MINERS' JOURNAL,

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

"I WILL TEACH YOU TO PIERCE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AN SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE —DR. JOHNSON.

WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PA.

VOL. XIX. SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1843. NO. 28

Miners' Journal on the Cash System.

Owing to the frequent losses which newspaper Editors are liable to sustain—the prevalence of laws at the present time, which makes it almost impossible to collect small debts, and the great expenses and waste of time we are forced to incur in the collection of our subscriptions, which not unfrequently equals the amount of the debt; we have concluded to publish the Miners' Journal henceforth upon the cash principle, in accordance with the following terms and conditions:

For one Year in advance	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50
One Month	18
Single Copies	4

We shall continue sending the paper to our numerous subscribers abroad, as we have been accustomed to, until the 1st of July. In the mean time the accounts of those who are in arrears will be made out and forwarded, and if not paid, together with the advance subscription, we shall be forced to discontinue the paper.

CLUBBING.

In order to accommodate Clubs who wish to subscribe, we will furnish them with this paper, on the following terms—invariably in advance:

3 Copies to one address—per annum	$5 00
6 do	10 00
10 do	15 00
20 do	25 00

Five dollars in advance will pay for three years subscription.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements not exceeding a square of twelve lines will be charged $1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for one insertion. Five lines or under, 25 cents for each insertion. Yearly advertisers will be dealt with on the following terms:

One Column	$25	Two squares	$10
Three-fourths do	20	One do	6
Half column	15	Business cards, 5 lines,	3

For any period shorter than a year as per Agreement.

All advertisements must be paid for in advance unless an account is opened with the advertiser, or it is otherwise arranged.

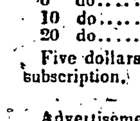
The charge to Merchants will be $10 per annum, with the privilege of keeping one advertisement not exceeding one square standing during the year and the insertion of a smaller one in each paper. Those who occupy a larger space will be charged extra.

All notices for Meetings and proceedings of meetings not considered of general interest, and many other notices which have been inserted heretofore gratuitously, with the exception of Marriages and deaths will be charged as advertisements. Notices of Deaths, in which invitations are extended to the friends and relatives of the deceased, to attend the funeral, will be charged as advertisements.

We confidently expect the co-operation of our friends in this our new arrangement.

OLD ESTABLISHED PASSAGE OFFICE

100 *Pine Street, corner South Street.*



THE Subscriber begs leave to call the attention of his friends and the Public in general, to the following arrangements for 1843, for the purpose of bringing out Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, by the following

[Regular Packet Ships to and from Liverpool.

Ships' Names.	Captains	Days of Sailing from New York.		
G. Washington,	Burrows,	June 7	Oct 7	Feb 7
United States	Britton	13	13	13
Garrick	Skiddy	25	25	25
Patrick Henry	Delano	July 7	Nov 7	Mar
Sheffield	Allen	13	13	
Roscius	Collins	25	25	25
Independence	Nye	Aug 7	Dec 7	A'l 7
Virginian	Allen	13	13	13
Siddons,	E. Cobb	25	25	25
Ashburton	Huttleston	Sep. 7	Jan 7	M'y 7
Ste'n Whitney	Thompson	13	13	13
Sheridan	Depeyster	25	25	25

		Days of Sailing from Liverpool.		
G. Washington	Burrows	July 25	Nov 25	M'r 25
United States	Britton	Aug 1	Dec 1	A'l 1
Garrick	Skiddy	13	13	13
Patrick Henry	Delano	25	25	25
Sheffield	Allen	Sept 1	Jan. 1	M'y 1
Roscius	Collins	13	13	13
Independence	Nye	22	25	25
Virginian	Allen	Oct. 1	Feb 1	J'ne 1
Siddons	E. Cobb	13	13	13
Ashburton	Huttleson	25	25	25
Ste'n Whitney	Thompson	Nov 1	Mar 1	J'ly 1
Sheridan	Depeyster	13	13	13

Regular Packet Ships to and from Londo .

Ships' Names.	Captains	Days of Sailing from New York.		
Mediator	Chadwick	June 1	Oct 1	Feb 1
Wellington	Chadwick	10	10	10
Quebec	Heberd	20	20	20
Philadelphia	Hovey	July 1	Nov 1	M'r 1
Switzerland	Chadwick	10	10	10
H. Hudson	Morgan	20	20	20
Ontario	Bradish	Aug 1	Dec 1	A'l 1
Toronto	Griswold	10	10	10
Westminster	Moore	20	20	20
St. James	Sebor	Sept 1	Jan 1	May 1
Montreal	Tinker	10	10	10
Gladiator	Britton	20	20	20

		Days of sailing from London.		
Mediator	Chadwick	July 17	Nov 17	M'r 17
Wellington	Chadwick	27	27	27
Quebec	Heberd	Aug 7	Dec 7	A'l 7
Philadelphia	Hovey	17	17	17
Switzerland	Chadwick	27	27	27
H. Hudson	Morgan	Sep. 7	Jan 7	M'y 7
Ontario	Bradish	17	17	17
Toronto	Griswold	27	27	27
Westminster	Moore	Oct. 7	Feb 7	J'ne
St. James	Sebor	17	17	17
Montreal	Tinker	27	27	27
Gladiator	Britton	Nov 7	Mar 7	J'ly 7

In addition to the above Regular Lines, a number of Splendid New York built Transient Ships, such as the 'Adirondack,' 'Scotland,' 'Russell Glover,' and 'Echo,' will continue to sail from Liverpool weekly in regular succession, thereby preventing the least possibility of detention or delay in Liverpool: and for the accommodation of persons wishing to remit money to their families or friends, I have arranged the payment of my Drafts on the following banks:—

IRELAND. { The Ulster Bank, and branches / The Provincial Bank do. / The National Bank do.

