

overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear to all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michael, in the eyes of a jury. "Tis a strange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrates; "it's a very strange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michael to trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward—"I have enough of facts for making out a committal, if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpoena him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented: Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michael.

The assizes soon came on. Michael was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the jailer's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowd of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly; and a while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarce hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter adled the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier, deliberately, "Call Peery Carroll!"

"Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the jailer led him by a side door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was ascending the table, assisted by the jailer, and by many other commiserating hands near him. Every glance was fixed on his face. The barristers looked wisely up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much excited by confinement, anguish and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-giving expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrates.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance toward the dock.

"Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge. "Thanks to you my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first, I'd ax you to let me kneel for a little start;" and he accordingly did kneel, after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said: "My judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge this day; amen;" and then repeating the sign of the cross he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers.)

"Do you know Michael, or Michael Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?"

"Afore that night, sir, I believed I know him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of his heart in his body; afore that night, no living creature could throw a word at Michael Carroll; or say he ever forgot his father's name, or his love of his good God; an' sure the people are after telling you by this time, how it came about that night—an' you, my lord, an' ye gentlemen, an' all good christians that hear me; here I am to help hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gentlemen, ye ought to think of it; 'twas for the weakness and the old father that he done it; in law, an' deed, we had n't a pyrate in the place; an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another baby; an' it had him down, a week or so before hand; an' all that day he was lookin' for work, but could n't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an' more betoken, he grew sorry for it, in the mornin', and promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn, ay, long afore the steward an' the pealers came on us, but was willin' to go among the neighbors an' beg our breakfast, along wid' myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it."

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister when Peery would at length cease, "to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn that night?"

"Musha—the Lord pity him and me—I did, sir."

"Doing what?"

"The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly.

"Must still give you pain, I fear; stand up; take the crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head."

"Och, musha, musha, sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and, for the first time, weeping—"och, don't my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favorable the last day."

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears, and at the same time many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs.

"Michael, avick! Michael, corra-ma-chree!" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son, "is id your father they make do it, ma bauchal?"

"My father does what is right," answered Michael, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction.

"We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task. The judge instantly turned to the jury box.

"Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own furnishing father and his own family is compelled to give evidence against him here for

the fact. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the obligation of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigor of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription commenced in the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

THE MODERN SORCERESS:

OR

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The criminal records of Spain ever and anon present cases, which prove that the revengeful spirit long held peculiar to the people of that country and some other parts of southern Europe, still exists among them in almost undiminished force. Circumstances, indeed, have prevented the peaceful spread of education in these quarters, and we could rationally look for improvement from no other source. A Saragossa paper describes the following appalling case as having been heard before the magisterial tribunal of the city, on the 4th of January last. We give the narrative here, as translated into the French Journals.

Upon the flowery borders of Ebro, near the city of Saragossa, there lived, within these few months, a woman named Calakena. She called herself sixty years of age, and appeared not to be young, but notwithstanding any tokens of age discernible on her countenance, it was still evident that she had been remarkable for her beauty. Calakena had dwelt in her cabin on the Ebro for many years; she lived alone, and like the owl, only issued, for the most part, by night. She carried continually in her hand a long black staff or wand, and her dress was a gown composed of stuffs of various kinds, and of different colors placed together. Throughout the district—at Saragossa, Tarragona, and Huesca, from the Garden plains of Navarre, even to the far south—she was known and reputed a reprobable sorceress; and all devout Spaniards crossed themselves and muttered a prayer at her approach, or in passing her residence. This very fear indicated the extent of the popular belief in her powers; and hundreds came, even from great distances, to avail themselves of that power, in order to get a glance into the future, or to further worse purposes. It was no uncommon thing to find even carriages at the door of the sorceress' cabin when the shades of evening had fallen in.

Those who remembered the arrival of Calakena in the neighborhood of Saragossa, said that she had then appeared young and exceedingly beautiful, though the traces of some knowing grief were visible in her look and deportment.—She herself had said at that time that she came from Madrid, and that she desired to pass the rest of her life in peace, at a distance from the gay world. Excepting as respected the occupation which her character drew upon her, and which she did not dislike, or at least did not avoid, Calakena really passed her days in quiet. During the civil war, indeed, consultations multiplied upon her. She read horoscopes to the chiefs of the Christians, and to the soldiers of the army of Cabrera. All parties treated her with respect for her mystical character, and she could pass from place to place among their wildest ranks, without a shadow of injury. Such was the sorceress Calakena.

One evening in December, 1840, an equipage stopped before the cabin of Calakena. A lady stepped out of it. She was a young creature of exquisite beauty, with cheeks colored like the pomegranate, and long tresses, dark as ebony.

