

The North Carolina Standard.

THOMAS LORING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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TERMS.

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THE LATE COMMODORE PORTER.

From the New York Express.

This gallant officer, one of the bright luminaries that lend to the page of American history a lustre that reflects at once their country's glory and their own, was born in Boston. He was the son of a "North Ender," and sprang from that hardy stock whence emanated the "Liberty Boys," the "Tea Party," the "Minute Men" of the earliest revolutionary times. "The Sailors' Home" is the name of a tavern which now stands on the spot near Hancock's Wharf, where the future Commodore first drew breath.

The name of Porter first appears conspicuously in the history of the American Navy, in the year 1809, when a midshipman on board the "Experiment," under the gallant Stewart, he signified himself in the memorable action with the French frigate L'Insurgente. His station in that engagement was in the foretop, and such was his conduct that the lack of influential friends alone is said to have prevented his preferment. This, however, was not long in coming. Merit like his could not be disregarded in that infant day of our gallant Navy. Upon Commodore Barron's coming into the command of the "Constellation," Porter was made lieutenant, and was appointed to the "Experiment," under Captain Males, on the West India station. On this station he signified himself by many exploits of cool bravery and gallantry. Receiving from Captain Talbot the command of the "Amphitrite," a prize schooner, with five guns and fifteen men, he captured a French privateer heavily manned and armed, with much loss to the enemy, and not any whatever to himself. This gave him a name and a station in the Navy which he has never lost, but which in the rapid progress of advancement, identified him with the most gallant spirits in that service.

At the period of the declaration of war, against Great Britain, in 1812, we find Porter a captain, in command of the "Essex" frigate, 32 guns. After the glorious capture of the "Guerriere" by "Old Ironsides," Capt. Bainbridge (Captain Hull desiring to be relieved from that command) was appointed to the latter, and a squadron was placed under his command, consisting of the "Essex," Porter, and the "Hornet." Lawrence. This was in September, 1812. Bainbridge issued orders for the cruise, prescribing to Porter a certain course, at the end of which, not meeting with the squadron at a specified point, he was to act at discretion. Thus directed, Porter sailed from the Delaware on the 27th of October, 1812, and commenced one of the most glorious cruises recorded in our Navy's chronicles.

Under the letter of his instructions, he proceeded from the Delaware to the Brazil coast, capturing by the way an English packet, which yielded a large amount in prize money. The vessel was sent to the United States. He then scoured the coast to the La Plata, and thence for the Pacific, arriving at Valparaiso, after a long succession of bad weather, on the 14th of March, 1813. There he went to the Chilean and Peruvian coasts, and encountered a Peruvian corsair, which he took, and among whose prisoners he found twenty-four Americans, the crews of two whaling vessels taken on the Coast of Chili. Porter threw the pirate's guns and ammunition overboard, and freed the prisoners. He also recovered one of the ships taken by the pirate, as she was going into Lima. He then pursued his meteoric course in the Pacific, doing immense injury to the British commerce in that ocean, capturing many valuable cargoes, sending some of the prizes to the United States, and fitting out others as consorts in his gallant cruise. With the stripes and stars at his masthead, he carried his little squadron into action, and became a perfect scourge to the enemy in those seas, by the rapid and daring destruction committed upon their commerce there. "A single frigate," says a recent writer, "was landing it over the Pacific, roving about the ocean in defiance of a thousand English ships; retelling in the spoils of boundless wealth, and almost banishing the British flag from those regions where it had so long waved proudly and predominant."

In vain were vessels after vessels sent forth in pursuit of him. His manner of cruising baffled all their attempts. As now shooting into the open sea, and now lurking among the islands, keeping clear of the coast, he kept all research of the foe at bay, and went on all the time with his brilliant exploits. He took possession of an island in the Pacific, called it Madison's, (after the then President), fought with the natives, reduced them, repaired his ship, and having quite refitted, he returned her, sailed for the Chilean coast in December, 1813. Thence he went to Valparaiso, and there fell in with the British Commodore Hillary, with two ships. As he went into the harbor one of these vessels fell foul of the "Essex," and was at the mercy of Porter. The port was a neutral one, and he did not avail himself of this advantage. He was as magnanimous as brave, and this conduct earned him the warm acknowledgments of the British commander. While in port, the most social and friendly relations subsisted between them and their crews.