All Drafts payable at sight, at either of the above banks, their branches or agencies.

ENGLAND. { Messrs. Spooner, Atwood & Co bankers, London. / P. W. Byrnes, Esq. Liverpool.

Passengers can also be engaged from Liverpool to Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, by the regular packet ships, on application being made personally, or by letter, (post paid,) addressed to

JOSEPH McMURRAY,
100 Pine street, corner of South.

AGENTS.—In Pottsville, Benj. Bannan, Esq.
In Lowell, Rich. Walsh, Esq.
In Albany, T. Gough, Esq.
In Newark, John McColgan, Esq.
In Toronto, U. C., Rogers and Thompson.

I also beg leave to assure my friends and the public in general, that the greatest punctuality will be observed in the sailing of the above ships, together with all others which I may have, and that passengers will experience no delay on their arrival at the different ports where they mean to embark.

P. S.—Free passage can also be secured from the various ports in Ireland and Scotland from which steamboats run to Liverpool.

JOSEPH McMURRAY,
100 Pine street, New York.

Gives drafts in sums to suit Applicants, on the *Provincial Bank of Ireland*, payable at

Cork	Banbridge	Limerick
Ballymena	Clonmel	Parsontown
Londonderry	Downpatrick	Sligo
Cavan	Wexford	Lurgan
Belfast	Omagh	Waterford
Galway	Dungannon	Bandon
Ennis	Armagh	Ballyshannon
Athlone	Coleraine,	Strabane,
Kilkenny	Dungarvan	Ballina
Mallow	Tralee	Moneymore
Youghal	Cootehill	Enniskillen
Kilrush	Monaghan.	

ENGLAND—*Spooner, Atwood & Co.*, Bankers, London, payable in every town in Great Britain.

P. W. BYRNES, Esquire, Liverpool.

CITY OF GLASGOW BANK, Payable in every own in Scotland.

New York, January 21, 4—

TEAS.—Fresh Green and Black Teas of prime quality, by the chest, half chest, or by eta... For sale at prices to suit the times by

C. & A. HENDERSON.

May 20 21—

ADJOURNED SALE.

In Bankruptcy.—Assignee's Sale.

SCHUYLKILL COUNTY PROPERTY.

WILL be exposed for sale at public vendue on SATURDAY, the 8th day of July inst. at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the House of William B. Hull, in the Borough of Port Carbon, Schuylkill county, the unexpired term of a Lease for eleven years from the first day of January, 1836, (with a covenant of renewal for ten years from the expiration of said term,) on the Spohn and Lewis Veins on the Bobb Tract in said county; situated on the Schuylkill valley Railroad, two and three-fourths of a mile from Port Carbon, and known and designated as the Union Colleries.

On the premises are erected a house for the Superintendent, and 18 good tenements for Workmen. Also, an Office, Blacksmith shop, Carpenter shop and Stable, with a stone Engine House, and all the necessary appliances for an extensive colliery.

At the same time and place will be sold a Steam Engine of thirty horse power, attached to the works, with pumps, chain, gearing, &c., in complete order for working two pits, that is one on the Spohn and one on the Lewis vein.

Sixty-one Railroad Cars, 44 Drift Wagons, 2 Lumber Wagons, 4 sets of Running Gears, 3 Circular Screens, and a large lot of tools and implements suitable for mining, together with a Blacksmith's Bellows and tools, and a lot of Railroad Iron.

Also, the Lateral Roads, Stationary Screen, Shutes, and Fixtures with the iron thereon, together with the Office, Railroad, Shutes, Sheds, Tools and Fixtures at the landing at Port Carbon and by said Colliery, and a variety of other articles suitable for mining purposes, all of which will be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

For further particulars, apply to

MARTIN WILLIAMS,
Superintendent on the Premises.

By order of the District Court of the United States.

JAMES W. NEWLIN,
Assignee of B. H. Springer, and of the limited partnership under the name and firm of B. H. Springer.

July 1, 27—

PUBLIC SALE.

PURSUANT to the order of the Orphan's Court of Schuylkill county, the Subscribers administrators of the estate of Abraham Hoy, late of the Borough of Orwigsburg, in the county of Schuylkill, deceased, will expose to sale by Public Vendue, on Saturday, the 8th day of July next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of Abraham Hoy, deceased, in the Borough of Orwigsburg, and county aforsaid; Two certain pieces of land situate in the township of Manheim, county of Schuylkill bounded by land of Benjamin Body, George Body and others, to wit; purpart No 1 contains 12 acres, 48 perches; No 2 contains 42 acres, being part of the farm or plantation. Late the estate of said deceased. Attendance will be given and the Conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale by

HENRY HOY, }
JOSEPH HOY, } Administrators.

By order of the Court.

JOHN H. DOWNING, Clerk.

