

Extract of a letter from a Member of the General Assembly to the Editors, dated "RALEIGH, DEC. 28.

"The bill giving the election of Sheriffs to the people at large, without regard to property or color, which had been rejected in the Senate, was to-day, discussed and rejected in the Commons.

"A bill passed the Commons, a few days since, discharging the Attorney General from attending the Circuit, as prosecuting officer, and leaving him only the business of the Supreme Court to attend to; and also repealing the law which creates the office of Solicitor General, so as to put that officer also out of business—but providing for the election of two Solicitors for these districts, (the Raleigh and Hillsborough districts.) The Senate to-day rejected the bill.

"The bill to prevent protracted litigation, by enlarging the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, was rejected to-day in the Commons, by a majority of 18. The bill proposed that persons complaining of torts, (wrongs by force or fraud,) where the damage was less than twenty dollars, (except disputes concerning land, or slander,) might warrant and have a trial before a single Justice—without going through a tedious and expensive suit in a County or Superior Court. The principal objection to the bill was, that the Justices generally, were not competent to decide such cases.

"The bill to repeal the act creating a Board of Internal Improvement, was rejected on Thursday, by a handsome majority—22 votes. The duty of the Board is to direct and superintend such public works as the Assembly authorize: to employ a Superintendent or Engineer, and pay the money appropriated by law. Before the establishment of the Board, it is strange, but actually true, that every dollar paid by the State; to the amount of \$35,500, was lost, by being ignorantly and injudiciously applied on the Neuse, Cape-Fear, Yadkin and Catawba navigations—while the subscriptions of individuals to the same projects, were paid and lost, to the amount of \$150,000. Under the direction of the Board, it is acknowledged the money has been judiciously applied. The attempt to deepen the channel below Wilmington, by contracting the passage of the river upon the shoal, by means of Jetties, has not succeeded. Mr. Fulton miscalculated the force of the water, and its velocity was not sufficient to cut away the bank. This is the only failure in his calculations. The Dredging Machine is presumed by this time to be in operation on the shoal, and as it is only a few yards wide, it is believed it can be removed.

"The attention of scientific men will be directed to the Swash in Pamlico Sound. If they deem it practicable to remove it so as to deepen the water even a few inches, it will be attempted by the State. I entertain no doubt of the disposition in the Legislature to undertake any thing reasonably shown to be practicable and beneficial; and the navigation of the Sound, interests the entire North and Eastern parts of the State. We have a claim to assistance, for we have liberally supported the improvement of Cape-Fear, which interests the South and West."

We learn from Raleigh that a Bill to suppress the detestible practice of treating at Elections, passed the Commons by a respectable majority; but was rejected in the Senate. The bill rendered the practice of treating in any public place or gathering, (not tending to a man's own house,) with intent to influence an Election, an indictable offence. Grand Juries would have noticed the offence, and the petty jury would have judged of the intent and secured the person charged, from just conviction. Strange and melancholy as the fact is, we are yet longer to submit to this nuisance. Can we, that the gentlemen who vote still continue the practice, by voting against a law to bring it to punishment, speak the sentiments of their constituents?

On this subject, we invite the attention of our readers to a presentment of the Grand Jury for Muskingum county, Ohio, which will be found in a preceding column.

FOR THE SENTINEL.

ATHENIAN BREATHINGS For 1826.

Touching Athens and the opinions of travellers—the Newbern School of Poetry—music—the Athenian Bar—Eloquence—and the Gentlemen of the old School.

I am a nameless man, but a friend to Athens, and to Athens friends.—BURTON.

Trumpet, blow loud! Send thy brass voice thro' all their doubting tents—and prattle Like St. Rolands horn in Roncevalles's battle.