The English Commodore put out of port, keeping his ships together, to avoid a separate action, and regularly blockading Porter at Valparaiso. In vain did the latter try to get a fight out of either of his foes singly. Hillary kept them snug, determined to give his enemy no advantage. At

length the gallant yankee "put out;" the foe bore down upon him, and after a most desperate struggle against a far superior force, his gallant frigate, so long the terror and scourge of the British Lion, was captured. His loss was tremendous. No where in the whole history of naval warfare is there any record of an action more sanguinary, gallant and obstinate. The battle was seen from the heights of Valparaiso, and all the sympathies of the spectators were enlisted in the cause of the brave commander and crew of the gallant little frigate, defending herself so bravely against a greatly superior foe.

No battle ever fought upon the land or ocean more strongly and satisfactorily illustrated the true courage which is innate to the American character than this same contest of the "Essex" with the "Phebe" and "Cherub." At its termination Porter was liberated on his parole, and returned, with the remnant of his devoted crew, to the United States, in the "Essex Junior." Before he could come into the port at New York, another British vessel overhauled him, and took him prisoner, thus violating the terms of the parole. Being then at liberty to act as he should find occasion, the intrepid Porter found means to escape, landed on Long Island, and was received by his fellow-citizens with enthusiastic and grateful warmth. He was a hero in their eyes, his exploits for the last year having filled all minds with the highest admiration of his bravery and gallantry.

The subsequent career of Commodore Porter is familiar to all our readers. Peace being ratified, the life of the most gallant of our navy was thenceforth to derive its lustre by reflection from the past. The hero of "the Saucy Essex" had gathered a harvest of laurels, upon which his fame could safely repose for all time, and while he ever stood ready to vindicate anew the high name his country had acquired in arms, if need should be, he yet needed no new occasion to signalize his claim to the remembrance of posterity, as one of her most gallant defenders.

Being appointed by his Government to a diplomatic station at Constantinople, he had resided near that capital for several years, during which time he had discharged all the duties of his position acceptably, when on Friday, the 31st of last month, precisely at meridian, he breathed his last in a land of strangers, but not without warm and attached friends around him, to receive his last requests, and to perform for him the last sad office. His disease was pleurisy, and for some days prior to his decease he had felt sure that that event was not distant. Letters from Constantinople, dated on the day of his death, inform us that it was his last will that his body should be buried at the foot of the America flag staff. How like the last request of his compeer, the gallant Lawrence, that that flag should be his shroud!

A deep grave was accordingly prepared beneath the waving of the banner of his country; the diplomatic corps resident at the Turkish capital, with all the Americans in that port, followed the remains thither, and the earth now covers them. But will they be permitted to remain there? No! The grateful country, for which the brave Captain fought, so long and so well, will never permit his bones to lie in a foreign soil. The remains of the gallant dead belong to the land that had so much reason to be proud of the deeds of the living hero; and the period, we feel assured, is not far distant when that country will reclaim them, and lay them to rest, until the last trumpet shall sound, within the green and peaceful bosom of that free home which his youth and manhood so gallantly defended.

His splendid achievements shall long string the nerves of all who the blessing of Freedom inherit; And his be the honors such merit deserves. And dear to each bosom his death-darling spirit! The poet's high strain shall such men's names maintain, And affection embalm them to Time's latest reign; While, roused by the story, our sons shall aspire, To rival such deeds—and to glow with such fire!

From the New Orleans Picayune.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

On board the United States sloop-of-war Vincennes, Captain Buchanan, arrived a few days since at Pensacola, came passengers Judge Hutchinson, and Messrs. Jones and Maverick, three of the San Antonio prisoners, recently released to General Thompson by Santa Anna. Mr. Maverick arrived in town yesterday. From him and from our correspondents we gather the following interesting information.