Orwigsburg, June 10, 1843. 24—5

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS of administration to the estate of Samuel P. Horning, late a merchant of Orwigsburg, deceased, having been granted to the subscribers, they hereby give notice to all persons having claims against the said estate, to present them for settlement, without delay, and those indebted to the said estate, will make payment to the subscribers, at the office of J. W. Roseberry, in Orwigsburg.

ELIZABETH L. HORNING,
Administratrix,
J. W. ROSEBERRY,
Administrator.

Orwigsburg, June 3, 1843. 23—

In the Court of Common Pleas of Schuylkill County.

Philip Hoy vs John Snyder. } Vend. Exponsas to March Term, 1841, —56.

On motion rule to show cause why the money raised on the above execution, should not be paid to Joseph White & Son, on their Judgement against the defendant, to March term, 1839, No 11. Whereupon the said Court ordered that notice be published three weeks in the Miners' Journal, of Pottsville, for Creditors to appear on Monday the 24th day of July, at 10 o'clock A. M., being the Monday of the first Court week of July term, 1843, to show cause, if any they have, why the proceeds of said execution should not be paid over to the said Joseph White & Son. When and where all concerned may attend.

CHARLES FRAILEY,
Prothonotary.

June 10, 24—

FAMILY CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

TO be sold, (cheap for cash,) a square box Family Waggon, suitable for one or two horses, nearly as good as new; may be seen at Deibert's, near Clemens & Parvin's steam mill, Union street. Enquire of

JOHN PINKERTON
June 24, 26—3t Mahantango st.

COAL MINER'S SHOVELS.—JOHN RICHARDS, manufacturer of Coal Miner's Shovels, warranted Steel, No. 271 north 3d street, Philadelphia. Terms Cash.

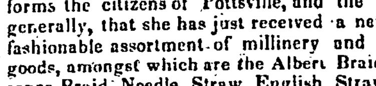
June 17, 25—4t

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MRS. MORGAN, in Market street, next door to Mr. Wolfinger's tavern, respectfully informs the citizens of Pottsville, and the public generally, that she has just received a new and fashionable assortment of millinery and fancy goods, amongst which are the Albert Braid, Florence Braid, Needle Straw, English Straw, and Finted Lawn Bonnets, with a fine assortment of men's and boys' Leghorn and Sea-grass Hats, all of which will be sold much lower than the usual prices for cash. Bonnets altered and done up on the most reasonable terms.

Pottsville, April 13 20—

THE PHILADELPHIA, READING, and POTTSVILLE RAIL ROAD.



SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHANGE OF HOURS.

On and after Saturday, April 1st, 1843, the passenger trains will leave at the following hours:

From Pottsville at 5½ A. M. } daily.
From Philadelphia at 6 A. M. }

Both trains pass at Pottstown. The down train breakfasts at Reading, and the up train at Norristown, for which 15 minutes are allowed at each station.

FARES.

	1st Class Cars.	2d Class Cars.
Between Philadelphia and Pottsville	$3 50 and	$2 50.
Between Philadelphia and Reading	$2 25 and	$1 75.

Excursion Tickets, good for two days only,
Between Philadelphia and Pottsville, $5 00
Between Philadelphia and Reading, 3 00.

April 1, 14—

TO RENT.

THE PORT CLINTON FOUNDRY, and Machine Shop, together with all the Flasks, Machinery, and fixtures belonging thereto. Apply to

ISAAC MEYERS, Esq.,
at Port Clinton, or to
ECKERT & GUILFORD,
Swatara Furnace.

December 17, 51—tf

SMOKED BEEF.—New York Smoked Beef of a superior quality, for sale by

May 20, 21— T BEATTY.

PLASTER & SALT—150 tons of Plaster, and 150 sacks Ground Salt, for sale by

MILLER & HAGGERTY.
Oct 29 44—

Office Lyrics, No. 36.

To ——E——

I gaze upon thee with deep passionate feeling,
I look into thy eloquent bright eye,
And seek in vain for all the fond revealing
Which heart conveys to heart in still reply.

I've loved thee, lady! let the wild confessing
Spring to my lips ere yet the reason chides;
And I have shrined the thought as a deep blessing,
Nursing the hope in which the sorrow hides.

We may have spoken lightly and in jeering
Of such blest feelings, whilst the gushing heart
Of one beat with a darksome saddened fearing
That all his cherished hopes might yet depart.

I've loved thee, not as other worldlings palter
Around the form their luke-warm souls admire;
The faith I hold can never swerve or alter,
Its fervent ardour never can expire.

Thou canst not love me—thou hast no returning
To yield for all my aching doubts and fears;
Nought to allay the bitter anxious burning,
Fed by the fearful agony of years.

Perchance 'tis better that we should be parted;
I will not then reproach thee, yet I know
My future lot is with the weary hearted,
Who, craving happiness have found but woe.

I would not have thee feel one pang of sorrow,
I would not thou shouldst know the cursing blight,
Which souls bereft of love from grief do borrow,
To robe their beatings in the gloom of night.

But bright in thy young beauty be forever
Unconscious of the anguish you have dealt;
And joyous as Spring's carol, may you never
Suffer the torture *other* hearts have felt.

July 3, 1843.

LONGEST HOUR IN MY LIFE.

BY T. HOOD.

