

THE STAR, North-Carolina State Gazette, Published weekly, by LAWRENCE & LEMAY.

Subscription rates: three dollars per annum in advance, and no paper discount...



Grand Chapter, 25th Annual Convocation of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, will be held in Raleigh on Tuesday, the 23rd of June...

K. J. LAWRENCE, C. Secretary, of the State friendly to Masonry, desires to give the above an insertion.

Masonic Notice, members of Morning Star Lodge, No. 10, solemnly observe the anniversary of St. John the Baptist on the 24th of June next...

Wanted, Apothecary Store, a Young Man who had liberal education and writes a good hand, give of WILLIAMS & HAYWOOD.

Sheriff's Sale, to be sold at the court house door, in Raleigh, on the first Monday after the Monday in July next, the following tracts to satisfy the taxes due thereon for the 28, and 29th of advertising, viz:

Table with columns: Name, Acres, Value, Tax. Lists various land parcels and their owners, including J. H. BLOUNT, Sec'y.

Iron Manufacturing, advertiser is a young man, (married,) and generally with the above basis at present is sole manager of one of the extensive establishments of the kind in An...

THE TIGER'S CAVE, scene among the Mountains of Quebec, and from the Danish of Elmqvist, and from the Danish of Elmqvist, and from the Danish of Elmqvist...

Having the Indian village, we had to wind round Chimboras side base; but its saw-crowned longer shown above us in clear day, for a dense fog was gathering all around it...

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewn upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. From every thing I saw I thought it extremely probable that we should be obliged to pass some days in this cavern. When the storm, however, had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular growling or growling at the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our daring and inconsiderate young Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green colour; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of a tiger!" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches. After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat. "Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness, "aim at his eyes: the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance; but, feeling himself un hurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder-bags. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave, and, at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewn over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This horrible discovery excited the greatest consternation. "All is now over," said Wharton; "we have only now to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone which, for the moment, defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave—I know not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled growling; and the tiger, who had disturbed than ever! He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner—then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave. Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs, he had strangled them; and before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them, than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered a piercing howl of sorrow that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I upbraided my huntsman for the cruel action he had so rashly committed, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue from our impending fate, and that, under these circumstances, the ties between master and servant were dissolved. For my own part, without knowing why, I could not help believing that some unexpected assistance would yet rescue us from so horrible a fate. Alas! I little anticipated the sacrifice that my rescue was to cost. The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; the songs of birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture how all nature was reviving after the wild war of elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were. "This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing of horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with her's. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she was determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge.—Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roaring. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head, "Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight; till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered. Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to hasten the only possibility of our saving ourselves by instant flight, but that the tiger had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were in doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and, following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewn our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton, though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were often obliged to slacken our own on his account. We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks or gulls, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be made with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the wavy bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers, were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings.—Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the farther progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, & attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment, in the air above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance; she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom, she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore-claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. This heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss.—All would have been well had it ended thus; but the unfortunate Lincoln had not calculated upon the force of his blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon anything to save himself—but in vain. His foot slipped; for an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then was plunged into it, to rise no more!

Edenburg Literary Journal. Among the passengers in the Caledonia on Monday, from Liverpool, was Mr. Sparks, who, having completed his historical researches in Europe, has returned to this country after an absence of nearly a year and a half. He has been exceedingly fortunate in obtaining access to documents connected with the period of the American revolution, whether deposited in the public archives, or in the possession of private persons. The utmost courtesy and liberality has been shown him by the public functionaries both in England and France in submitting to his inspection and permitting him to copy the diplomatic and other papers in their keeping, as not wishing to keep back the truth of history, and as desirous of affording every facility to the labors of a learned and able man who had an other object in view than that of giving a fair and impartial record of important events. The materials discovered by Mr. Sparks in Paris, were, we understand, such more important than he expected to meet with. They throw great light not only on our relations with the French government at that critical period of our history, but with the courts of the other European nations. They show, moreover, the beginning and progress of these negotiations, direct and indirect, by which a final settlement was effected between this country and Great Britain. On this point, we understand the information they afford is particularly full and interesting. The confidential letters also of the French Ministers in this country to their own government, their accounts of passing events, of the state of public feeling in our country, of the characters of our public men, and the plans proposed and discussed by them at different stages of the War of the Revolution, are exceedingly minute and valuable. The instructions of the British Government to its officers here, and the military correspondence relating to the American campaigns, throw important light on the dispositions of their Government towards the colonies, and on the operations and plans of the British armies. The whole mass of materials, thus collected will set many events connected with our revolutionary struggle in a new point of view, and will enable Mr. Sparks to write its history with more authenticity and impartiality than has yet been done. The posthumous papers of Gen. Washington, with historical and explanatory notes by Mr. Sparks, to be published in London by Murray, N. Y. Ec. Post. Rather Fishy again.—The Cheraw Radical, in describing a boat launch at that place last week, mentioned that a tremendous piece of gold, weighing about one hundred & thirty-eight pounds, worth \$35,000; and somewhat in the shape of a man, was placed on board of the boat for the gratification of the Spectators. That said lump of Gold (Gould) was taken from a mine in Montgomery county, &c. &c. We believe we should have forgotten this abominable lump but for the Charleston Courier. That paper brought it to our minds this morning, by having copied the paragraph. The story may be all true, and intended for our knowledge, by the Radical writer, for literal and sober history—to be copied as such into other papers; but if we mistake not, our friend, S. M. M. of the Planter's Hotel in Cheraw, (whom may that infernal gout most speedily evacuate!) owns this same lump, and the worst wish we have for him is, that he could realize from it one half the thirty-five thousand dollars aforesaid. It is more than we would give, even were it perfectly convenient to raise the wind, which at this present writing it is not—albeit Gould is an excellent servant and a very miserable fellow. Camden Journal. Pugilism.—Our town readers know, that during the week of the Newmarket Races, a pugilistic engagement took place on the race course, between two individuals, for a considerable sum of money, and that the intended fight was a matter of public notoriety for several days before it took place. We are authorized and requested, by the commonwealth's attorney for the county of Prince George, to state, that it became his duty, in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience, and at the earnest solicitation of many of the magistrates and a number of the most influential citizens of Prince George, to bring this case before the grand jury at the last term of the court of that county, and that the grand jury not only presented the principals in this outrageous proceeding, but also all those who appeared to be parties thereto or accessories therein.—Pet. Old Dominion. Rum Turned Thief Catcher.—A rascal in Boston broke into a store, stole all the money he could find, and attempted to carry off, also, a belly full of whiskey. The last spirited article laid the fellow on the floor, and kept him there till morning, when he was consigned over to justice. The opposers of the Temperance Society will, no doubt, prove, from this fact, that rum and whiskey are reforming themselves. N. Y. Enquirer. ON GRATUITOUS ADVERTISING. It is quite clear to our minds that the vocation of making newspapers is either too highly prized by the good People of this enlightened world of ours, or that it is too humbly estimated—one or the other; for it is a solemn duty, that we poor Printers, Publishers and Editors, are treated with a consideration entirely different from that bestowed on any other unfeathered bipeds in creation. Our services are sought for with an avidity that seems