Granting, that a highly favored spot, uniting many beauties of the picturesque, affords an asylum where letters and the sciences enjoy a singular degree of cultivation, nay, may be said 'to ripen in our sight'—is it marvellous, if it be called 'the Athens?' The reading public will instinctively know, that allusion here can only be made to our 'Beautiful Newbern,' o'er which

Bright Phoebus smiling checks his rapid car, And Cynthia lingering sheds her purest beam—and will excuse us, if we improve a moment of festivity and leisure, to submit views calculated to awake emotions of delight and gratitude—and so far as doubt can exist on the subject, completely to silence it. The opinions of enlightened travellers are always entitled to respect, and it is with pleasure that we avail ourselves of the flattering testimony which several bear to our numerous merits. We speak of travellers who have visited foreign parts, and who travel, not as 'those who go about with their eyes shut'—Of many who, during the present winter, have visited our town, it is worthy of remark, that on their arrival, they first admire our natural advantages and beauties, and then, congratulate themselves on reaching here alive, after passing thro' the state. Some one of our gastronomes, in the true spirit of Athenian conviviality, immediately invite them to a social repast, where they discover we do not subsist entirely on letters, but rather concur with the sage Scipio in the opinion 'that the pleasures of literature are greatly heightened by those of the table'—indeed there is a solid sort of Castalian about a well spread board, which is wonderfully inspiring, and seems, like the touch of some Ethereal Spear, to enfranchise ones apprehension, and give wings to thought—time now passes in a various converse, which is richly tinged with the ambrosia of classics and wit, until they arrive at the settled conclusion, that our Athens presents a bright reflex of the Augustan age—at this pendule of feeling, a proposition is made to attend a Soiree at B's, or G's, where beauty and music 'pour all the Arabian heaven on our nights'—here it is no less gratifying than curious, to see them recoil before the dazzling radiance of sparkling eyes, as if 'blasted with excess of light' and to hear them exclaim when they recover their speech, 'if they survive the shock,' by the whisker of the prophet's cat, but this is the true Athens, and as they listen to tones that rival the music of the spheres, and to words

That rob the Hybla bees And leave them honeyless, they burst forth—'by the bump on the camel's back—but how is this?' that a place scarcely known abroad—that makes so little stir in the great world, should present a display of grace and beauty, of elegance and refinement, that we have never seen eclipsed abroad or at home—why sir, (addressing us,) your Athens should rank with the first in the polite world—her name should 'echo thro' every vale, and stand rubric on every wall'—spoken much like an Athenian.—We hasten to assure them the remark is not original, and in confirmation of it, observe that several travellers, peregrinating south in search of an abiding place, have, on their arrival, pitched their tent on the spot, as if here they realised their fondest hopes—their day-dream of brighter worlds—as if this was the Eldorado of their imagination, or as Bob Southey would say in his extravagant days, "The gem of the gem, the living eye of fire."

Calculated as these considerations certainly are, to put us in a good humor, and makes us view, with a benignant eye, all minor deficiencies, we nevertheless feel it incumbent on us plainly to state, that the 'Newbern School of Poetry is in a very indifferent way, and that save the Hippocrene of H. which continues to pour forth its strains of melody and to sustain, with ability and taste, the character of the School, there is not a wooer of Helicon, while the Laureats of Cythera betray a sad lack of inspiration—we understand however that the different schools are subject to these fluctuations, and are evils that find their own remedy.—Complaints of a more serious character reach us regarding the alarming indifference of our Athenian youth to the charms of music—roundly insinuating, that to discourse with them of its heavenly influence, or of the fine 'contrato voice' of Signorina Garcia, particularly in the terzetto, you had as well talk to a mole of gas light—Now, how is this?—do they undervalue a science that has occupied the attention and study of the greatest men of every age and clime—of a science that is allied to eloquence and poetry, and that opens the brightest avenue to the mind?—Achilles, the most terrific personage that poetical imagination has feigned, is often represented as subduing his resentment by the melody of his harp—and

It is not improbable, judging from their exclamations, that these Gentlemen may have visited Persia.

Richard Coeurde Lion was a true guild brother of the science, the love of which only yielded to his love of arms—and does not Socrates account for his proficiency in speaking to his tuition? 'Aspasia taught me the rhetoric Conous music.'—But we scorn the appearance of pedantry, and never quote as others do, thro' poverty of intellect, but merely as a short method of establishing a point. Music is a handsome accomplishment, and delightful source of amusement, and to the mind harassed and considerably disjacked with care, it affords an antidote more soothing than any other art can yield; and as we descend the vale of years and other enjoyments yield to encroaching time, this alone—this alone comes with renewed delight, bearing on its wings the fragrauncy of youth in the recollections of other days—it cheers the sunset of life as it encircles us with a herison of boyish association.—We who have become 'a wiser and a sadder man' as we increase in years and infirmities, may be supposed to speak as one in the way of experience, and entitled to weight.—Some Poet says, we who have grown old in Jokes, not years, piercing the depths of sun'—we rather prefer this reading.