Like my fellow-mortals, I have found Time to resemble both the Hare and the Tortoise, sometimes as fleet as the quadruped, at others as slow as the reptile in his race. Many bright and brief days recur to my memory when he flew past with the speed of a Flying Childers; many dark and and long ones, when he stepped as heavily and deliberately as the black horse before a hearse. All his divers paces are familiar to me—he has galloped, trotted, ambled, walked with me, and on one memorable occasion, seemed almost to stand stock-still. Never, oh, never can I forget the day-long seconds which made up those month like minutes, which composed that interminable Hour—the longest in my whole life!

'And pray, sir, how and when was that?'

For the when, madam, to be particular, it was from half-past nine to half-past ten o'clock, A. M. on the 1st of May, new style, Anno Domini, 1822. For the how, you shall hear.

At the date just mentioned my residence was in the Adelphi, and having a strong partiality for the study of Natural History from living specimens, it suited both my convenience and my taste to drop in frequently at the menagerie at Exeter Change.

These visits were generally paid at an early hour, before town or country cousins called to see the lions, and indeed it frequently happened that I found myself quite alone with the wild beasts. An annual guinea entitled me to go as often as agreeable, which happened so frequently, that the animals soon knew me by sight, while with some of them, for instance the elephant,* I obtained quite a friendly footing. Even Nero looked kindly on me, and the rest of the creatures did not eye me with the glances half shy and half savage which they threw at less familiar visiters.

But there was one notable exception. The royal Bengal tiger could not or would not recognise me, but persisted in growling at me as a stranger, whom of course he longed to take in. Nevertheless there was a fascination in his terrible beauty, and quite in his enmity, that often held me in front of his cage, enjoying the very impotence of his malice, and recalling various tragical tales of human victims mangled or devoured by such striped monsters as the one before me; and, as if the cunning brute penetrated my thoughts, he would rehearse as it were all the man-eating manœuvres of the species: now creeping stealthily round his den, as if skulking through his native jungles, then crouching for the fatal spring and anon abounding against the bars of his cage, with a short, angry roar, expressive of the most fiendish malignity.

There seemed to be some antipathy between me and the tiger. At any rate he took a peculiar pleasure in my presence in ostentatiously parading his means of offence. Sometimes, stretching out one huge muscular leg between the bars, he unsheathed, and exhibited his tremendous claws, after which, with a devilish ogre like grin, he displayed his formidable teeth, and then by a deliberate yawn indulged me with a look into that horrible red gulf, down which he would fain have bolted me in gobbets. The yawning jaws were invariably closed with a ferocious snap, and the brutal performance was wound up with a howl so unutterably hollow and awful, so cannibalish, that even at its hundredth repetition it still curdled my very blood, and thrilled every nerve in my body.

'Lord! what a dreadful creature?'

Very, ma'am. And yet that Carnivorous Monster, capable of appalling the heart of the bravest man, failed once to strike terror into one of the weakest of the species—a delicate little girl, of about six years old and rather small for her age. She had been gazing at the Tiger very earnestly for some minutes, and what do you think she said?

'Pray what, sir?'

'Oh, Mr. Cross, if ever that beautiful great pussy has young ones, do save me a kitten!'

* * * * *

On the morning of the first of May, 1822, between nine and ten o'clock, I entered the menagerie of Exeter Change, and walked directly as usual, into the great room appropriated to the larger animals. There was no person visible, keeper or visiter, about the place—like Alexander Selkirk, 'I was Lord of the Fowl and Brute.' I had the lions all to myself. As I stopped through the door my eyes mechanically turned towards the royal Bengal Tiger, fully expecting to receive from him the customary salutes of a spiteful grin and a growl. But the husky voice was silent, the grim face was nowhere to be seen. The cage was empty!

My feeling, on the discovery, was a mixed one of relief and disappointment. Methought I breathed more freely from the removal of that vague apprehension which had always clung to me, like a presentiment of injury sooner or later from the savage beast. A few minutes, nevertheless, spent in walking about the room, convinced me that his departure had left a void never properly to be filled up. Another royal tiger, larger even, and as ferocious, might take his place—but it was unlikely that the new tenant would ever select me for that marked and personal animosity which had almost led me at times to believe that we inherited some ancient feud from our respected progenitors. An enemy, as well as an old friend, though not lamented, must be *missed.* It must be a loss, if not to affection, to memory an association, to be deprived of even the ill-will, the frown, or sneer of an old familiar face, and the brute was, at any rate, 'a good hatter.' There was something piquant, if not flattering, in being selected for his exclusive malignity. But he was gone, and the menagerie had henceforward lost, for me, a portion of its interest. But stop—there is a gentle reader in an ungentle hurry to expostulate.

'What!—sorry for a nasty, vicious wild beast, as owed you a grudge for nothing at all, and only wanted an opportunity to spit his spite?'

Exactly so, madam. The cause is far from uncommon. Nay, I once know a foreign gentleman in a very similar predicament. From his German reading, helped by an appropriate style of feeding, the stomach of his imagination had become so stuffed and overloaded with Zamiels, Brocken Witches, Hobgoblins, Vampiers, Were Wolves, Incubi and other devilries, that for years he never passed a night without what we call bad dreams. Well, I had not seen him for some months, when at last he called upon me, looking so wobegone and out of spirits, as to make me inquire rather anxiously about his health. He shook his head dejectedly, sighed deeply, laid his hand on his chest, as if about to complain of it, and in a broken English, informed me of his case.

'Oh, my goot fellow, I am miserable quite. Dere is someting all wrong in me—someting very bad–I have not had the Night-Mare for tree weeks.'

