



THE SENTINEL.

NEWBERN:

FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1833.

JAMES TAYLOR, Esq. has authorized us to state that he is a candidate for the Clerkship of the Superior Court of Craven county.

We are authorized to state, that by the particular request of his friends, Major J. D. WARD, of Onslow, has consented to become a candidate to represent that county in the House of Commons of the next General Assembly.

The Fourth of July approaches and demands the annual tribute of remembrance to be awarded to the glory of the day, and of the patriots and ages who withstood the storm which ushered it in.

We understand that the Declaration of Independence will be read by Mr. George W. Rains, and an Oration delivered by Mr. Monroe T. Allen, in the Baptist Church, at 10 o'clock on the morning of the Fourth. In the evening, an exhibition of Fire Works may be expected.

The citizens of our town have once more given their attention to the subject of Internal Improvements, in such a manner as warrants us in hoping that some plan will be adopted to save the state for herself. Whether it will be defeated by jealousy, apathy, or timidity, we cannot say. Success will certainly be insured if the talent, influence, and wealth of the community combine in the enterprise.

The operations on the Swash are progressing handsomely. All our accounts from that quarter fortify the belief that a good and permanent outlet to the ocean will be completed in another year. For some interesting remarks on this subject, our readers are referred to "The Victory's Log," in this day's paper.

The Convention.—"North Carolina will always follow in the wake of Virginia," said a paper of the latter state just at the commencement of a late Presidential contest. We have always denied this fact, though many in both States acquiesce in its truth. Some years ago an attempt was made to carry this Convention question in the Legislature of North Carolina, and it failed totally. The politicians of Virginia lately made the same attempt, which succeeded. Obedient to impulse, another strong move is now made towards the same point in our own state; a systematic and well arranged attack upon the Constitution under which we live. In a late number of the Sentinel, we expressed ourselves as favourably towards the question in agitation, as strict impartiality and a desire for fair discussion would admit. We granted all the inequalities and defects of the present system which could be fairly pointed out, we expressed a hope that the subject might be satisfactorily adjusted, and that all sectional prejudices might be merged into one combined feeling of patriotism. We hope so still. But "look upon that picture—then on this," and the truth must force itself upwards, that our present Constitution is better with a few defects, than a future expectancy dependant upon the caprice of a majority, and surrounded by circumstances portending risk and danger. It is at all times a hazardous thing to break up the bonds of society, and set up the trade of constitution-making. The most awful instance of a revolution, fraught with licensed murder, robbery, and internal convulsion, which reddens the records of the world, was produced by an unlimited Convention, that commenced in moderation and prudence. 'Tis true that we need not apprehend the horrors which afflicted revolutionary France; but we know full well that where the caucus is, there will the eagles be gathered together, and ambitious, avaricious, designing and unprincipled intriguers will perch like ill omened crows upon the ribs of the new-state-vessel, always ready to mix in the scramble of a second Fortune's Frolic.

The Committee appointed to frame an Address to the People, recommending a Convention, have at length sent forth their manifesto, which like a bill of fare, contains things old and new in sufficient variety, and calculated to please a diversity of palates. But much of it, suits not our digestion. We see no meaning in the continual burthen of oppression, slavery, taxation of a minority, and allusions to reform in England and the miseries of Ireland. Is the West oppressed? Are the people of the West disproportionately burthened by direct taxation? Are they taxed without being represented? It seems a piece of simplicity to ask such questions—but absurd insinuations beget absurd replies. The Western portion of the State has had a full share of the public treasury, and state patronage. The highest offices of the state are filled by her citizens, circumstances have in fact thrown the power into her hands, and yet some of her politicians indulge in a continual lull of complaint. The Address of the Committee deals largely in promises of novelty, a kind of coin which will always find currency, whether sterling or not. A constant recurrence is made to the fact, that the West has a majority in population, and yet the continual tenor of this address is in favor of bringing every thing into the power of that majority,—the election of Governor is to be transferred from the Legislature to the majority,—the number of members in the Legislature is to be cut down, thus giving increased power to the majority,—and last, though not least, a vital blow is threatened against the unalienable rights of the citizen by the abolition of Town Representation. This is equivalent to an open declaration of a desire to engulf all power. The principle of giving commercial towns the right of being represented, is nearly as old as our common law, and has always been approved for the soundest reasons. The representatives from our boroughs have always been pre-eminent in our Legislatures for usefulness;