"My dear mother," said the visitor to the reputed sorceress, slipping at the same time a ducat of gold into her hand, "I am about to be married, and I come to know if my fortune is to be a happy one."

"From what place does your intended husband come?" asked Calakena.

"From Venice, mother," was the reply.

"Venice!" cried the sorceress, with kindling eyes, "Venice—and his name?"

"Giacomo Salvadi," answered the visitor.

The Sybil bounded from her seat in a state of irrepressible excitement, with which was mingled an appearance of wild joy. After a pause, she said, with a little more calmness, "He loves you, does he?"

"Yes mother," returned the young lady.

"He calls you his angel, his divinity, the living sun of his life?"

"Yes, my good mother."

"He passes days at your feet in gazing upon your eyes, and the night he passes under your windows?"

"Yes, often, my good mother; you speak exact truth," said the visitor.

"And then he sings to you," said the sorceress; "he sings to you such words as these:

The ruby and the opal stone,
The diamond with its kindling eyes,
The star of morn, so brightly lone,
Have not the charm of thy sweet eyes.

One tells us of the coming sun,
And gems their owner's wealth may prove,
But thy sweet eyes, beloved one,
They speak of love."

"Oh, mother!" cried the young visitor to the sorceress, "your power is astonishing. He does sing these very words to me!"

"You see that every thing is known to me," answered Calakena, "and you will be the better prepared to follow my counsels. In order that your marriage may be happy, it is necessary that you should send your intended bridegroom to me. On his firmness and courage, under the proofs to which I shall subject him, depends your future welfare."

The young lady, Donna Isabella, was delighted with this answer to her applications.—Seeing the extent of the sorceress' knowledge in one respect, she had no doubt but the latter could ensure her wedded happiness, or at least ward off any impending evils by a timely warning. "If our happiness depend on the firmness and courage of Giacomo, we must be happy, for he is as brave as the Cid."

"Go, then," answered Calakena, "and tell him to come hither to-morrow evening. But you also must come, and before him."

"Why before him, mother?" asked the visitor.

"Because it is essential to the proof to which he must be put," said the fortune-teller; "and above all, it is requisite that he should not be aware of your coming hither. The charm would be rendered of no avail by his knowledge of your presence."

The lady Isabella entered her equipage and went home in all haste. She strictly obeyed the instructions of Calakena, telling Giacomo only so much of what had passed as the sorceress desired. To please his fair young mistress, Salvadi readily consented to visit the cabin of Calakena. At the time appointed, he went thither accordingly.

On the following morning, Giacomo Salvadi stood as a prisoner before the chief magistrate of Saragossa, in the presence of an eager and whispering crowd. The hands of Salvadi were tied behind his back. On the court table, in front of the bench of justice, there lay some linen and portion of female attire, stained deeply with blood. In a glass beside them was a portion of the same fluid.

The alcade mayor first broke silence, by addressing the accused. "Giacomo Salvadi," said the magistrate, "you are charged with the assassination of Donna Isabella, your own betrothed bride. Have you any defence to offer or explanation to give?"

"Yes, sir," replied the accused, in low but firm tones.

"Speak then," said the alcade; "and may Heaven enable you to justify yourself and clear up this dreadful transaction!"

The accused commenced by a statement of what has already been detailed here, describing Donna Isabella's visit to the sorceress, and the consequent request made to himself that he also should visit Calakena's cabin. "I went thither," continued the accused, "and, as directed, nearly at the hour of midnight. The sorceress met me at the threshold of her cabin. 'You are welcome, said she; you must now come with me to some distance from this place. But in the first place, let me ask if you have a firm bold heart?' 'I think I have,' was my reply. Then let us hence," answered the sorceress; and desiring me to follow closely, she walked away from the cabin. The night was rather dark, the light of the moon being but feeble. We walked on without stopping, for nearly a quarter of an hour, until we reached the court of the church of Pilar. Calakena here made me enter into a low and dimly lighted chamber. All that I could see in it was a table with a black cloth upon it, concealing something. An empty glass and a poniard stood on another table or shelf.

"Giacomo!" said the sorceress, in a low but emphatic voice, "if you would be happy; strike that poniard through the cloth!"

"I hesitated. 'I know not,' said I, 'if I ought to do such a thing without knowing—'

"'Coward!' muttered Calakena, 'you would command destiny, and yet your arm trembles at such a petty trial!'