'Well, after that, sir, I can swallow the tiger, So pray go on.'

After my first surprise was over, my curiosity became excited, and began to speculate on the causes of the creature's absence. Was he dead? Had he been destroyed for his ferocity, or parted with to make room for a milder specimen of the species? Had he gone to perform in the legitimate drama—or taken French leave? I was looking round for somebody to answer these queries, when all at once I descried an object that made me feel like a man suddenly blasted with a thunder-bolt.

'Mercy on us! You don't mean to say that it was the tiger?'

I do. Huddled up in a dark corner of the room, he had been overlooked by me on my entrance, and cunningly suppressing his usual snarl of recognition, the treacherous beast had proceeded to intercept my retreat. At my first glimpse of him, he was skulking along, close to the wall, in the direction of the door. Had I possessed the full power of motion, he must have arrived there first—but terror rivetted me to the spot. There I stood, all my faculties frozen up, dizzy, motionless and dumb. Could I have cried out, my last breath of life would certainly have escaped from me in one long, shrill scream. But it was pent up in my bosom, where my heart, after one mighty bound upwards, was fluttering like a scared bird. There was a feeling of deadly choking at my throat, of mortal sickness at my stomach. My tongue in an instant had become stiff and parched—my jaw locked—my eyes fixed in their sockets, and from the rush of blood seemed looking through a mist, whilst within my head a whizzing noise struck up that rendered me utterly incapable of thought or comprehension. Such, as far as I can recollect, was my condition, and which, from the symptoms, I should say, was very similar to a combined attack of apoplexy and paralysis.

This state, however, did not last. At first, every limb and joint had suddenly stiffened, rigid as cast iron; my very flesh, with the blood in its veins, had congealed into marble: but after a few seconds, the muscles as abruptly relaxed, the joints gave way, the blood thawed, and seemed escaping from the vessels, the substance of my body seemed losing its solidity, and with an inexpressible sense of its imbecility, I felt as if my whole frame would fall in a shapeless mass on the floor.

The tiger, in the interim, having gained the door, had crouched down—cat-like—his back curved inwards, his face betwen, his fore-paws, and with his glaring eyeballs steadily fixed on mine, was creeping on his belly by half-inches towards me, his tail meanwhile working from side to side behind him, and as it were *sculling* him on.

In another moment this movement ceased, the tail straightened itself out, except the tip, which turned up, and become nervously agitated, a warning as certain as the like signal from an enraged rattlesnake.

There was no time to be lost. A providential inspiration, a direct whisper, as it were, from heaven, reminded me of the empty cage, and suggested, with lightning rapidity, that the same massive bars which had formerly kept the Man Eater within, might now keep him out. In another instant I was within the den, had pulled to the door, and shot the heavy bolt. The tiger foiled by the suddenness of this unexpected manœuvre, immediately rose from his couchant position, and after violently lashing each flank with his tail, gave vent to his dissatisfaction in a prolonged inward grumble, that sounded like distant thunder. But he did not long deliberate on his course: to my infinite horror, I saw him approach the den, where rearing on his hind legs, in the attitude the heralds call rampant, he gave a tremendous roar, which made my blood curdle, and then resting his fore-paws on the front of the cage, with his huge, hideous face pressed against the bars, he stared at me a long stare, with two red fiery eyes, that alternately gloomed and sparkled like burning coals.

'And didn't the Tiger, sir, poke his great claws, sir, into the cage, sir, and pick you sir, bit by bit, sir, between the bar?'

Patience, my dear little fellow, patience. Since the Creation, perhaps, a Man and a Wild Beast, literally changing placed in such an anomalous position: and in these days of dulness and a dearth of dramatic novelties, having furnished so very original and striking a situation, the Reader ought to be allowed a little time to enjoy it.

It was now my turn to know and understand how Time 'travels in divers paces with divers persons.' To feel how the precious stuff that life is made of might be drawn out, like fine gold, into inconceivable lengths. To learn the extreme duration of minims and seconds, and possible last moments' of existence—the practicability of living ages, as in dreams, between one vital pulsation and another!

Oh those interminable and invaluable intervals between breath and breath!

How shall I describe—by what gigantic scale can I give a notion of the enormous expansion of the ordinary fractions of time when marked on a Dial of the World's circumference by the Shadow of death?

Methinks while that horrible face, and those red, fiery eyes were gazing at me, Pyramids might have been built—Babylons founded—Empires established—Royal Dynasties have risen, ruled, and fallen—yes, even that other Planets might have fulfilled their appointed cycles from Creation to Destruction during those nominal minutes which by their immense span seemed actually to be preparing me for Eternity.

In the mean time the tiger kept his old position front of the cage, without making any attempt to get at me. He could have no fear of my getting out to eat *him,* and as to his devouring me, having recently breakfasted on a shin of beef, he seemed in no hurry for a second meal, knowing perfectly well, that whenever he might feel inclined to lunch, he had me ready for it, as it were, in his safe.

