



**TARBOROUGH!**

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1843.

FOR CONGRESS,  
**A. H. ARRINGTON.**

**Great Fire in Wilmington.**—We learn from an Extra from the Chronicle office, that on Sunday last, between 11 and 12 o'clock, McKay's Ware house, near the Bank of Cape Fear, was discovered to be on fire, and in two hours after the alarm was given, the fire had reached the Rail Road depot buildings, destroying at least 200 buildings besides an immense deal of property of other kinds—including all the Rail Road depot buildings, 5 locomotive engines, some cars, the Bridge over the ravine and two or three hundred yards of the road, where there were several tracks. The total loss is estimated at \$300,000, on which there was insurance to the amount of \$100,000. Further particulars next week.

We learn from the Halifax Republican, that at the Superior Court held there last week, Judge Manly presiding, Elliot Shaw was tried for the murder of Randolph Powell, in that county in October last. Some altercation occurred between them, when Powell struck Shaw with a stick—in a few minutes afterwards, Shaw walked up to the back of Powell and struck him with a stone on the back of the head near the neck, which occasioned his death in a few minutes. Shaw was found guilty of manslaughter, and was sentenced to be branded in the hand and three months' imprisonment. An appeal was prayed and granted to the Supreme Court. Shaw entered into a bond of \$2,000.

**Gen. Jackson's Fine.**—The Legislature of Louisiana have published all the proceedings connected with the fine imposed on Gen. Jackson at New Orleans, during the last war—fully acquitting him of any improper conduct or motives in his declaration and support of martial law. The evidence is from the surviving actors of that glorious campaign, and taken at the very spot where it all occurred, and passed too by a majority of his political opponents. It is a noble act of justice and magnanimity, in these degenerate times of party prejudice and malevolence. And what a severe rebuke to her Senators, who in their blind zeal for party would withhold truth and justice, and refuse to wipe off the last stain from the reputation of the war-worn veteran who had saved their country.

They have instructed their members of Congress to vote to refund the fine with interest, and resolved if the next Congress does not do it, they will pay it themselves. Let the deed be proclaimed, for it redounds to the honor of those who passed it, as well as to him who so richly merited it.

Mr. Stanly has accepted the Whig nomination, and both the candidates are now engaged in canvassing the district. The reader will find in our columns, descriptions of their public addresses at Newbern and Greenville. We are pleased to hear that the "conqueror" will not overrun the district so readily this campaign as he seems to have anticipated. Mr. Arrington, we learn, acquits himself with ability and gallantry exceeding the most sanguine anticipations of his friends.

FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

**The resolution of the Sparta Whigs of Edgecombe**

Resolved, That any Whig who fails to do his duty during this Congressional campaign, shall be WHIPPED with *Pipe Stems*, and chunked with *Rotten Eggs*, that have been discarded by the old women."

The above Resolution was concocted at a Whig meeting, or "consultation," at Sparta, Edgecombe county, and forwarded to the Whig Convention at Washington—and the following extract of their own Journal, shows the reception of it there:—

"In this stage of the proceedings, resolutions were received, signed by a few Whigs of Edgecombe, which for zeal, enthusiasm, and patriotic sentiment, could not be surpassed; and on motion of Col. Tayloe, they were read to the Convention, and produced bursts of soul thrilling applause."

My conscience! what ideas of "enthusiasm and patriotic sentiment!" they must en-

tertain, and from what materials they can manufacture "soul-thrilling applause." Who can read it without a feeling of shame mantling the cheek—and to come from a party claiming to themselves all the "decency" of the country. But after bestowing on it such "soul-thrilling applause," the Convention blush to publish it among their proceedings, ashamed, on second thought, of the dirty work of their Edgecombe compeers.