talent, moral worth, and honesty of purpose. They have given value, consistency, and brilliancy to our legislative transactions, and have been the select guardians of the commercial property of the State. We think it impossible to part with this right. But why forsooth is town representation to be abolished? We cannot be positive as to the reason, but this looks very much like it. Out of seven represented boroughs, the East has four—the West two—and one is on the border territory. This estimable privilege is to be taken from the towns, seemingly on account of the small advantage it gives to the commercial portion of the state. This is taking the "pound of flesh" over and above "the bond." It may possibly be asked how we would reform the defects which we are willing to acknowledge. With this we have nothing to do. A Convention would be a source of great trouble, anxiety and expense to the state, and if assembled, would conjure up imaginary gorgons and "dreams of the night," as objects of suspicion. But let our brethren of the West who have taken to themselves the onus prohibendi,—the labouring oar,—propose some prudent and well advised plan of a limited Convention, and we would cordially acquiesce,—but it really seems a hazardous experiment for small advantage, to throw every thing into chaos to be remodelled after the will and pleasure of a present majority.

Our worthy representative, the Hon. JESSE SPEIGHT, has lately passed through this place, and has been engaged in discovering at what points internal improvements may with the greatest practicability be made. The whole course of this gentleman is marked by a zealous desire to improve the condition of his district, and must meet as it deserves the approbation and support of his constituents.

At a respectable meeting of the citizens of Newbern, on Saturday last, for the purpose of appointing delegates to the proposed meeting at Raleigh on the fourth of July; on motion of Mr. Asa Jones, the Intendant of Police Mr. George W. Dixon, was appointed Chairman, and Mr. John A. Backhouse, Secretary.

The meeting having been called to order, Mr. James W. Bryan moved that a Committee of three be appointed by the Chair, to draft resolutions expressive of the opinion of the meeting,—which motion prevailed. Messrs Wright C. Stanly, James W. Bryan, and Charles Shepard having been appointed, introduced the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That in common with our fellow citizens of North Carolina, we have seen with much gratification the spirited efforts now being made in behalf of Internal Improvement, and the great disposition to divert the trade of the State into its natural channels.

Resolved, That we do not incur the imputation of unreasonable selfishness, when we deprecate the extension of rail roads and canals from our sister States into the heart of our own country, whereby their riches and prosperity are increased, and our own State impoverished, and its citizens driven from its soil to seek a competence and affluence elsewhere.

Resolved, That we will go heart and hand in the accomplishment of any plan whereby these evils may be remedied, and that we will concur with the determination of the Convention to be assembled at Raleigh on the fourth of July next, in all such measures as may be devised for the Internal improvement of this section of the State.

Resolved, That a delegation consisting of twelve members be appointed by the chair, as delegates to the said Convention, who shall have full power and authority to represent this meeting.

The following gentlemen were designated as delegates: Hon. John R. Donnell, Hon. Wm. Gaston, Hon. John H. Bryan, Hon. Richard Dobbs Spaight, Wright C. Stanly, John A. Backhouse, James C. Cole, John Burgwyn, Robert Primrose, A. H. Vanhookelin, Henry Latimer and John M. Bryan, Esqrs. On motion, it was agreed that any vacancies in the list of delegates, caused by resignation, should be supplied by a majority of the delegates remaining.

Whereupon the meeting adjourned. GEO. W. DIXON, Chairman. JOHN A. BACKHOUSE, Secretary.