Thus the beast continued with intolerable perseverance to stare in upon me, who, crouched up at the further corner of the den, had only to await his pleasure or displeasure. Once or twice, indeed, I tried to call out for help, but the sound died in my throat, and when at length I succeeded, the tiger, whether to drown my voice, or from sympathy, set up such a roar at the same time, and this he did so repeatedly, that convinced of the futility of the experiment, I abandoned myself in silence to my fate. Its crisis was approaching. If he had no hunger for food the savage had an appetite for revenge, and soon showed himself disposed, cat-like, to sport with his victim, and torment him a little by exciting his terror. I have said cat-like, but there seemed something more supernaturally ingenious in the cruelty of his proceedings. He certainly made faces at me, twisting his grim features with the most frightful contortions—especially his mouth,—drawing back his lips so as to show his teeth—then smacking them, or licking them with his tongue—of the roughness of which he occasionally gave me a hint by rasping it against the iron bars. But the climax of his malice was to come. Strange as it may seem, he absolutely winked at me, not a mere feline blink at excess of light, but a significant, knowing wink, and then inflating his cheek, puffed into my face a long, hot breath, smelling most ominously, *of raw flesh!*

'The horrid wretch! why he seemed to know what he was about like a Christian!'

Yes, madam—or, at any rate like an inhuman human being. But, before long, he evidently grew tired of such mere pastime. His tail—that index of mischief—resumed its activity, swinging and flourishing in the air, with a thump every now and then on his flank, as if he were beating time to some Tiger's March on his own head. At last it dropped, and at the same instant thrusting one paw between the bars he tried by an experimental semicircular sweep, whether any part of me was within his reach. He took nothing, however, by his motion, but his talons so nearly brushed my knees, that a change of posture became imperative. The den was too low to allow of my standing up, so that the only way was to lie down on my side, with my back against that of the cage—of course making myself as much like a *bas relief* as possible.

Fortunately my coat was closely buttoned up to the throat, for the hitch of a claw in a lappel would have been fatal; as it was, the paw of the brute, in some of its sweeps, came within two inches of my person. Foiled in this fishing for me, he then struck the bars, ceriatim, but they were too massive, and too well imbedded in their sockets, to break, or bend, or give way. Nevertheless, I felt far from safe. There was such a diabolical sagacity in the Beast's proceedings that it would hardly have been wonderful if he had deliberately undone the bolt and fastenings of his front-door and walked in to me.

* * * * * *

Confound the keepers!

Not one of them, Upper or Under, even looked into the room. For any help to me, they might as well have been keeping sheep, or turnpikes, or little farms, or the king's peace—or keeping the Keep at Windsor, or editing the Keepsake!—or keeping the London Sweeps and Jack-in-the-Green to keep May Day!

Oh! what a pang, sharp as tiger's tooth could inflict, shot through my heart as I remembered that date with all its cheerful and fragrant associations—sights, and scents, and sound so cruelly different to the object before my eyes, the odor in my nostrils, the noise in my ears!

How I wished myself under the hawthorns, or even on them—How I yearned to be on a village-green, with or without a Maypole; but why do I speak of such sweet localities?

Mayday as it was, and sweep as I was not, I would willingly have been up the foulest flue in London, cleaning it gratis. Fates that had formerly seemed black and hard, now looked white and mild in comparison with my own. The gloomiest things, the darkest misfortunes, even unto negro-slavery shone out, like the holiday sooterkins—*with washed faces.*

My own case was getting desperate. The Tiger enraged by his failures, was furious, and kept up an incessant fretful grumble—sometimes deepening into a growl, or rising almost into a shriek —while again and again he tried the bars, or swept for me with his claws. Lunch-time it was plain had come, and an appetite along with it, as appeared by his efforts to get at me, as well as his frequently opening and shutting his paws, and licking his lips, in fact making a sort of Barmecidal feast on me beforehand.

The effect of this mock mastication on my nerves was inexpressibly terrible—as the awful rehearsal of a real tragedy. Besides from a correspondence of imagination, I seemed actually to feel in my flesh and bones every bite he simulated, and the consequent agonies. Oh, horrible—horrible—horrible!

'Horrible, indeed? I wonder you did not faint?'

Madam, I *dared* not. All my vigilance was too necessary to preserve me from those dangerous snatches, so often made suddenly as if to catch me off my guard. It was far more likely that the brain overstrained by such intense excitement, would give way, and drive me by some frantic impulse—a maniac—into those foamy jaws.

Still bolt, and bar, and reason, retained its place. But alas! if even the mind remained firm, the physical energies might fail. So long as I could maintain my position, as still and as stiff as a corpse, my life was comparatively safe; but the necessary effort was almost beyond the power of human nature, and certainly could not be long protracted—the joints and sinews must relax, and then—

Merciful heaven!—the crisis just alluded to was fast approaching, for the overtasked muscles were gradually give, give, given—when suddenly there was a peculiar cry from some animal in the inner-room. The Tiger answered it with a yell, and, as if reminded of some hatred object—at least as obnoxious to him as myself—instantly dropped from the cage, and made one step towards the spot. But he stopped short—turning his face again towards the cage, to which he would probably have returned but for a repetition of the same cry. The Tiger answered it as before with a yell of defiance, and bounded off through the door, into the next chamber, whence growls, roars, and shrieks of brutal rage soon announced that some desperate combat had commenced.

The uproar alarming the Keepers, they rushed in, when springing from the cage with equal alacrity, I rushed out; and while the men were securing the Tiger, I secured myself by running home to my house in the Adelphi, at a rate never attained before or since.

Nor did Time, who travels in divers paces with divers persons' ever go at so extraordinary a rate—*for slowness*—as he had done with me. On consulting my watch, the *Age* which I had passed in the Tiger's Den must have been some sixty minutes!