Let the public see and know the actors in this scene. The resolutions as published, are signed by J. J. Carr, J. F. Hughes, W. Atkinson, T. Atkinson, R. Pitt, and H. Rogers—but it is well known that the last named five assembled at Sparta, locked themselves up in Col. Pitt's counting room, where this famous or rather infamous resolution was hatched; and J. J. Carr's name added and placed first on the list, leaving the inference that he not only sanctioned it, but was its author. But Mr. C. was not among them, and his reputation for decency and gentlemanly propriety of conduct, will shield him in public estimation from any connection with such miserable stuff; and those who are acquainted with the characters of the five above named persons will have no difficulty in fixing it on the right author—a certain disappointed Whig office-seeker, whose principles and patriotism are the leaves and fishes of office; who has been said for some years to be living on his wits, but his fat so far exceeds his wit as to belie the report; and if his correspondence with Stanly could be published, would show where all his interest lies. No wonder under such a leader, that such a resolution should form one article in the Whig creed.

Well knowing that Stanly's reckless course on some vital questions of Southern interest, and his open disregard of the rights, interests and wishes of his constituents on more occasions than one, had driven from his support some honest and independent Whig voters, they would seek to pelt them into ranks with rotten eggs. Gracious! what an argument! fit weapon for such hands.

The Whig party have rendered themselves conspicuous for their *nicknames*. They have slurred over their opponents with the odious and offensive titles, *Loco Foco*, *Huge Paws*, *Destructives*, &c.—at the same time perfuming themselves with the most attractive and odoriferous names, such as *Whigs*, *Patriots*, *National Republicans*, &c. But like negroes decked off in their Sunday finery, their low breeding and vulgarity will show itself in some dirty or outlandish garment. They cannot enjoy the fragrance of their titles and fine decorations, without hitching on their coon skins, long gourds and pepper pods, and all the paraphernalia of the hard cider orgies.

And this is the party who arrogate to themselves "all the decency, order, and talents" of the country. Oh, Johnny—oh, Neddy—what a stench among the Whigs when they begin their warfare. Pipe stems and rotten eggs can maintain the field against the brightest steel and keenest weapons. What friend or foe could escape the wounds of such warfare.

Just imagine Stanly surrounded by his "Corporal's guard" of Edgecombe Whigs, equipped with their "rotten eggs and pipe stems," ready to charge upon any poor suffering Whig who tries to escape such odoriferous company. Whew! what a stench! Falstaff's "rankest compound of villainous scents" would be a nosegay to it.

Stanly's "Corporal's guard," like Captain Tyler's, numbers six; but the Captain's guard contend with the strength of their heads and the valor of their arms—whereas Stanly's guards, like so many political polecats, fight with the stench of their tails.

Small as the Whig party of Edgecombe is, it contains some as decent & respectable citizens as any in the county, who are doubtless shocked that such a sentiment should have found expression among any of their Whig brethren. And it is but justice to them as well as the community at large, that its authors should be known; and if they are determined to wage such a warfare, to caution both friends and foes to beware of such *political skunks*.

An apology is due, for giving this importance to such a filthy proceeding; but the eclat, and "soul thrilling applause" bestowed upon it at the Whig Convention, invest it with a consequence that its exposure was deemed necessary. PEPPER.

FOR THE TARBORO' PRESS.

Mr. Editor: I had the pleasure of hearing Messrs. Arrington and Stanly address the people of Pitt, in the Court House in Greenville, on the 2nd inst. Mr. Arrington opened the debate in a short and concise way, but in every shape gentlemanly. Mr. Stanly followed, and spoke about two hours and a quarter, or thereabouts. He as usual evaded every point, only those he was bound to confess, otherwise it would have been too palpable. In place of principle he gave us blackguardism—such stuff will not do for the farmers of Pitt, they have been humbugged too often. Instead of blackguardism they call for principle, (not nonsense, to tickle the ear,) but promises fulfilled. Have the Whigs fulfilled their promises made before they came into power? No, not one. What is the cause then? The answer is plain, they never intended; so they could get into power, they cared not for the dear "people."