to argue much in favor of the supposition that they are considered as worth something. But, on the other hand, they are frequently called for in a mode which convinces us that they are not worth paying for. One thing is quite certain: mankind consider as the most charitable portion of the human race, or they would not so often appeal to our share of that heavenly virtue; and they must think, further, that the newspaper is established and kept up for the especial use, benefit, and advantage of the public, and that the said public is to be accommodated in every draft it sees fit to make upon the printer's time, ink, and paper, whatever, in the mean time, may become of the poor printer himself. Whether he starve or grow rich in rendering unpaid services to the public, is matter of no moment. He is a Printer, and, ergo, the community has a right to the labors of his type. Thank you, Messieurs, "The public" thank you kindly for your patronage, but are most outrageously afraid of starving upon it, were we to print every thing gratuitously that we are "politely requested" to do. We will very willingly publish every proper thing you send, provided you will be polite enough to reciprocate the favor. Every Church proceeding you wish advertised shall be done gratis if you will suffer us to occupy a few pages on the same terms. Every notice for the furtherance of public objects, whether secular, or clerical—and whether to be performed *eleemosynarily* or *ex-contraclo*, shall be published without pay, if when the contract is made you will give us a part of the profits, or if when the contribution box goes round, you will not ask us to put something into it. But no—you always expect us to contribute like other folks, (and while we have a cent we will cheerfully do so,) and then ask us to do your printing and publishing for nothing. In short the printer seems to be considered as under obligations to contribute doubly for all objects. This is an unjust and ungenerous expectation in the public. We will always give to the full extent of our abilities, and beyond our fair proportion to all laudable objects. Having done that, let us be paid like other people for our professional services, and for our typical drudgery. We have been more especially led to these remarks from the circumstance of being requested this week to publish an advertisement by some gentlemen, neither of whom, but one ever subscribed for this paper—and into whose District it does not go. We insert it solely because one of the advertisers is a subscriber, and because he is a friend, for whom we feel a warm respect and kindness—certainly not because we feel under any obligations to do it because it is for the building of a Church—for we do not even know what denomination the Church is building for, nor do we care—we wish well to all Christian Churches, but we are hardly able to assist in building Churches in all parts of the country. Were we to insert all advertisements which we are directly or indirectly solicited to do gratuitously, it would keep one page of our paper constantly filled, and would amount to a service rendered without any pay, of about five hundred dollars a year.—Camden Journal. The National Intelligencer.—Speaking of the late removals, the National Intelligencer of this morning says: "Passing by the selection of Mr. Cabell, Ministers, we have seen a host of officers unaccountably driven from employments which they had faithfully discharged, to make vacancies for another host, exact as which had no other commendation for office, but their readiness for violence and unmitigated and irrepressible impetuosity." And continuing up the same subject, it adds: "A course of proscription if then established, which has no precedent in any Government on earth. Even in Turkey, when the Grand Vizier is strangled, (the mode of choosing an Administration, the subdivisions are suffered to remain, and in the bloodiest sacrifices to succeed fully rivally, the motto is at least as sacred." The article in the Intelligencer has a double object to frighten the President from the work of reform, and to lead off the public attention from the examination of existing abuses, by awakening a sympathy for those who may be removed from office. It is part of the same policy which notwithstanding one of the Editors was a member of the Grand Jury, assailed the President for the arrest of Doctor Watkins, against whom a Grand Jury, four-fifths being his decided political friends, have made a presentment. The partisans of corruption never falter, from want of confidence in their ability to dupe and mislead the people; and the clamor which they are making about the fidelity and capacity of the elected aristocracy, is in perfect character with the misrepresentations and calumnies with which these presses are haunted, doing the late Presidential canvass. No man is ejected from office that, if they are to be believed, is not a martyr to his principles or his party preference. How far the President has consulted the public interests in the changes he has made, and whether his administration will lose by a comparison of the ability and fidelity of the public officers selected by him, with those ap-