And so ended, Courteous Reader, the Longest Hour in my life.

* This same elephant once nearly killed an Irishman, for an insult offered to his trunk. The act was rash in the extreme, "but it was impossible," the Hibernian said, "to resist a nose that you could pull with both hands."

Russia and her Emperor.

The following is from the correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) Daily Advertiser:

The Emperor is now 47 years old, and for the last 20 years his life has been one of constant enterprise and toil. The affairs of his overgrown Empire, of which he claims the title of "Father," are all to be kept under his immediate superintendence; if a courier arrives from Siberia, or Warsaw, or the shores of the Caspian, he must overlook the despatch; if his grenadiers are to parade, he must be present; even if a fire breaks out in the capitol, there he is, puffing, sweating and shouting with the best of them.

Those who have seen his Majesty, describe his appearance as imposing in the extreme. He is six feet two inches in height, finely formed, with great breadth of shoulder and chest, great length and symmetry of limb, with a large blue piercing eye, Grecian nose, and every part of his frame is in the same colossal proportion. At the royal leve, he is distinguished among all the jeweled and sabred princes, by his plain dress and commanding figure, and he towers among them all like the king of Israel among the shepherd warriors that surrounded him. He is the gigantic head of the most gigantic empire on earth.

Russia is certainly a most wonderful country. Stretching around three quarters of the globe, it already numbers 70,000,000 of inhabitants, and in a century more, may number 100,000,000! It embraces every variety of soil, product, and occupation, from the stunted pines of Archangel to the blooming gardens of the Cremin, from the hunters of bears on the ice hills of Kamschatka, to the diggers of salt in the mines of Cracow.—The rich wheat fields on the shores of the Baltic sea, pour their annual produce into the granaries of Odessa; the shepherd of the interior, pastures his immense herds on the central steppes, and at each returning fair, drives the firstlings of his flock to the bazaars of Moscow; while from the frozen north, where life well nigh 'goes out,' the hardy forester floats down during his short lived summer, the furs which he had taken beneath the light of the Aurora, during his long wintry night. All this varied population are divided into two classes.

First comes the hereditary nobles—huge sons of Anak, purse proud, high-spirited, and for most part ignorant, rolling in splendor and filth, covered with diamonds and vermin—a set of princely desperadoes, ready at any time for a revel or a muster, a masquerade or a campaign. From these riotous nabobs, two or three of whom could buy up the whole of Iowa, at "Government prices," there is but one step to the serfs, in comparison with whom our Southern Slaves are freemen indeed. Herds of them throng all the plantations of the nobility, working without pay, living on rye meal and chopped straw, until they can live no longer, and then die, leaving a wretched inheritance of bondage to their children.

This immense empire, with its great territory and its great diversity of rank, is controlled by a standing army of 500,000 infantry, 100,000 artillerymen, and this army is controlled by the "Autocrat of all the Russians." This I hold to be the strongest Government in existence. In case of an invasion, the inexhaustible wealth of the nobles, and the inexhaustible number of the serf-hood would supply an army of one million fighting men! Of this army, the infantry are admirably drilled; well uniformed, highly expert in the use of the boyonet, and the hardiest soldiers in Europe.

The cavalry are good, and the artillerymen are good, but the great strength in defensive warfare lies in the Cossac horsemen. Who can read without admiration and terror of these wild cavaliers of the desert—of their intense attachment to their country—of their tiger-like cunning, in lying in wait for their prey, and their ferocity in destroying it—and of their astonishing powers of endurance, sleeping on their horses, and baking their meat under the saddle! To see one of these troops of marauders in their green jackets, and red breeches, and jockey cap, with a matlock slung over their shoulders and a twelve foot pike in their hands, rise up suddenly from the horizon like a cloud of sand, and come scouring over the plain with 'whoop and halloo,' must be a frightful apparition to an invading army. Bonaparte's Frenchmen saw it often to their sorrow and fell before it like the simoon.

But what will the ambitious despot, Nicholas, with an ambitious, conquest loving people like the Russian, do next? It is very easy to see what he would do if it were not for the ffects of England. Turkey would soon go into that capacious maw which has already swallowed Poland, and a great part of Persia, without appearing to be any nearer *full,* than was the slough of despair after all the contributions of stone and rubbish from the land of destruction. The Empress Catharine, long since saw that the possession of Turkey would give her possession of the Archipelago, and the key of the whole East, and therefore she erected a column on the frontier of the devoted country, with this inscription: 'This is the way to Constantinople.' That column is the guide post of Russian politics: and should another general war break out, an army of Russians might soon be seen marching by it in triumph, bearing the spoils of one of the oldest Capitols of Europe, to a city which, one hundred and fifty years ago, was a frozen marsh.

The President's visit to New York cost the city $4,000.

THE TARIFF.

☞The following letter from one of the soundest and most intelligent of our heavy Merchants expresses, we believe, the convictions of a large majority of our Mercantile community, both in the City and Country. We ask attention to the *facts* it embodies, the fruits of large experience and vast benefits of a *Protective Tariff* beyond the reach of cavil. We hope to hear farther from the author. *Ed.*

A Merchant on the Tariff.

To the Editors of the Tribune:

Two valued correspondents have recently asked my opinion upon the subject of the Tariff—its operation upon the different interests of the country; and as one of them expresses a wish to publish the views of a resident of the City, I have concluded, with your permission, to reply through your columns.