"Thinking that, at the most, this trial could only be a foolish and fruitless piece of mummery, I became ashamed of my weakness, and lifting the poniard, stuck it into the middle of the black cloth. Horrible to relate, blood immediately burst in a stream through the aperture made by the weapon, in one instant after the stroke was struck, and before I could recover from the shock consequent upon its results, Calakena, who had the glass in her hand, darted forward, and caught some drops of the flowing blood into it.

"To thy health, Giacomo Salvadi!" cried she, with the voice of a triumphant demon, as she raised the glass to her lips; "it is Mariacette who drinks to thee!"

"In the sorceress I now recognized a woman with whom I had been acquainted many years before, and who, when I had left her, had sworn bitter vengeance against me. But I had no time to attend to her, for ere her frantic words were uttered, quick as her proceedings were, the black cloth had been cast off, and I found a woman on the table, uttering her dying moans. The meaning of the sorceress was now made too clear to me. The victim was my betrothed bride, Isabella! From her simple lips, Calakena had learned my name and my intention of marriage, and had profited by Isabella's belief in her magical powers, to bring to this retired place, and to deliver her over to the knife with which she had armed me."

"This is the truth," said Giacomo in conclusion. "As regards intention, I am innocent of this murder as the new-born child."

Several witnesses came forward when Giacomo had concluded, and testified to several points in his favor. While Giacomo hung in agony over his bleeding bride, the sorceress had fled, and some of the witnesses had seen her passing with speed from the neighborhood. Isabella, too had lived long enough to explain the whole transaction, as far as she knew of it. Her dying declarations went to substantiate all that had been related by Salvadi. In consequence of the production of these proofs, in his favor, Giacomo was finally acquitted of the crime, with the consent of all acquainted with the case.

The sorceress Calakena has been sought for but has not as yet been heard of. From Giacomo and others, it has been learned that she was a woman not more than thirty-five years old and must have assumed the appearance of age in order the more effectually to impose on the public, and prosecute the profession to which she had applied herself. On her cabin being examined, a number of coloring substances were found, by means of which she had given herself the hue and look of old age. The length of time during which she had nursed the sentiment of revenge, shows a violence of passion scarcely credible without such proofs as those gi-

ven. It appears even but too probable that she had assumed the character of a sorceress at first in the hope that she would better attain her desired object, and that her plan of revenge had been long matured. But for the lamentable and ignorant credulity, however, of her victims, her murderous purposes might have been frustrated.—Half of the calamities of mankind come in the train of superstition.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

SUICIDE ON BOARD THE SOMERS.

Richard W. Leacock, passed assistant surgeon, attached to the brig Somers, lying at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, shot himself on board that vessel last evening.

Deceased was walking in the ward room between 5 and 6 o'clock, and no one present except Parser Heiskell, who was engaged in writing up his accounts. Mr. Heiskell, in his testimony before the coroner, says he noticed nothing unusual in the manner of the deceased. Witness observed him walking, and soon saw in the dark the flash of a pistol, heard the report, looked up, and saw the deceased standing against the ward room drawers, with his face toward witness, who tho't the pistol had gone off by accident, and saw deceased gradually falling backward.

Mr. Butler, one of the crew of the North Carolina, who happened to be near, stepped in and saw the deceased leaning against the drawers.—He took hold of him and laid him on the floor, when he immediately expired.

The pistol used was six barreled, and one of the barrels was discharged. The ball entered immediately above the right eye, and lodged in the brain.

Deceased was a native of Norfolk, Virginia, a single man aged 28.

He had been attached to the Somers ever since she was put in commission. He was reserved and melancholy, and was frequently heard to express a desire to be detached from the vessel.—No cause whatever can be assigned for this rash act.

Verdict of the jury, that he came to his death by shooting himself with a pistol ball through the head.

It is a remarkable coincidence that just one year ago on the same day, Lieutenant John Carroll shot himself in the head with a pistol ball on board the brig Boxer, lying at the same yard.

COL. R. M. JOHNSON.

FRANKFORT, (Ky.) January 31, 1843. Hon. Wm. Overfield, president of the Pennsylvania State meeting held on the glorious eighth of January, at Harrisburg:

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your communication and the proceedings of the Democratic mass meeting, held at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on the 8th instant, over which you presided.—Among other things, I find that I am nominated for the office of President of the United States, and recommended as the Democratic candidate in 1844, subject to the decision of a national convention.—Also, references are made to my services, civil and military.

