

The Newbernian.

NEWBERN, N. C., SATURDAY, 18th NOVEMBER, 1843.

NO. 22.

VOL. I.

TERMS:

The Newbernian is published weekly by Machen & Hall, at three dollars per annum, in advance. All orders for this paper out of the State, must be accompanied with the cash or a responsible reference. Advertisements inserted at seventy five cents a square for the first insertion, and thirty seven and a half cents for each subsequent publication. Any alteration made in a published advertisement, at the request of the advertiser, shall subject him to the usual charge for a first insertion. Court Orders, and Judicial advertisements will be charged twenty five per cent. higher than the rates specified above; and yearly advertisements, thirty three and a third per cent. lower. Job Work, in all cases, must be paid for on delivery. UNPAID LETTERS, addressed to "The Newbernian," will not, in any case, be taken from the postoffice.

Arrest of O'Connell.

One of the boldest steps ever undertaken by a government, is the arrest of O'Connell, and the dispersion of the Clontarf meeting. Nothing else is talked about. Whatever may be its ultimate results, the first move against R-peal has been not less successful than prompt. From the passive, the Government has rushed to the aggressive policy—from one extreme to the other. Of course, a conflict of opinion is abroad as to the time in which the new policy towards Ireland was fixed upon. It is maintained by the opponents of the Government, that nothing could have been more clumsy than the way in which they commenced. The Clontarf meeting was to have been held on Sunday, the 8th, and the proclamation for dispersing it was not issued until late in the afternoon of Saturday; so late that it was impossible to apprise persons who had come from a distance. As this meeting was to have been last of the monster meetings, all the strength of the Repealers was indeed have been brought to bear upon it. No time was lost by the authorities in giving effect to their determination to prohibit the meeting. All the available military force of the country was in or near Dublin, the men were provided with sixty rounds of cartridge, and twenty four hours' provisions, a park of artillery was on the field of Clontarf, and if Mr. O'Connell had not, by a timely counter proclamation, prevented the people from assembling, the consequences would have been lamentable. But so great is his popularity—so boundless his influence over his countrymen, that his proclamation was attended to and the meeting did not take place. During Sunday, the road between Dublin and Clontarf—some three or four miles—was densely thronged by people passing to and from the intended scene of operations, but no disturbance took place. This stood matters up to Sunday night. The following day a great meeting of the association took place at the Abbey street Theatre, the Crown Exchange being too small for the purpose. Mr. O'Connell addressed the meeting on the events of the previous day, stating that if the Government did not intend to shed blood, they had pursued a course the most likely to effect that object. He counselled obedience to the law, announced his intention of holding simultaneous meetings in every parish of Ireland, to petition for Repeal, and to address his Majesty, and declared that nothing could accelerate his wishes so much as the interference of the Government. He intended to carry out the plan of the arbitration courts, for dispensing justice to the people without cost, universally, and he hinted at a plan for buying up the debts on Irish estates, by subscription, in order that the money might be spent in Ireland instead of England, as at present. As the week progressed, all kinds of rumors were in circulation respecting the future movements of the Government. At length the Dublin papers of Friday night announced that Mr. O'Connell would be arrested the next day, and the Irish Metropolitan, as might naturally be expected, became highly excited. Every one was on the qui vive. Great numbers of persons assembled at the Head Police-office. Mr. O'Connell remained at his house, Merrion square, and having received the Secretary, was waited upon by the Crown Solicitor to know at what hour he would attend with bail at Judge Burton's chambers. The hour fixed was three o'clock. Mr. O'Connell attended, and entered into recognizances, himself in £1000, and two sureties of £500 each, to answer a charge of conspiracy and misdemeanor of the first day of term. The same course was adopted in the case of Mr. John O'Connell. The charge against Mr. O'Connell is that of conspiracy for the purpose of compelling her Majesty, by demonstration of physical force, to change her measures and the laws of her realm; also with the utterance of seditious and inflammatory language, calculated to bring into contempt the government and constitution of the country, and produce dissatisfaction in the army; and further, with raising money to procure a change in the laws and constitution of the realm. The Attorney General is to proceed by indictment, and not ex officio, that is, if the Grand Jury find bills—Against Mr. Ray, Mr. Steele, Mr. Barret, of the Pilot, Mr. Duffy, of the Nation, Dr. Gray, of the Freeman's Journal, and others, similar proceedings will be taken. The Government and Mr. O'Connell are now fairly at issue, and a short time will show who is the victor. At present his chief anxiety is to keep the country quiet. He has issued two addresses, in which obedience to the law is the only theme dilated upon. At the Repeal Association, on Monday, Mr. O'Connell evinced a desire to recede a little from the high ground on the R-peal question which he has all along taken. He expressed himself favorable to a federal parliament, if the Government would concede it. Some assert that this looks very like a desire to "back out;" but he expressed it seems, a favorable opinion in favor of that project on more than one occasion. No less than twelve counsel were immediately retained for Messrs. Daniel and John O'Connell, among whom are Messrs. Pigot and Moore, late Attorney General and Solicitor General for Ireland, and five other Queens's counsel.