Twenty years ago, through the influence of Gov. CLINTON, and the late BENJ'N KNOWER of Albany, I became a convert to a Protective Tariff. Frequent conversations with those gentlemen upon the subject convinced me that no country upon earth possessed the resources within itself of becoming so substantially prosperous and independent as our own,—that in its length and breadth it embraced every element of prosperity; and when that prosperity was once secured by permanent legislation for the protection of our own interests, none could be more favorably situated to prosecute a profitable Foreign Commerce. Commerce is but the agent of the Home interests; and, when they are sound and prosperous, it twice blesses—the agent, and the employer.

Reflection had strengthened these opinions; but it was reserved for the present year (1843) to demonstrate their soundness.

The last Congress, after mature deliberation, adopted a Tariff of Duties which, while it brings ample revenue to the Treasury, fosters, to a liberal extent, American Labor.

Under the influence of this Tariff every interest of the Country is rising from a state of unparalleled depression quite as rapidly as could be desired; and what will greatly disappoint the opponents of the measure, the importation of Foreign Goods the present year will be somewhat beyond the wants of the Country, producing a Revenue from Customs of some two or three millions more than the estimate of the last Committee of Ways and Means.

This is not mere conjecture. A good fall trade is anticipated, and the orders that have gone forward for goods to arrive in July and August will be found to be quite large enough. The opinion I am aware has obtained, to a considerable extent, that because this city is strictly commercial, its citizens are generally opposed to a Tariff.—Such is not the fact. So far as my information extends, a large proportion of our well-informed American merchants are the friends of a Protective Tariff. A few, who are exclusively in the Importing business, the Foreign interest, which is large, and generally respectable as regards character, and a portion of the Shipping interest, are the advocates of what is termed Free Trade.

Several of the most intelligent of the latter class, however, have said to me, that they had no expectation that we could preserve a sound and well-regulated Currency without a Tariff.

Talk to them of Free Trade in ships and they will tell you they could not live without discrimination.

Nor have the South so much reason to complain of the present state of things. No section of the country is recovering more rapidly from the terrible revulsion of 1836 and '7, than the States at the South and South-West. Cotton, at the present price, pays the planter better than the agricultural products of the Northern and Western States remunerate the farmer of those States.

In Alabama and Mississippi, it is estimated that a good negro will grow 6 bags of Cotton. At 5 cents per pound, this would amount to 140 to 150 dollars. To feed and clothe the negro, costs from 60 to 65 dollars, leaving a clear profit from his labor of about 80 dollars.

The present value of the negro is from 350 to 450 dollars, and cotton lands which in 1836 brought 20 to 30 dollars per acre, now sell from 8 to 12. The natural increase of stock, (I mean human flesh and blood,) it is always estimated will pay the interest on the investment.

The consumption of cotton in this country the present year, will not probably vary much from four hundred thousand bales, and thus far it has been taken by our manufacturers at prices that have paid the planter 10 or 15 per cent. more than that shipped to Liverpool or Havre.

And so of bread stuffs. For years past, the safest and best market for Western Flour has been the district of country in New England devoted to Manufactures; and, although our merchants have occasionally felt authorised, by accounts from the other side, to ship Flour to Europe, the result has invariably shown that the home market is more to be relied upon than the foreign.

Under the present system, it is fair to estimate that the domestic market for the great staple of the South will increase some 10 per cent. per annum for 12 or 15 years to come; and before that period arrives, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and perhaps Alabama, will have become Tariff States, each with its Lowell and Paterson within its borders.

During my experience in trade—and it extends back more than twenty-five years—all our Commercial revulsions have had their origin in excessive importations from abroad. It is vain to say the country will take no more goods than it actually requires. Nine times out of ten, all the goods brought here will be sold. If the importer finds there is a large surplus in first hands, he will offer to the jobber inducements, either in price or time, or both, to take them off from his hands; and when the jobber finds he has accumulated a stock beyond the demands from his regular customers, he will be sure to place a portion of that stock where he ought not, by taking up men of doubtful credit—and so of the retailer in the country. Preserve the present rate of duties, and all these evils will be avoided.

The present Tariff excludes from our market Manchester Prints—an article, the importation of which has heretofore taken a large amount of Specie out of the country—and what has been the consequence? Why: within the last eight months there have been improvements in this country in the machinery connected with this branch of business, (printing,) such as were never made in England during the same number of years; and the consumer is now furnished with Domestic Calicoes, at 6 to 15 cents per yard, superior to the imported goods, for which he used to pay from 18 to 27. And this will be the case with numerous other articles.

Wherever foreign competition is excluded, there will be always such an application of capital and skill as will favor the consumer.

Who, past middle life, has forgotten the large amounts of specie formerly sent from this country every year for the purchase of East India Cottons—goods familiarly known, at that day as '*Hum-hums?*' The Tariff of 1815 imposed duties upon those goods that amounted to a prohibition. Within two years thereafter, their place was supplied by a domestic article superior in texture, and at a reduced price; and from that time to the present, the manufacture of brown and bleached Cottons has steadily advanced, until New England now spreads her heavy fabrics in the Canton Market, side by side with the [illegible] Calcutta goods, and challenges a com[illegible]arison.

To the question—Would you make this system of Protection permanent?—I answer: A few years will go far to [illegible] equalize the advantages Europe now derives from great individual wealth and a full population. When that period