Santa Anna was reported to be extremely unwell with a fever on the 31st inst., the day on which Mr. Maverick left the city of Mexico. It was expected, immediately on his recovery, if not before, that he would resort to extraordinary means to recruit the finances of the country.

The Vincennes left Vera Cruz on the 9th inst. The day before an extraordinary courier had arrived from the city of Mexico with important despatches. A vessel had been chartered immediately, at a high price, to convey these despatches to Campeachy. It was supposed they had some reference to the movements of Commodore Moore's squadron.

Droves of involuntary volunteers were daily being escorted under strong guards to the city of Mexico, tied in couples. On arriving, they are immediately put under drill-masters, and converted into soldiers as fast as possible. The rumor is, that Santa Anna, finding he cannot whip the Yucatecos, intends sending an army of 35,000 men to that province, and fairly cut the inhabitants out of "house and home," or, in other words, use up their supplies, and starve them into submission.

The news in relation to the Texan prisoners, in the main, is gloomy enough, especially as regards those retained who belonged to Col. Fisher's command. The order to decimate the number retained, (165,) was we are fearful has been carried into effect near Matamoros. The report is, that seventeen were shot.

We have heard it stated that of this number young Crittenden came near being one. Fortunately, however, the cutter Woodbury brought an order for his release in season to save his life. The Vincennes touched at Tampico on the 13th inst., with the expectation of finding him there; but he had left three days before for the city of Mexico. Not a doubt can be entertained of his safety. We have been unable to learn the names of those shot.

Col. Fisher, Gen. Green, Capt. Reese, and Messrs. Shephard, Van Ness, and Hancock had arrived at Perote, together with such of the men as accompanied them—some eighteen in all—Fisher and Green are chained together, with heavier irons than the rest, and are compelled to work with the other prisoners, carrying sand, &c. A young brother of Captain Reese has been released to Gen. Thompson.

Colonel Fisher, with four of his officers, was about a mile in advance when the attack upon the guard at Salabo commenced. Dr. Branham and Messrs. Lyons, Rice, and Higginson were killed dead on the spot; poor Fitzgerald was mortally wounded, but survived some two or three days. During this time, utterly unable to stand, he was carried in a cart, and treated in the most inhuman manner by the officer of the guard, Captain Posas. It is even said that he was dragged from the cart before yet dead, but expired shortly after, and was buried by his comrades. In the attack upon the guard, some thirty of the Mexicans were killed. All describe the attempt to escape, when so far in the country, as insane and desperate to the greatest degree.

Dr. Booker, one of the San Antonio prisoners, and a brave and meritorious man, was accidentally killed at Perote, about the 1st instant, by a drunken Mexican soldier. The latter pointed his gun with the intention of shooting one of his own officers; but, unfortunately, the ball lodged in the breast of Dr. B., who survived but a few days.

It was recently reported that Santa Anna was soon to release Messrs. Colquhoun, Bradley, Peterson, Truhart, and Van Ness—all taken at San Antonio. General Tormel is certainly interesting himself powerfully for the latter.

Antonio Navarre is still confined at the Acordado, city of Mexico. He is in good health and spirits, and is confident of being soon released. It may be recollected that Mr. Navarre was one of the commissioners of the Texan Santa Fe expedition, and the only one not released.

John and Wilson Riddle, and Capt. O'Phelan—all of them taken at San Antonio—have been released through the intercession of the British minister. The latter was a great friend of the unfortunate Fitzgerald, and served three years with him in Spain under Gen. Evans.