The old Indian chief, Black Hawk, and his companions, seem to attract more curiosity than the President and his suite, if not so much attention and respect. It is difficult to imagine the feelings of the forest chieftain in his present situation. Thus to be taken from the still and savage simplicity of the tangled forest or the tenanted prairie, and to be ushered into the midst of the arts, luxuries and civilization of the nineteenth century, must be completely bewildering to his untutored mind; astonishment, despair and perplexity must greatly oppress him. It can hardly be supposed that a change of existence can bring much more of surprise to us, than this change of scene to the fierce Indian king.

ANOTHER TOUR.—It is stated that Mr. Clay is about taking a tour into the Eastern States, preparatory for a certain campaign.

Extract from a letter to the Editors of the Raleigh Register, dated Fayetteville, June 22.

"Our Internal Improvement meeting, this afternoon, was of the most gratifying character, both as regards the number of persons present, and the deep interest taken in the subject, by all classes in our community. James Seawell, Esq. Magistrate of Police, presided, and J. W. Wright, Esq. acted as Secretary. Dr. Cameron introduced a Preamble and Resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting, and providing for the appointment of eleven Delegates to the Convention. The following gentlemen compose the delegation, viz: Hon. Robert Strange, Hon. John D. Toomer, Louis D. Henry, John D. Eccles, John Huske, James Seawell, John M. Dobbins, John H. Hall, Edward Lee Winslow, Edward J. Hale and Thomas L. Hybart."

At Wilmington, a large meeting has also been held, at which the same number of delegates were appointed. Our informant only recollects the names of the following: Wm. B. Meares, Jos. A. Hill, Thos. Hill, and Alexander McRae, Esquires, Gen. Edw'd. B. Dudley and Dr. Wm. P. Hort.

Progress of the President.—The President and suite reached Hartford about half past 12 on Monday. They were met at Berlin by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the city, and the Committee

of arrangement. After being conducted through the principal streets of the city, he landed at the City Hotel. The concourse was immense; every avenue, space, window, and almost every roof on the line of march, was crowded. The military display was in the first style, and numbered about 1600 men.—The President rode on horseback, accompanied by Gov. Edwards and the Vice President, and was greeted by constant cheering through the city. The large collection of children from the different schools in the city, which were paraded in Pearl street, was viewed by him with a high degree of pleasure and satisfaction. At 4 o'clock he repaired to the City Hall, to receive the congratulations of the ladies and citizens. An innumerable train of our fair country women thronged to pay a tribute of respect to the President of the Union. After leaving the City Hall, the President returned to his lodgings, and was waited upon by the Rev. Clergy of the city. He then proceeded, together with the Vice President, Governors Cass, Woodbury, Marcy, and Edwards, with their respective suites, to visit the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. The exercises, conducted by the Principal, Mr. Weld, were exceedingly affecting. Among other incidents, Mr. Weld requested them by signs, to write on their black boards—"We are happy to welcome the President and Vice President of the United States." When one of the fair pupils, by slight alteration, wrote, "We are happy to welcome the President and Second President of the United States."—Hartford Mercury.

On Tuesday morning, the President proceeded down the river to Middletown, where he received the congratulations of the citizens, and was met by deputations from Norwich, New London, and Providence, to wait upon him to their respective towns. At 12 o'clock he arrived at Saybrook, and in a short time landed at Lyme, and proceeded in post coaches for Norwich.

Extract of a Letter dated NEW ORLEANS, June 17th, 1833.

Business is entirely at a stand. We see the breeze going every hour of the day, and half of the time not a living soul following it. These are melancholy times. The Cholera is as bad as it was last Fall, and much more malignant and fatal. I understand that there have been one hundred and eighty interments within the last 24 hours, in the different burying-grounds. It is reported that a man is dead, and that a woman is dying.—I am myself much alarmed, and am determined to leave immediately.

