. 17*s*.; old slippers, 1*l*.; razor, (common) 4*l*. 4*s*.; piece of sponge, 17*s*. 6*d*.; shaving brush, 3*l*. 14*s*.; shirt, 2*l*. 5*s*.; comb, 1*l*.; shaving box, 7*l*. 7*s*.; pair of old gloves, 1*l*.; old pocket handkerchief, 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. Many other articles sold equally high.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS.

PATRIOTIC LADIES.

The ladies in the neighborhood of the Mossy Springs, (Ky.) assembled at that place on the 4th July to commemorate that glorious anniversary. Each contributed to their frugal repast. After assembling, an appropriate address was delivered by Mrs. MEADWAY who presided, and a number of very spirited and patriotic resolutions adopted instead of toasts being drunk.—They resolved to renounce

all foreign ornaments and luxuries, which have a tendency to exhaust our country of specie; to prefer in every case, articles of our own to those of foreign manufacture—to lessen the number of domestics to a bare sufficiency to attend, with their assistance, to the household duties—to have their carriages made plain and strong and used only on necessary occasions—to practice the strictest economy in the management of domestic concerns—to inculcate into the minds of their little children principles of virtue, patriotism and frugality—to use all the means in their power to diffuse the lights of knowledge, of science and religion by making them topics of conversation in all private circles, to the exclusion of light and frivolous topics too frequently indulged in—and to exercise their influence with the other sex to reform their manners and their morals.

From the Schenectady Cabinet.

Mr. Printer—Your politeness in publishing an account of the Methodists last year, has induced me to hand you the following extract from the Minutes taken at the several annual conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America for the year 1819.

Ques. 4th. What number are in society? Answer, Ohio Conference, 29,134

Missouri do.	4,764
Tennessee do.	20,678
Mississippi do.	2,371
S. Carolina do.	32,745
Virginia do.	22,585
Baltimore do.	34,089
Philadelphia do.	82,786
New-York do.	22,638
New-England do.	15,312
Genesee do.	23,913
Total,	240,924
Total last year,	329,627

Increase last year, 11,297.

* N. B. By the term Society, is to be understood, all who are now in communion, professing to be governed by the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. W. T. Schenectady, Aug. 9th, 1819.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

A short account of the conversion of H. B. H. in the neighbourhood of Wilmington, N. C. in a letter to a friend, October, 1817.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Agreeably to your request, I give you the outlines of the last 20 years of my life. I embraced Deism, when between twenty and thirty years of age. This was the contrary to what might have been expected from my religious education, being blest with religious parents, who were careful to inculcate the principles of morality and religion on my mind—and particularly, my Mother, who has been for near fifty years an acceptable member of the Methodist Church, and at this time, enjoys good health of body and much of the power of religion. After I arrived at the age of maturity, I left my father's house, in pursuit of such avocations, as I thought, were calculated to make me permanently happy. I also became unfortunately allied to persons highly prejudiced against the Christian Religion.—Among these, means were used which completely destroyed the good impressions made on my mind in the early part of my life—and, in defiance of all my former convictions of the truth of revelation, I went down to Deism.

With this belief I lived till February last, when it pleased God, by a singular act of his Providence, to alarm my conscience, and bring me once more to serious reflection. About this time one of my servants, an old man, say about sixty years of age, died very suddenly, in a situation which precluded him from having a human being near, even to close his eyes.—Having no family, he had lived at some distance from my dwelling by himself—and consequently, his death was not discovered until the day after it occurred. This circumstance made it to me dreadful and melancholy, and caused me seriously to reflect on death. He had been a member of the Methodist Church near thirty years, and to the day of his death a pious and holy man. While viewing his lifeless corpse, somehow, these words occurred to me—“poor fellow, you are happy, no doubt.”—“but, how can he be happy?” I replied to myself; “we have always differed in opinion, and certainly one of us must be wrong.”—I therefore began to reason on the subject, and as I progressed I found myself more and more unhappy. I began to conclude, that my philosophy and reason would not support me in the awful hour of death.—I brought my past life into review, and found it had been truly abandoned and wickedly immoral—having indulged in my crooked temper so long, that it became unchangeable. Although possessed of wealth, more than enough, yet my desire for money became so great, that no day appeared long enough to pursue after it. Parts of Sabbaths were employed in doing out of the way jobs about my plantations, and looking after my stock; and the spare hours from nursing the mammon of unrighteousness, were employed in seeing information to sap the foundation of the Christian Religion. All these