A report is current at the city of Mexico that Captain Elliott, the British Charge to Texas, has recently written a letter to Santa Anna, in which he has stated, at the express request of President Houston, that the latter should Santa Anna will treat the Mier prisoners with all clemency, but that they crossed the Rio Grande contrary to his (Houston's) orders! For the sake of humanity, we trust this rumor may not prove true. It would be virtually signing the death-warrant of these brave men, in case Santa Anna wanted an excuse for shooting them—Fisher, Green, and all. Gen. Somervell, who had command of the expedition at the time Fisher separated from the main body, has stated, under his own signature, that the latter had his full leave for acting as he did—in fact, that it was by his orders. Now, if Houston has really sent such a message as the one we have mentioned above to Santa Anna, he has stamped himself a cold-blooded, heartless fiend, and deserving the execration of mankind at large. We again hope that it may prove untrue.

Vote of Thanks to Mr. Robert Tyler, Son of the President of the U. States.

At a recent meeting of the Irish Repeal Association in Dublin, Mr. Daniel O'Connell moved a special "vote of thanks" to Robert Tyler, Esq., son of the President of the U. S., for the part he had taken in promoting the cause of Repeal. Mr. O'Connell moved the "vote of thanks," and Mr. Thomas Steele seconded the resolution.

Mr. O'Connell next said: The next subject is one of deep and general interest, inasmuch as the matter I mean to propose is, a special vote of thanks to Mr. Tyler, son of the President of the U. S., (cheers,) for the countenance he has given the cause of Repeal. As an American gentleman, and distinguished in society as such, I should not feel it my duty to move a vote of thanks, so many others having joined in similar displays; but I think there is a peculiarity in the case, by reason of his connexion with the elected Chief Magistrate of a free people. (Cheers.) Though we do not find in that country any connexion between the family and the head of the Government with the politics of the State, yet the necessary association in the relation between father and son—that kind of community of idea which must be supposed to exist where domestic discussions do not prevail—should lead us to believe that the sentiments of the son are not discountenanced or disapproved by the parent, [hear, hear.] I believe the character of the American President stands highly in this respect; for one of the great things at popular elections is, that in consequence of the number of rival candidates, and of the enemies which those candidates must necessarily have, each party would be on the alert to find out every fault, which the others possessed. [Hear, hear.] The Democratic principle, then, not only gave freedom of election, but is a corrector of vices; for no man who is a bad husband, a bad father, a bad son, or an unjust brother, can have a chance of being returned. When men are therefore guilty of any immorality, there is no doubt whatever of its being exposed, and these elections thus operate as a check on vice, and a reward and encouragement of public and private virtue. [Hear, hear.]

After some other strong and eloquent remarks, Mr. O'Connell concluded with the subjoined sentiment, when Mr. Steele rose and seconded the motion:

It is, therefore, that I want the Statesmen of England, and the Statesmen of Europe, to know that I look for repeal, and not for separation, so as to make the connexion between the two countries truly perpetual. (Hear.) It is in that spirit, I truly repeat, (Hear.) It is in that spirit, I now move, that the marked thanks of the Association be conveyed to Mr. Tyler for the sympathy which he has shown for the Irish people, in their struggle to repeal the Union. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. STEELE.—As the people of America, from one end of the United States to the other, are making preparations to receive me, and as I hold myself in readiness to cross the Atlantic whenever the time shall come, when my august friend, O'Connell, shall, in his wisdom, be of opinion, that I should go aboard the Steamer, he is of opinion, that I should be, that I should be the second of this resolution. (Cheers.) Therefore, Sir, first echoing the disclaimer of my political leader of any identification with any sentiment whatever of our American friends and brothers, except that of anxiety for the repeal of the Union, I call upon you, my countrymen, to pass the vote of thanks with nine hearty cheers. (Cheering for some minutes.)

The motion was then put from the Chair, and carried.

Assaults on Editors.—Encouraging growth of Morality.—In looking over our exchanges of recent dates, our attention has been arrested by the frequent recorded instances of barbarous and unprovoked assaults upon members of the editorial

fraternity, in one or more cases resulting in death, which have recently occurred. The account of the sad and fatal affray, in which the talented editor of the Chronicle and Old Dominion, Mr. Melzer Gardner, so well and favorably known in this city and vicinity as the conductor of the Republican, lost his life, we have already published in our columns; and we are rejoiced to learn that the perpetrator of this brutal and unprovoked homicide, although once examined before the authorities and set free, has again been arrested, and will now be tried for his offence, before the Superior Court of Norfolk County. *Norwich News.*

From the Madisonian.