From the Christian Sentinel. CURE FOR THE CONSUMPTION.—A young lady in the last stage of Consumption was lately restored to health by the following extraordinary and accidental remedy.—She had been long attended by the faculty, but derived no benefit from their prescriptions, and considered herself verging to the end of existence, when she retired during the summer to a vale in the country, with the intention to wait in solitude, the hour of approaching dissolution. While in that situation, it was her custom to rise as early as her malady would permit, and contemplate the beauties of nature, and the wonderful works of God, from her chamber window, from which she observed a dog belonging to the house, with scarcely any flesh on his bones, owing to disease, constantly go and lick the dew of a camomile bed in the garden; in doing which the animal was noticed to alter its appearance, to recover strength, and finally look plump and well. The singularity of the circumstance was impressed strongly on the lady's mind, and induced her to try what effect might be produced from following the dog's example. She accordingly procured the dew from the same bed of camomile, drank a small quantity each morning, and after continuing it for some time, experienced very sensible relief; her appetite became regular, she found a return of spirits, and in the end was completely cured.

FOR THE SENTINEL.

THE VICTORY'S LOG—WITH NOTES.

Wednesday morning, the 19th of June, 1833, was the time fixed on for the Victory to sail from Beaufort for Ocracoke. A cracking southeaster was blowing at sunrise, and a heavy lee-set of dark clouds gave rather a threatening aspect to the heavens; yet as we had resolved upon going, we would not abandon our trip. The Victory was laying alongside the wharf at Fort Macon, distant about two miles from Beaufort, and there was fluttering from her main topmast head, in the fresh breeze, the bright stars and stripes of our country, a signal that she was ready. At six A. M. we bade adieu to our friends in Beaufort, stepped on board the little Mary, which was in waiting to convey us to the Victory, loosed her sails to the wind, and in a moment were flying over the waters. In a few minutes we stood upon the deck of one of the swiftest and finest vessels that ever graced the waters of Carolina. Having no ballast on board, Capt. Dixon had taken the precaution to take a reef in the sails of the Victory, and all being ready, we cast off, and beat down the harbour, with the wind and flood tide dead against us. We soon passed on our starboard hand, the famous Mullet Pond, celebrated for producing those delicious oysters, which have so often tickled the palates of the gourmands of the ancient city. We next passed Lenoxville on our left. At 8, we passed Harker's Island, remarkable for its fine groves of live oak, and as being the place where all the Camp Meetings in this quarter are held. We next entered what is called the Straits, a very narrow channel, connecting the waters of Beaufort Harbour, with Core Sound. And the Victory here displayed the superiority of her sailing in an eminent degree, turning as quickly and as sweetly on her heel, as a light and swift footed damsel in a dance. On the land or west side of the Straits, are many pleasant residences, and a number of plantations luxuriant with corn.

It is here too that many vessels are built, and we saw several on the stocks as we passed. At 9, we cleared Harker's Island on our right, and the Light House on Cape Lookout appeared in full view at a distance of about five miles. Our course now lay in a different direction, and the Victory, for a while, was permitted to make her way right onward, following only the channel of the Sound. And a most glorious sail did we have for about five hours, our sheets a little free, at the rate of six knots or more per hour. At 12, feeling somewhat sharpened by the sea breeze, overhauled our medicine chest, and all hands set to work taking physic in the shape of cold ham and crackers, and washing it down with old South Side, Brown Sherry, Eau de vie, d'une qualite superieure, (so said the bibbers, the writer being a temperance man did not taste it) and finished with a bumper to the success of the contemplated improvement of the Sound. It is not known, perhaps, that the citizens of Beaufort are very desirous of having the navigation of Core Sound deepened to eight or nine feet water, in order to turn a portion of the trading through Pamptico, into their own harbour. An effort will be

made to obtain a survey of the channel, and if the work is deemed feasible, as many imagine it to be, they hope to have it effected.

At 2 P. M.—Harbor Island right ahead. Cedar Island on our larboard bow—the last is the land where they catch wild horses. We have just crossed the Bar of Core Sound in five feet water, and entered into Pamptico. The Light Boat at the South West straddle in sight, at 10 miles distance, on our starboard bow, have hauled our wind to bring her—it still blowing fresh from the S. E. At a quarter past two, Portsmouth rises e mediis undis. Shell Castle, too, peeps above the waters—shook the reef out of our foresail. The masts of the shipping at anchor in the lower roads begin to be seen.