Mr. O'Connell immediately caused the following address to be issued: "To the People of Ireland: Beloved fellow countrymen! I announce to you that which you will hear

from other quarters, namely, that I have this day given bail to answer to a charge of "conspiracy and other misdemeanors," the first day of term. I make this announcement in order to conjure the people, one and all, to observe the strict and most perfect tranquility. Any attempt to disturb the public peace, may be most disastrous, certainly would be criminal and mischievous. Attend, then, beloved countrymen, to me. Be not tempted by any body to break the peace, to violate the law, or to be guilty of any tumult or disturbance. The slightest crime against order, or public peace may ruin our beautiful and otherwise triumphant cause. If you will during this crisis, follow my advice, and act as I entrust you to do, peacefully, quietly and legally, I think I can pledge myself to you that the period is not far distant when our revered Sovereign will open the Irish Parliament in College Green. Every attempt of our enemies to disturb the progress of Repeal hitherto has had a direct contrary effect.—This attempt will also fail, unless it be assisted by any misconduct on the part of the people. Be tranquil, then, and we shall be triumphant. I have the honor to be, Your ever faithful servant, DANIEL O'CONNELL. Merrion Square, Oct. 14 1843.

It appears that the arrests are to have a very wide scope, including several editors of journals, and the gentlemen connected with the working of the association. The magistrates were instructed by the government to remain in their offices till they received intimation from the Castle that their attendance was no longer required. It was generally believed that warrants were to be immediately issued against the Right Reverend Dr. Higgins, the most Reverend Dr. Mahon, and Lord French. The incipient movements which led to the arrest of Mr. O'Connell were as follows:—Lord Grey arrived at Dublin quite unexpectedly on the 10th. Early next morning a private council was held, and the result was the issuing of a proclamation for the suppression of the Clontarf meeting, signed by the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council. As soon as this proclamation was known, Mr. O'Connell called a special meeting of the Repeal Association, which was numerously attended, the result of whose deliberations was the issuing of the following counter proclamation:—

O'CONNELL'S PROCLAMATION. NOTICE.—Whereas, there has appeared under the signature of F. B. Sogden, Donoughmore, Elliot, F. Blackburne, E. Blakeney, Fred Shaw, T. B. C. Smith a paper being, or purporting to be, a proclamation, drawn up in very loose and inaccurate terms, and manifestly misrepresenting known facts, the object of which appears to be to prevent the public meeting intended to be held to-morrow, the 8th instant, at Clontarf, to petition parliament for the repeal of the hateful and destructive measure of the Legislative Union; and whereas such proclamation has appeared on the 11th inst. in the afternoon of this day, Saturday the 7th instant; so that it is utterly impossible that the knowledge of its existence could be communicated in the usual official channels, or by the post in time to have its contents known to the persons intending to meet at Clontarf for the purpose of petitioning as aforesaid; whereas by ill disposed persons may have an opportunity, under color of said proclamation, to provoke breaches of the peace, or commit violence on persons intending to proceed peaceably and legally to said intended meeting;—