It will be impossible for me to find language to express the gratitude I feel for this continued expression of public confidence, from masses of the intelligent citizens of Pennsylvania. However inefficient my efforts have been, my great object through life has been to elevate the people, the working and laboring classes of my fellow-citizens. As long as I live, whether in public or in private life, my toils and my labors shall be faithfully devoted to this great object. Whatever gratification it may be to me to be honored by these demonstrations of public approbation, I never desire to be elevated to any office of honor or profit, without the voice of a majority of those who have the right of promotion. The patriotic sentiments of your letter have exalted you high in my estimation; you place a just estimate upon the paramount rights of the many to govern the few; you look to the sovereignty of the people for the happiness and permanency of our free institutions. It is the palladium of our liberties—the rock of safety, in peace and in war. It has been my happy lot to serve the people. I have always found them honest, confiding, grateful, and intelligent. I have received all my political honors from their hands.—It has been an inexhaustible source of consolation to me.

In this interesting crisis of the country—which may involve every principle and every interest for which our Washington fought and our Warren bled—I am willing to commit my destiny entirely to the hands of my friends. Justly proud of their own immunities, and with an accurate knowledge of their length, breadth, and depth, they know how to respect the rights of others. They will pursue the true Democratic course; they will appeal to the people, and endeavor to ascertain their will; they will avoid everything which may threaten disunion; they will pursue that which is liberal, honorable, and correct, and avoid every opposite tendency. I have always been identified with the Democratic party; I have never had cause or temptation to separate myself from it. I will not, therefore, tire you with my political creed. As to my services, you are the great tribunal to decide upon their character and merit. I should be gratified if I had the opportunity to tender to each individual over whom you presided my grateful acknowledgments; but, as that is impracticable, I offer to them, through you, my profound respects; and, with a heart overwhelmed with gratitude, I wish you constant happiness and length of days.

Most respectfully,

Your faithful and devoted friend,

R. M. JOHNSON.

A NOBLE WOMAN.—Senator Sprague of Rhode Island, recently went to one of the oldest and most faithful hands employed in his factory at Natick, R. I., and told him that he would give him two days to make up his mind, either to vote the Fenner ticket or leave his employment. The man, who was quite poor, went home to his wife and told her the revolting alternative. "Well, Charles," said she, "you can vote the Fenner ticket if you like, but if you do, you must get another wife."

The man's answer to the honorable Senator is to be given this evening; and no one can doubt what it will be.

Boston Dem.

From the North Carolinian.

The Wilmington Chronicle of the 9th, announces the removal of Wm. C. Lord, as Collector of the Port of Wilmington, and the appointment of Murphy V. Jones, of Pittsboro'.

In connection with the above, the Chronicle states that it has reason to believe that a memorial for the removal of the Collector at Wilmington, was circulated and obtained signatures in Fayetteville, and requests the Fayetteville papers to disprove it if they can.

We have no hesitation in saying that we never saw or heard of such a memorial.

The Chronicle devotes some considerable space to the detection of Mr. Tyler's bad faith and false promises in relation to removals. What did the Chronicle say when the competent and gentlemanly incumbent of that office, Gen. Marsteller, was removed on the accession of the whigs in 1840?

Not a word! It was all right then to remove a faithful officer, but now it is all wrong, when it happens to be a Clay man. We hold that "saucy for the goose is sauce for the gander;" but the Chronicle don't seem to hold to that.

Wilmington, N. C. April 5.

FIRE.

About 12 o'clock on Wednesday night last, the unoccupied house of Mr. Thomas F. Gauze, on Chesnut street, was discovered to be on fire near where the roof of the back piazza joined the main building. The Engine Companies and the Hook and Ladder Company soon had their implements on the ground, and used them so effectually as to confine the fire to the building in which it originated, that being destroyed, although there were in three directions from it other wooden buildings at distances of from ten to twenty-five feet. We call this good proof of the efficiency of our Fire Department. The advantages of cisterns were strikingly manifest at this fire. Two in the neighborhood furnished the most abundant supply of water. Mr. J. C. Bowden's house was considerably injured by taking out windows &c., and his furniture much damaged by removal. The origin of the fire has not been discovered. Mr. Gauze had insurance nearly to the amount of his loss. Chronicle.



THE STANDARD.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Wednesday, April 12, 1843.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. STATES:

MARTIN VAN BUREN,

OF NEW-YORK.

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

MONEY MARKET.

By the last advices from New York, we see that Ohio 6 per cent. bonds have been subjected to a still further decline of 2 per cent. in consequence of the Legislature of that State having authorized the issuing of \$1,500,000 more 7 per cent. stock to be sold for the purpose of raising ways and means for paying the interest on their already very large debt, and completing some internal improvements yet in an unfinished state, and refusing to levy taxes, prospectively, to meet the obligations for principal and interest as they become due. No State, corporation, or individual, can sustain credit by borrowing to pay debts; it is a system that must exhaust itself, and will run out after awhile; and the more wary are not disposed to confide in such managers, and will seek other investments at a less interest. While Ohio State Stock is declining, Kentucky is advancing, in consequence of the Legislature having honestly levied a tax to provide for payments as they become due.