What does Stanly tell you now, freemen

of the eighth Congressional district? He tells you they lost their President—Harrison died, Tyler turned traitor, and they could do nothing because of Tyler's vetoes. It is not true, and I will proceed to prove it. Before we begin to bring up the proof, we will ask you a few questions. Who made Tyler the Vice President? The Whigs. Did not the Whigs know very well, that in case of death, inability, &c. the Constitution declared that the Vice President should be the President—as such, who made him President? The Whigs. Turn and twist as you please, your actions in 1839 and '40, placed John Tyler in the high office he now occupies. Who charges their President with seduction and treason? The Whigs. Now Mr. Stanly tells you they could do nothing on account of Tyler's vetoes; (their President—the Democrats will not have him,) he must be a bad man, if half as mean as Stanly represents him to be. Now we will see if his vetoes were the cause the Whigs could do nothing, and if we show you to the reverse, we shall have made good our promise. We proceed to the proof.

1st. The Whigs passed a high tariff bill, (over the twenty per cent. limited by the compromise act,) and raised it an hundred per cent. on some articles? Did Tyler veto it? No. 2nd. The Whigs passed a bill to distribute among the States the proceeds arising from the sales of the public lands—did Tyler veto it? No. 3rd. The Whigs passed a loan bill, to borrow twelve millions of dollars—did Tyler veto it? No. 4th. The Whigs passed a bankrupt bill, to make null and void just debts between creditor and debtor—did Tyler veto it? No. 5th. They passed a bill to repeal it—did Tyler stop it? No. 6th. They passed a loan bill to borrow five millions of dollars, add this to the twelve millions, make seventeen millions—did Tyler veto it? No. We presume here is proof enough to satisfy any man, besides the extravagant appropriation bills, &c. &c.

These are what Stanly calls nothing, ha! It is doing nothing with a vengeance. It would have been far better for the nation, if Tyler had prevented a great deal more; if he had, the nation would not have been in debt twenty-five or thirty millions of dollars as it is. And yet Stanly tells you, Tyler with his vetoes prevented them (the Whigs) from redeeming their promises. By this time you can see, as plain as the nose on your face, that Tyler stands as fair as his accusers (the Whigs.) What has Tyler done? He vetoed two bank bills, and one tariff bill with the distribution in its belly; and now they call him a traitor, for killing such a deformed animal which could be no benefit to its owner. Tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Askelon! You have done too much, it will rise up in judgment and condemn you; yes, it already is rising, and because it is coming to the rescue of the Old Dominion and old Edgecombe, for standing to their first principles, Stanly shouts, "I HAVE CONQUERED EDGECOMBE ONCE, AND I WILL CONQUER HER AGAIN." All we have to say at present in defence of Edgecombe is, if we were voted down in 1837, we fell gloriously fighting in freedom's cause, but not "conquered;" our lines are full, we have upwards of fifteen hundred veterans, and we say to the "conqueror" we are sure there are but few faint-hearted ones among us; take all the fainty ones and deserters together, they will not count eighty—and in August next we will present an unbroken front, and as the enemy advances we will pour in a galling fire, which will kill or wound five hundred Federal votes—then she will tell the "conqueror" that Bonaparte was a conqueror, but he was conquered; so she will say to Edward Stanly the "conqueror," that he is conquered.

Stanly spoke of gerrymandering, &c. and condemned the Legislature for laying off the State into districts. In his survey, he said this district run near the Virginia line, and said, he despised the line, because he had heard in Washington some say they were from near the Virginia line; then in the "conqueror's" eye, those that live near the line if they tell the truth in Washington, he will continue to despise the line as he now does. Those who have told they were from near the Virginia line he compared to thieves—if he despises the line, it must be from some other cause. Perhaps he has had a hot contest with some of the Virginians, or he may have been invited to cross the line, or he may condemn Virginia for standing to her first principles from the days of Washington until now. (Just so he frets about Edgecombe, and wants to conquer her again and says he will do it.) Virginians, remove the line, or if he conquers Edgecombe he like Bonaparte may try you Edgecombe and Virginia will support the constitution, and defend it to the last; if we fall, we will fall with it. After a long ribble rabble and abuse of men, &c. as is his low course, Stanly gave way.