"We, therefore the Committee of the Local National Repeal Association, do most earnestly request and entreat, that all well disposed persons will, immediately on receiving this intimation, repair to their own dwellings and not place themselves in peril of any collision, or of receiving any ill treatment whatsoever. And we do further inform such persons, that without yielding in any thing to the unfounded allegations in said alleged proclamations, we deem it prudent and wise, and above all things humane to declare that said meeting is abandoned, and is not to be held. Signed by order, DANIEL O'CONNELL. "Saturday, 7th Oct. 5 1/2 P. M., 1843."

Extensive military precautions were taken on Sunday. The Guards at the places where they are usually stationed in the city itself were doubled and with the exception of the soldiers required for that purpose, and for a reserve force stationed in Albrough House by ten o'clock, the whole garrison was drawn up at Clontarf, and the guns of the Pigeon House, which was garrisoned by several companies of foot and artillery were turned so as to sweep the road to Clontarf. The infantry on the ground were commanded by Colonel Fane, the cavalry by Lord Cardigan and a troop of horse artillery by Colonel Gordon Higgins. The approaches to Clontarf Hill were crowded by people from Dublin, Westmeath, Kildare and the adjoining counties. The troops, however, were so arranged as to prevent any bodies of people from passing if the road, to which all passengers were strictly confined; and a persons were compelled to keep moving, so that no accumulation of crowds was permitted. The

cene was striking and peculiar. On coming to the sheds of Clontarf, about two miles from Dublin and half a mile from the place of meeting, the multitude became very dense indeed; and the many cars and vehicles proceeding to the scene of action, made their way through with much difficulty. Then appeared the red and white tuffs of the Fitz Fusiliers, the majority of whom, judging from their physiognomies and the touch of the bronze in their conversation we would say were Irishmen, as indeed many of the men, both of the Dragoons and 54th Foot also appeared to be. The full force of this regiment was also on the ground; and directly opposite to them were the whole amount of the County Constabulary, to the number of 300 or 400, with musket, bayonet, and thirty round of ball cartridge. These green coated gendarmes seemed to incur the particular hostility of the populace; the manifestations of which they bore with great good humor. Immediately in the rear of the Fusiliers yawned the mouths of two more pieces of artillery (12 pound howitzers) around which some fifty of the mounted artillery in blue and red calvacs were stationed, and in support of which were drawn up the whole of the 11th Light Dragoons (Prince Albert's en bivouac, under the command of Lord Cardigan. Advancing a few hundred yards further, the brass helmets of the dragoons glittered in the sun, and orderly police, endeavoring to clear the path and keep an open space along the road, were visible over the dense mass of frize and broadcloth that occupied it.—The picket was supported by all the disposable force of their regiment—the Fifth Dragoon Guards, about 159 strong, who were drawn up in double files on either side of the road. In support of these appeared the whole of the 54th Infantry, who, their arms being piled along the parapet wall, (which protects the road from the sea) or amused themselves by throwing pebbles into the sea; while their officers were taking it very easy, smoking their cigars on the curbstone. The appearance of so large a force, numbering at least 2500 or 3000 men, is extremely imposing; but the people assembled do not seem to fear them much—the better to suppress any signs of their disappointment.