gathered like a mighty cloud on my mind, and it became more than wretched.—Thus I was driven to the word of God for succor. I resolved, if the Bible contained of itself, sufficient arguments to convince me of its truth, without the aid of any other book, I would believe it and renounce my former opinion—otherwise I would die a Deist.

Accordingly I commenced the investigation—but during the first week, found the task so irksome, that I was obliged to limit myself to six chapters a day. After reading seven or eight days, I began to feel more interested, and was able to rise to twenty, and sometimes to thirty in a day. I had not gone through the New Testament, before I was fully convinced of the truth of Christianity. Now I resolved on a new course of living. This resolution I adopted the 12th July at 12 o'clock on the Sabbath; and at three I wrote a recantation of my deistical principles to an intimate friend of the same sentiment. On Monday morning following, for the first time in my life, I called my family together, exhorted, and prayed with them. This, by the grace of God, I have done ever since. But I ought not to forget telling you, that after I was beaten off the foundation of Deism, I embraced Calvinism, and held on to it, for the space of three weeks, when I discovered its fatal effects, and renounced it.

Purging my convictions, I suffered indescribable horrors of mind—I thought once that there was no mercy for me; I however continued in prayer day and night, much to the astonishment of all, who had been previously acquainted with me. Even my wife imagined for two days that I was a crazy man. I resolved, in addition to my own prayers to obtain those of my godly neighbours; and therefore sent and invited all in the neighbourhood to come, see, and pray for a poor despairing Infidel. Accordingly, a number assembled, and at one o'clock commenced their devotions to God in my behalf—and at three o'clock, while many of their pious souls were employed in singing and prayer, it pleased God to release my soul from bondage, and with heavenly ecstasies, in the fulness of Jesus, I cried out, *Gloria to God*. About two weeks after my sins were pardoned, I determined to become a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A number of my old deistical companions were collected on the occasion. In the name of God, in the Methodist Church in Wilmington, and in the presence of a large congregation, I went forward to the altar and enlisted under the banner of Jesus. This I have not regretted since, and hope I never shall. I hope ere long to hail you and my brethren on the banks of glorious deliverance. H. P. B.

MR. NEEL,

UPHOLSTERER,

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of this town and its vicinity, that he will keep constantly on hand, an assortment of Matresses, Pillows, Crickets, Screens, &c.

He also Papers rooms; and will execute any orders in either of the above lines with neatness and dispatch.

He will give the customary price for Horse-hair, prepared or unprepared, and in large or small quantities.

August 14th, 1819.—73tf



A REPORT having been circulated that Madam HUAU (now Madam NEEL) intended to remove from this place, Madam N. takes this method of informing her friends and the public that she will remain in Newbern, and attend to all orders in her line, as usual. Leghorn Hats and Bonnets cleaned and repaired so as to appear new. She expects from New-York, a general assortment of the most fashionable Leghorn and Straw Bonnets, which she will sell very low for cash. She also keeps on hand and repairs Bandboxes of all descriptions. August 14th, 1819.—73tf

Female Boarders.

A FEW young Ladies can be accommodated with Board and Lodging at Madam Neel's, on Craven-street. The strictest attention will be paid to their morals. Aug. 21.—74tf

Gun-Powder.

A QUANTITY of first quality of New-England Gun-Powder, constantly on hand, and for sale at very reduced price, by JOHN SPENCE WEST. July 3.—67tf