JOHN M. BOTTS.

Our attention has been called to the circumstance that some papers have given currency to the latest, most improved, enlarged, and illustrated edition of the base fabrications of this notorious individual. He is represented as having charged the President publicly in his late electioneering campaign, as having said to him on the third day of the extra session—

"That he meant to be a candidate, not only for four, but for eight years from the 4th March, '45, thus making the whole term of his service twelve years; and then

"That the President had offered him any office in his gift, provided he (Botts) would sustain him in his aspirations; and then

"That he, John Minor Botts, from this time ceased to visit the President."

So far as the first specification is concerned, we are authorized to say, that at the time of this invented conversation of Mr. John Minor Botts said by him to have occurred, the President had no intention of being a candidate for the Presidency in 1844. The President was only prevented from introducing an announcement to this effect, in his Inaugural Address, by considerations of great public weight, and would have made it in his second Veto message, if his then Cabinet had not urgently opposed it, upon the question being solemnly submitted to them.

So far as the second specification is concerned, we are authorized to say, that the President never made to Mr. John Minor Botts any offer of any office, of any sort, or of any character, at any time or at any place, for any purpose or object whatever. An!

So far as the third specification is concerned, we are authorized to say, that so far from Mr. John Minor Botts having ceased to visit the President from and after the third day of the extra session, he repeatedly called at the White House, until he pursued a course which precluded the President from having any further communication with him. That transaction was this: During the pendency before the Senate of Mr. Clay's Bank bill it was ascertained that Messrs. Merriell, Preston, Rives, and Archer, would not sustain it without the insertion of such a modification as would reconcile it with the constitutional scruples of the President, and with their opposition it stood in a minority. At this juncture of affairs Mr. John Minor Botts called upon the President, with a paper purporting to be such an amendment, which he said had been drawn up by himself and thought would remove all difficulties upon the subject of a Bank. After exacting from Mr. John Minor Botts the positive assurance that if the amendment did not meet more heard of, the President took it and examined it, and instantaneously rejected it, with the emphatic declaration that he would inevitably veto any bill containing such a clause. Whereupon, Mr. John Minor Botts reiterated his promise to destroy it and retired. The President thought no more of the matter until a few days afterwards, when the Whig press was filled with laudations of Mr. Botts for having fallen upon this very expedient; and Mr. Clay subsequently offered it in the Senate Chamber, substantially, if not literally, as an amendment to his bill! The treachery in the whole conduct of Mr. John Minor Botts became so apparent, that the President ever afterwards refused to hold any intercourse with him either by word or in writing.

The charges of Mr. Botts reminds us of one which he made against the President at an early period of the contest between Mr. Tyler and the ultra Whigs. The Hon. gentleman (?) then stated that, while Mr. Tyler was at Brown's Hotel, acting as President of the Senate, shortly after the inauguration of General Harrison, he waited upon Mr. Tyler at his rooms in company with another gentleman, and Mr. Tyler did then and there to them declare himself in favor of a Bank of the United States. We have never, by authority, denied this charge before—but we are now authorized to say, that Mr. Botts, in making such a declaration affirmed what was false in every particular.

Is it not a little strange that any Democratic paper should give currency to the falsehoods of the most uncompromising Federalist and unscrupulous factionist in the land? A man who denounced, upon the floor of Congress, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and then James Madison as the simple "cats paw" of Thomas Jefferson, and used by him for his selfish and designing purposes! We candidly confess that we should never have condescended to have given ourselves this trouble concerning the always exaggerated and other contradictory public remarks of Mr. John Minor Botts, but for the fact that others should have apparently countenanced them by giving them circulation. We are sure that all such as have done so will publish this statement.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The Genessee Democrat and Advertiser, has raised under its editorial head: "For President and Vice President, the candidates nominated by the Democratic National Convention." And it says:

"In relation to our own choice, we hoist to the breeze the nomination and election of that citizen who will lead us to victory;—and whether that individual be CASS, BUCHANAN, JOHNSON, CALHOUN, or VAN BUREN, in whom are united individually, principles essential to the permanency of our free institutions, we go forth for the successful nominee, and as we fully believe for the successful candidate. We do not deny that we have some feeling of State pride, and that in the elevation of General LEWIS CASS to the presidency, we should recognize a man who would take as his model a Jefferson, and who would unite in the administration of his government a true policy of Republicanism; yet, we discard all such feelings and throw them to the four winds of heaven should some other individual be nominated by the National Convention."

WHIG LOGIC!

From the Richmond Enquirer.

The Richmond Whig gives a cut "representing H. Clay, as he actually was in nearly boyhood, a mill boy, riding to mill, almost literally in his shirt tail!" (Who does recollect his actual figure?) And, therefore, we presume, the Whig most logically infers, that Mr. Clay should be elected President of the U. S.!

The Pennsylvania notices this beautiful movement in the "Whig," and lashes it in the following indignant manner:

"This is, we presume, a sample of the political literature of 'the same old con that was out in 1840,' and probably is a specimen of the style of electioneering which, in some parts of the country, is to be adopted on behalf of Henry Clay, the mill boy of the slashes. This sort of thing is quite complimentary to the intelligence of the people, very flattering, to suppose that they are to be induced to support a candidate for a high office, because he rode to mill with his unmentionables rather in a fractured condition. Why, how many of us who have done precisely the same thing in precisely the same attire, and yet scarcely think it a matter for boasting. It is like enough that Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Buchanan, in their boyish days had quite as much indifference to the comfort of patches as could possibly have been entertained by the little Harry Clay, and yet this fact has never, that we remember, been urged as giving them additional claims to the Presidency. It is rather a curious thing, by the way, that it is only the aristocratic party in the country, who resort to the pitiful mode of electioneering to which we refer. The great Whig politicians are the ones who rise from damask cushions and luxurious lounges, to go forth into the streets, and ask votes for themselves on the score of hard cider and dilapidated pantaloons. It is splendid alone which operates in such disguise;—your great speculators, jobbers, bankers,—your revellers in silver plate, champagne, chicken, salad and terrapins—it is they who masquerade, and have one face at the polls and another for their other fields of operation. In the coonskin campaign, they were wagon boys, log cabinites, hard ciderites, in tow garments and hunting shirts, and now possibly they are all to be 'mill boys of the slashes,' with such nether integuments as are described in the Richmond Whig. Their only idea of Democracy and democratic principles, is made up of vague notions about uproar and torn clothes, and accordingly, when they would pass for democrats, they yell and roar and frisk about with tatters over their broadcloth. True Democracy does none of these things, for it consists of defined principles, and not of external appearance; and it knows well enough that even had Mr. Clay gone to a mill in his boyhood, after the fashion mentioned above, something else is required to fit him for the administration of a great republic. It is to be hoped that our opponents are not about to play off their old fare. It cannot again be successful, and it would be a matter of regret, if another attempt of the same degrading kind, as that of 1840, were to be practised; for, though it must be useless as a political engine, still its effects in other respects are mischievous by perpetrating the most paltry species of demagoguism."

From the Wilmington Chronicle, May 2, 1842.

GREAT FIRE.

We issued a hastily prepared slip from this office on Sunday afternoon, giving as full an account as could then be made up of the awful fire which has laid an extensive and valuable portion of our town in ashes. It is doubtless, all things considered, the most calamitous event that has ever befallen Wilmington, ravaged as it has a number of times been by fire; once before, to a frightful extent, within a little more than three years. The part laid waste by the fire of January 1840, was almost built up again, and our town presented a cheerful aspect; but alas for the cherished hopes of exemption from a similar visitation, we have now another large space occupied by blackened walls and heaps of smouldering ruins. The fire of Sunday last, destroyed, we think, at least two hundred buildings, of every kind, besides an immense deal of other species of property.