Great Loco Foco Gathering! One of the Richest of the very many rich scenes in the Park. Tremendous excitement there. Rous, Fisticuffs, Squalls, Cries, Roars, Speeches. The Great Struggle of the Subterraneans and of the Old Hunkers. REPORTED FOR THE EXPRESS. Obedient to the following call, as published in the Plebian and Post of the day, a prodigious assemblage of citizens convened in the Park, yesterday afternoon, at the hour: GENERAL MEETING. [The] Democracy Republican Electors of the city and county of New York, friendly to Regular Nominations and the usages of the party, are requested to attend a general county meeting in the Park, on Wednesday Afternoon, Nov. 1st, at 4 o'clock, to hear the report of the Committee appointed to nominate county officers and members of Assembly. HENRY NICOLL, ROBERT H. MACLAY, } Chm. Stephen Hyatt, J. W. Stiles, Joseph C. Albertson, Wm L. Clark, } Secretaries.

Previously to the organization of the meeting, a rich prelude to the ceremonies of the afternoon took place, to which the pen of the reporter would in vain essay to do a adequate justice, notwithstanding the most careful observation, on his part, of every thing that occurred. There had been a stinging erected, as usual, in front of the City Hall, for the occupancy of the flatters and speakers, and thus, on our arrival, at half past three, we found filled with Mike Walsh and his Subterranean friends. An attempt was made by several of the reporters of the public press to obtain a lodgment in a convenient position there; but the arrival of a large body of police, with their staves of office at once prevented the execution of that design, and greatly excited the Subterraneans, who filled the stand. The police attempted to clear the place, but the occupiers claimed an equal right with all or any others of their democratic brethren to stand there; and the myriads of the law were fain to concede as much. Mike Walsh first addressed the meeting. Gentlemen, (said he,) the Mayor has thought to send a body of police here, to overawe and to displace us who occupy this position. Who shall say we have not a right to do so? Who have we disturbed, or injured, or interfered with? [Cries of nobody! hold on!] I contend that we have the same right, then, to be here, as any other set of men, and that right we intend to maintain. [Bravo, Mike! Three cheers for Mike! Hisses from the other side.—Cheers and shouts from the stage.] A voice. Stand your ground boys! The Subs. We will! We will! we won't do nothing else! [Cheers.] We have the majority here, and Arcularius is our man! [Cheers.] [Henry Arcularius, Jr. it appeared was the person whom the Subterraneans intended for Chairman.]

Mike: (his eyes fixed on the City Hall clock.) Wait for the word, boys! It's within a minute of the hour. A curious. Fellow-citizens! [Howls, shouts, cheers, groans, hisses, all commingled.] Fellow-citizens! If the majority here wish me to take this post, at the proper time, if nominated and chosen, I shall do so! [Cheers and hisses.] But I am not to be dictated to, nor to be led by any man, or set of men, in this matter. I abide by the voice of the majority! [Cheers, mingled with expressions of disapprobation.] The hour of four having arrived, Walsh nominated Arcularius for Chairman of the meeting. The question was put amidst a terrific din, made up of every sort of noise that human voices are capable of uttering; and Mike declared the nomination sanctioned by a majority of those present, after asking for nays as well as yeas. The howling continuing, amidst cries of "Bring for Chairman," the question was put a second time, both affirmative and negative, and the declaration that Arcularius was elected was a shout made; and he took the front of the crowded staging amidst the same loud tokens of assent and dissent as before. Charley Newman then read a list of Vice Presidents and Secretaries, not one name of all of them being audible, for the groans, hissing, cries of go on, go on, put 'em down, bustle 'em out, and so on, which drowned the reader's voice. As the people opposed to this movement indulged themselves in this way, the Subs, looking down upon them, saluted them with some such cries as these: "Why don't you come up here?" "Why, what a pretty set of suckers you are!" "Why don't you show yourselves? &c. &c."