At 3 P. M. passed near the lighters of the Dredging Boats, at anchor on the Flounder Slue, the place where the operations to improve the navigation are going on. The wind blowing too hard for the Dredging to work, they are at anchor in a snug harbor under Portsmouth.

Passed close under the Castle in 2 1-2 fathoms water. Beat through Horse Island Channel, and cast anchor in a cove abreast of Portsmouth at 4 P. M.—Saw a schooner coming in from sea. We next took a glass of wine all round, and prepared to go ashore, which we did, and being invited, took up our quarters at the hospitable mansion of the new Collector.—Thursday morning we passed on a fishing frolic, and were much amused, having caught a great number of fine fish, and among the rest, two shovel nosed sharks, with crabs ad infinitum. We learned this morning on board the Dredge Boat, No. 1, commanded by Capt. Hunter, the very agreeable intelligence that Wallace's channel, at its lower mouth, has opened to full nine feet water. This is a matter of the highest consequence to the shipping interests of that portion of our State, whose commerce passes over Ocracoke. By the closing up of this channel several years ago, seaward bound vessels have been compelled to anchor in Beacon Island Roads, where they were exposed to more perils in a storm or gale, than they would have been upon the wide ocean. It has consequently increased the rates of insurance, and what is far worse, it has doubtless sent many a hardy and gallant seaman to his long account. By the opening of Wallace's channel, much of the danger heretofore attendant upon navigating these waters, will be avoided, for when they have once entered it, they are in comparatively a safe harbour. Beacon Island is distant about two miles from the Castle, and there is a continuous reef of rocks between them, and it is this barrier, which, running from East to West, will shelter the shipping from the North East storms.—Another advantage will attend the opening of this channel. In consequence of the present exposure in Beacon Island Roads, if the winds blow a little rudely, lighters cannot lay along side to discharge, whereas in Wallace's Channel, it must blow a tempest to prevent their doing so. It is expected, and very reasonably too, that the present cutting out of Wallace's Channel, has been caused by the operations going on at the Flounder Slue—a little to the west of the Castle. The large quantity of earth removed at the Flounder Slue, has caused a much larger body of water to flow through it, and with a greatly increased velocity, the whole of which, debouching itself seaward, through the channel, has deepened it, as is supposed. The discovery has been made within the last ten days, and a continuance of the cause which has been supposed to produce it, will, in all human probability keep the channel permanently open.

Thursday afternoon, the weather was very gloomy. The blue vault of heaven was entirely shut out from our view, and heavy masses of black and ragged clouds were driving before the south east wind, which continued to blow with no inconsiderable violence. To enjoy the sight of the rolling ocean, and to see the breakers bursting in fury upon the shore, and over the bar, I mounted the tower of the Look-out House of the pilots upon Portsmouth. While standing there, gazing in rapturous admiration on the magnificence and grandeur of the scene before me, I was the first to discover in the dim distance, far out to sea, a sail. It rapidly approached, and proved to be a schooner under a press of canvass, standing in for the bar. The sky exhibited every indication of a coming storm, and the east was particularly lowering. The schooner came booming along, until she approached the bar, then suddenly luffed up into the wind, her white sails fluttering like the wings of a wounded sea-gull, as if fearing to cross, so hazardous seemed the passage: To stand out again to sea seemed equally so, and she again filled away, and came over, unharmed, being waded in by a pilot boat on the inside. It is no wonder that sailors are brave. Inured to so many perils, they acquire a coolness in moments of danger, which we landmen only could display, by being equally exposed. Upon looking out into the Sound, my attention was called by a pilot standing near me, to a number of fishing boats, and the men overboard. The pilot remarked, pointing his brawny arm in the direction of the boats "them fellows are slaughtering the mullets; ah, sir, this is the place for a poor man to live; and to live well too, for there are few things more excellent in the way of eating than the fish caught in these waters. Among others, they have sheeps-head, trout, spots, mullets, drums, flounders, sea mullets (a superb fish), and crabs and oysters in abundance. Then in winter plenty of wild ducks and geese.