Between 11 and 12 of that day, whilst the wind was blowing almost a hurricane from the South, the greater part of the inhabitants being at the time engaged in religious services at the various Churches, a blaze was discovered issuing from the roof of the old brick warehouse known as McKay's, on the alley next North of the Bank of Cape Fear. Almost immediately, the flames took hold of several adjacent wooden buildings on the Northeast, and sweeping in a few minutes across Princess Street, to the dwellings of Mrs. Robson, Mr. Anderson, Mrs. Noyes, Mr. Calder, and others, cut off nearly every hope of saving any of the Northern part of the town above those points, between Front and Water and Front and Second Streets.

Onward and onward the flames thence progressed, driven by the violence of the wind, leaping from building to building with appalling activity. Burning flakes were hurled off at incredible distances, igniting roofs and other combustible matter in a moment, every thing being like tinder from the long spell of dry weather. Flames were seen rising up in numerous places at the same time, and all exertions to stay their force were in vain. Not a hundred engines at work would have availed any thing. In less than two hours from the time the alarm was given, the Rail Road Depot buildings, of brick, at a distance of three eighths of a mile from where the fire commenced, had been reached by it, and were soon destroyed. Long before these took fire however, wooden buildings in their immediate neighborhood were consumed. Indeed, buildings more than three hundred yards from where the fire originated, were in a blaze in fifteen minutes after it was first discovered. Hillton Bridge, a mile from town, was set on fire by a flake carried thither by the wind. North of the Depot, but one building was burnt, there being but a few scattering and small tenements in that direction.

Between Princess Street and the Rail Road, and Second Street and the river, embracing more than eight squares, not more than fifteen or twenty buildings are left standing. On the upper wharves there was an immense quantity of country produce, such as naval stores, lumber, &c., all of which was burnt. We do not understand that there was a great value in merchandise destroyed, the most part being got out, as the stores were not so directly in the first range taken by the fire as the dwelling houses.

Many families lost all their furniture, clothing, and other household goods; nearly all a part of each, and several, whose circumstances were com-

fortable, are stripped of about every thing they possessed. Some cases are really of a distressing character, and appeal warmly to the sympathies of the less unfortunate among us.

Several of the houses burnt were among the best in the place, and a large proportion valuable ones.

There was one poor old black woman born to death in her house, the only life lost, so far as is known.

The Rail Road Company has suffered in a very heavy amount. All the Depot buildings, of every description, two of them large brick edifices, are gone. They also lost five Locomotives, some cars, the bridge over the ravine, several hundred feet of the road at the Depot where there were many parallel tracks, and much other property. The books and papers were saved.

As to the amount of loss by this dreadful fire, we gave \$300,000 as the estimate made in the confusion of the moment. An examination since has proved that that was not far from the proper amount, inclusive of the Rail Road Company's loss. The insurance is not so much as was supposed, \$100,000, but only about \$75,000. The Rail Road Co. had no insurance.

Annexed is a list of the sufferers. It is not perhaps entirely accurate, but as nearly so as we have been able to make it with much pains taken.

Families.—Wm. H. Briggs, Wm. B. Larkins, Mrs. C. Robson, A. Martin, Alex. Anderson, Mrs. Noyes, Matthew Lawton, Thos. C. Miller, E. Kidder, Isaac Cason, Jas. I. Bryan, Thos. N. Gantier, Rev. Jesse Jennet, Samuel Beery, E. Walker, John Walker, Wm. Calder, Mrs. Menars, Robert H. Cowan, P. K. Dickinson, A. A. Warren, Gen. J. Owen, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Colina, Rosa Davis, David Jones, Hotel, Levin Lane, Mrs. Laspierre, Stephen D. Wallace, Mrs. Piner.