Mike put the question, (forgetting he was not the chairman,) on the officers nominated, and after a shout, equally combining opposition and assent, he declared them chosen. [At this moment there was a commotion on the stage, which, however, was immediately suppressed.] Mike continued: The meeting is now organized, and is ready to hear the report of the nominating committee on County officers. [A pause,—the other side meanwhile continuing their shouts of denunciation, hissing, groaning, &c. &c. from below.] Why don't you bring forward your reports? The meeting is organized and ready to hear them. [Somebody cried: Bring for chairman! Cheers from below.] Hisses from the stage! Mike went on; a majority have declared Mr. Arcularius chairman: the meeting is organized by the regular choice of officers. The only objection you have to Arcularius is that he is a poor man,—and a private citizen, while Daniel D. Briggs is one of the common council! But we fear ye not! You, nor your show of policemen! We are on our Thermopylae! Dislodge us if you can! And you, ye working men, whom I see before me; why should you go for Briggs? Why not for us? We come here, I and my associates, to advocate and to sustain your interests, and the interests of nobody else (Here the din was perfectly deafening; and the cries of bustle 'em out! pull 'em down! clear the staging, &c. became louder and more frequent than before.)—Mike continued: Aye! Bustle us out! Pull us down! Who of you dare come forward to do it?

Arcularius.—Where is the report of the Nominating Committee? The meeting are waiting to hear it! [But no report was forthcoming. It was evidently the intention of the Subs to give the Tammany party an opportunity to bring in the report of names agreed on, as usual, and then to act on them as they should see fit. My Subs.—Where are you, old Hunkers? Why don't you show your cowardly heads? Mike.—Charley Newman, give me a light. [Newman did so, and Mike lighted a fresh cigar.] The Subs.—(all at once)—Where are your reports?—Don't you dare to offer them! [The Tammanies, Put 'em out! Hand 'em down!] I know you! I know you like a book!—You're not going to rule! You pack of hired thieves! Ah! Scotch courage! Put us down, will you? Come! Come! [Mike smiles, and derisively beckons the people below to come on.] Yes, come on, (continued "the boys") and try it. [A voice from below.—You are breaking up the meeting, &c.] You lie! and you know it! [G roans, hisses, and every variety of noise, from both sides. Why don't the Nominating Committee report? Why don't you come forward and show your might? (Din.) Here occurred a general melee upon the stage.—The Tammany men were forcing their intended officers upon the rostrum, and among the rest of those who were making their entree, in this unceremonious manner, there was one young man, whose movements made a good deal of amusement. Mr. Briggs had come forward to the front of the staging, and was in the act of addressing the crowd, in vindication of his right to preside, when the person alluded to, who had climbed up outside, threw himself in a standing posture directly upon the shoulders and heads of the Subterraneans, and proceeded to promenade along his rather gross and unstable footing with surprising nonchalance. Growing restive under this abridgment of their personal immunities, "the boys," made short work of the aerial aspirant, and taking him in their arms, instead of on their shoulders, they tossed him about a little, as a feather on the crest of a huge wave, and finally threw him over the balustrade, without calculating the chances of the harm he might do others—and himself, in his descent.

In transitu over the heads of those in front of the stage, the disjected gentlemen brushed off the hat and wig of some one, and as they flew through the air, the shouts of both sides were tremendous. This bit of fun being over, the combatsants began to turn their attention to more serious matters. Briggs had by this time got the ear of the crowd, Walsh having agreed to give him the opportunity. He said the question was whether the majority of that meeting wanted him, or Arcularius to preside, and he put the question. And the result was as before; no mortal could determine, by the votes how the question was decided. But Briggs decided, as Arcularius had done, that "our side has it!" At this decision, the hubbub began anew, and never relaxed until the Tammanies adjourned, their side of the meeting. Meantime Briggs attempted to get through with the process of organizing, but not one word could be heard of what was uttered by him or any one else. Applause and hisses followed, at intervals, at what seemed to be said by the new chairman, as the usual routine of business went on, in dumb show, so far as the speaker was concerned. Never was there such a hubbub; and it ended at this point, in dislodging the Briggs party from the stand, amidst the vociferations of one side, and the denunciations of the other. At this juncture, Mr. Nicoll, (one of the gentlemen who signed the call for the meeting—see above,—) rose on the upper step of the City Hall, and began a third organization: the call was newly read, the same nomination for Chairman was made and declared carried, and Briggs re-appeared once more above the heads of the multitude, at the entrance of the Hall. The Vice Presidents and Secretaries were read, (in audibly to us,) amidst the continued din of the Subterraneans, whose groans, shouts, hisses, cawings like crows, crowsings like crows, brayings like asses, and all sorts of almost impossible noises were kept up with wondrous perseverance and ingenuity. The nominations hereof were agreed on in Tammany were then made, somewhat after the following fashion: Briggs. Fellow citizens! The nominating committee—["Boo—oo—oo!" "Ah—h—h!" from the stage and the lower steps]—the nominating committee will now make their report. ["Caw! caw! caw!" "D—n the report!" "Hiss—ss—ss!" down with em!" "Shut your hog hole!"—"Punch his head!" "Read the nominations!" "Old Hunkers, (on the upper steps) Mr. Nicoll (reading the nominations at the top of his voice.) FOR SENATOR, DAVID R. FLOYD JONES!