Friday morning, at 8, went on board the large Dredging Boat, at work on the Flounder Slue. She was raising the earth very rapidly, and the smaller boat too seemed to work with great ease. The earth removed is of a lead color, and seemed to possess none of the shifting and loose qualities, which has generally been supposed to be the character of all the shoals about the Bar. The excavations made up to this period, have not filled up an inch, and have, indeed, rather improved than otherwise. There is, already, eight feet water over the Flounder Slue, and from the permanent nature of the excavations which are being made, there cannot exist a doubt of the final and complete success of the undertaking. The immense quantity of earth daily removed, its quality—the excellence of the boats at work—the depth already attained—the increased quantity and velocity of the water passing through the Slue and Wallace's Channel—the depth above and below the excavations—the opening of Wallace's Channel at its lower mouth—are all facts and circumstances going to confirm and strengthen the opinion so confidently expressed above. As soon as nine feet shall have been obtained, there ought to be erected on Beacon Island a Fort—as it commands both channels completely. We are confident that the day is not very distant, when Wallace's Channel will be crowded again with our vessels, where they will not only be protected from the north east gales which have so often scattered them before it, but where they will be safe in time of war, from the intrusions of any and every enemy. These improvements completed here, and they can assuredly be effected, what is there to prevent the merchants of Newbern, Washington, Edenton, and Elizabeth, from carrying on a direct trade to Europe. It is true they will not be able to have ships of 500 tons burden, but they can have brigs of 200 tons and upwards, of easy draft of water, and should

they when laden draw over nine feet, they can very easily be lightened a few hundred barrels, when they have a safe harbour to do it in. Besides, would it not be far better, for our merchants to send down the whole of their produce to the bar, and pay the cost of the lighterage, if they could land it in large vessels directly for Europe, than to pursue the commerce they now follow? The present price of freight on turpentine, per barrel, from Newbern to the bar is ten cents, and to New York forty cents. It can therefore be delivered on ship board at Ocracoke, for thirty cents per barrel less than it can be at New York, provided the whole cargo had to be lightered; and by employing vessels of the description I have mentioned, there would not be any need to lighter over one quarter or third of the cargo, as the rest could be put in at Newbern. We could most easily, with nine feet water, have a direct commerce with Europe, as we might indeed, now have, were our people actuated by that spirit of enterprise, which urges on the citizens of the Northern States to undertakings of the greatest magnitude. Suppose that a ship was lying at Ocracoke, would it not be far better to put a cargo of naval stores and cotton on board of her, by paying the cost of lighterage, and sending it to Liverpool, than to pay forty cents a barrel to take it to New York, there to be put on board of their packets, and give them commissions for its sale, and then go yearly to buy from them the very goods our produce was given in exchange for, at a high advance? It certainly would be better. Better for the merchant, and far better for the farmer. The latter, instead of getting two dollars per barrel for his turpentine, as he now does, ought to get two dollars and forty cents; for if the packets can pay, in New York, two dollars and fifty cents per barrel, as they now do, by carrying it to the ship at Ocracoke, she could afford to pay as much as the packet at New York, as it would cost the one as little to get it to the foreign market as the other.

Let the people of the West be assured that they will have an outlet to the Ocean, and that their produce can and will be sent to the foreign markets of the world via Ocracoke, from Newbern. Let the present attempt to render the navigation of the Neuse fit for Steam Boats to Smithfield be pursued, run thence a Railroad westward through Raleigh, and the Ancient City will flourish like a green bay tree; she will be rescued—re-animated—and enjoy again the prospering times which once gladdened the hearts of her children.