But let us dismiss these secondary matters and approach a subject which makes every Athenian bosom swell with pride—we mean the Athenian bar, which acknowledges no competition in the state, and whose supremacy indeed, save a few dissentient growls from the capital, is universally admitted—that there are distinguished advocates without its pale, not a tongue dare wag in contravention; but in nine cases out of ten it will be found they have breathed the air of Athens. In reflecting on our proud pre-eminence, we have occasionally indulged in a curious enquiry as to its causes. There is no character in our estimation more enviable, none certainly that we hold in higher admiration, than the accomplished eloquent pleader—to attain this character, mere legal acquirement is not sufficient, since no profession places more in requisition various and extensive knowledge—the Sciences should be cultivated with the different branches of literature, 'ornamental and profound'—this places at the command of the speaker the weapons of fancy and philosophy, which he can volley or restrain at pleasure—it gives a keenness to his sarcasm—a magnificence to his declamation, and a variety and comprehensiveness to his argument. Nor is this the only effect produced by this (Athenian) course of study—the mind becomes insensibly imbued with a feeling of propriety—a delicacy of tact, which never offends or disgusts, by a vulgar bearing or course invective, too often the expedients of those who are without the loftier graces. When we speak of Wirt, or Webster, or Hopkinson, or any pillar of our bar, (the Senior if you please,) it is not the mere lawyer we conjure up, whose resources are exhausted in a little legal research, and some desultory interjectory discussion—but the accomplished advocate, the polished scholar and general student, who can at will, fascinate the imagination by the brilliancy of metaphor and language, and take captive the judgment by the force of logical reasoning. Such is the Athenian bar—such have we often found it, while our hair stood on end, as their thunders fulminated around, shaking the very walls to their centre.—In taking leave of our bar, we proudly assert that its leading members would grace and dignify any in the Union; and we look to the period (which we trust is yet remote,) when they shall withdraw from their brilliant career, as the setting of so many suns that have long shed their glories around us, and occasionally have illumined the whole western-hemisphere.

But time and space press—and we must hasten to pay our respects to the 'Gentlemen of the Old School,' who stand first in our affections,—we could not close these remarks without this tribute of esteem to a club, who possess more of the chivalry and gallantry of the 'ancien regime'—more classical enthusiasm and literary taste—in short more genuine wit and pure good-fellowship, than can be met with perhaps in any Athenian body—the Storehouse of mirth and merriment not excepted—this explains in some measure the cause of their being such distinguished favorites with the ladies, always basking in their sweetest smiles; and furnishes at the same time a very handsome proof of the discriminating tact of Athenian belles. The 'Old School' had it contemplation not long since to form a "Society for the suppression of back country beaux" who have annoyed them much of late, disturbing their peace and serenity—we are happy to state however, that in a becoming spirit of magnanimity, they relinquish the idea.—In bidding them adieu, we hope they may long flourish, the boast of Athens, in all the greenness of efflorescent youth? Innumerable other views crowd upon us, but we brush them aside with our pen, as all tending to the same grand result, and without more ado, we present to our grateful Public the compliments of the season, and in an especial manner, to every lover of ATHENS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.

In the House of Representatives yesterday, Mr. Owen offered a resolution calling for information relative to the Treaty with the Creek Indians negotiated by Generals Jackson and Pinckney, at Fort Jackson. The bill making appropriations for fortifications for the next year was reported and read twice. It asks 795,000

dollars for the service of the year. The bill relative to the sale of school lands in Ohio caused some discussion, but was finally ordered to a third reading; as, also, was the bill making appropriations for the payment of revolutionary pensioners. A bill was introduced from the Committee of Ways and Means, making it the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to send the annual estimates to the House within a week after the meeting of Congress, in order to expedite the passing of the appropriation bills.