Mr. Arrington rose and replied, step by step, to every point worthy of notice. He laid before the people the inconsistencies of Mr. Stanly's course in appropriate terms, producing matters and facts so plain to common sense, that the people were compelled to see and understand for themselves. He lifted the veil, yes, took it off, and showed whiggery and humbuggery in their proper colors, from 1840 to the 4th of March last. After replying to Stanly in a manner becoming a gentleman of good taste, he closed in this way:—Fellow citizens, if high tariffs and high taxes are what

you want, I am not the man to represent you. If you want bankrupt laws, to make null and void just debts between creditor and debtor, I am not the man to represent you. If you want a National Bank and a great national debt, I am not the man to represent you. If you want the veto power abolished from the Federal Constitution, the great safeguard of the South, and that torn to pieces and mangled, I am not the man to represent you, &c. &c. He then gave way.

Stanly rose again, like a man of fury, (he was in a tight place.) He looked and spoke like a man in anger, but whether he was or not, I left him making use of such stuff that men seeking for principles and courtesy, and good will among men, will not justify him nor such a course. A man that never had seen a "conqueror," would think he had a legion of devils in him. Gen. Gates was a conqueror and won laurels—it made a fool of him, he lost them in a day. And so it will be with fools. A VOTER.

From the Raleigh Standard.

**The eighth District.**—The campaign has been commenced. Mr. Arrington met Mr. Stanly, at Newbern, on Tuesday the 25th ult. They addressed the people for upwards of three hours. The Bank question, Whig extravagance, the Public Debt, and other matters, were discussed. Mr. A. goes to the contest knowing that he is battling in the cause of truth and justice; hence, he fears not the result. How different his competitor!—He and his cause require to be propped up by every species of trickery, which the whiggery so well understand. The Newbern Spectator, speaking of Mr. Arrington, says he is "wholly inadequate to a contest with Mr. Stanly, whose mind and memory are teeming with facts derived from an active and studious Congressional experience of six years' standing."!!! To Mr. S. and his friends we say, "lay not this flatteringunction to your souls." If Mr. Arrington has not been fed from the public crib the same length of time, it is no reason that he is not Mr. S.'s superior in point of talent, and in every other quality which constitutes a gentleman. Let the friends of Mr. Arrington but do their duty—we believe they will—and all will be well.

From the Raleigh Register.

**MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.**

Extract of a letter.

Mr. Gales: On Thursday last, a singular marriage took place in this County (Wilkes). The ceremony was performed by Elder Colby Sparks of the Baptist Church. Messrs. Chang and Eng the Siamese Twins, who reside in this County, were married to Misses Sarah, and Adelaide, daughters of Mr. David Yeates, of Wilkes.—The happy quadruple pass the Honey-moon at home."



**DIED.**

Near this place, yesterday, aged about 37 years, Mr. *Geraldus Shurley*, leaving a wife and four children, and a large circle of relatives and friends to lament his loss.

**Edmund D. Macnair,**  
**Attorney at Law,**

TARBORO' N. C.

April 18, 1843. 16

**Assignee's Sale.**

BY virtue of an assignment made by *William J. Andrews*, to the District Court of the United States, in Bankruptcy, and a decree made by the Court in accordance, I shall offer for sale at Sparta, in the county of Edgecombe, on the 25th May, 1843, the following

**Tracts of Land,**

Lying in the county of Edgecombe, to wit: One tract near *Joyner's Depot*, on the Raleigh and Wilmington Rail Road adjoining the lands of *Thomas and Jeremiah Winstead*, and others.

**Containing 170 Acres.**

ALSO, all his interest in another tract, (which is one-fourth) formerly the property of *William Gardner, Sen'r*, dec'd, on which his widow has a dower, near *James Bridgers*. For boundary and quantity, reference is made to *James Bridgers* and *William D. Petway*. Terms will be made known on the day of sale.

*FRANK HAWKINS, Special Assignee for Will J. Andrews.*  
Henderson, N. C. 1 May, 1843.

**For Sale.**

*Dr. McNair's Acoustic Oil*, a certain cure for deafness.

*Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash*, for preserving the teeth from decay, protecting the gums, &c.

*Roach and Bed bug bane*, an effectual antidote against these noxious insects.