Old Hunkers. (Yells of a yell!) That's the ticket! go it! good! Hizza for Jones! Clapping and hammering with canes! SUBTERRANEANS (Groaning,—ugh—ugh—ugh—ugh—ugh!) D—n Jones! Who's Jones? John Jones! Down with Jones! Mike Walsh, people's Senator! Cheers! Great applause! Briggs. As many as are in favor of (groans from below,) of Mr. Jones for Senator, (more groans,) say aye! Old Hunkers. Aye! Subs No—oo—oo! Briggs. Carried! THE MULTITUDE. (A general laugh.) "Dotiful!" (Here the immense multitude stood for five minutes, cheering and howling at each other. Groans and howls from the Subterraneans, and cheers from the Hunkers.) THE CRIES—"Caw! Caw!" "Caw! Caw! adoo! doo!" "Boo—wow—wow!" "Meek—u—u—!" (like cats.) (Unusual merit!) "Bah! Bah! Bah!" "Caw! Caw!" "Caw!" "Arcularius! (Give us a speech!) "Hurray for Walsh, (Walsh all the while peaceably smoking a long pipe.) "Thieves!" "Liar!" (from the Subterraneans as the Hunker ticket was read.)

Mike Walsh. Pretty Democrats you are a break up a Democratic meeting, and go off to re. Who are the disorganizers now? [Voices. Three groans for Slamm, (arrived.) Cries of "Rush on 'em." (These cries continued, and such scenes during the reading of the Old Hunker ticket.) As the time came for the nomination of the Sheriff, about which there is much dispute between the friends of Atwood and Westervelt, there were indications of a general flare up. Mr. Briggs. For Sheriff—Henry C. Atwood! Great commotion, and a rushing to and fro from the stage—Howls and groans. Up went then several banners for J. J. V. Westervelt, for Sheriff, and for the whole Hunker ticket, with H. C. Atwood for Sheriff. As the noise was so great that no voice could be heard, this was the only way for the friends of the candidates to make themselves felt. During this great commotion in which there was some fighting and much running, the crowd rolling to and fro, some of the Subterraneans got down from their stage, and joining those below, tore the banners all to rags breaking the staffs, and waving the cotton flags around their heads, with the broken staves also. Mr. Briggs.—Are the Committee on Resolutions ready to report? The Subterraneans. [A general howl.] A young man then rose. All that could be distinguished was the wagging of his jaws up and down. During this dumb show, a fight was got up in the middle of the crowd, as if to pass the time.

In transitu over the heads of those in front of the stage, the disjected gentlemen brushed off the hat and wig of some one, and as they flew through the air, the shouts of both sides were tremendous.