Surrender of St. Juan de Ulloa. New-York, Dec. 23.

Accounts have been received at Baltimore, and fully confirm the intelligence that we announced on Tuesday, of the surrender of the Castle of St. Juan de Ulloa. The schooner Lafayette, arrived at Baltimore on Monday evening, from Sacrificos. The captain states that the Castle surrendered at discretion on the 18th November, the troops being in a state of starvation—the Patriots were to give safe passage to the prisoners to Havana, and the sick were to be sent to Vera Cruz. Subsequent information derived from Capt. Lane, of the schr. Hornillas, states that the troops of the garrison had already embarked on board English vessels, and sailed for Havana, under convoy of a Mexican brig of war. The Hornillas had been captured by the Mexican fleet, and carried into Sacrificos, but was released.

The garrison in the Castle, which originally consisted of twelve hundred men, was reduced by disease and desertion to about one hundred and fifty at the time of the surrender—and the judicious management of the commander of the Mexican fleet, who placed himself between the Castles and the Spanish squadron, which came to the relief of the Garrison, had the effect of destroying the only remaining hope of the troops, and compelling their surrender.

Some of the letters received in this city, says the Baltimore American, state that such was the absolute state of starvation of the garrison occupying the Castle, that, for the last two or three days before its surrender, even the people of Vera Cruz, who had suffered so much from the repeated firings of the Castle, had furnished vegetables to the famished soldiers from the motives of charity and commiseration.

We translate from the Mercurio of Alvarado, of the 18th Nov. the following Post-script:

"The post has this moment arrived from Vera Cruz, bringing letters which announce in a thousand various forms, that the CASTLE OF SAN JUAN DE ULLOA is henceforth and forever more a MEXICAN FORTRESS.

We are still without details of this great event, but the capitulation is said to consist of fourteen articles, of which the following are the principal, viz.—"That on Saturday morning (the 19th November) a commission from this government shall pass over formally to take an inventory of all the armament and furniture of the Castle: The Spaniards shall then strike their flag with the corresponding salutes; and our troops shall take immediate possession of the fortress, hoisting our colours with grand salutes, ringing of bells, and every manifestation of joy that the event demands. Every thing is concluded with the utmost harmony. The Spaniards ask not one farthing, but merely that they be safely conveyed to Havana by our government."

Another private letter says—"The capitulation of the Castle of Ulloa is concluded, sealed and irrevocably fixed, &c. In short, Mexicans and fellow patriots, a thousand and ten thousand times I congratulate you." Glory forever to the inhabitants of the regenerated city of Vera Cruz!!!

The Lafayette sailed by special permission of the government, and the Embargo was to continue, it was supposed, until the safe return of the convoy, which sailed with the prisoners for Havana.

Tranquility prevailed throughout the Republic of Mexico, and the wise administration of the laws diffused general content, and produced enthusiastic attachment to the government in all parts of the country.

A number of shipwrecks had occurred on the coast of Mexico—One letter states that out of eleven sail lying at Point Lizardo, five only were saved, the rest having been driven ashore and gone to pieces.

The following is an extract:—"Although the Governor defended the Castle to the last extremity, he was received with great coolness by the authorities of the island. So dreadful was the state of the Castle, that they were obliged for two months previous to the capitulation, to eat rats for the maintenance of life, and it is ascertained that many sentinels died at their posts while under arms. The schr. Hornellos of Baltimore, taken up by speculators in Mexican scrip, sails to-morrow for London with a special agent, and another, the Guatemala packet, chartered by government, starts for Cadiz."

In addition to the foregoing, a letter from Havana of the 6th inst. has been received at the Philadelphia Coffee-house, which announces the arrival there of the Mexican vessels with Governor Coppinger and the surviving troops.

We learn from the Albany Daily Advertiser, that the New-York canal tolls this season will amount to at least \$500,000. Last year the amount of tolls was \$289,320 8, thus giving an increase to this year of \$210,670 42.

It is announced that a new work, by the author of the Pioneers, &c. will shortly appear. It is entitled—"The last of the Mobicans, a narrative of 1757."