Money yet continues very abundant in the Northern cities, and on unobscured and unquestionable security, has been loaned as low as 5 per cent. per annum. They have there purged off the speculating bubble which was blown up by the banking mania of 1835, '6 and '7, and have now got into smooth water again, and are ready to advance steadily and calmly with the industry and business of the country; and we hope soon to see our whole southern country purged of its oppressive indebtedness, and with a sound currency go onward again, soberly and coolly in business and prosperity. To bring about this state of things, however, there must necessarily be a good deal of suffering and loss among the imprudent adventurers, who have gone in debt beyond all reasonable calculation of their means of payment. This crisis must be gone through with, and the sooner it is effected the better it will be for all—and we hope we have nearly passed through our state of probation in the good old North State.

We quote this week:

Exchange on N. York, par to 1 per cent. premium.

Stocks.

Rail and Gas. R. Road 2 to 2-1/2 per share of \$100 paid in.

W. and Raleigh " 10 to 15 "

Bank of the State Stock 90 to 109 "

" Caps-Feet " 74 to 75 "

New York and Philadelphia quotations:

Alabama Bank Notes 25 to 50 per cent. dis.

Tennessee " 4 to 4 1/2 "

Georgia " 2-1/2 to 50 "

S. Carolina " 1-1/2 to 2 "

Virginia " 13-4 to 4 "

Bank United States, Notes, 55 to 60 "

Stocks.

United States 6 per cent. 103 to 104 on \$100.

U. S. Treasury Notes 101 to 105 "

N. York State 7 " 104 1/2 to 105 1/2 "

" " 6 do 102 to 102 1/2 "

Pennsylvania 5 " 35 to 40 "

Ohio 6 67 to 68 } Interest payable in N. Y. and

and Kentucky 6 85 to 86 } principal reimbursable there.

U. S. Bank Stock 1 to 1 50 cts.

MEETING IN WAKE.

In another column will be found the proceedings of a meeting of a portion of the Democracy of this county, relative to the selection of a candidate to represent this District in the next Congress. Should the other counties respond to the nomination of Gen. Saunders, there will, of course, be no necessity for a Convention. If they should not, it will be perceived that provision is made to meet their wishes in Convention. The Letter of Gen. Saunders will, no doubt, be satisfactory to the people.—It is by compromise and forbearance alone that the different "wings," as the whigs call them, of our party can hope to accomplish any good. Unreasonable demands will not be acceded to—so, it is best to cherish a friendly spirit, and not attribute improper motives to those of our party who may differ from us on some points of policy. In principle we are agreed, and by unity we shall prevail. It is folly, then, to quarrel about men, or matters not essentially incorporated with the democratic doctrines.

MEETING IN ORANGE.

It will be seen, by the proceedings of a meeting in another column, that our friends in Orange are beginning to arouse. A friend writes from that county: "The Democracy of Orange is wide awake, and determined not to be humbugged and deceived by the Coons any more; although they are beginning to say, if Clay is elected we will have better times and money plenty. They ought to be ashamed, after such stuff as they have palmed upon the people, who remember how they were deceived, pending the election of Gen. Harrison. They then told the people, if they would elect Harrison, times would be better; instead of which they are ten times worse, and it is evident they have never attempted any thing calculated to make times better, but every thing to make times worse."

Gen. John Armstrong died at his residence in Lower Red Hook, Dutchess, N. Y. on the 1st inst. in the 85th year of his age. Gen. Armstrong was a soldier of the Revolution, Minister to France during the reign of Napoleon, Secretary of War during an important period of the war 1812, of which he wrote a history, and was distinguished as well by his ability as a public writer as by his professional acquirements.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Legislature of Massachusetts closed its session on Saturday, the 25th of last month. The Legislature was democratic, and has done great credit to the party and the State. The Boston Statesman says: "We are proud of the session and its results, as the first in which the democracy have been able to make their voices effectual for twenty years. A manly, open, and honorable course has been pursued by the democratic members. Their union, perseverance, and noble self-sacrifices, are above all praise. True there are some few exceptions of men who did not we think, sufficiently appreciate the importance of some of the leading democratic measures, and aided the whigs in defeating them; but this exception applies only on the suffrage measures, in all of which we have failed. In nearly all the other prominent measures of the democracy we have succeeded, and the value and importance of the laws they have passed this session will be felt for generations to come. More of principle, more of equality, more of honesty, more of popular rights, have been infused into the legislation of the present session of sixty-three days than can be found in the previous legislation of twenty years. There was