And a number of families of Blacks. Stores, Warehouses, Offices, &c.—Shilton & Mallory, W. C. Lord, S. W. Duhamel, Custom House, (books and papers saved), J. I. Bryan, Thos. Stewart, E. Peterson, John McRae, David Thally, Geo. W. Davis, Alfred Dudley, Hull & Armstrong, Jesse Jennet, Jesse Bowden, Hector McKellar, R. & C. Grant, W. A. Rourke, Wm. R. Larkins, — Mayo, Wm. B. Giles & Co., L. S. Yorke, E. Wessel, Heintz & Bonner, G. O. Parsley, Alex. Webster, Geo. Costin, Miles Costin, John B. Craig, B. F. Mitchell, John Hall, Wm. R. Larkins, R. Smith, Jeffreys & King, Rail Road Coffee House.

Owners of Buildings not included in the foregoing.—Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company, Alex. McRae, Estate J. R. London, Mrs. London, Sen., Wm. J. Love, Sr., Jere. Nichols, E. P. Hall, Dr. Berry, Methodist Church, Estate M. Campbell, Estate McKay, John D. Love, A. G. Hall, W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Sholes, St. John's Lodge.

Owners of other property lost.—B. Flanner, A. J. Battle, H. Nutt, Brown & DeRosset, B. Sherman, B. Hallitt, Mr. Warren, Miss Hort, J. Ballard, G. Potter, Mr. Thane, W. Latimer.

From the Old Dominion.

A CARD.

The undersigned, being about to leave this place takes this opportunity to express her grateful sense of the sympathy and kindness which have been manifested towards her and her children, by the citizens of this town and Norfolk. The various and peculiar expression of common regard are such as to forbid any specification. They will each become subjects of grateful recollection through all her days. Words are too feeble to express her appreciation of those unexampled exhibitions of kindness. They have wrought feelings of thankfulness within her, which are only equalled by those emotions of bitterness, and those pangs of affliction which have been caused by the death of her beloved Husband.

MARTHA GARDNER.

Portsmouth, April 24, 1843.

ANOTHER SUIT.—Another suit has been instituted against Com. Mackenzie by McKinley, one of the persons brought home in irons. Mackenzie has commenced a prosecution against the Journal of Commerce for libel, in publishing that several of the members of the Court Martial were in favor of convicting him. There is likely to be plenty of law arising from the case, if not plenty of justice.

If your coat is comfortable, wear it two or three months longer; no matter if the glass is off. If you have no wife, get one; if you have one, (God bless her) stay at home with her, instead of spending your evening in expensive follies. Be honest, frugal, plain; seek content and happiness at home; be industrious and persevering; and our word for it, if you are in debt, you will soon get out of it; if your circumstances are now embarrassed, they will soon become easy; no matter who may be President, or what may be the price of stocks. N. Y. San.

THE SPORTS.—Henry Clay, in a late speech delivered by him at Lexington, Ky., said, "that in his opinion, if a Whig President should be elected, it would be his imperative duty to do ample justice, in the administration of public patronage, to the great Whig party of the country."—Here then is a full and unequivocal avowal, by the acknowledged leader of the Whig party, of the principle that "to the victors belong the spoils,"—a principle which they hypocritically condemn in others, but invariably practice themselves whenever a fitting opportunity is afforded. Baltimore Republican.

BORN OF A HIRE.—While Gen. Dromgoole, a candidate for Congress in Virginia, was making a speech a short time since in Nottaway county, a Whig enquired of him "whether the whigs had betrayed John Tyler, or John Tyler betrayed the whigs?" Dromgoole replied, "that it was not his province to interfere in this family jar; yet, since he had been called upon, he would say, that he believed, John Tyler had betrayed the whigs, and the whigs John Tyler, and that they had each betrayed their country." A truer saying was never uttered. N. H. Patriot.

A cure for foundered Horses.—If your Horse founders over night, in the morning take a pint of hog's lard, put it in a vessel and make it boiling hot, clean him well, set his foot in the lard.—Heat it for each foot boiling hot; take a spoon and put the fat over the hoof as near the hair as possible, and he will be fit for use in three hours if it is done early in the morning. It is better to remove the Horse's shoes; but I have made several cures without. I have tried this on many horses during a period of fifty years, and never known it to fail.