We copy the following exquisite article, which appeared as an advertisement, from the Port Gibson Correspondent of November 17. We cannot but admire the SANG FROID with which the deserted husband tells his tale—it is the best thing of the kind we have lately seen.—BALTIMORE PATRIOT.

"Oh matrimony! thou art like To Jeremiah's figs— The good are very good indeed; The bad too sour for pigs."

Whereas, thank God, my wife Rachel has left my bed and board, for the hereafter-mentioned provocation; this is to give notice, that I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

We were married young; the match was not of our own choosing; but a made-up one between our parents. 'My dear,' says her mother, 'with a nose like a gourd handle, to her best beloved, 'now if we can get our neighbor Charles to consent to a marriage between our Rachel and his son, we shall have no more care upon our hands, and live the rest of our days in undisturbed repose.— Here my beloved began to whimper; the truth is, she loved, tenderly loved, another; and they knew it: he had no property, however, and that was their only idea of happiness; but she could not conceive how they could feast in joy upon her misery. 'Hold your tongue,' says her surly father, 'dost you think that your parents know better how to direct your attachments than you do yourself?' 'Yes, my dear,' says the mother, 'you should always be governed by your parents; they are old and experienced, and you are too young to think for yourself.' The old dad and mam forgot that they were a runaway love-match, at the age of nineteen. But poor Rachel said not a word; for she was afraid of her daddy's cowhide, that he had used sixteen years on nobody's back but his daughter's. She seemed reckless of her fate, was almost stupefied, and did not know that she could alter it for the worse. My father, by persuasion and argument, dazzled my fancy with the eight negroes that would be her portion; 'which,' said he, 'put upon the quarter section which I shall give you, will render you independent; and you are a fool if you do not live happily with such an angel.' Angel! said I; but I said no more, for my dad, in peace rest his ashes, would have flown in a passion with the rapidity that powder catches fire; and its ebullition, like the blaze, would scorch me, I well knew.

We were married. I thought, as her father had ruled her with so tough a whip, I could do it with a hickory switch, and for my leniency gain her everlasting gratitude. We have now lived together six years, and have had no offspring except a hearty quarrel every little while. In truth, I found her more spirited than I imagined; she was always ready to deal word for word and blow for blow; but I never used a switch till the other day, always taking my open hand. The other day, coming home from work, very much fatigued and hungry, I found my wife in rather an unusual fit of passion, scolding some pigs that had overset the buttermilk. Rachel, says I, make me some coffee. "Go to hell," says she! I could not stand this. I had never heard her swear before. I will chastise you for that, says I. "Villain," says she, "I'm determined to bear no more of your ill usage. Instead of using the mild language which a husband ought to use, you always endeavor to beat me into measures; touch me with that whip, I will leave your house, and take my negroes, so I will." She had said such things so often, that I did not regard her, and belabored her handsomely. The next morning, after I had gone out to work, away she bundles, sure enough, and when I came home at noon, I found the house emptied of bag and baggage, and all the negroes taken, but the three that were at work with me. I have lived happily since, however; and she may keep all she took, if she will stay at her crooked-nosed madam's, and never trouble my house again.

THOMAS JOHNSTONE.

According to a census of the city of New York, just taken, the population is 168,391—of these 80,009 are males and 22,382 females.

Married,

In this Town on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. R. S. Mason, Mr. SALMON HALL, Bookseller, to Mrs. MARIA BEARS.

PORT OF NEWBERN.

ARRIVED, Schrs. Triton, Hurt, Guadalupe, ballast; Milo, Watson, Philadelphia, merchandise to Lieut. Eliason; Hero, Spangler, Turks Island, salt to R. V. Orme; Rufus King, Fisher, St. Thomas, molasses and coffee to C. Dickerson; Tiltman, Willis, Martinico, molasses to J. Harvey—Packets schrs. Industry, Mivetti, N. York; merchandise to E. Barnes, M. Jarvis, and P. L. Wicks; Triumph, Willis, New York; Schr. Midas, Kennedy, Philadelphia, merchandise to S. Oliver.

CLEARED,

Schrs. George, Wicker, Philadelphia; Mentor, Mason, Guadalupe; Convoz, Fuller, New York; Ann Maria, Shaw, Guadalupe; Mary, Rue, West India.