Friday, at 10 A. M. we left the Dredge Boat No. 1 in a sail-boat, and steered for Ocracoke. We landed at Captain Pike's, where we were hospitably entertained by that gentleman and his amiable lady. After dinner, I commenced my pilgrimage to the Light House, and walking some distance on the sandy shore we struck to the left, and soon crossed a romantic-looking bridge, hung across a small canal, leading into a lake. After winding some time through groves of live oak and myrtle, we reached the base of the object of our walk. It may be about twenty five feet in diameter at its foot, and about 8 on the top—built of brick in a conical form, and whitewashed. Capt. Shackelford, the keeper, was called, and preceded us in the ascent. It was not so fatiguing as I had imagined it would be. The view from its top was fine. Water and sky bounded the horizon on nearly every side. In the N. W. saw the woods of Mattamuskeet.—The wind was blowing very fresh from the S. S. E., and the vessels which had been awaiting a chance to get out, had got under weigh, and several were already at sea. The breakers were at so great a distance that we could not enjoy the sight of them as well as we might have done, had we been higher; but we remember having once climbed the rigging of a vessel, the first time we crossed the bar, to gaze upon their beauty, and they were nearly beneath and around us, and a more glorious sight never was beheld. The Island of Ocracoke, at least all the habitable part of the South end of it, was at our feet with its pretty lake and live oak groves; the latter covering an area of two or three miles. The houses of the inhabitants are embosomed in this grove, nearly all having a small clearing for a garden, but as pretty as it all looked, it struck us as being too confined, and too inaccessible to the sea breezes. The lake is a pretty little sheet of water, in which we saw a troop of boys trying their young strength in its waves. When descending from the top, we heard a strange rumbling noise for which we could not account, and when at length we had got down, we discovered the veritable little darkie, described by a former voyager, grinding at a mill. His feet were a little awry, and throwing him a shilling, we quitted the establishment: The wife of the keeper, we were informed, is related to Dr. Franklin, and the niece of the late Captain Harker, whose epitaph in the grave yard at Newbern, from the pen of Stephen M. Chester, Esq, has elicited so much, and such deserved admiration. There are said to be six or seven hundred inhabitants on the Island.

At 2 P. M. we were all snugly on board our boat again, and had a delightful sail over to Portsmouth. This place extends along the shore of the Sound a distance of about two miles, and contains about forty or fifty families. I think it pleasanter than Ocracoke, on account of its greater openness to the sea breeze, and its having no tangled underwood like the former place. There is a variety of wild flowers on Portsmouth, but being no botanist, did not examine them minutely, and there is there also, one or two, not wild, which a man might be proud to wear in his bosom.

Friday night we passed with Capt. Walker, a clever and hospitable man. While sitting in his piazzay we found some difficulty, although it was quite dark, in discovering the Light at Ocracoke. A squall was passing between us and it, and as soon as the former blew off "its glorious light streamed forth." How often has the heart of the tempest tossed mariner been gladdened by that light! how often has its beams awakened in their hardy bosoms recollections of their home, and all its endearments!! Blaze or thou beautiful beacon! Let thy light flash forever over the bosom of the dark rolling sea,—warn our tars of the perils which beset their pathway through the waves—and orisons they will put up for thee,—but though thou art inanimate, yet thy calling is a blessed one—blaze on!—blaze on!

Saturday morning at 9 A. M. we were again on board the Victory on our way home. It is needless to spin out our Log longer; our trip to Newbern was a pleasant one, and a part of it was made by moonlight. We conclude by wishing that the anticipations which we have indulged of the future success of Newbern may be fully realized.

MARRIED. In Onslow County on the 13th inst. JOHN F. SPICER, Esq. to Miss NANCY SANDERS.

PORT OF NEWBERN.

ARRIVED.

June 26, Schr. Fanny, Mason, 16 days from Guadaloupe. 28, schr. Select, Conklin, New York. 28, " Rebecca Hyer, Maning, Philadelphia.

CLEARED.

Schr. Trent, Jones, New York. " Philadelphia, Casey, New York. The Fanny left at Guadaloupe on the 7th inst. brig Sun, Seley, bound for Portland; brig Telegraph, Blarhard, for Portland; brig Cordelia, Crockett, for Portland; brig Ann, Bachlor, discharging, and waiting for cargo; brig Hazard, loading and bound for —; brig Campaign, Drinkwater, from Portland; discharging; schr. Alana Packet, Peterson, discharging, and waiting for cargo.