This bit of fun being over, the combatsants began to turn their attention to more serious matters. Briggs had by this time got the ear of the crowd, Walsh having agreed to give him the opportunity. He said the question was whether the majority of that meeting wanted him, or Arcularius to preside, and he put the question. And the result was as before; no mortal could determine, by the votes how the question was decided. But Briggs decided, as Arcularius had done, that "our side has it!" At this decision, the hubbub began anew, and never relaxed until the Tammanies adjourned, their side of the meeting. Meantime Briggs attempted to get through with the process of organizing, but not one word could be heard of what was uttered by him or any one else. Applause and hisses followed, at intervals, at what seemed to be said by the new chairman, as the usual routine of business went on, in dumb show, so far as the speaker was concerned. Never was there such a hubbub; and it ended at this point, in dislodging the Briggs party from the stand, amidst the vociferations of one side, and the denunciations of the other.

At this juncture, Mr. Nicoll, (one of the gentlemen who signed the call for the meeting—see above,—) rose on the upper step of the City Hall, and began a third organization: the call was newly read, the same nomination for Chairman was made and declared carried, and Briggs re-appeared once more above the heads of the multitude, at the entrance of the Hall. The Vice Presidents and Secretaries were read, (in audibly to us,) amidst the continued din of the Subterraneans, whose groans, shouts, hisses, cawings like crows, crowsings like crows, brayings like asses, and all sorts of almost impossible noises were kept up with wondrous perseverance and ingenuity. The nominations hereof were agreed on in Tammany were then made, somewhat after the following fashion: Briggs. Fellow citizens! The nominating committee—["Boo—oo—oo!" "Ah—h—h!" from the stage and the lower steps]—the nominating committee will now make their report. ["Caw! caw! caw!" "D—n the report!" "Hiss—ss—ss!" down with em!" "Shut your hog hole!"—"Punch his head!" "Read the nominations!" "Old Hunkers, (on the upper steps) Mr. Nicoll (reading the nominations at the top of his voice.) FOR SENATOR, DAVID R. FLOYD JONES!

Old Hunkers. (Yells of a yell!) That's the ticket! go it! good! Hizza for Jones! Clapping and hammering with canes! SUBTERRANEANS (Groaning,—ugh—ugh—ugh—ugh—ugh!) D—n Jones! Who's Jones? John Jones! Down with Jones! Mike Walsh, people's Senator! Cheers! Great applause! Briggs. As many as are in favor of (groans from below,) of Mr. Jones for Senator, (more groans,) say aye! Old Hunkers. Aye! Subs No—oo—oo! Briggs. Carried! THE MULTITUDE. (A general laugh.) "Dotiful!" (Here the immense multitude stood for five minutes, cheering and howling at each other. Groans and howls from the Subterraneans, and cheers from the Hunkers.) THE CRIES—"Caw! Caw!" "Caw! Caw! adoo! doo!" "Boo—wow—wow!" "Meek—u—u—!" (like cats.) (Unusual merit!) "Bah! Bah! Bah!" "Caw! Caw!" "Caw!" "Arcularius! (Give us a speech!) "Hurray for Walsh, (Walsh all the while peaceably smoking a long pipe.) "Thieves!" "Liar!" (from the Subterraneans as the Hunker ticket was read.)

Mike Walsh. Pretty Democrats you are a break up a Democratic meeting, and go off to re. Who are the disorganizers now? [Voices. Three groans for Slamm, (arrived.) Cries of "Rush on 'em." (These cries continued, and such scenes during the reading of the Old Hunker ticket.) As the time came for the nomination of the Sheriff, about which there is much dispute between the friends of Atwood and Westervelt, there were indications of a general flare up. Mr. Briggs. For Sheriff—Henry C. Atwood! Great commotion, and a rushing to and fro from the stage—Howls and groans. Up went then several banners for J. J. V. Westervelt, for Sheriff, and for the whole Hunker ticket, with H. C. Atwood for Sheriff. As the noise was so great that no voice could be heard, this was the only way for the friends of the candidates to make themselves felt. During this great commotion in which there was some fighting and much running, the crowd rolling to and fro, some of the Subterraneans got down from their stage, and joining those below, tore the banners all to rags breaking the staffs, and waving the cotton flags around their heads, with the broken staves also. Mr. Briggs.—Are the Committee on Resolutions ready to report? The Subterraneans. [A general howl.] A young man then rose. All that could be distinguished was the wagging of his jaws up and down. During this dumb show, a fight was got up in the middle of the crowd, as if to pass the time.