**GEO. HOWARD.**

**Removal.**

TO secure a larger Store and Laboratory, the Subscribers have removed from 71. *Maiden Lane*, to that magnificent Warehouse, 6 stories rear, and (with lot over,) 100 feet deep,

**No. 21, Cortlandt Street,**  
NEAR BROADWAY,

The whole of which they occupy, and where they have established their extensive Laboratory, wholesale house, and retail department for the next Seven years, and where they will hope to see all persons dealing in Medicines who visit the City.

**COMSTOCK & CO.**

New York, April, 1843.

**Dr. John Sappington's**  
**ANTI-FEVER PILLS,**

ARE offered to the Public as a certain and effectual remedy for Fevers of every description.

In addition to the numerous testimonials in their favor heretofore made public, the following letter, from Mr. C. B. Hassell, of Williamston, N. C. is respectfully submitted.

*Williamston, N. C. 20 Sept., 1842.*

**DR. JOHN SAPPINGTON:**  
Dear sir,—In 1834, if I mistake not, one of your agents, arrived at this place and left with me near a hundred Boxes of your Anti-fever Pills. I sold them. In the winter of 1838 and '39, perhaps, another agent arrived and I with a friend of mine bought of him 100 boxes more. In January, 1841, another agent (Mr. Stephenson) made his appearance, and my friend and I purchased of him all the Pills he had; (he was gathering up all left in this State and Virginia.) After leaving here for home, he returned in a day or two with another lot, which he had gathered along the way, and we bought all of them. I am now nearly out of those Pills again; and am at a complete loss to know where to obtain them. The only resource left me is to apply to you for direction.

I deal in Pills to a very considerable extent, but yours are the only ones that I can recommend on my own authority, or that are worth having, in my estimation. I would not give two cents for all the Pills in America for my own use; but if sick with the Billious, or Ague and Fever, (which so much prevail here,) I would not exchange yours for their weight in gold. The truth is; I believe they never have failed to cure, if taken according to directions; where the case was curable by human skill; and therefore approach intubility nearer than any remedy ever yet discovered; for the diseases mentioned in your advertisement. Respectfully, yours,  
**C. B. HASSELL.**

For sale by *Geo. Howard*, Tarboro',  
*C. B. Hassell*, Williamston,  
*Joseph Waldo*, Hamilton,  
May 4, 1843.

To all the world who use Leather in any form.

**Oil of Tannin,**

**Or, Leather Restorer.**

A NEW CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.

MOST people know, that Skins and Hides are converted into Leather by the use of Tannin extracted from certain barks, &c.

When the force and strength of the Tannin is worn out, leather becomes dead, hard, dry, brittle, cracked, covered with a crust, &c. THIS ALL KNOW. To restore then life, softness, moistness, strength, smoothness, and remove all crusts, fly, or blister—restore the tannin. This substance the leather never can receive the second time; but the whole virtues of it are in this article, THE OIL of TANNIN—which penetrates the stiffest and hardest leather, if it has been twenty years in use; and if it tears easily with the fingers, it imparts at once a strength that is utterly incredible until seen. It becomes like new leather, in all respects, with a delightful softness and polish, and makes all leather completely and perfectly impervious to water—particularly boots, shoes, carriage tops, harness, hose, trunks, and in fact all things made of leather, giving a splendid polish, even higher than new leather has, and at least doubling its wear and durability, in whatever manner the leather is used.— THESE ARE FACTS.

Those who will wear old shoes, grown with corns, ride with old carriage tops—have old harness and throw them away half used—look filthy themselves, and all about them—expend double what is necessary for articles of leather, to their hearts' content, for what we care, if their prejudices are so strong they will not try a new discovery. We have no favors to ask of them, they are the greatest sufferers, and we beg for nobody's custom or patronage. Now, gentlemen, please yourselves.

None genuine unless with the facsimile signature of *Comstock & Co.*

For sale in Tarboro' by *Geo. Howard*—in Washington, by *Dr. F. Gallagher*—in Raleigh by *Dr. N. L. Smith.*

April 8, 1843.