From the North State Whig. Mr. Dixock.—As the following article which appeared in the New York Herald some time ago, relates to a native of our State, and to one who was long a resident of our Town, and now on a visit to his son in this vicinity, you will doubtless gratify many of your readers by giving it an insertion in your paper. The facts contained in it farcifully illustrate the moral in the familiar lines of Pope: "Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

AN OLD VETERAN. A seaman named John Wolfenden, lately attached to the U. S. ship North Carolina, who has been in the service nearly 45 years, has just received his discharge under the following circumstances:

He entered the navy in the year 1798, has continued in the service without interruption up to the present time, and is now 77 years of age. Sometime last fall, Captain Gregory proposed to this old veteran, that as he was now getting old, and had served so long and so honorably to himself, it would be advantageous to him to have his discharge, and be admitted to the Naval Asylum, in Philadelphia, where he would be well taken care of during the remainder of his life. The old tar, who has been in active service ever since he joined the service and has been engaged in action many times, reflected a moment, and after knitting up his o-no-we-ver-mention-ems, two or three times, replied, I don't think, Captain, as how it would look well for me to leave active service till after the boundary question is settled, because you know it there should be a war, I should not like to have it said that I skulked."

Soon after it had been announced that Lord Ashburton had concluded the treaty settling the boundary question, the old veteran made application to Capt. Gregory for his discharge, and admission into the Asylum, saying, "that now the boundary question was settled, I thought I might as well go, and besides, you know, Captain," said he, "if any thing is to happen, I can come back again." Captain Gregory accordingly made the requisite representations to the Navy Department, stating Old Wolfenden's long service and exemplary character, and the Secretary wrote the following letter, to be read to the crew, when his discharge was given him.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, 7th September, 1842. Sir.—In discharging you from the Navy of the United States, with a view to your admission into the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia, I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without expressing my approbation of your conduct while in the service of your country. You have been reported to the Department as a most exemplary man, always prompt in obeying the orders of your officers, faithful in the performance of your duties, and scrupulously exact in keeping your word. Such conduct, while it is honorable to you, should be held up to the example of your fellow-seamen; I therefore direct that this letter be read in the presence of the officers and crew of the U. S. Ship North Carolina. And I wish you all the comfort and happiness in your old age which your good conduct so justly entitles you to. I am, respectfully, Your obedient servant, A. P. UPSHER.

Mr. John Wolfenden, U. S. Ship North Carolina, New York. Capt. Gregory purposed, on the first fine day, to have ordered all hands on deck, and read the letter to them, and then to have had the ship's boats manned, and to have accompanied and escorted the old veteran to the coast. Old Wolfenden having heard of this, and possessing that modesty which always accompanies and distinguishes true merit, and which causes it to shrink from any display of its due reward, applied one morning last week to the officer of the deck for a boat, exhibiting his discharge, and saying that he wanted to go. The boat was accordingly given him, and he departed without the privacy of Captain Gregory, thus depriving him of the opportunity of manifesting the regard he entertained for his meritorious conduct, and obliging him to read the letter to the crew without the presence of him whom it was more especially intended to honor. This was accordingly done on Sunday, after divine service, and the letter will be forwarded to him at the Asylum.

Such an example as this old tar has set is one that may be copied with benefit by many in our naval service, officers as well as seamen, and ought to be a caution to our honorable Members of Congress, how they treat with contempt a branch of our means of defence, which boasts of spirits such as that we have heard mentioned.